

Ariel Faces Punishment

by talina{ZAR}

Head buried in the carpet, ass high in the air, Ariel cried as she was once again struck by Master Timothy's riding crop.

"25, Master. May I have another, please?" Ariel yelled in agony.

"The rest will be much later, my angel." Master Timothy grinned, but Ariel couldn't see it. She could tell by his tone that he was happy with her responses, though.

"Thank you, Master. Ow!" Ariel screamed as he hit her again.

For the next several minutes, the blows fell too fast for Ariel to count. Master Timothy wasn't giving her time to breathe between each hit – wanting her to feel the full force of the pain. Despite the fact that these 25 stripes were applied lighter, they hurt equally as much due to the rapidity with which they were applied.

Tears flowing freely, Ariel moved her ass side to side – yet never enough to give Master Timothy the impression that she was avoiding his blows. She knew better than that!

Walking away, Master Timothy looked at Ariel's newly-beaten ass with pleasure. Her skin marked so well, the welts standing out in red relief against her snow-white skin. The purple bruises were already darkening, causing Ariel great pain – which he enjoyed immensely.

Keeping her face in the carpet, Ariel cried hard, wishing she could stay out of trouble long enough for one set of welts to heal before a new set was applied. She berated herself for her mistakes and vowed to do better – to make Master Timothy proud of her.

"Get up. Get out."

Ariel, frightened by Master Timothy's tone, quickly stood, holding herself against the wall until she'd gained her balance. Pain shot through her legs, up her back and made her head pound viciously.

Reaching for her clothes, Ariel pulled on her skirt gingerly, congratulating herself for not wearing blue jeans today. Unable to quickly find her shirt, Ariel looked up. Master Timothy was holding it. And he was NOT offering it to her. Unsure how to handle this, Ariel fell to her knees beside Master Timothy's chair, wincing as her feet made contact with her ass.

"Master, I need my shirt. May I have it, please?"

"No," said Master Timothy in a completely neutral tone of voice.

Confused, Ariel stared at him for a few seconds. When Master Timothy raised his eyebrows at her, she quickly got back to her feet and ran to put her shoes on. She gathered her things, putting the toys away and placing her bag by the door.

Looking around once more, Ariel began to quietly open the door.

"You have instructions. Follow them carefully."

Ariel paused, not knowing what she should do. She'd never been given "instructions" before and she didn't know what they would look like – or sound like. Was she supposed to write something down? Had he already told her and she'd forgotten? Oh, God, no! she thought in panic. Please don't tell me I've forgotten something!

"On the table," Master Timothy said.

Ariel saw a small piece of paper with a message – written in Master Timothy's characteristic lack of excess words.

Clamps twice daily – ½ an hour
On edge – every hour waking
Butt plug – constant

Tears filled Ariel's eyes as she decoded Master Timothy's instructions. Each day, she was to apply the set of clamps he'd provided for half an hour at a time. The clamps had jagged metal teeth and would be attached to both of her nipples and her clit. She'd never been able to wear them for longer than 10 minutes at a time so far. Master Timothy must be truly mad with her to demand this!

Ariel was also commanded to masturbate herself to the edge of orgasm every hour of the day that she was awake. Finally, she was to wear her butt plug around-the-clock until she saw him again.

Ariel had so many questions in her mind. Could she close the clamps just halfway, rather than all the way? Perhaps ¾ of the way? How many hours per day was she allowed to spend sleeping so as to avoid having to masturbate herself? Should she put the butt plug in now, or could it wait until she got home? And what about her shirt!!!!!!

Ariel turned back and looked at Master Timothy. Nothing in his demeanor gave her any hope of getting the answers she so desperately desired. Besides, she already knew the answers. She should close the clamps ALL the way, sleep no more than 8 hours per day, and she needed to put the butt plug in now. And her shirt would be staying behind.

Ariel closed the door and went to the toy bag to get the lube and her butt plug. As she popped open the lid to her lube jar, Master Timothy spoke one word.

"No."

Gritting her teeth together, feeling her anger well up, Ariel held perfectly still. She was not to be allowed to apply lube to the butt plug. He knew how much pain that would cause! How dare he do this to her! Ariel thought. Breathing hard through her nose as she calmed her anger, Ariel closed her hands into little fists.

When she was calm, Ariel reminded herself that she belonged to Master Timothy utterly – without question – without any rights except those he gave her. Swallowing hard, Ariel worked the butt plug until it finally slid into place. This took several minutes and much grunting on her part. When it was accomplished, she looked up to see Master Timothy smirking at her.

