

# Ariel Pushes Her Master

by talina{ZAR}

Master and I mentally sparred during dinner, during which time my confidence increased. I mistakenly thought that him not shutting me down meant that I was winning. It didn't occur to me he was letting ride high so I'd fall further when he finally chose to swat me down.

When we finished eating, Master stood up and so did I. He put a hand behind my head, intending to kiss me. I turned my face away. He growled and I couldn't help but smile. He just walked away, which left me feeling disappointed.

I cleaned up the dishes. When I went to find him downstairs, he patted the couch next to him and said he wanted me to sit with him. His face looked the way it does when he wants to "make love" to me.....rather than fucking. He looked so tender, that I immediately let down my guard.

He pulled me in for a sweet, soft, gentle kiss. Then he looked directly into my eyes and smiled in the most loving way.....and I returned that smile. At that moment, he pulled both my wrists behind my back, turned me around, and clipped my slave chains together. I knew then that I was screwed.

With that same sweet smile on his face, he calmly held me with one hand while I squiggled and wiggled and jerked, trying desperately to get free. The switch between soft, loving husband and stern Master had happened so quickly that I didn't have time to protect myself. Knowing that I was so vulnerable left me feeling afraid...and excited. At this point, though, it was much more fear.

Like a trapped animal, I tried desperately to get away from Master, aware that he was going to punish me for my earlier insolence. It was only after I'd winded myself that I calmed down enough to feel the excitement...to remember that my Master may cause me pain, but he would never HURT me.

As I breathed heavily, my chest quickly moving up and down with every breath, my nipples hardened at the thought of what my Master might do to me. Seeing my Master's eyes upon my hardening breasts caused me to blush. I was ashamed that my responses to him were so clear. I felt that my body was betraying me and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

Master gave me a disgusted look and said, "Slut."

I burned with shame, yet sat up straight and said, "Yes.....I am."

Master slowly closed his eyes and I dropped my eyes back to his feet. Before I could note the movement, Master's hand was in my hair and he was pulling me to my feet. With my head at his hip, he marched me into the dungeon and threw me to the ground. I kept my head down, not wanting to further irritate the angry bear I'd awakened.

After a few moments of clinking sounds, I felt Master's hand in my hair again as he dragged me upright and shoved me face first against the St. Andrews cross. He unclipped my slave chains and pulled my left arm up into the cuff, then did the same on the right side. Master slipped a blindfold over my eyes.

I was just starting to relax a bit, anticipating the feel of Master's flogger on my back. Because I wasn't paying as much attention to Master as I should have been, I didn't anticipate him kicking my ankles apart. As I fell backward, I was very grateful that Master was there to catch me, though he growled at

me for my inattention. At that point, I was embarrassed that I'd been so centered on my own needs that I wasn't paying attention to my Master.

Master shoved me upright again, and I quickly placed my ankles against the insides of the cross. Master bent down and roughly grabbed my right ankle, pulling it to the outside of the cross and tying it there. He did the same on the left. I made a small sound of protest. With my legs spread this far, my wrists were pulling hard against the cuffs and I didn't feel like I was balanced well. I felt the same fear that some people feel when they're about to fall off a curb...you know you won't get hurt badly, yet every human instinct inside you tells you to protect yourself.

Master growled at me to quit moving. I felt slightly angry that he would leave me unbalanced like this...and that my legs were spread far enough apart to cause pain on my inner thighs. I wanted to protest with words...but didn't dare. I knew I'd earned this treatment...though that didn't help me like it any better.

Master stepped away from me after swatting my ass a couple of times...hard! I heard him rattling the toys around on the shelf and quickly readied myself to be hit with the flogger. The sounds quieted...and the lights went out...and the door to the dungeon was closed.

Confused, I waited for a few seconds in silence. "Master?" I queried. No answer came to me. Cautiously, I tried to turn my head to find out if I could see anything. Due to the balance problems I was having, I couldn't turn more than an inch, and that didn't help.

Now, I became angry. How dare he just walk out and leave me here like this!? He knew that anything could happen when he wasn't there...that I could lurch backward suddenly, pulling the cross down on top of me. I could be hurt! Curse words filled my head.

Silence. I jiggled my wrists a bit, trying to find a more comfortable position...to no avail. My shoulders were already aching and it had only been a few minutes. Or had it been longer? How long HAD I been here? How long was it going to be before he returned?

