

The Hotel

The Hotel

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A sub and her Master spend a weekend away.

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Chapter One: The Arrival

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I require your arrival at the Hilton at 4 p.m. You will wear your trench coat, a garter with stockings, and your shoes. You know the ones.

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That's all the text said, but I know what to do. Pulling my supplies together, I lock my front door, get into my car, and begin the drive into the city.

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I pull into the hotel parking lot, choosing a spot not too far from the front entrance, but still off to the side and slightly hidden by trees. It is just after 3:30 p.m., and it is raining, just a little, but I am grateful. There's nothing more conspicuous than a woman in a tightly-buttoned trench coat on a bright, sunny day.

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I've chosen this semi-secluded parking space for a reason; I need to change. I slide the driver's seat all the way back, then toe off my flats and unzip my slacks, lifting my hips to push them down to my knees, then tugging them all the way off. I fold them as neatly as I can, then tuck them into one side of my over-sized handbag.ï½ With my slacks off, I straighten my garter, check that the clips holding my stockings are secure, then tug said stockings back up and tighten the satiny ribbons attached to the clips. That should help keep the stockings up - but not for long, I know.

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I peel my shirt off over my head, fold it, and place it in my bag with my slacks. I zip the compartment closed. Then I reach for my coat, which is folded over the back of the front passenger seat. I shake it open and swirl it around my shoulders, leaning forward to allow me room to maneuver my arms into the sleeves. The coat is bunched up between my back and the seat, but that will fix itself once I step out of the car.

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Checking to make sure I have all I need, I pick up the cell phone in the cup holder and send a short message to my Master - *I am here, Sir.*

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I receive a reply almost immediately.ï½ *Very good, Kitten. Room 312.*

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I shove my flats back onto my feet and push open the car door and step out. When I stand up, the coat falls into place; it is long, coming to mid-calf, and when I button it up against the rain, all that shows are my lower legs (with my sensible shoes) and a small patch of skin at my throat. I bend down and reach into the car, nabbing my bag by its handles, which I sling over my left shoulder, and picking up my phone, which slips into my right coat pocket. I grab the keys from the ignition, pressing the Lock button, then stow the keys in my left coat pocket. I shut the car door, pull up my hood, and make my way across the parking lot to the hotel's entrance.

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Stepping through the sliding glass doors, I pull my hood back and shake my head, taking a moment to observe the lobby and locate the elevator. Ah, yes, there it is, past the check-in desk and to the right, opposite the small dining room where I presume continental breakfasts are served. The lobby is empty, save for the desk clerk, and I smile at him as I walk past, greeting him with a soft, "Good afternoon."

I press the button for the elevator, and the door opens immediately. I step in and press the button for the third floor. The doors close with a soft "whoosh," and now, alone in the elevator, I begin to feel nervous. My mouth is dry, I suddenly realize, and I wish I had thought to bring along a bottle of water. I fish in my bag for a small tin of wintergreen breath mints, and pop one into my mouth as the elevator stops and the doors slide open.

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I follow the sign on the wall toward room 312, noting that I pass the ice machine on the way. The hall is deserted, and I stop outside room 310. I unbutton my coat, revealing that I'm wearing nothing but a garter, but leave the coat on. I unzip the other side of my bag and pull out a pair of strappy, 3-inch heels - my "fuck-me" shoes. I toe off my flats and slip the heels on, zipping them up the back, and shove the flats into my bag. I hike up my stockings again - they always slide down, it's so annoying - and totter the few remaining steps to room 312. I see that the door is cracked open, but I knock anyway, to announce myself.

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'Come in,' he calls, and I take a deep breath, square my shoulders, and push the door open.

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The room is set up like a small suite, I see. The bathroom is to my immediate right, then there's a small closet. Beyond that is a small sitting area, with a couch, a desk and chair, and a small coffee table. ⋮½Facing the couch is a TV built into the wall. And beyond that is the bed, separated by a half-wall. Directly across from the foot of the bed is a low chest of drawers, with a second TV on top. The TV is on, but I pay it no attention.

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My focus is on the naked man on the bed, lying on his side, his head propped up on one hand, looking back at me.

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I say nothing, just look at him, and after a long minute of silence, he suddenly speaks.

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"Hello, Kitten," he greets me. "Are you ready for me?"

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I lick my lips, a nervous habit, and swallow, before replying, "Yes, Master."

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He studies me for several seconds more, then abruptly says, "Put down your bag, and open your coat."

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I drop the bag as if the handles have burned my fingers, then use both hands to grasp my coat and hold it open. When he sees my attire - or near-total lack thereof - he smiles.

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"Very good," he says, and I smile, dropping my gaze to the floor in sudden bashfulness.

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"I think," he begins, in a thoughtful tone, "that it would be a very good idea for you to suck my cock."

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"Yes, Master," I say, then shrug off my coat and fold it haphazardly over the back of the desk chair.ï½ I stumble to the bed (how the hell do women actually walk in these things??) and clamber up next to him, and he rolls his hips to the side, granting me access. I lean down and pull his cock into my mouth, sucking him, rolling my tongue over him. His cock is mostly flaccid yet, but I can feel him growing harder on my tongue as I suckle him. It takes me a minute to reacquaint myself with his smell, his taste, to find a rhythm I can sustain, pulling him into my mouth then pulling away, over and over again, and all the while his cock is hardening and lengthening. I shift my position slightly, seeking a better angle, and he suddenly grabs the back of my head, forcing me to take him deep into my throat.

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I freeze, and gag, and I feel my stomach rebelling. Dear god, I do not want to vomit on him, so I close my eyes and breath through my nose and pray, pray, that my stomach settles and behaves. I have a terrible gag reflex, and he knows this, but I think he likes it when I gag, because he makes it happen every time.ï½ My throat contracts and my stomach heaves, and I tear myself away from him and cough, my eyes tearing up.

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He grabs me by the hair, then, and asks me, in a deadly whisper, "Is there something wrong with my cock?"

