

Ariel Begins her Servitude with a New Master

by talina{ZAR}

Master and I had met several times, chatting....getting to know one another....discussing options.....finding out what interests we had in common.

Even though we'd had sex and done some "playing" on our first three meetings, I knew that this fourth meeting would be different. Master had said that he felt he knew me well enough to "begin" now. I thought it was an odd statement.

When I got to Master's house, he invited me downstairs and gave me a drink (CC&7). As I normally don't drink when playing, I started to demur. Something in his expression told me not to say anything. I barely sipped on the drink, wanting to make sure I was able to maintain my composure and not get tipsy.

After several minutes of chatting, Master said (in a conversational tone), "Okay, I'm ready to begin now. Strip and lie down on the bar." My first thought was to be impressed that he'd used "lie down" rather than "lay down." My second thought was to take my clothes off. As I stood up, Master said, "Tsk, tsk, tsk....slow reactions....that'll be costly, my darling."

Sensing that something had changed....yet still confused because his voice hadn't shown any change.....I quickly stripped and got awkwardly up onto the bar. I sat there for a second, until I remembered to lie down. When I did, Master came over and quickly pulled me to the middle of the bar by my hands. Now, he was not talking and I sensed that I shouldn't either.

He positioned my arms above my head, then pulled my legs wide apart. It was a rather uncomfortable position, as there was nowhere for me to rest my legs. I simply had to hold them out in space. Not good for a girl who sits at a computer desk all day.

After running his hands all over my body....and I do mean ALL over my body.....Master grabbed my ankles and pulled my ass down to the end of the bar. I gasped in surprise, yet held my position. It was hard not to put my hands down at my sides in order to stabilize myself, yet I managed.

Master walked away while commanding me to close my eyes. He told me I wasn't allowed to open them until given instructions to do so. Honestly, I'd rather have a blindfold than be forced to blind myself, which is effectively what he was doing to me. I'd also rather be tied than have to hold my hands in position. After all, if I'm tied and blindfolded, then I don't have to admit that I actually love what's being done to me. If I simply hold still, then I'm admitting exactly how much of a slave I am!

Master walked around for a bit, making noise. I don't know what he was doing. After a few minutes, he said, "To me." I immediately opened my eyes in preparation for getting

down from the bar, then quickly shut them again when I heard Master growling low in his throat. Darn! I was NOT doing well that night!

I blindly groped my way down from the bar, found the floor and crawled to what I thought was the middle of the room. I thought the crawling would make him happy. I paused for a moment, listening attentively to find out where Master was. I heard a shuffling noise and crawled in that direction. In a few feet, I ran into his legs.

Quickly sitting back onto my heels, I knelt in front of him with my legs spread as wide as I could make them go. I put my palms on my thighs, pushed my breasts out, pulled my stomach in, and straightened my back. Then, I made a mistake. I smiled with satisfaction at how well I felt I'd done.

“Is that a self-satisfied smirk? You think because you crawled that all your errors are forgiven?” Master sounded vaguely amused...and yet somehow his displeasure came through.

I quickly knotted my brow, erased the smile, and began to worry.

Master then spent several minutes telling me what the ground rules were going to be for the rest of our relationship. Every couple of items, he'd stop and quiz me on how well I was listening. I did well at remembering each of the items and asked only a few questions as to his intent. I was concentrating so hard on remembering the rules, that I forgot to watch my posture.

Master's cold glass touched my naked back and I arched and squealed. “Watch how you sit. You will always arrange your body in ways that are pleasing to me. I don't care how uncomfortable you are.”

I checked my pose and made sure I was perfect again. I also made a mental note to encourage Master to drink warm drinks!!!!

Master continued with his instructions, occasionally touching me. My body became tired, yet I maintained my position. Occasionally, he would walk away from me for several minutes at a time, during which time I would relax my body slightly (while holding position) and allow my mind to imagine all the delicious ways Master and I would be having fun after his instructions were through. As you can imagine, my pussy was wet and dripping by this point.

After one such period of solitude, Master spoke harshly and quickly from across the room...almost yelling his order. “To me!!!!”

After such a long period of quiet, the loud sound undid my composure. I reflexively opened my eyes and looked toward the sound, my body flinching as my hands instinctively covered my body. Seeing Master's face, I immediately remembered my place and closed my eyes. I crawled quickly over to him and sat up again.

I was trembling with excitement and some fear. I could tell in the brief glimpse I'd had of Master's face that he was not happy with me. Considering how many times I'd broken position that night...in such a short time.....I was not surprised. Unfortunately, I didn't know what to do about it.

Master walked behind me and made some noise. I sat still and waited...and waited....and waited. I was just beginning to have feelings of frustration and some anger at his treatment of me when something hard and cold hit me on the back. The blow went all the way from the right to the left and landed right at my shoulder-blade level. To this day, I don't know what he used. If I had to guess, though, I'd say it was a metal rod of some sort.

The force of the blow threw my body forward to the floor and took my breath away. Even though my eyes were open, I couldn't see anything, so blinded was I by the pain. I was in shock and didn't even move to right myself when I realized I was splayed on the floor.

“To me!” Master said loudly, his voice appearing somewhat relaxed.

I became incensed. Here I was, still trying to find a way to breathe, and he expected me to crawl to him? For what? More punishment? No way!!!!!!!

I clamped my teeth together, my jaw becoming so tight it hurt. I balled my hands into fists and finally took in a ragged breath. Tears began to fall from both anger and pain and I heard the rational part of my brain tell me to get up and walk out of there.

My slave heart won. I closed my eyes, achingly got to my knees, and crawled toward the sound I'd heard from Master. My body was weak and I found it impossible to stop the trembling of my limbs. My head was SCREAMING at me to leave. My heart propelled me toward the Master who had hit me so cruelly.

When I ran into his legs, I stopped and got back into position. My breathing was still coming hard, as I felt intense pain every time I filled my lungs. Somehow, I managed to overcome my body's needs and sit still, flinching at the slightest noise, afraid another blow would land on my body.

After 10 minutes or so, my breathing had slowed and become almost regular, though I still felt intense pain if I breathed too deeply. The line across my back became a dull fire that ached too much to consider. I kept my mind busy by constantly checking my posture, making sure I was perfectly appealing to Master's view. During this time, Master stood still in front of me.

At some point, Master walked away from me and I started crying harder, fear making it incredibly difficult for me to hold my back straight. When Master leaned down to whisper in my ear, I flinched and bit my tongue as my teeth clamped together.

“Now that you know that I am willing to do that to you.....I should never have the need to do it again. You are my slave and you will ALWAYS act as such.” Master’s voice so so matter-of-fact, so calm.....and so right.

In the 13 months that I spent as his slave, he never had to hit me again. Perfect obedience is what he expected....and what he received.