Silence. My Master knows that sensory deprivation is my weak point. While this wasn't an extreme form by any means, it was still debilitating to me. I couldn't stand not knowing...not being able to ready myself for the next onslaught...not being able to read my Master by the blows I received.

Silence. Now, fear started to take hold. What if he didn't intend to come back? What if he left me there until I withered away? What if something happened to him? No one else would know that I was there, so they wouldn't know that I needed to be rescued. What if I choked to death and he didn't know it? What would happen if I used my safe word, but he was too far away to hear me? WHAT IF I DIED LIKE THIS?

Silence. Tears started flowing down my cheeks. I began a piteous wailing sound, quiet, hoping Master wouldn't hear...while hoping he would hear me. My pride said that I didn't want him to know I was upset...and my fear said I wanted him to come rescue me. My mind said I should be strong, that it hadn't been very long, that I could win this battle of wills...and my slave heart said I had no right to play this game, that I was weak, that I had already lasted longer than I needed to.

Silence. Thoughts racing through my brain so quickly I couldn't tell one from another. Tears running down my cheeks. Fear riddling my heart.

Silence. “Master!” I scream at the top of my lungs, every ounce of my body begging him to hear me.

Silence. Fear grips my heart, wondering if I’ve pushed him far enough for him to leave me for good. “Master!” I scream again, adding a note of desperation that causes my voice to raise at the end.

Silence. “Master....” I call softly, pitifully as I allow my entire body to relax into fearful trembles and tears.

Silence. “Master, please, I’m sorry,” I beg with my words, with my head. “Please, Master, I swear I won’t do it again. Please, Master!!!!!!” I say, louder at the end.

Silence. Time passes as I cry my pitiful tears. Then, knowledge begins to filter into my addled brain.

Silence. I stop crying and contemplate my situation. I realize that I deserve this...and more. That my challenging of Master earlier was an attempt to get him to beat me. And that the reason he didn’t beat me is because that was what I wanted. And that he may, in fact, choose to never open that door again.

Silence. “Master,” I state calmly, talking to the emptiness. “I love you. I honor you for knowing me better than I know myself. Thank you, Master, for being strong enough to handle me...and wise enough to know how to do so. I adore you, Master. And if I ever get the chance to see you again, I will prostrate myself at your feet, lick your shoes, and beg forgiveness for my haughty ways.”

Silence. After several more minutes of self-reflection, I cry softly, ashamed of myself, wishing I could take back my actions. “Master, I am so sorry,” I wail, my voice barely audible in the deep silence.

“And I love you, my slave.” Master’s voice scares me so much that I try to leap away from the sound. I feel Master’s hands on my body, pinching, touching, pulling, slapping, feeling, rubbing. Master presses the front of his body against the back of mine. He pinches my nipples so hard I’m afraid they’ll come off, yet I just purr and lean back against him, begging for more.

“You know you’ll pay, don’t you, slut?” Master whispers lovingly, seductively in my ear. Smiling, I nod my head. After being deprived of his touch, I would do ANYTHING for the privilege of feeling his hands on me again.

Master reaches up and takes my hands out of the cuffs, though he communicates silently that I’m to continue holding the ring at the top of the cuffs. He unties my legs and allows me to move my ankles to the inside of the cross, thereby balancing myself better and giving my aching shoulders a slight reprieve.

Master was kissing me, pinching me, rubbing me...in other words, being quite loving. And yet, I was still prepared when the first flogging hit came. The light came on and Master proceeded to beat me to the point where I thought I would pass out. And through it all, I held onto the metal rings. I didn’t whimper or protest in any way. I took the punishment I knew was due to me.

That night, as Master chained me to his bed, I silently thanked the gods that I was privileged enough to sleep cuddled next to my Master.

“Thank you, Master,” I whispered against his back.

“For what, cunt?” Master laughingly asked. “For beating you?”

“For loving me enough to dominate me...to torture me in ways that don’t require any tools...for loving me enough to know exactly what I need.” A contented sigh left my lips as I heard Master chuckle and pull me in tighter to him.

“Sleep well, my slut, because tomorrow is when you will pay for the error of your ways.”

“Yes, Master,” I replied as I swiftly fell into a deep, glorious, happy sleep.