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I shake my head as best I can, with his fingers wound into my hair, and say, "No, Sir. Not a thing."

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He releases me, then, and settles back down, then says, "Continue."

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I move back into place and pull his cock into my mouth again, wrapping the fingers of my right hand around him and pumping him while I suck him. He seems to like that, because he groans, and starts talking to me.ï½
"You are a good cock sucker, aren't you, my slut? Yes, you are, you like it, don't you, like my cock in your mouth, like feeling me on your tongue. I want you to take my cum, my little slut, take it from me and swallow every drop, do you hear me?"

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I pull my mouth away just long enough to say, "Yes, Master," then bob my head faster, stroking him faster, hollowing my cheeks to suck him harder, and he groans again and calls me his slut, and don't I love his cock? And I murmur an "mm-hmm" around his cock, working him faster, though my jaw is aching. And then he gets more insistent, bucking his hips up, trying to force his cock in deeper, and he snarls at me, "I thought you wanted my cum, slut; you need to take it from me, do you hear? Don't you want it? Come on! Take it!"

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And it pisses me off when he talks like, that, because he *knows* I want him, and he *knows* about my reflex, and sometimes it's so bad I just cannot perform oral without vomiting. It's happened before. And he *knows* I wouldn't be here if I didn't want it. And it makes me feel that he believes me to be ungrateful, or that I'm not trying ...

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I try, I really do; but my jaw has locked up, and it *hurts*, and my saliva is dripping down over my fingers, and his cock slips out of my mouth with a wet, sucking sound. I immediately pull it back into my mouth and suck him as hard as I can, and he grabs my head and pushes, and with a roar, his hot cum is jetting into my mouth and down my throat, and I'm swallowing and gagging, and shaking, my arms are shaking from the strain, and still his seed is pumping from his cock.ï½ My throat contracts and my stomach rebels and I pull away, gasping, coughing, his cum choking me. I manage to swallow it, though; none of it is lost, and I dive back in, pulling his cock back into my mouth and sucking him clean, clearing off all traces of his cum and my saliva.

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And then I sag, panting, shaking, and I cough again, and my heart is pounding. His breath is panting, too, and when he speaks, his voice is breathy, hollow.

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"Are you all right?"

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I nod my head, and whisper, "Yes, Master," and close my eyes against the tears that form, and damn it all, a few leak out under my eyelids and trail down my face. His hand comes up to cup my cheek, and he says softly, "Good girl. You did well."

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I let out a sob, and lean into his hand; and I feel fragile, like I'm about to shatter, and I don't know if it's a good thing, or not.

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Chapter 2: Cold

Chapter 2: Cold

He cups my face, his thumb stroking my cheek, and I lean into his touch, wordlessly seeking comfort and affirmation. He senses my inner turmoil - somehow, he always knows - and speaks to me, softly.

"What's wrong, Kitten?"

It's the use of the endearment which makes me crack, and I shudder and choke on a sob as a tear slips down my cheek. I cannot really find the words to express myself, so I turn to a safe option.

"I'm sorry, Master, if I have not pleased you."

His thumb halts its motion for a moment, then begins again, and his voice is gentle, but firm.

"Look at me."

I raise my eyes to meet his, and he holds my gaze, not allowing me to look away.

"I am not displeased with you."

The words are simple, but they soothe me, and I feel some of my inner tension loosen and melt away. I want this weekend, want what he gives me, want to give what he demands of me, and I had feared that I had already bollixed it up. His declaration eases my doubts - well, some of them, anyway - and I close my eyes briefly in relief, drawing in a shaky breath, feeling my body relax. His hand slides down my face to cup my chin, and I open my eyes to meet his gaze again.

"Who are you?" he asks.

"I am your sub, Master," I reply.

"And what will my sub do?"

"Whatever you tell her to, Master."

"Yes, you will, won't you, Kitten? As it should be."

"Yes, Master."

He studies me a bit longer, then releases my chin. "Lie down," he says, and I maneuver myself so that I can lie on my back and stretch out my legs. He tells me to close my eyes, and to keep them closed. I feel the bed shift as he leaves it, and I hear him moving about, the sound of his footsteps as they *shoosh* across the carpet, the squeak of the dresser drawer as he pulls it open, and the small *thunk* as he pushes it shut again. I shift on the bed, settling myself more comfortably, and tilt my head to follow his movements around the room. There's a quiet click - I assume he's flicked the bathroom light switch - more soft, padding footsteps, and a thump as he sets something down on the nightstand near my head.

I hear a smaller, quieter thump, then a rustling, clinking sound, and I smile. Ice cubes.

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He sees my smile, and tells me to open my eyes. His face swims into view, and I see he is holding up an ice cube. I watch as his hand comes down, the cube between his fingers, and then I suck in a breath when the ice makes contact with my skin. The shock of the cold tingles through me as he rubs the ice in small circles on my skin, on my chest, leaving trails of cold melted water and goosebumps on my flesh.

I shiver, but it's not so much from the cold as from anticipation.

He lets go the tiny stub of ice and lets it melt where it rests, reaching for another cube and painting an abstract design on my stomach, along my ribs, swirls and lines and loopy waves, and I feel the path the ice has taken in the residual coolness of my skin, though the only visible sign is a rapidly disappearing trail of water. He leaves the remnants of the ice on my stomach, allowing my body heat to melt it completely, and picks up a third cube.

This one, he swirls around my breasts, underneath, around, over and across and then, at last, directly on one nipple, moving it in small circles to completely cover my areola. My nipple stiffens in reaction, both to the cold and to the ripples of desire spreading through me because of his attentions. He moves the ice to the other nipple and repeats the circles, until it, too, is stiff and taut and aches, it aches, but in a good way. I arch my back and moan, and he smiles.

"So needy, Kitten," he murmurs, and I only nod. He picks up another cube - his fingers must be so cold by now! - and tells me to look at him. Our gazes lock, and I feel his hand brush my knee, and then there's cold, as he presses the ice cube against my skin and trails it up, up, along my inner thigh, to the joint of my hip, and I suck in a breath as the ice crosses over my clit and then slowly, he pushes it inside my pussy. I arch up, involuntarily, and my breath catches on a gasp. It is cold, yes, but already melted icy water is trickling back out.

