Affirming

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A slave restrained

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Affirming

This is how it is. This is how we'll remember it. This is what we've always wanted.This is what we crave. You standing stock still, bare feet planted solidly on the floor, nothing binding you at all except your desire to do my will.

You are standing, arms by your side, hands pointed gracefully toward the floor, fingers slightly curled, shoulders rolled back, breasts rising and falling with each breath, nipples painfully erect.

Your legs are spread hip width, pelvis tucked, back slightly arched, knees soft so you don't fall, unconscious, to the floor. You have no idea, how long I'll leave you standing like this. You've learned from experience how to endure this pose for hours. You feel sometimes as though you could stand this way for days, if only I would stand as I am, my warmth radiating from my body,one hand on your hip, steadying you,the other pressed firmly against the backof your neck.

If you dare to sway, to move backward, to try to leave thissemi circle created by my arms, the pressure on theback of your neck says, "No, pet. Don't move."

Once in awhile, you will. You will test me because you want something else. To sink to your knees, to lay down on the floor, to turn your body around and to lean against me, but this is never about what you want. One slight movement, and you are reminded of that, falling deeper into that trance I so easily put you in.

We don't move at all for the longest time. Your shoulders ache, head wants to roll, to fall backward slightly, to rest, but my hand presses so firmly, and fingers curl dangerously into your hair. A gentle tug and oh yes, you remember now. Don't move.

You won't move, don't move, can't move.

Your breathing is deep and audible. So is mine, since I've leaned in now and pressed my mouth to your ear. My teeth are on your earlobe and nip sharply enough to make you gasp, sending you further into the moment, causing a stronger pulse to begin in your center and spread from there to already aching nipples and throbbing clit.

I don't need to test you anymore. You've long since been conditioned to flood with moisture as soon as my teeth find their way to your ear. The nip turns now to a kiss, and a suckling. The womb cramps down hard at this as though your earlobe were a nipple and I, a nursing child. You want so badly to be on your knees, let them go softer, hoping I'll feel your silent plea, but I tug again, not so gently this time, and you sway back upright again.

"You're so beautiful, my treasure."

You hear the words and feel them spread from your tail bone to your face in a crimson flush. The flush turns your lips into a bashful smile. You live to be seen as beautiful in my eyes. Knowing this, that I have named you, beauty, brings you deeper still, and in this place where I have brought you, you have no name other than that: *beauty* . My beauty. My treasure. That is all. Your identity stripped away, along with clothing, jewelry, poise, pride.

You are only, my beauty.

My hand moves from your hip to your arm, and I run long fingers from your shoulder, ever so lightly down to the crook of your elbow, where my fingers linger around that tenderest of spots; gentle at first and then bone deep. *You will be bruised* , you think. And then, think, *please bruise me* .

My fingers dance lightly now down to your own curved fingers, lace themselves with yours, and squeeze -- not hard, just enough to lay claim to your hand. The hand I've woven into your hair moves your head now. I pull your head forward to rest on my chest, a blessed relief when all your weight centers itself in the middle of your forehead, and all pressure on feet, knees, and back, is relieved.

"Who owns you?"

"You do, Master."

In your mind, our anchor phrase vibrates, loudly, “I belong to Jay completely and without reservation.”

You're whispering, couldn't find your true voice if you tried now,throat dry from breathing so raggedly.

Your lips have been slightly open all this time, the way I like them. If you closed your mouth, even to swallow properly, I would raise my finger to your chin and push so that your lips would open again.

"Open."

"Yes."

My hand moves now from your fingers to your thigh in a quick motion that startles you. I grab that flesh, the flesh that has known my teeth, and cradled my body as it rocks yours, and I claim it, taking handfulls of it, gripping tightly, molding the skin and muscle to palm of my hand. *You will be bruised* , you think. And then you think, *please bruise me* .

