My Submission - Part 1

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Rachel wakes tied to a radiator and waits for her master to come home...

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I open my eyes to the dimly litliving-room of our flat. It’s grey outside; typical British weather. Cold, cloudy. It’s October, so winter is just starting to creep in. I’m chilled to the bone, wrapped in my clean white blanket shivering. It must have been that horrible cold that woke me up. I wish I could go back to sleep, until master was home. I have no clue what the time is, but Master leaves early in the morning, just the fact that there is light at all outside proves he is probably gone. I sit up, my naked back touching the freezing sting of the switched off radiator I am tied to. I had to sleep tied up because I had accidentally made a noise when I was told not to last night, during sex. I often have to sleep on the floor, or at the end of the bed, but if I’m bad I must sleep tied up. It wouldn’t be that bad a punishment if it wasn’t so cold, or if Master was back before 4pm. Sometimes If I’m really lucky, and really good, I can sleep in Master’s bed! His hot, muscular body pressed against me. Holding me; protecting me. He is my world, I live and breathe to please him, and in return, he lets me. His joy is my joy, his upset; my devastation.

I look around myself, to find a kitty tray filled with posh, perfume scented cat litter, and realize it’s for me. It makes me aware of just how much I need the loo, and I delicately crouch in it, thankful for the privacy. I hear my pee hit the litter, and it’s so odd. So animal like, yet so much more natural than using the toilet. Humans are naturally meant to crouch when using the loo, after all. I get out, as dry as I can get with no tissue and spot two bowls. One, with strawberry flavored water in it, the other with my name (Rachel) and porridge in it. I guessed the porridge was piping hot when it was put into the bowl, as even now it was still just a little warm, though not much. There were no cutlery items. The porridge smelt wonderful, despite being slightly cold, it had raisins in it, and cinnamon and I could see the top sprinkled with brown sugar. It had been done with so much care; everything Master did was always perfect, even cold porridge served in a dog bowl. I think he does this to remind me that although I’m here for his entertainment, he still knows me inside out; body and soul. He knows my favorites, he knows my comforts. I know less about myself than he does.

I eat the porridge hungrily, and drink as much of the water as I can, even though I sometimes worry because I don’t know how many calories flavored water has. But not eating it all, or drinking it all, would be an insult to his efforts. I’m so extremely privileged to be so cared for, and I need to trust that

he will always give me the right amount, and if I did eat too much … He would probably have something that took a lot of energy in mind…

I drift in and out of sleep for a few hours. Just waiting for Master to come home. Waiting…waiting…tick…tock… I have no access to the time, I have no clue what hour it is. I just know he'll be back, and when he is…well, I just can't wait. I miss him, I'm not just waiting because I'm bored from no stimulation, I need him, I'm waiting because my life revolves around him. I remember the first time we spoke, online, we went very s-l-o-w-l-y, he trained me, he had recognized my submissive personality and innocence the moment we spoke. Everyone does, but he said there was something different about me. Which I found flattering; amazing even. ME impress HIM? He was so powerful, so authoritive, so intelligent? I had always dreamed of being a submissive, read erotic tales of bdsm, seen some videos though none of them porytray our kind of relationship. Before we met, he set rules down for exactly what I would wear, and how I would react to him. He loved control, and wouldn't let me get away with breaking any rules. Our relationship is perfectly balanced. Strong, but delicate. Built on trust and honesty. If I break any rules, I tell him, I always tell him.

I'm woken by a snap. No…a click. The door closing. I sit up in position, abandoning my blanket and sitting straight up, my feet beneath me, knees in front, then spread, my hands on the floor, and tits pushed out. Looking down at the floor. I'm getting wet… I can hear him moving, I mustn't feet, not until I am signaled to do so. He doesn't speak either, he usually uses body language, or signals to communicate with me. He speaks now and then, particularly if I'm really good – or really bad…I can't look at him either, not his eyes. I'm not worthy. I will look at him if he asks me to, but not unless that happens. I watch his feet approach me, and stop infront of me briefly, his eyes burning into me. He then picked up my bowls and washes them, before returning to put the blanket in the washing machine. My nipples harden, and goose-pimples cover my body from the…cold? Anticipation? But I do not moan, I do not shiver, I do not dare look up…and then…he is gone. He's in the bathroom, and I can hear the shower running, but I don't relax. Sometimes in the past, he used to leave the shower room with it running to silently check if I had relaxed my position at all. The shower shuts off, and I see his bare feet approaching with beads of water on them, and I see a towel around his waist. So beautiful a sight, so exquisite. I'm so lucky, so desperately lucky to have this beautiful man own me, I get to please this fine specimen. My Master.

I watch his feet approach me again, and stop, very-very close to me, so that when I look directly down I see his toes. Electric spikes through me as his hand touches my head, and strokes the length of my hair, before going behind me and untying the chain keeping me by my collar to the radiator. He holds the end of the chain and returns to my front, and touches my chin with hi other hand, lifting it slightly, and pulling my lip down with his thumb; my signal to speak.

"Master, I'm so sorry. Thank you for reminding me of my place by allowing me to sleep tied to the

radiator on the floor like a dog. I’m so, so sorry I disappointed you last night.”

Master taps his foot.

“Thank you for punishing me for making a noise last night when you clearly told me to resist. Please Master use my body and holes to make you happy, and bring you joy again.”

At this, I feel Master smile. I don’t know how, or why, but I feel it, because then… he lets the towel drop to his ankles, slightly landing on my lap, and there, as I look up just slightly I see his marvelous semi-hard cock in front of my face.