I shift my legs open further as he reaches for another ice cube, and he quickly inserts it as I shiver and moan. It's so, so cold, but surprisingly hot, you know? Another cube quickly follows, and then another, and my moan this time is tinged with discomfort. My inner walls are beginning to feel numb, it's so cold, and my shiver now is definitely because of cold. I clench my hands into fists at my sides when he presses another cube inside me.

It's cold, yes, so cold it burns and aches, but also running out of room in there; the cubes aren't melting nearly so fast, and are pushing against each other inside me. He presses in another, and pushes hard to get one more in after that, and I turn my head from side to side because it's hurting me, now. He presses and shoves and manages to get one last cube inside, and I moan with the cold and the pain and the too-full feeling. There's a puddle of cold water under my ass, where the melted icy water has seeped out and pooled beneath me, and I shift uncomfortably, unable to escape the cold beneath or inside me.

His hand cups my pussy, keeping all those ice cubes trapped inside, and he leans over me, his face filling my vision.

"What's the matter, Kitten?" he asks me. "Is it cold?"

I shiver, and my teeth chatter before I can stop them. "Yes, Master," I say.

He laughs, then, and it is not cruel, but both knowing and teasing. "I would imagine so," he agrees. "Let's see if we can warm you up."

His mouth fastens over my taut nipple, and I gasp and arch up into his mouth, Oh, it's so warm, and wet! It feels amazing, the contrast, and when he nips me, I shudder and moan, feeling a shaft of need and desire spread through me. He suckles my nipple, rolling his tongue over it, teasing it with his teeth, and the desire

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flows like a wave through my body to my pussy. Despite the numbing cold inside me, I swear I can feel myself growing wet, and I moan again and shift my legs even farther apart.

He accepts my wordless invitation and slides two fingers inside me; their heat feels exaggerated in contrast with my chilled inner walls. I shiver with need, and groan again, digging my heels into the mattress and rocking my hips up. He pulls his mouth from my nipple, catching it in his teeth and pulling as he withdraws, until my nipple slips from between his teeth, reddened and sore from his vigorous sucking. He moves his head and captures my other nipple in his mouth, working it, nipping it, and begins thrusting the fingers buried in my pussy.

I throw my head back and cry out, it's so good, so very good, and his fingers grow slick as my juices begin to flow, the ice melting rapidly now, the chilly water surrounding his fingers and flowing from my body to increase the puddle on the sheets beneath me. I am moving, too, rocking on his fingers, and he adds a third, filling me, stretching me, and I groan again with the discomfort caused by his fingers stretching me open. But this is a good pain, a welcome pain, and I revel in it.

He bites me, suddenly, sharply, and I shriek with the unexpected flare of pain. But my body likes it, responds to it, and my juices flow faster, to coat his fingers more thickly. And he can feel it, feel the way I shudder and clench around his fingers.

"Oh, good girl, Kitten," he murmurs, and I accept his praise with a breathless cry, rocking my hips faster, trying to reach that place where the growing tension of need snaps and throws me into bliss. But it's hovering, just there, just out of my reach, and I cry out again, in need and frustration.

"Don't you cum. Don't you *dare* cum until I say so." His words are firm, and I can hear the threat in his voice. My own voice is shaky, hollow, breathless.

"Y-yes, Master."

With my words, his fingers launch an assault on my pussy, thrusting and withdrawing and slamming home again, and now, instead of seeking out orgasm, I am biting my lip and moaning with the effort of staving it off. I can feel my muscles contract, feel the raw need like a fire inside me, feel my body trembling with the effort to deny the release that now surrounds me, wrapping me in desire, scorching me with its flame, and I'm so close, and it hurts, it hurts, I need to cum, so bad, so much â ˆ.

Just as the wait and the denial become intolerable, and I cry out one more time, desperate and raw and despairing, he leans over and whispers in my ear.

"Cum for me. Now."

My climax burns through me like wildfire, out of control and scorching and devouring everything in its path. My body bows up, my muscles locking up, my orgasm so all-consuming that I don't have the breath to scream. My pussy clamps down on his fingers, locking them inside me, my body shaking from the force of my release. I don't know how long it lasts, only that it seems like a long time, and at last I collapse back to the bed, trembling, panting harshly, my heart thundering, and slowly, slowly, I relax enough that he can withdraw his fingers. He brings them to my mouth and I open my lips, laving his fingers with my tongue and sucking his fingers clean in between my panting breaths.

When all traces of my juices are gone, he gently brushes my sweaty bangs off my forehead, and draws one finger gently down the side of my face.

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"Good girl," he says again, and I swallow and lick my dry lips.

"Thank you, Master," I say.

I am still trembling, and feeling a bit sleepy, truth be told. But this weekend is just getting started, and we have so much time ahead. I blink my eyes, and look up into his face. He meets my eyes, and offers me a smile so full of promise that I have to swallow again.

"Who are you?" he asks again.

"I am your sub, Master," I say.

"And what will my sub do, Kitten?"

"Anything her Master wants her to."

Chapter 3: Up and Away

Chapter 3: Up and Away

Master gives me a few minutes to relax, to recover from my climax, turning on the hotel TV with the remote and flipping through the channels for a short while. And then, abruptly, he snaps the TV off and rises from the bed.

"Get up, Kitten," he says. "We're going out."

He instructs me to dress - minus bra and panties. I tug my shirt and slacks back on and dig my flats out of my bag, slipping them on my feet. I duck into the bathroom and run a comb through my hair, then repair my eye makeup. When I deem myself presentable, I rejoin him in the main room and grab my coat, as it is still raining a little.

He opens the door and allows me to exit first, then follows me, closing the door behind us. I hastily don my coat, then follow him down the hall and into the elevator, riding down to the lobby, and out the front entrance. By now, the liquid remnants of my recent orgasm are seeping out from between my thighs, dampening the material of my slacks. It's slightly uncomfortable, yes, but that's what my Master wants, so I keep silent about it.