I raise my hand to your face, cupping both nose and mouth so that you can smell the scent. You inhale deeply, as aroused by your own perfume as you've ever been by mine, knowing that I am it's creator, knowing also that I love it and that it arouses us. My hand dips back down between your thighs, sliding easily, penetrating you, deeply, savagely, roughly, and now you can't stay still because you are impaled upon my fingers that hook themselves brutally into your sweet spot, the one a scant inch in, the one I found with such terrifying ease the very first time.

I stroke that swollen spot with two fingers for too brief a time and all your weight centers now, right there upon my hand until I pull my fingers away, leaving you off balance. You feel that you might fall, but do nothing to stop it. Your arms do not rise to catch your weight, you do not flinch, don't do anything at all but trust that hand on the back of your neck to steady you, and it does.

"Open your mouth wider, pet."

"Yes."

You let your chin fall a little more, let your tongue slide a little over your dry lips, and wait. My hand comes up again, this time with my fingers slick with your lust, and I slide them between your lips.

"Suck."

You don't answer with words this time but with your absolute obedience. You suck vigorously, since this is how I've taught you to suck. I pull your head backward a little so that you can watch.

"Open your eyes, pet."

You open them, still sucking on my drenched fingers, and focus your sight on my face. I am smiling

so tenderly, with such pure affection, that you feel your knees buckle yet again, and tears begin to fill your open and staring eyes.

"You are so beautiful."

I take my fingers away from your mouth, and you resist the urge to bite down to keep them there. A light grazing of your teeth does not go unnoticed though.

"Hungry?"

"Yes." *I am so hungry. Please.*

I laugh."Of course you are."

I take a step forward, pulling your head in the direction of my step so that you step backward with me. You feel yourself flooded again, a river of need flowing over your thighs. Yes, toward the bed, yes please, toward the bed. I stop and plunge still slick fingers into your wide open and throbbing pussy.

"Patience, pet."

You can't respond except to whimper, and there are my fingers on your sweet spot again, stroking it hard, fast, so hard it pulls your body forward with each movement outward. You feel your body arch, and my hand in your hair tugging to prevent it, but you don't care anymore, and the pain you feel when I tug only heightens the pleasure you feel building as my fingers stroke you.

I take another step forward, and you move another step backward.

"Please." You dare let the word come.

"Patience, pet."

And my fingers move ever more violently now, not just stroking but digging, hooking deeply into you, pulling sharply at you as though they would pierce right through the bone.

"I'm going to come." You say it urgently because you know this is not my wish.

"No, pet. You're not."

The pressure decreases immediately, painfully, but you are relieved that your body will so easily obey

me, even when your mind screams that it must not.

Another step forward and another step back. You can feel the foot of the bed at the back of your thighs now, and the need to let yourself fall backward onto it is somehow over-ridden by your need to please me. Your body is torn in two directions as I withdraw my hand and raise it up to your mouth, gently filling it with my fingers.

"Suck."

And you suck. And suck. You are whimpering still, the spot right in the middle of your upper lip, the one that responds as though it is a minature clit, throbbing with every rough drag of my fingers beneath it.

I could come just like this , you think.And then you think, *no.I could not.Not until you tell me I may* , never until then.

You are oblivious to anything but the suck. I am whispering to you, and you have no idea what I am saying at all. You are beyond words now. If I command you in this moment, you will have no choice but to disobey, because you will simply not understand me. But I know this. I know you this well, know the place I've taken you, and I know how to bring you out of it, or push you deeper into it.

My teeth find your earlobe.

Deeper, yes, now.

My breath in your ear, my fingers in your mouth, my knee rising now, foot braced on the edge of the bed, and I pull your body by way of your hair so that your pussy comes down hard on my thigh. Oh, relief, that impact, and you are going to come.

"Not yet, pet. You will wait."

I've said it right into your ear, sharply enough to bring you up a little out of the depths. You hear me. You understand. The sound that comes out of your mouth, pushing itself out around my fingers is akin to a sob. The pressure declines sharply and I take my fingers out of your mouth.

"Sit."

You don't put your hand behind you to feel for the surface upon which you are to sit. You simply let your body descend, knowing that my hand on the back of your neck, fingers twisted into your hair, will

guide you. You are aware that your mouth is still wide open and tears of desperation are streaming down your face.

