Taming

By : Urnia

She is a girl caught up in her own world where she neither gives anyone a moment's thought or kindness. She ignores what happens below her nose in her own home as long as it does not disturb her own lifestyle. She is a prima dona with her own line of clothing, modeling career et all. Then one night and all night thereafter, she wakes up in a position of being dominated. Thought she is unhurt, her pride is hurt and somehow she feels a change, a change inside her. She starts to stand up for others whom she can help as se searches for the person whom she calls "Night".

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She woke up with a start. A cool breeze was blowing on her naked skin.
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She tried to get up with a start but couldn't. She was tied facedown to the bed gently but firmly. She tried to shout for help and for the first time felt a velvet like band tied to her mouth effectively silencing her shout of distress. As her heart beat raced ahead someone whispered into her ears.."Nothing to worry darling... this is just a teaser.." Then a smooth hand fondled her back before dragging a wet tongue from the juncture of her neck to her hips...

Panicked she lost consciousness.

When she woke up again.. she was in her bed. The birds was chirping and slight tint of sunlight sparkled in the horizon. She smiled and she remembered her mother's words, "Early to bed and early to rise.." Mother was long gone and she and her father had been living their own freestyle life. But the smile died as she remembered yesterday night..

"Was it true ?" She asked aloud..

A maid was cleaning her room. She looked traumatized. Her father must be in one of his moods today. At times she wondered if people hated him so, why did they still work for him? May be because he paid very well.

She ignored the maid and her good morning wishes and stood out in the veranda looking at the dawn. The maid came and placed her slippers near her feet.ï¿½

She firmly told herself that all those were dreams... yet ..

It was her secret. She the greatest heiress of the world, a style icon with one marriage behind her was completely turned off by anything sexual. It was a lot of money that made their divorce a mismatch of minds and not the apathy of the wife against sexual congress.

She gasped as a tear escaped her eyes. She looked everywhere before brushing it off. She! The cold lady was crying. She entered and indicated the cowering maid to leave. She banged the door closed and cared little that the entire building shook behind her. She closed her veranda door. She pulled curtains then pulled up her blankets and howled silently. Something about yesterday had made her very upset. When she got up, again the prima dona , she looked disgustedly at the turned down bed and dialed in intercom to call the maid. The maid came late.

"What kept you so late?" She asked brusquely.

The maid cowered again. Then spoke in a soft but hushed ï¿½voice, "The master wanted to see me. "

ï¿½Something did not sound right in her ears but she ignored and said, "Okay. Just finish up fast and then you can report back to father. "

She almost said "sorry to call you back " but controlled the urge. Unlike her mother, her father believed that you do not waste your energy saying sorry to everyone and anyone. She also believed and followed her father. Anyways, her mother had been gone so long...

As she walked back to her room after a busque walk on the terrace, she stopped. The maid's gone and on the made up bed laid a velvet band with a knot on it, just like the one that was tied across her eyes last night.ï¿½

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