We get into his car, a smallish SUV, and he pulls out of the parking lot and onto the street. At this point, I can no longer contain my curiosity, so I ask him where we are going. He just looks at me with his secret smile, and says, simply, "You'll see."

We drive on the highway for only about 10 minutes, then exit into a more residential area. We pass grand older homes, and small businesses, and smaller, more modern homes, and then, he pulls into what appears to be a small strip mall. Smack in the middle is an unassuming door with peeling white paint, and faded gold lettering on the door reads, simply, "Thai."

He ushers me through the door, and I get my first glance of the restaurant. It's charming, really, with small cozy tables scattered throughout the room, which is larger than I expected. Toward the back are two sets of doors, which I presume lead to the kitchen. Soft instrumental music is playing, and there's a hostess stand to my left. A smiling young woman shows us to a table and leaves us with menus. I look through it, but I've never had Thai food before, so I'm a bit bewildered.

We order drinks from a too-happy waitress named Jennifer - she chirps, I swear - and my Master orders my entrée for me. I'm not upset, at all; I had no idea what to get, but I assume I'll be pleased with what he's chosen for me. He knows I don't like too-spicy foods, and I trust that he remembers that.

While we wait for Jennifer to deliver our sodas, I look around the room. Wallpaper covers all the walls, a subtle, tone-on-tone floral that I find pretty, yet unobtrusive. I like it. The tables are covered with solid-colored cloths in ivory, pale rose, and light blue, and all are topped with a lacy overlay. The painted wood chairs don't all match, which I quite like, and the one I have is quite comfortable. There are several crystal chandeliers overhead, and wall sconces, though the sun peeks through the clouds and streams through the front windows. Jennifer brings my diet Coke and Master's Sprite, and bustles away with a cheery, "Your dinners will be right out!"

I busy myself with unwrapping my straw, then taking a long, deep drink of my soda. I'm thirstier than I realized, and I drain nearly half the glass before I come up for air. I'm having a hard time meeting Master's

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eyes. I can't explain it, but I am suddenly shy. Crazy, right? I feel tears prickle the corner of my eyes, and I blink rapidly, trying to get myself under control. He reaches a hand across the table, and I grasp it gratefully, staring at our linked hands, trying to figure out why I'm losing it here, in this quiet restaurant, with the man who owns me and who has been patient and gentle and firm and harsh and masterful and demanding and more giving than I think I deserve.

"Hey," he says, and I look up for the first time. "It's OK. It's just me."

I smile, because he's right, of course, and I am an idiot. I take another drink of my soda, but I don't let go of his hand until our dinners arrive. I have no idea what he's ordered for me, but it's a deep bowl, layered with rice and crisp-tender vegetables like broccoli and carrots and baby corn and scallions, with a thin sauce that's slightly sweet with just a hint of heat. There's a spring roll on the side of the bowl, which I promptly scoop up and place on his plate. I don't care for spring rolls.

He has noodles with shrimp and vegetables, and I wrinkle my nose. I don't like shrimp, either.

I take small bites, working my way down through the layers, and he watches me for a moment before chuckling. When I look at him, he says he can tell I've never had it before, as I'm tackling it in layers instead of mixing it all together to eat it. I look at the heaping bowl and say that if I did mix it, I'd spill it all over the table. He just smiles, and we go back to eating, though I do use my fork to stir up the layers a bit, getting some rice and some sauce with my next bite of carrot.

We eat in silence, mostly, but it's comfortable now, and I make it through about two-thirds of my dinner before I just can't eat any more. I play with my food while he finishes his own, then pays the check, and we step out into the evening. I link my arm with his, and we stroll down the mall, looking at each store, peering in the windows, but not going in. The rain has stopped, and my coat is feeling heavy. We head back to his car, then back to the hotel, and I am oddly relieved to shrug off my coat, kick off my shoes, and sit down on the couch.

He sits next to me, and flips on the TV. We watch an episode of "Wipeout," of all things, and I roll my eyes as the contestants struggle through obstacle courses and get whacked by heavily-padded levers and pushed into pools. I find the whole thing ridiculous, but he says it's funny seeing people posture and boast, then get pummeled and knocked around. Eh, whatever. The show ends, and another episode starts, and I groan. Ugh. He looks at me.

"You don't like it?" he asks. I shake my head. "Nope," I reply.

"Then we need to find you something else to do," he says. "Sit at my feet, pet."

I slide off the couch and start to lower myself to the floor, but he reaches out a hand and snags my wrist.

"You have too many clothes on," he tells me, so I pull off my shirt, unzip my slacks and tug them off my legs. Now naked, I sit on the floor by his foot and rest my head on his knee. He cards his fingers through my hair, almost absent-mindedly, and watches as a pretty blonde woman jumps over an obstacle, only to be whacked by a paddle and pushed off into the water. He laughs as she tumbles head-over-heels and lands with a huge splash. I just sit there, quietly, my eyes closed, as his fingers move through my hair, again and again and again. It feels nice, and is relaxing, and I wrap my arms around his calf and feel his leg hairs tickling my skin.

A commercial comes on, louder than the show, and he shifts his leg, so I unwrap my arms and sit up straighter. I tilt my head to meet his gaze, and he tells me to retrieve the clothespins. I head to my bag and fish out the pins - I have 10 of them, which I drop on the small table next to the couch. He tells me to stand in

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front of him, facing him, with my hands behind my back.

"Close your eyes," he commands, and I obey. "Remember, Kitten, you are not being punished. Do you understand?"

I don't, not really, but I nod my head anyway. "Yes, Master."

He cups my left breast in his hand, his palm warm on my skin, and his thumb brushes over the nipple, teasing it into stiffness. Suddenly, without warning, he slaps it with his other hand, hard, and I jump and hiss at the unexpected flare of pain. He slaps it again, just as hard, and I flinch and moan a little. Damn, that hurts. He drops my breast but picks up the other one, and I tense up now, because I know what's coming. Yes, he smacks this one, too, the sting of his fingers so harsh on my tender skin. He delivers a second slap, then releases this breast, as well.

