The Picture of Submission

By SubTiggy

Published on Lush Stories on 16 Apr 2012

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Master drops His kitty into her subspace

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Her hands were clasped behind her back, fingers interlaced, and her head was down, demurely. She wore nothing but what He had given her, hand-made cuffs and matching collar, and her skin was raised ever-so-slightly at the chilly temperature of the room. She was the picture of submission, save for the slight shift of her knees as she waited, anxious. She resisted the urge to raise her eyes to the clock she could hear ticking away in the background; He would come to her when He was ready and not a moment before then. She closed her eyes trying to think of nothing, willing her mind to slow enough so that she could gracefully sink into her space.

Her mind was racing in thousands of different directions and she tried to focus on everything and nothing all at once. She bit back a whimper when she was unable to allow herself to fall; it would have made her wait easier and would have made her more compliant to His whims. She needed Him. He was her anchor and her love. She'd said it enough, almost always in her bratty, teasing tone, that she 'lived to serve.' She hoped He knew how true those words were when they tumbled from her lips, hoped He read through her teasing tone to get to the heart of the statement. Three words, a world of meaning in them.

Another nervous shift and she nibbled on her lip, worrying the flesh there until it was chapped. The floorboards in the hallway outside of the large room creaked and instantly, she froze and willed herself to be *perfect* for Him. The door opened and He stepped just over the threshold; she knew from experience that He was taking in the sight of her, observing her posture, her willingness to present herself to Him without a command to do so. She heard the footsteps as He approached, still silent. As He drew nearer, she inhaled deeply, taking His familiar and soothing scent into herself. Instantly, she felt calmer and holding her position became easier.

"Hello My good kitty. Are you well?" He spoke so gently, brushing a fingertip along her cheek in a sign that was as much affection as it was possession. "You may speak."

She fought the urge to nuzzle against His fingertip as she answered, her voice soft, “Your kitty is very well, Master. She is glad You are here with her and hopes that You are also well.”

He exhaled, stroking her neck this time as He spoke, “Better now, kitty.” Though she could not see Him, she felt His relief in those words and she felt an overwhelming sense of pride—*she* was able to calm Him, was able to serve as an anchor of sorts for Him just as He did for her. She could hardly stop the wriggle of pleasure that moved through her body, only the desire to be perfect stopped her from moving.

He was stroking along her neck and jawline now in a haphazard rhythm, almost willing her to slip and nuzzle into His hand. “And does My kitty want to play today? Does she want to please Master?” Brain half-fuzzed with pleasure at His gentle pettings, she nodded and mewled as an answer, her eyes warm and wanting. She raised her eyes to meet His when He slipped two fingers under her chin, gently guiding her. She saw His look, heated and needing, and she nearly purred. It would be a hard session and she would be pushed to new extremes as He moved them through her needs and His own. With a smile that hinted at the loving sadism He would use this time, He clipped her leash onto her collar, giving it a gentle tug.

Silently, she moved to raise herself to her feet. With a sharp, almost painful tug at her leash, and a low, growled, “No,” she dropped back down to her hands and knees. It wasn’t often that Master had her remain in such a position, but on the occasions that it had happened, she was happily sore for days afterwards. This time, He kept the leash taut and she had to double her efforts to keep pace with Him. “Kitty will assume that she knows only what Master tells her for the next few hours and the only words she knows are ‘yes,’ ‘no,’ and ‘Master,’ nothing else unless otherwise instructed. If kitty is gagged, then kitty will shake her head or nod when asked a question. Do you understand, kitty?” His tone was rough, laced with His own enjoyment at her squirming and soft, surprised mewling. It had been a long while since He had allowed this side of Him to show, but He trusted His kitty to understand His moods and to revel in anything that He gave her.

She nodded softly as her voice cracked, “Yes, Master.”

“Kitty will be pushed hard today. Master expects kitty to take everything He offers and beg for more. Is this understood, kitty?” He was still enjoying her squirming and mewling as He spoke. He knew His voice had taken on a darker quality and each time He spoke, she felt a shiver move up her spine.

This time, she could only mewl and nod, moving to keep up with His pace as He walked them towards the playroom. Her knees hit the unpadded floor of the playroom and she shivered at the cold. She started to speak but she swallowed it down into a gasp, fixing her eyes on her Master’s feet as a

reminder that she was not to speak out of turn and that, in fact, she knew no words besides what he gave her. He chuckled at her discomfort, murmuring nonsense phrases as praise to her in a low tone.

