

# Sub's Sweet Reward

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*Master gives His sub a reward after all her hard work. ( Love you, Master)*

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She was humming softly, tune tumbling in time with the powerful rush of the steaming shower, as she took her time soaping over her soft flesh. She nearly purred at the sensation—scalding water soothing stiffened muscles and the sweet scent of pomegranates calming her. Every now and again, she could hear the soft creak of floorboards as her Master moved around the house; each time, she smiled at the knowledge that He was waiting for her to join Him, that He was there with her. She stepped under the spray, murmuring wordlessly as she felt the tension leave her body—she had all day to be with Him. He promised to pamper and pet her, had told her that she was a good girl who deserved wonderful rewards. She was so proud of herself, of the fact that she had earned such high praise from Him; she'd nearly squeaked with delight when He told her she would be pampered today because of her hard work, because He loved her. She couldn't help the smile that flittered across her lips as she ran her fingertips through her hair, untangling the ringlets as she rinsed. Any time spent with Master was a reward in itself, but this time He promised something special for her. She had no idea what it was to be, but she trusted Him to make her smile, to always take care of His girl. After another few minutes under the spray, carefully soaping her entire body so that she was ready for her Master, she leaned down and shut the water off with a snap, sighing as water droplets trailed down her spine. She pulled back the curtain and, with her eyes shut, she was groping for her towel. She gasped when she felt the dryer-warmed linen meticulously curl around her left wrist, removing the remnants of water from her arm. She started to open her eyes when she felt the soft leather of her cuff encircle her wrist and her His voice just a few inches from her ear, "Keep your eyes closed, kitten..." She shivered at His tone, at the soft-spoken command that offered pleasure if only she would obey, would drift into her space for Him. With a wordless nod, she kept her eyes closed. She was rewarded with a soft kiss as He buckled her cuff in place and began to dry the rest of His girl. She bit back a soft moan as he toweled off her breasts, taking time to place leisurely kisses over her nipples as he trailed the towel across her hips. She couldn't help but gasp as she felt His fingers curl into her warmth, and she pushing into His hand, wanting to feel more. He nuzzled against her

stomach, continuing to trail kisses as He went, “My eager girl...so needy.” He lingered for another moment, pushing deep within her before slowly teasing His fingers out of her. “Come along then, My good girl...” His hands were gentle as He helped her out of the tub and led her down the hall, His fingers curled into the ring on her cuff as comforting reminder of who she belonged to. He led her to the bedroom and tugged the towel loose from her hips, “For now, My good girl, the only command you follow is to enjoy...” She nodded again and squeaked when she felt her knees hit the edge of the bed. She felt His fingertips press lightly on her shoulders, pushing her down with a gentle nudge. She shifted and arranged herself on the bed, tugging a pillow under her head with a soft smile and a gentle sigh. She felt the bed dip slightly as He sat down, nuzzling against her chest, then her stomach—trailing soft, wet kisses down her torso. When His lips touched her thigh, she purred softly and wordlessly spread her legs for Him, pleadingly. When He chuckled softly, warm breath dancing over exposed flesh, she moaned and arched against Him. She felt His lips curl into a smile on her thigh and He moved slowly, trailing more wet kisses and swipes of the tip of His tongue as He went. His first few tastes were teasing, slow and gentle—she whined low in her throat and silently pleaded for more. He chuckled softly and shifted, nuzzling against her thigh as He pushed His tongue into her warmth, murmuring out His own enjoyment at her taste and the sounds coming from her lips. He pulled away for a moment, and she leaned towards Him, eyes open and hands seeking. She tugged at His hip and nuzzled against His thigh, taking Him into her mouth with a moan. His groan matched hers and He shifted again, laying on top of her and tasting in earnest. His tongue was soft, talented as He pushed deeper and faster, moaning and humming out His pleasure. His fingertips curled into her thighs, spreading her further and nuzzling against her core. She whimpered and pulled Him further into her mouth, groaning when He bucked His hips and pushed Himself deeper into her greedy, wanting mouth. They each moaned and panted and tasted in unison, taking delight in one another’s pleasure. He purred against her warmth, making long, leisurely swipes with His talented tongue as she bucked her hips and urged Him deeper. He murmured His approval, pulling back long enough to whisper praises before He nudged her legs further apart—a silent command to open for Him. She shook as He thrust deeper into her waiting mouth, digging her fingers into His hips to push Him deeper. She moaned around Him, louder this time, and urged Him on, begging to be used for His pleasure. He thrust harder, licking and tasting her in time with His own needs—moaning as she whimpered around Him and pulled Him deeper, frenzied. He pushed deeper still, nuzzling and humming as He thrust into her, using her for pleasure, giving her pleasure. She shook and cried out, not bothering to ask for her release as she came in waves. Her Master nearly purred out His approval, lapping up her juices and rocking Himself deeper into her mouth, her throat. He thrust again and again, leaning back down to continue licking at her over-sensitive nerves as He came closer and closer to His release. Another few thrusts and He held Himself in her wanting mouth, filling her with His release and moaning as He felt her swallow it down with a purr. Leaning down, He placed a gentle kiss on her thigh and shifted again, pulling her close and cuddling her. He gave her another kiss, a soft, loving kiss on her forehead as He wrapped His arms tight around her still-shaking body. “My good girl. Master loves you...” She had no words as she snuggled into His chest, feathering Him

with kisses of her own. As she nuzzled against Him, purring out her bliss, He chuckled, “And Master knows that kitten loves Him too.” Another kiss, even more gentle, trailed onto her lips, “Now rest, My good girl. You’ve earned it...”