"Go look in the mirror," he says, and I walk across the room to the mirror mounted on the wall. Already I can see bruises darkening, marking my skin. And I am pleased. Not with the pain, no, but I do like it when my Master leaves his mark on me. It's a tangible, visible reminder of the times we spend together, of the fact that he owns me, and I am his. So I look at the rapidly forming bruises, and I smile.

He calls me back to him, and I resume my stance in front of him. My eyes close at his direction, and he picks up my breast again. He doesn't slap it again, no; this time, he clips one of the clothespins to my nipple. God, that smarts! He attaches a second pin, close to the first one, and I wince. It pinches, hard, and it hurts. Two more pins go on my other breast, and I moan in discomfort. This hurts, dammit. And it's not a fleeting pain, either, it keeps going â |

My breathing picks up before I realize it, and he has to tell me to breathe, slowly, controlled, in through the nose, out through the mouth. After a minute or two I'm doing better, and he tells me to open my feet. I shift my feet farther apart, and his fingers probe between my legs, feeling my pussy, and I catch my breath when they glide across my clit. As he works his fingers inside me, I can feel myself growing wet, his fingers moving more easily as they are coated with my juices. I moan for a different reason, now; the pain in my nipples is still there, believe me, but it has faded to a dull pain, now, not so sharp, and I am more focused on what his fingers are doing.

He presses them deep, pumping them a few times, then slowly pulls them free, and I whine in disappointment at the loss. He chuckles. The next thing I feel is the sharp pinch of a clothespin closing over the tender flesh of my pussy lips. Ouch. I can't help my flinch - the contrast is so acute, and damn, it hurts. It's not a white-hot pain, it's not agonizing, it's sharp and steady and not relenting at all. He adds another clothespin, which feels like it's directly across from the first one, and I wince and hiss as it bites into my flesh. Ow, ow. He adds a third pin, then a fourth, and I'm panting shallowly and my heart is racing. I feel each pin, the four pinching my nipples, the four biting my pussy, and I moan again, in pain, wanting this over, please, it's getting to be too much, and I start to feel dizzy and sick.

He notices my distress, and tries to help me breathe, again, but I'm having none of it this time, my breaths quickening to actual harsh pants, and I sway on my feet. My groan is louder this time, pain-filled, raw, and he sees I'm becoming overwhelmed. He pulls the pins away, ripping them off, and I wince and cry out at the flare of pain with each removal. The ones on my nipples are worse, though, as the blood flow has been restricted longer and they throb painfully as the circulation is restored.

"Oh, *fuck*, that hurts," I swear, and I break my stance to grab my breasts and massage them. It's not sexual, it's instinctive, a way to ease the pain.

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"Down," he orders, and I drop to my knees, still massaging my breasts. They feel better, now, but the residual ache remains. His hands come to rest on my shoulders, and I drop my hands to rest on my knees.

"Good girl," he says. "You did well."

I am sore, and still aching, but I smile. "Thank you, Master," I say. And I mean it.

He tells me to lie back, and I obey, right there on the floor, my legs open to his perusal, my hands up above my head.

"What a pretty pussy," he tells me. "All red and puffy, and mineâ it IS mine, isn't it, Kitten?"

"Yes, Master, it is yours," I reply.

"Thank you, Kitten," he says. "Now go get on the bed, on your hands and knees."

I roll to my side and get up, then cross to the bed and get into position, my knees at the edge of the mattress. I know what's coming next, know my Master loves this, when he possesses and owns his property. And yes, there he is, standing behind me, running his hands over my back, up my spine, down my sides. I sigh softly and shift under his touch, feeling my body respond to him.

"Lube?" he asks.

"In my bag, Master."

Surprisingly, he doesn't tell me to go get it, but retrieves it himself, then comes back to the bed. I hear the snap as he pops the cap off, and a moment later I feel his fingers brushing at my asshole, the tip feeling cold and pointed as it slowly breaches my opening. I sigh again, and shift my knees apart, trying to relax, to ease the way for his digit. He takes his time, working his finger in, moving it around, stretching me open, adding a second finger, stretching me further. It burns, yes, and is uncomfortable, but he is patient, and eventually I open for him, relaxing, allowing him free access. He pulls his fingers free, and grips my hip with one hand, using the other to guide the tip of his cock to my hole, then slowly pushing his way inside.

I hiss at the burn, and the further stretch, but he uses shallow little thrusts to work his way inside. I drop my head, and he presses me down, holding my shoulders flat to the mattress, and yes, that changes the angle, and it feels better, and he slips all the way in. I give a little moan as he eases in, as it burns, and burns, but it's welcome, and I don't want him to stop.

He begins to move, then, his cock filling me, fucking me, and I moan as the feeling changes from intrusive to pleasurable. I begin to rock back against him, and he grips my hips harder, a groan escaping his lips as he thrusts. He picks up the pace, and groans again, and my breaths are quicker, shallower, almost pants, really, and I get up on my elbows so I can rock back more forcefully. He's really fucking me now, his cock slamming into me, pushing me forward with every thrust. Our voices mingle with moans and groans and sighs, and he's getting close, and I want him to cum, yes, want him to fill me with his essence, want his property well-used and well-fucked and *owned*.

He reaches around and rubs at my clit with his fingers, and I buck and shudder and then convulse, crying out as I cum, my juices dripping out and trickling down my legs, my muscles locking and squeezing and trembling. He gives a groan, then another, and cums, his cock throbbing in my ass as he empties himself inside me. It is hot, and messy, and glorious, and my ass feels sore and stretched in the aftermath.