Head bowed, face red, body hot in humiliation, Ariel stood and pulled her skirt down. Walking awkwardly due to the pain IN her ass, ON her ass and NEAR her ass, Ariel moved again to the door.

"Have a nice evening, angel," Master Timothy said in a mocking tone.

Ariel gathered her things and left as quickly as she could!

Several days later, Ariel felt like her clit was on fire! Once again, she was masturbating herself to the edge of orgasm – a task which took smaller and smaller amounts of time. Using every ounce of willpower she owned, Ariel stopped short of having an orgasm and wished for the millionth time this week that she knew when Master Timothy was going to call her again.

Ariel jumped as her phone rang.

“Hello!” she answered breathlessly, recognizing her Master’s number. “Master! I adore you!”

Silence. Loud breathing from Ariel. “Master?”

More silence. Damn! Now what!

“Have you followed my instructions?”

“Yes, Master! Oh, definitely, Master! Every single one, Master! I was following them just before you called, Master.”

Silence.

Uncomfortable silence.

“Tell me what you’re wearing now.”

“Umm.... Well, I have on a short blue skirt, a tight pink top, a black bra, no panties.....” Ariel’s voice trailed off.

“Is that all?” Master Timothy asked. Ariel knew he liked to hear the type of shoes she was wearing and hurriedly slipped on a pair of black spike heels.

“...and black spike heels, Master. 4 inches,” Ariel finished proudly! She just knew he’d be happy with her!

“Nothing else?” Ariel was confused. She’d already told him she wasn’t wearing panties – he was very strict about that. What else? What else was she SUPPOSED to be wearing?

“No?....Master?” Ariel said uncertainly.

“Then you will be punished,” Master Timothy said, then quickly hung up the phone.

Ariel panicked, running to the list to see what she’d forgotten. Then she understood. Dialing the phone furiously, Ariel tried to calm her stomach and nerves.

The phone was picked up, but Master Timothy didn’t answer.

“Master! I’m wearing the butt plug! I swear it, Master! I had it in! I just didn’t think about it like that, Master! Please, Master!” Ariel’s panic showed clearly.

Chuckling softly, Master Timothy simply replied, “Too late.”

After a long uncomfortable silence during which Master Timothy listened to Ariel's whimpering and begging, she was given instructions on when to meet him at his boat that evening – and what she was to be wearing. Master Timothy hung up before she could ask any questions.

Later that evening, Ariel showed up at Master Timothy's boat wearing almost no clothing at all, her butt plug still firmly in place. Her face darkened and her steps faltered as she saw Master Timothy slow dancing with a pretty, well-dressed woman on the deck. There was also another couple dancing with their arms around one another.

Ariel raised her chin, reminded herself that she had been told to be there, and went to the side of the boat, where she waited for Master Timothy to notice her. She waited for 5 minutes before he made eye contact. She smiled and placed one foot on the ladder – then noticed that Master Timothy had not motioned for her to come aboard.

Confused, Ariel placed her foot back on the dock and knitted her eyebrows together. Master Timothy chose that moment to look at his dancing partner, smile deeply into her eyes, then kiss her intimately. Ariel was embarrassed. He'd wanted her to witness his intimacies with this other lady – to once again remind her that she was merely his slave, nothing more.

When the song ended, the couples picked up drinks and began chatting amiably. The other man on the boat noticed Ariel and whistled loudly.

"Tim, buddy, it looks like we've attracted some attention. Check this out!"

Master Timothy looked at Ariel with very little interest. The other man, though, apparently found Ariel quite enticing – so much so that his partner slapped his arm in protest.

"What?!" the man asked. "Isn't a healthy man allowed to look at a pretty woman? Geez!"

Blushing furiously at her lack of attire – and feeling proud of the man's assessment of her – Ariel ducked her head and smiled. Master Timothy cleared his throat gently, causing Ariel to make eye contact with him once again.

Master Timothy inclined his head, indicating that Ariel should step onto the boat and come to him. Following her usual protocol, Ariel rushed to his side, flung herself at his feet, and buried her nose in his shoes, kissing him to show her affection.

The woman who had been dancing with Master Timothy took a step closer to him, put her arm through his, and used the pointed toe on her shoe to move Ariel to the side. Shocked, not knowing how to respond, Ariel looked up at the lady.

"Timothy, darling, I do believe this little harlot is looking at me. What cheek!" Ariel took the hint and quickly placed her face against the deck of the boat.

"Hey, Tim, what in the hell is this? You know this woman, I hope!"

"She's no woman, Barton. She's a slave – and a trampy one at that, might I add. She's a little harlot that Timothy chooses to keep around to amuse himself while I'm traveling."