He led her towards an unfurnished corner of the playroom and hooked her leash to a small ring that was attached to the wall, giving it a tug to make sure it would hold. He was rough when He grabbed her right wrist, pulling it out from under her and clipping it to a ring that was bolted into the ground. He repeated the treatment with her left wrist, speaking in low tones about the way she looked, presenting herself to Him in such a manner. His nails traced a loose figure-eight on her exposed back, pressure enough to leave faint welts on pale skin. “I should tie down your feet as well, *squirmy* kitty. Make sure you aren’t even tempted to attempt to go anywhere.” As He spoke, He gave her a firm swat, her eyes widening as she scrambled to keep her footing. “Or,” He continued conversationally, “I could make you work to keep your feet. Work to obey simply commands.”

She tried to keep her face neutral, fearful that He would make her be still without the guidance of the restraints while He whipped and played with her if He saw the anxiety that flashed in her eyes. He chuckled and swatted her again, harder this time around, “Though, I do rather like you to be helpless. You join me in your space much sooner, and easier, if you can’t run and hide behind your thoughts.” As He spoke, she could hear Him moving further away from her, the rustling of tools and toys making her needy and willing.

He came back to her corner and He wrapped her ankles in soft cuffs, running them through rings on the floor to secure her fully, “Struggle for Me, kitty. Show Master that you can’t escape.” She moved at His command, pulling at her bonds in earnest, trying hard to pull free. Each time she pulled at her wrists or ankles, she ended up tangled and panting, unable to break loose. “Is kitty stuck?” She nodded softly, whimpering and mewling low in her throat. He laughed this time, allowing his hands roaming all over her shivering, needy body without so much as a pause. “Good. Kitty will allow Master His sadistic streak. She will thank Him for each and every place He marks, every piece of flesh that he had claimed with his whips and tools. Kitty will be grateful for Master’s time, patience, guidance, and the gift of pain because it all is past of Master’s love for His kitty. Does kitty love Master?”

She mewled softly, her voice full of adoration, “Kitty loves Master so much…”

His hand came down, jarringly hard, and she yelped and strained against her bonds. His voice was lovingly cruel, “Where did Kitty learn all those pretty words…? My good kitty only knows three simple words. Kitty will repeat them for Master now.”

She chewed on her lip, tearing at the loose flesh as she spoke in a sharp whine, “Yes. No. Master.”

Each time she said one of her three words, His hand would hit hard on her tender flesh. “Again, kitty,” His voice was a low purr, soaked with passion and danger. Again, each time she spoke she was rewarded with a hard-handed spank. He made her repeat the words ten times, keeping a rhythm with His hits as she spoke. By the last cycle, she was crying softly and her skin was a delicate red. His fingertips began rubbing soothing circles into her reddened flesh, petting away the sharp stings. “Has My good kitty learned what her three words are…?” His voice was deceptively gentle.

She sniffled softly, willing herself to stop crying long enough to answer, “Yes, Master.”

“Good, if kitty has learned her lesson then we can begin with our play.” He smiled sweetly and walked around her, enjoying her helplessness. “I think that I’ll gag kitty this time,” He stroked her cheek lovingly, “but kitty should feel free to whimper and cry as much as she needs to.” He knelt down in front of her, absently running His fingers through her hair as He pulled a supple gag from his pocket. He held it out just in front of her and smiled, “Open, kitty.”

She opened her mouth with no hesitation, her eyes telegraphing her trust and love in those brief moments when she looked into His eyes. He slipped the gag into her open mouth, fitting it tightly around the back of her head and making sure she could still breathe and whimper. “Remember, kitty, you’ll take anything I give you. Understand?” She gave a muffled sound of assent, tapping her fingers on the floor to show that she not only understood His orders, but also understood that that would not stop unless she gave Him the sign to cease.

He moved from in front of her, walking to retrieve His tools from the work table behind her. She felt the knotted nylon cording of the hand-made flogger hit her exposed flesh with force, instantly raising welts on her offered bottom and thighs. She made an effort to hold herself upright, knowing that if she fell she would run the risk of breaking His aim. In doing so, she was also making an unconscious effort to hold in her gasps and whimpers at each strike. He smiled, a sadistic curl of the lip, and redoubled His efforts, making the flogger nearly whistle with His strength. “Remember, kitty, Master lives for the noises you make…”

She bites down on the gag, whimpering and mewling at each hit. He strikes harder, speaking to her in low tones, anchoring her to Him. After another barrage of strikes, this time giving her tiger-stripes across her back, His fingers trace over the markings, occasionally soothing and occasionally scratching. “Is My kitty ready to turn over so Master can give her matching stripes on her front?”

She gave three taps of her fingertips to the cold ground and muffled assent. He set down His tool with a soft thump and He knelt by her ankles, unbuckling the restraints and gently rubbing her ankles as they were released. As He moved to free her wrists and her collar, His voice grew stern, “Kitty is not to move until Master gives permission.” He waited until she nodded before continuing to unbuckle her

restraints. “Kitty will loosen her gag for a moment so that she may have some water. No sense letting kitty get dehydrated and ruining My fun.” Another nod, and when her hands were free she moved to the buckles of the gag and loosened it enough to let it drop from her mouth. He nudged a straw between her lips, “Drink, kitty.”