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He pulls out, then, and I fall forward to collapse on the bed, tired beyond measure, and he lies down beside me, stroking my back. It feels really good, and I hum in contentment. That's so, so nice. Mm-hmm. But my job is not yet complete; I scoot around until I can reach his cock, pulling it into my mouth, licking up his cum, cleaning him off, making sure not to miss a drop. When I'm sure he's thoroughly clean, I drop down next to his side, and he resumes stroking my back, using long, slow, deep strokes. That feels so good.

I know there's much more coming this weekend, more of my Master's demands, more of my willingness to obey as best I can, and I look forward to all of it. But right now, at this moment, I am sated, and happy, and he is pleased, and that's all that matters.

Chapter 4: Early Riser

Chapter 4: Early Riser

When next I open my eyes, it is in the pale light of early morning, past dawn, but not yet truly morning. The sheets have scrunched down as I slept, and my naked flesh is feeling a bit chilly. My Master is lying next to me, one arm flung out and brushing the top of my head. His quiet snores tell me he is still asleep. Good. I would hate to have woken him just yet.

I inch my way to the edge of the bed and slip out, quietly making my way to the bathroom. (Hey, I can't help it if I always have to pee first thing when I wake up. It's just how it is.) I brush my teeth while I'm in there, and turn off the light before opening the door.

I pad back to the bed, and spend a minute or so admiring Master's prone form. Moving quickly - because he is stirring, now - I climb back on the bed and pull back the sheets which cover him. I bend down and pull his cock into my mouth all at once, suckling him. Mmmm. I like this, like to wake Master this way, and he has told me he prefers to be woken in this manner.

So I suck him, and run my tongue along his cock, bobbing my head over his rapidly hardening length, determined to take as much of him as I possibly can.

He shifts, rolling more fully to his back, and I follow, resettling myself on my hands and knees at his side. His hand comes up and strokes my side, so I know he's truly awake now. I hollow my cheeks and suck him harder, and am rewarded by his sudden intake of breath. I smile around his cock, and I know he feels it.

"Good morning, Kitten," he says.

I lift my head just long enough to answer him - "Good morning, Master," - then pull him back into my mouth. He's nearly fully hard now, and is too much for me to take. I wrap my fingers around the base of his cock and pump him as I suck.

"Oh, you ARE a good cocksucker, Kitten, mmm, very good," he says, and even though part of me feels like I ought to be offended, I am not. But I do smile again, and keep working. My jaw is beginning to ache, now, but I do my best to ignore it.

"Bring my pussy over here, where I can reach," he commands, and I shuffle my knees toward the head of the bed, turning my ass toward him and parting my knees as best I can, so he can reach. And then his fingers are there, pressing inside me, and twisting, and rubbing my clit, and I shudder.

"Don't stop," he warns me, and I try so hard to ignore what his magic fingers are doing, and concentrate on sucking his cock. And I do all right for a minute or two, and then my jaw locks up and a flare of pain shoots through it, and I pause to adjust. He pulls his fingers free and gives me a sharp smack on the ass.

"I SAID, don't stop," he reminds me, and I take a deep breath, flex my jaw, roll my eyes (I'll never admit that part) and pull his cock into my mouth again. I *know* that my role is one of obedience, and I do try, but dammit, I can't help it if my jaw pops. And once it locks up, well, I can't even open it wide enough to take him any deeper, so I speed up my motions, both my hand and my mouth, hoping the increased pace will help hide my inability to pull him in.

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I change the angle of my mouth, so that the head of his cock grazes the back of my cheek, behind my teeth, and he groans. He must like that. Good. And now I really have to concentrate, because his fingers are buried inside me, again, thrusting and twisting, and my juices are running freely, and it's too intense, really, and I shift my body forward to give myself a bit of a break. And that's a mistake, too, because he rips his fingers from my body - *ouch* - and smacks me again, this time, hard enough to rock me on my knees and leave a red mark.

"Don't you pull away from me," he says, and I hear the warning in his voice. I settle back down and open my knees, and he plunges his fingers back inside me in one swift thrust. And it hurts, a little, but it feels good, too, and he's finger-fucking me in earnest, now, pulling his fingers away and then slamming them home, and he's gonna force me to cum, of course he is, and I have to hang on, and suck him, and suck him, and pump him, and I'm whining both in pleasure and in protest, because honestly, my jaw is killing me and I'm desperate for him to cum first, want to swallow him down and make him feel good, make him pleased with me, and I'm squirming on his fingers, and my climax is right there, right there, but I can't cum yet, I can't, I don't have permission â.

And then his fingers falter, and he sucks in a deep breath, and releases it on a groan, his hips pressing up, and up, and then he's cumming in my mouth, and I'm swallowing, and swallowing, and *yes*, this is what I wanted, and needed, and in an odd way, I feel I've earned it, even. And his fingers pick up their pace again, and I pull my mouth from his cock, press my forehead into his thigh, and moan and sigh and whimper and writhe on his fingers. Barely a minute later, I let loose a sharp cry, my muscles tensing as my climax sweeps over me. It's swift, and sharp, and *good*, and I shudder and spasm as it travels through me. As it eases, I blink, panting, and trembling, and when he pulls his fingers free, I can't help the whine of protest I make. He laughs, softly, kindly, and makes a comment about how greedy his Kitten is. And I merely nod, and say, "Yes, Master," because it's true, and I can't deny that.

I ease myself back, then, and stretch out beside him, grateful to shake out the stiffness in my knees. Ah, that's better. I yawn, and suddenly my mouth is full - he's stuck his fingers between my lips. I chuckle, and suck them clean for him.

We lie there, in the quiet, me curled into his side, his hand stroking down my back, my side. He's petting me, I think, but I quite like it - it's relaxing. Mmmm.

"That was a nice wake-up, my pet," he says.

"I'm very glad you enjoyed it, Master," I reply.

"How's your jaw now?" he asks.

He noticed my problem, then. Of course he did. I open my mouth, yawning, testing it, and it pops again. I wince.

"It's better," I admit. "Sore, still, but better. At least I can move it."

"Good." He is quiet, then, still petting me, and I am lulled into a half-drowsy state. I close my eyes, and feel myself slipping closer to sleep.

