

Please, Master?

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From a submissive woman's point of view, enjoying rough sex provided by her Master.

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Please, Master?

Pinned to a bed. I am flat on my back, stretched out, his hands holding my wrists down. He kisses my neck and I respond as I am meant to, giving small giggles and moans. His kisses turn to bites and this point is where I begin to enjoy. Real moans emit from my throat and he shows more enthusiasm with every nip made to my bare flesh.

“Peter, more!” He stops short. His glistening eyes flash anger. He gets up immediately and begins to turn away. I instantly hate myself for such a rookie mistake. I rise to my knees, still on the bed. “Wait! No please! I’ll do what you wish...” He slowly turns back; his eyes look as if they’ve actually been irritated by a tangible source instead of my stupidity. He raises an expectant eyebrow, but says nothing.

“Please, Master?”

Silence, then:

“Are you ready to *obey*?”

I reply simply, “Yes, Master.” His face smoothes and shoulders relax slightly. He sighs, seems to be contemplating the situation. “You have not been very good today. I believe you need to be punished.” I know my eyes have brightened, and I hope I disguise my excitement with fear. “Get up.” I begin to feign objection, and this time he yells, “Get up, you dirty slut!” I wince at his volume, but respond by getting up. I know the drill from here. I pull my skirt down, revealing my lacey, almost see through panties, and bend over the side of the bed.

“You are a little slut, aren’t you?” I can practically hear the cocky grin in his voice in response to my choice of underwear. He grabs my plentiful ass with both hands, manipulating it. I relax at his touch. He begins to pull my panties down over my ass to my knees. I know at this angle he has a full view of my womanhood. I feel his thumb brush slightly against my lips, and I begin to think he’s taken mercy on me. This thought was corrected when his hand came down with a loud smack. I jerk and squeal in pain. This does not help my case. He pauses a single moment before his hand comes down again in the same spot, but this time slightly harder. I suppress my scream, and it turns into whimpers. I bring my arms underneath my torso and plant my face firmly into the bed. The smacks come again and again, rhythmic and stinging. When I knew my cheek must have been red and whelped, he began on the other side. *There is no possible way he doesn’t notice how wet I am.*

When both sides were equal in red hue, he got up. I lay there waiting on instruction.

“Are you ready to be a good girl?”

I nod into the sheets.

“Hmm?”

I lift up and replied appropriately, “Yes, Master. I am ready to be a good girl for you.”

Please, Master?

â Excellent. Now is the time to prove it. Get on your knees.â I did according to his command, kneeling in front of him. I could see his member bulging underneath his jeans. *He had noticed.* â Remove them.â I knew what he meant, and began to unbuckle his belt, then undid his jeans button. I pulled them down leaving only his boxer-briefs. *My favorite.* I savor this part: I begin to slide his underwear down very slowly at first, and then with a quick yank his glorious cock springs forth. I wiggle slightly from excitement. I want to get started immediately, but my still stinging ass reminds me of my place. I wait, and look up at him quizzically. He smiles down that smile of the gods.

â You may.â Given permission I launch into my work. I grasp his member, lifting up for access to the underside. I begin at his base, licking up to his head, then back down. I flick my tongue over his head a few times, before putting it in my mouth. I suck lightly, release, lick from base to tip, and suck again, all while working his base with my hands. Then I start the process to every guyâ s favorite part. I take as much in my mouth as I can, lubricating and sucking. Then I open my throatâ ! He gently grabs my head, directing his cock in and out firmly; this goes on until he is breathing heavily and he begins to pull out. As he is exiting my mouth, a long trail of spit follows, and my breathing can resume in gasps.

â Ahh, Slut...â He pants after this deed. â A very good job youâ ve done. You almost made me cum. Since you did such a good job, I think you have earned a treat.â My entire face brightens this time and I canâ t hide it. â On the bed, hands and knees.â *Oh god yes!* I do so eagerly. He comes over to the bed, shedding the remnants of his clothing as he does. He bends down to my ass. He kisses my thighs, moving inward. He licks my outer lips gently, tickling such a sensitive area. His tongue begins to explore further into my body, and I lose my self control. â Ah fuck!â I can hear him chuckle against me and he continues more vigorously. I begin yelping, moaning, and whimpering as this goes on.

I believe I am about to climax, and wish not to so early, in addition to the fact of the beatings when I climax without permission. â Master!â I cry. He charges ahead, and I know he is sneering. â Please Master, I am going to cum!â I yell through gritted teeth. At the last possible moment he stops, planting a kiss on my womanhood. I gasp for air again, and he laughs in amusement. While I am still catching my breath, he begins to kiss up my back while reaching around to my breasts. He pinches my nipples, causing me to squeal once more. I hadnâ t realized how sensitive they had become through all of this arousal. â Are you ready for me?â He asks breathing warmly in my ear, giving me a thorough chill.

All I could say was, â Pleaseâ !â

To continue, or to not continue?

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