Greedily, she drank the offered water, mewing her thanks to Him. “Good kitty,” He pulled the straw away from her lips and smiled down at her, “refasten your gag and lay on your back.” Her fingers deftly buckled the gag back in place and she shifted her weight, lying prone on the cold floor. She murmured and gasped as the floor soothed her heated flesh, wriggling at the sensation. He growled in His low tones, “Squirmy kitty.” He reattached her bonds, laying her out with her arms and legs spread wide, leaving her completely vulnerable to His whims and desires.

She watched Him, now able to see His movements, as He retrieved the nylon cording flogger. He swung it into His hand a few times, enjoying the mild sting it left on calloused fingertips. “Kitten should feel free to make plenty of noises. Master doesn’t plan on stopping at all, unless He gets tired, so kitty should be prepared.” She nodded, eyes wide with a mix of love, lust, fear, and devotion—she needed this as much as He did and she wouldn’t call a stop to it any more than He would. She strained against her bonds in anticipation.

The crack of the whip made her body startle, and the sting of the tails made her moan through the gag. She felt the sting on her chest and she arched up, pushing her chest forward for the next few blows. “Mm, good kitty. My good little pain slut.” He paused, lashing out harder this time, “Since you enjoy this so much, kitty, I will reward you. Keep your back arched and your chest out until I tell you otherwise.” He waited thirty seconds before He continued His blows, painting her chest with bright stripes until her body resembled the jagged stripes of a tiger. She yelped and whimpered at her bonds as He continued His rough swings.

When her cries turned into low, needy moans, He smiled and His voice took on a teasing purr, “There’s My good kitty. I’ve been waiting for you to fall. You’ve kept Master waiting an awful long time here in our space. He’s missed you, kitty.” As He spoke, His strokes evened and slowed until He hit only the precise points of her body that would cause the loudest moans. Rather than strain at her bonds, she now moved like a cat in heat, mewling and moaning for more, for harder. “Kitty will follow Master to the bed, but kitty will stay on all fours,” His voice was a gravel-growl into her ear as He unclipped her bonds and helped her to her knees.

She followed Him, her eyes glazed and her breathing even. She registered only His words and touch and the arch between her thighs as she moved, and she wanted more of His sadism, more of His guidance, more of His play. He patted the space next to Him on the bed and she clambered up onto the silky sheets. “My kitty is allowed to move and moan as we continue playing.”

She purred, linking her arms together over her head and spreading her legs wide for Him. He nodded in approval and reached down to play lightly at her wetness, chuckling as she arched when two fingers pushed roughly into her. She moaned and spread herself even wider, inviting Him deeper with the rock of her hips. “Greedy needy kitty…” He pushed deeper, adding a third finger into her depths, stretching her. “Perhaps kitty wants more pain? Maybe My little pain slut needs more pain…”

She barely registered her own assent to His words, but she nearly yowled when he teasingly pulled His fingers from her depths. When she continued to protest, in a low kitten grumble, His hand slapped down hard onto her wetness, causing her to arch up and moan at the sharp pain. “Kitty will wait. Kitty will have patience.” He moved away from her and retrieved something from His worktable. His smile was cruel as He held up two metallic clips and a length of rope. “Kitty’s breasts will be bound and her nipples will be clamped tight. Master knows how much kitty enjoys pain on her nipples, and He is kind enough to give her what she needs. I think we’ll remove your gag for this next part, I want to hear you,” He pulled the gag from her mouth and tossed it back onto his worktable, “And kitty is allowed to thank Master for His kindness.”

When she spoke, it was in a low moan, “Thank you, Master, for giving Your kitty what she needs. Please more, Master. Kitty needs more.” She splayed open her legs, writhing and moaning deep in her sub-space, reveling in her fuzzed state of mind.

He helped her sit up on the bed and began to wrap the rope securely around her chest. He took care to wrap the rope around each breast, tightening the rope work as He went until her breasts were swollen and He could make them bounce with the flick of His wrist. He waited, letting her body adjust to this temporary modification, letting her chest swell and bob under the pressure of his knots. After a few minutes, He fastened the clamps onto her nipples, tightening them until she gasped and arched her back, her eyes glazing and sliding out of focus.