"Pet?" he whispers.

I keep my eyes closed. "Hmm?"

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I feel the bed shift as he moves, bending his head so he can whisper in my ear. His breath is warm on my temple.

"Position One," he says, oh-so-softly.

My eyes snap open and I haul myself up, shuffling my legs around and kneeling on the bed, my knees open, my hands resting palms-up on my knees, my head bowed. I close my eyes again, and wait in silence. There is no sound, except our breathing.

"Recite."

I dutifully repeat the devotion he has had me memorize, a short but meaningful pledge for me to serve him willingly and to the best of my ability. When I finish, he reaches out and grasps my chin, gently, and tilts my head up. I open my eyes and meet his gaze.

"Good girl, Kitten," he says, and I smile.

Chapter 5: Out and About

Chapter 5: Out and About

"Why don't you go grab a shower?" Master says, and even though he's phrased it as a question, it's not, really; it's a command. "We're going out this morning."

"Yes, Master," I respond, then slide off the bed and retrieve my bag. I head for the bathroom, but before I shut the door, I hear him say, "No underwear, of course."

"Of course, Master."

The bathroom is not huge, but a comfortable size, thankfully. I paw through my bag for my makeup kit and toiletries bag, setting them on the counter surrounding the sink. In the corner rests a 4-cup coffee maker. My eyes light up, and I fill the reservoir with water and tuck the sealed, grounds-filled filter into the basket. By the time I'm out of the shower, the coffee will be ready, and I can't wait.

I twist the handle of the shower on and wait a minute for the water to heat. I step under the spray and close my eyes, wetting my hair thoroughly. I use the little bottle of hotel-provided shampoo to clean my hair, and lather up the so-small-it's practically-useless bar of soap. I do have a pang of guilt, then, because Master has to use this teeny little soap as well, but then I very deliberately stop thinking about it, and merely concentrate on getting clean.

My pussy is a bit sore, when I pass the washcloth over it, but it's a good sore, a satisfied sore, a welcome sore. It's been played with and used and owned, and I couldn't be happier about that. So I'm a little sore â so what? If I'm lucky, I'll be even more sore tomorrow. I pause while washing to admire the bruises adorning my breasts; they are a nice deep blue this morning, and are definitely finger-shaped. I like them.

I rinse off and shut off the water, reaching out to snag a towel from the stack on the wall-mounted towel rack. I dry off and wrap the towel around my head, then step out of the shower. I open the bathroom door to let the steam escape - a pet peeve of mine is how hotels seem to never have an exhaust fan; what a pain! - and go pour myself a cup of coffee, adding some sugar and dry creamer. It's piping hot; I nearly scald my tongue on my first sip.

I go through my usual routine (toner, moisturizer, deodorant, perfume, lotion, eye liner, shadow, pressed powder), then use the hotel's hair dryer. I grab my coffee and walk naked back into the main room. I set the cup on the desk and go through my bag again, bringing out some cropped khakis and a loose-fitting button-down blouse. Master walks past me and into the bathroom, shutting the door. I pull on my clothes and sit down on the couch to watch TV and sip my coffee while I wait for him.

In a matter of about 10 minutes he is ready to go, and I grab my purse and follow him out of the room, again, just like I did last night, down the elevator and into the small dining room off the lobby, where breakfast is being served. It's not a bad spread, as these things go; pastries and breads for toasting, bagels, English muffins, a couple types of donuts, three different cold cereals, apples and bananas, bake-your-own waffles, cups of yogurt sitting a bowl filled with ice. There are urns filled with coffee, and decaf, and hot water for tea or hot chocolate, two kinds of juices, and milk, both 2% and skim.

I pop a bagel into the toaster and pour a small cup of orange juice. I sip it as I wait. Ugh. It's watered-down, blech. But it's cold, and I don't really want more coffee, so I force myself to drink it. I retrieve my toasted bagel and some butter, then snag some yogurt and plastic utensils on my way to a table. Master joins me a

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minute later, and we eat in silence, but it's a comfortable silence.

Well, it's *mostly* comfortable. I always seem to become shy when out in public with my Master, and I stay very quiet (which sometimes drives him crazy, I know, but I can't seem to help it). I always default to a very subservient position; I'm very careful not to do anything to draw his disapproval, or to reflect badly on him. And to be painfully honest - if I keep my mouth shut, I won't say anything stupid or silly or objectionable, either. I have this overarching conviction (it stems from my total lack of self-esteem, I'm sure) that I surely have nothing all that interesting to say, really. What's the old adage - "It's better to be thought a fool, than to open your mouth and remove all doubt." Yeah, it's like that.

We finish our food and clean away our dishes and utensils. And like last night, I follow him out to his car, climbing into the passenger seat and settling in as he flips on the radio and pulls out of the parking lot. He turns in the opposite direction from last night, and I lean back in my seat and look out the window while he drives. I'm content to ride in silence, and he allows it for a time. Then he turns into a residential area, and becomes a personal tour guide.

"I lived there, in the apartment building, for a year," he says, pointing out the windshield to a four-story brick structure. "It's walking distance to my job at the time, three blocks that way," and now he points out his own window as we cross the intersection. He continues on for a few more blocks, then makes a right turn. He points out my window, now, about halfway down the block. "There's the bar where we used to go after work."

We drive for a little while, a half-hour or so, and he points out places he used to work or go out or whatever. It's nice, really, this peek into his past, the little things that helped shape him into who he is now, with me. We've talked about it, of course, but it's not the same as actually seeing it. And I'm touched that he would bother to actually show me.

He pulls into a public park, and we get out and start meandering one of the walking trails. I enjoy this, I really do, just spending some quiet down-time together. It allows me space between more intense sessions, and lets me see him as more than just the sexual Dom. It doesn't take us too long to complete the trail, even at my sedate pace (I am NOT a runner, by any means). Back in the car we go, and we stop at a grocery store to pick up bottled water and some snacks - a savory cheese spread, a small sliced baguette, some cut-up fruit, crackers. I open a bottle of water in the car - I am thirsty after walking around the park.