Everyone laughed at the woman's assessment of Ariel. Tears formed behind Ariel's eyelids, yet sheer determination kept them from falling. She was more angry than she thought possible, yet here she was, enduring this humiliation because it was what Master Timothy required of her. She could do no less.

"Bart, help me tie her up. I'll show you how to have fun with a slave," Master Timothy said. Ariel immediately felt a piece of silken material cover her eyes. Instinctively, her hands went to her face, wanting to remove the material.

Master Timothy whispered in her ear, "Make me proud or I shall sell you."

Frozen in terror at the thought of not being allowed to serve Master Timothy, Ariel put her hands to her sides. The two men carried her into the salon, then placed her stomach-down on a cold surface. Securing her wrists to her ankles, Master Timothy tightened the blindfold and added a gag to her assemblage.

For the next three hours, Master Timothy, Barton and the two women had fun with Ariel. They raped her with dicks, dildos, foreign objects she couldn't identify. They beat her with the riding crop, a whip and what felt like a paddle. Finally, she was untied and the gag was removed. She was placed on the boat dock – blindfold still on her and clothes missing.

"Go home. Prepare for me."

Ariel held still for a moment, wishing she could fall right through the boards. How could he expect her to find her way home – like this?!? As she took one tentative step forward, Master Timothy grabbed her.

"Here, you'll need this," he said as he wrapped a dress around her, tying it at her side. "And you won't need this," he continued as he removed the blindfold.

Love ran rampant through Ariel's heart and she desperately wanted to kiss Master Timothy's feet and thank him for being so kind to her. However, she knew that to even BEGIN to look back would be a mistake.

"You performed well last night, my angel."

Ariel's blood ran cold. When Master Timothy called her angel, she was generally in trouble. But she couldn't figure out why!

"Are you still following your instructions?" Master Timothy asked with mock sincerity.

Oh, shit! She'd forgotten about those! She'd forgotten to ask if she still needed to do that. Damn! If she'd just asked, he would probably have let her be done with it. Because she didn't ask, though, and DIDN'T FOLLOW THEM!!!!!!!!!!!!.....

"I see you understand the full import of my question.....And what should we do with you today? Hmmm..." Master Timothy played with Ariel's hair as she knelt in front of his chair. Trying to stay still, Ariel found her limbs wanting to shake from fear. Her body was so worn out from last night's "play" that she could barely stand. And here she was – in trouble again!

"Stand. Disrobe." Master Timothy's instructions were succinct and direct – and the tone conveyed that Ariel had better do so quickly!

Standing at the cuffs suspended from the ceiling, Master Timothy tapped his foot in impatience until Ariel quickly ran to him and put her hands above her head. Fastening her in the cuffs, Master Timothy was all business. Checking to make sure all the buckles were fastened well, Master Timothy then began to take up the slack in the chains. Ariel's hands rose slightly higher, and higher, until she was barely able to balance on her toes. Master Timothy shoved her to the side and she lost her balance and began to swing back and forth. Master Timothy smiled.

“Perfect. Now let's see if we can get this right the first time, angel.”

The whip slammed across Ariel's back. She knew right away that Master Timothy didn't intend to “warm her up” first. Then again, he rarely did so, unlike many other Masters.

“One, Master. May I have another, please?” Ariel said quickly, just before another lash struck her.

“Two, Master. May I have another....” Was all the further she got before she was hit again and lost her breath.

“Three, Master.”

“Angel, you know it doesn't count if you don't say the number. Let's start again.”

“But, Master!” Wham! The whip hit the backs of her thighs twice, causing her to lose her balance.

“You'd like to argue with me, angel?” Master Timothy said threateningly.

“No, Master! Master, I love you! No, Master!”

Another two lashes hit Ariel before she could even begin to recover. Crying hard now, Ariel managed to balance once again on her toes as Master Timothy gave her time to breathe.

Just as Ariel was getting her breath under control, the whip struck her again.

“One, Master. May I have another, please?” Ariel cried quickly.

“Certainly, my angel. Anything you desire,” Master Timothy responded.

“Two, Master. May I have another, please?” Ariel grunted through her pain.

Eight more times Ariel cried out her pain, counting the lashes she received. She managed to get the words out for all but three of the hits.

“I feel a bit cheated. I believe another 5 is appropriate, don't you, angel?”

Ariel gritted her teeth and knew there was no proper answer. If she said no, she'd be punished further for arguing. If she said yes, he would assume she was enjoying this and give her more to make her happy.

“As you will, Master,” Ariel said with true humility. After all, she was nothing more than his slave. If he chose to beat her, that was his right. And it was her place to take all that he gave.

Master Timothy smiled, proud of his little slave – and happy to be beating her.