She babbled, incoherent, as He danced His fingers down her stomach, teasingly tracing her hips with His fingernails. He moved lower, enjoying the gasps and writhing that gripped her as He teased a finger into her wetness. “Hmm, Master thinks that kitty is wet enough to take His whole hand, but maybe Master should stretch kitty a bit more before trying,” He paused, looking at her while his fingertip teased at her most sensitive part, “Master should claim His kitty before He allows her His hand.” His hands teased back onto her hips, and He dug them into her soft flesh, guiding her over onto her knees. Each time her chest swayed, she gasped and panted at the pleasure-pain that ran through her body.

He shrugged out of His clothing quickly, leaving the crumpled pile on the floor as He climbed onto the bed and positioned Himself behind her. “Kitty will not come until Master has taken His pleasure from

her—when Master has given kitty His hand.” She nodded, frantic to have Him thrusting deep inside her.

He pushed her shoulders down and wrapped His fingers into her hair, giving a sharp tug as He thrust Himself into her core. She shuddered and moaned, her mind producing colors and sights from the endorphin rush. She panted and arched against His thrusts, falling deeper into her space as He claimed her, filled her. She gasped when she felt Him push deeper than before, rocking her body and making her chest ache with each move.

“More. Master. Please,” her words tumbled out, incomprehensible, and she shook as He pushed harder and faster. She lost all sense of time, concentrating on the thrusting and pinching, clawing desperately at the edge of her own climax. It was almost a relief when she felt Him spasm and thrust impossibly deep, filling her and claiming her, though she whimpered as He withdrew from her.

He turned her back over and straddled her, looking at her possessively, drunk on control and His own sadism. “Kitty will clean Master using her tongue, and then kitty will be filled with Master’s hand as a reward.” Greedily, she pulled Him into her mouth, lapping at the shared juices and doing her best to clean Him. She purred and mewled at the taste, at the feelings, at the sensory overload she was experiencing as she cleaned Him. He pulled out of her mouth, murmuring His pleasure at her willingness to please, at her eagerness.

“Good kitty. Ready for your reward?” His tone was teasing again as He pushed her back onto the bed, giving the clamps a casual flick, enjoying the whimper that tumbled out of her throat. He shifted Himself lower and began to slowly tease His fingers into her soaked center, moving straight to three fingers, thrusting them almost viciously as He growled praise and love at her.

She moaned and pushed against Him, wordlessly begging for Him to push deeper, to claim her completely. “Eager, impatient kitty,” He flicked at her nipples again as He added a fourth finger into her center. She bucked and tried to pull back, away from the invasion. His growled, “Kitty will take *everything* Master gives.”

She nodded and moaned as He pushed deeper still, stretching her with His fingers, preparing her for the next push. He slid His thumb into position, reminding her to breathe, and He pushed until her body submitted and she opened completely for Him. Her eyes locked onto His and she couldn’t help the tears that tumbled down her cheeks and she murmured a constant stream of ‘I love you’ and ‘thank you’. He flexed His hand, now nestled deep in her, and she arched and shuddered. “M-master,” she could barely speak, she was panting so heavily, “please, please may Your kitty come…?”

Another flex followed by a hard, coaxing thrust. “Not yet, My kitty…” His free hand moved gracefully to undo his rope work, eliciting another moan from her as blood flow returned. “Hold it, kitty. Master hasn’t given you permission.” His fingertips flicked at her nipples and she whined, high-pitched in her throat. “Those are hurting kitty,” His voice was teasing still, “Master should be kind enough to remove them…” He moved quickly, carefully pulling the clamps free and smiling as she cried out at the sudden pain and pleasure.

“P-p-please! Master, please! Please please pleasepleaseplease…” she chanted, her words stringing together comically.

He arched His fingers again, His voice a low croon, “Come for Me, kitty. Come *now*.”

Hearing His command, she came, screaming and panting and writhing as He slowly pulled His hand out of her depths, going slowly to keep her pain to a minimum. As soon as He was able, He cuddled her near-convulsing form to Him, murmuring love and praise, anchoring her to Him, cocooning them both in that white, fuzzed space.

She curled herself around Him, surrounded by His smell, His touch, His words, His love. He was petting her, and offering her water from the side table, taking a sip for Himself; He was reconnecting her to herself through Him. She purred and murmured nonsense against His chest, her eyes tightly shut as He stroked her, calling her a wonderful kitty and telling her that she was such a good girl. She nuzzled against Him, trailing lazy kisses along any exposed flesh she could reach.

Her voice was sleepy as the rush of endorphins finally began to dissipate and she tugged on His arm. When He looked down to His half-asleep kitty, she purred and stole a chaste kiss, a smile playing over her lips. “I love you, Master. Always and forever.”

When he squeezed her tight and nuzzled into her hair, she cried out of joy when she heard Him whisper, “I love you too, kitty. Always and forever,” before He pressed a kiss to her forehead and tucked a blanket around them both.