"Lean back on your arms."

"Yes."

And you lean back, as I disentangle my fingers from your hair. You let your head fall back, your back arch, as I take each leg, bend it at the knee, and place your foot firmly upon the mattress. You are spread as wide as you can be, and you wish for restraints so that you can stay that way, but tonight, you have to restrain yourself. That is the lesson you're learning. Your power will not be taken from you by way of rope, but given up, willingly, every instinct in you to resist, resisted.

You tense the muscles in your thighs, imprinting the memory of where they are supposed to stay upon them. You brace your feet hard against the mattress, willing them to stay right where they are.

"Look at me, pet."

I can't , you think. Not when I'm here. My eyes want to squeeze shut and stay that way. *Please don't make me* .

I feel your resistance, and I wait, trusting you to overcome it on your own.

"Yes."

And you open your eyes, raising your head so that you can look right into my face and watch my every move.

I turn and walk to the corner of the room where a low stool waits for me. I pick it up and bring it over, positioning it perfectly so that I can sit comfortably directly in front of your spread thighs. I'm not smiling anymore. A look of sheer focus lights on my face now, and my determination serves only to heighten your desire.

Two fingers plunge viciously into you. You buck, forcing them deeper, but I lean in and rest my other forearm across your belly and hips, forcing you to be still, but only for a moment.

"You will be still."

You bite down hard on your lips. You are ready to beg for rope now, or a spreader bar, anything that

will help you stay motionless.

"Yes."

I take my arm away, leaving your body completely vulnerable to it's own willfulness, leaving you free to disobey. You bear down, pushing your weight onto your bones, digging them deeper into the mattress, eyes still open and focused on my face. It's from there that you'll derive your will to be still now. You stare, shameless, lip caught painfully between your teeth as you force your body to obey you, obey me, even as I work a third finger deep inside you.

I feel the flutter of your muscles around my fingers, and knowing you as I do, youstop the orgasm that is threatening to come.

"Not yet."

You hear me. Your body hears me.

A fourth finger, and I see your brow furrow in frustration.

"No."

You bite down harder on your lip.

I tuck my thumb in now and push so that my whole hand disappears inside you. I am rotating my hand at the wrist ever so slowly, the bones of my knuckles pressing deeply into the spot within you that I, and only I, have ever owned. Your eyes threaten to shut. Your whole body trembles with the explosion that is just one "yes, now" away. You feel rage rise at my denial. You want to thrust forward. I tease, gently tease, almostgiving it to you.Almost, giving you what you need.

"No.Not yet."

The sounds that are rising out of your hunger don't sound human to your own ears. You are breaking down now, and you move from rage to pure, grunting need. Your mouth is wide open and every muscle in your body is tensed, braced, begging you to let it move, make it come, make it stop, let you be anywhere buton this horribleedge onwhich you are precariously perched.

I stop moving my hand altogether. My eyes are full on your face, watching it evidence whatever you’re feeling from second to second as you feel the pleasure ebb away. You will lose it, you’re thinking. If I don't move soon, don't renew the pace, you will be nothing but pain as the energy that

built up ebbs completely away. You've been ready to beg for so long now, but this, this is too much to bear.

"Please. Please. Please."

You can't say anything but that.

"Please."

"Not yet."

You don't move again, not even your mouth. Every muscle relaxes, releases it's tension. You resign your rage, your lust, your need, your hunger. You let it all flow away, along with the energy that built as I brought you closer and closer to release. Your face softens, and you feel suddenly peaceful. This, you remember, is not about what you need at all. This is for me. All of it is for me, created by me, felt only because I will it. It is mine to grant, and mine to take away, and in that moment, you give yourself over completely to me.

I know. I feel it. I see the pure adoration and submission in your eyes. I read the message contained within them, and though you never believed it possible, and though you gave up even needing it, I move my wrist once, pushing deeply against you.

"Yes. Now."

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Now .

Mine.