Back at the hotel we stash our snacks, then he sits on the couch and flips on the TV. He orders me to assume Position 3, so I hurry to strip off my clothes and stand in front of him, my feet spread, my hands clasped behind my back, my eyes fixed on the wall above his head. He cups my breasts in his hands, running his fingers lightly over the bruises he has left on my fair skin. His touch is gentle, his fingers warm.

"How do you feel about this, Kitten?" he asks.

"I like them, a lot," I say. "Thank you, Master, for marking me."

"You're very welcome," he says. "Look at me."

I meet his gaze, then, and he orders me to go lie on the bed and close my eyes. He follows right behind me, and as soon as I lie down, he reaches into the bedside table and produces a blindfold, which he places on me. Hmm. He takes my hand, pulling my arm up above my head, then reaches across my body to grasp my other hand and bring it to meet the first. I hear him reaching into the drawer again, then I feel a rope or some kind of cord being wrapped around my wrists. I relax into the mattress as he winds the cord tighter, but not too tight; I cannot pull my wrists free, but I'm in no danger of losing my circulation. I hear a couple of thumps, or thuds, and then hear the hiss of a match being struck. I can smell the acrid tang of sulphur. I assume he's lit a candle,

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because neither of us smoke.

In the next instant I jump as he touches me - I wasn't expecting it. He laughs, and I smile sheepishly. He trails his fingers over me, softly, making me shiver. One finger swirls circles around my nipple, teasing it into a stiff peak, and then he pinches it, making me flinch and moan. Damn, I'm getting wet already; I tend to be quite responsive to my Master's touch. His finger glides over my skin, and circles the opposite breast, round and round, and I tremble and gasp, and he plays with the nipple, teasing it, teasing me, and I shiver again. God, his touch just makes me melt. His fingers trail down my sides, over my ribs, across my tummy, and I suck in a breath and shift my legs open, encouraging him to test my readiness. But he stops, then, and the bed shifts as he moves.

I know he's reaching for the candle, I just know it, and then the first drops of melted wax hit my skin. Oooh, it's *hot*, and I jump, again. He begins drizzling the wax over my body, here a larger drop, there a tiny little drip, over here, a long thin trail. I shudder and shiver and moan as he creates his masterpiece on my flesh. It's hot, yes, and the wax burns where it touches me, but I like this stinging heat, I welcome it, I enjoy it, and he knows it. He takes his time, creating lines and swirls of wax, and the heat builds and burns and I'm so goddamn wet, I pant and moan and shift as my pussy produces more and more juices, and desire swirls through me, creating a heat between my thighs to rival the flame of the candle. The need builds, and I find that I'm rocking my hips, instinctively, trying to persuade him to touch me. With my eyes covered, my sense of touch seems heightened, and I'm super-sensitive to touch right now.

At last the wax must be all used, because there's no more being drizzled onto my skin. I lick my lips and tilt my head back, waiting, hoping, and then - oh, yes, *yes*, his fingers slide inside me, so easy, so slick, so right. I let out a long groan of appreciation.

"You're so wet, Kitten, just *soaking*," he says, and I rock up against his fingers and pant out, "Yes, yes, mmmm, feels good." He sets to work, then, pumping his fingers in and out of my pussy, finger-fucking me hard and steady. He keeps me a bit off-balance, changing the speed or the rhythm when I try to match his thrusts, and sweet Jesus, I'm going out of my mind with the pleasure of it. My hands are twisting the sheets above my head, my heels pressing into the mattress, my hips rocking as I ride his fingers. I can feel my climax approaching, building, knotting in my abdomen and pulling me closer to the edge. There's a wet, sucking sound every time he slams his fingers inside me, and I can feel my juices running out and pooling beneath me. God, I'm so close, I want to cum so bad!

The bed shifts as he leans over me, and he pulls my nipple into his hot, wet mouth, lapping at me with his tongue. I squirm beneath him, hovering on the edge, needing one little nudge to fall over. Before I realize it, I am babbling - "Please, Master, please, *please*, can I cum, please, pleaseâ"

His teeth bite my nipple a bare instant before his thumb brushes my clit, and the sharp sting of the bite is swallowed and eclipsed by my orgasm, ripping through me almost violently. I hear myself shriek, then am carried away on a tumbling tide of ecstasy. My muscles lock up, my pussy clamping down on his fingers. It goes on and on, as his fingers are still working inside me, and it seems like a long time before I can think again. At last, though, my muscles ease and I collapse into the bed, trembling in the aftermath and panting harshly. He pulls his fingers free, and I whine in protest, but he only laughs.

My heart is still racing, and I'm breathing heavily, but I can feel myself calming now. God, that was a good one. I feel his finger touch my lips, and I open my mouth to suck his fingers clean.

"Good girl," he says.

"Thank you, Master," I say, and my voice is a bit shaky.

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He unwinds the cord from my wrists, then pulls off the blindfold. I take a minute to rub my wrists, as I can still feel the cord around them.

"Go look in the mirror," he tells me, and I groan, but dutifully haul myself up and out of bed, tottering on shaky legs to the full-length mirror on the wall. The woman in the glass is dotted with red marks up and down her torso, and there are flaking blobs of wax still adhered to her skin in several places. Her breasts, by contrast, sport deep blue bruises. Her hair is a wild tangle around her head, but her eyes are gleaming, and she looks - dare I say it, but she looks fulfilled. I raise my hand and scrape off a few wax globs, watching as my mirror-twin does the same. Under the wax are more red splotches, but I find I rather enjoy seeing the proof of what we've just done. That is why I always ask to be marked - I like having a tangible reminder of our sessions to admire for several days afterward.

I turn from the mirror to see Master lying on the bed, his head propped up on his hand, watching me with a satisfied smile. I walk back and drop to my knees beside the bed, daring to caress Master's face with my hand.

"Thank you, Master," I tell him. He knows I mean it.

"My pleasure, Kitten."

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