Collaring My Slut

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Published on Lush Stories on 12 Apr 2012

A proper Master should do his research.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/collaring-my-slut.aspx

Since meeting online last year we had been chatting and emailing, getting to know each other, eventually coming to know each others secret desires. The anonymous nature of the Internet allowed us to disclose things we might never had revealed otherwise. In doing so we had discovered things about each other our closest friends would never know, and in turn we had discovered inner desires we had never known existed; desires which now needed release. We both wanted more, but until this night… we had never experienced it.

Neither of us had believed this night, our first meeting, our first "date" would really happen; but now that it was. You had bombarded my senses with your presence since the moment you sashayed into the bar. All eyes were upon you as you paused and scanned the bar; every man hoped he would be your chosen target, your conquest. Your tight black dress did nothing to hide your curves and your sensuous movements only served to advertise just how curvaceous you body really was. Your wavy brown hair cascaded over your naked shoulders and down your back, yet even under your locks, your barely concealed breast still managed to flaunt their delicious presence. The tops of your stockings were accented by an antique lingerie garter clip peeking just below your hemline.

As an artist eyes appreciate a nude model, my eyes devoured you, sliding down your body, taking in each curve and valley, I hungered for your ample breasts, your exposed cleavage leaving little to my imagination. The dress hugged your waist and spread provocatively over your firm hips. Yes, I wanted you, but perhaps more important is… you wanted me. I had noted that the slender vintage ornate collar on your neck, my present to you, was already locked in place with the small silver padlock. Yes, the collar fit you well and I fingered its small key on my wrist.

The light reflects off of the silver dragons head of my walking stick, catching your eye and you now walk directly toward my booth, your gaze seeking my eyes… searching for my approval. Once in front of me, you pause. *You do not speak to me… it is not permitted; you must await my approval and my permission.* My eyes slowly journey down your body, then I slowly spin the dragon, you understand and spin slowly around. My gaze takes in your naked back, your full firm butt, and your stockinged legs. You turn now to face me and await my reaction. I almost imperceptibly nod, and you visibly relax while barely suppressing a satisfied smile.

I nod to the chair and you sit down, your gaze never leaving me.

"Drink?", you softly nod yes.

I raise the dragon, a moment later the waitress is at our table.

"Champagne for the lady." as the waitress disappears you smile that I remembered the drink that always seems to get you in trouble.

"The collar is very becoming." You finger the precious stones, which form a pattern around the collar, and your fingers come to rest on the padlock. Your eyes question me.

"I have the key." Slowing nodding, I touch the chain on my wrist, the small key dangles seductively.

You smile and the waitress arrives with your drink.

We spend a moment sipping our drinks as we each continue our silent appraisal of each other.

Finally I grant you favor.

"You may speak, sweet one, for I am anxious to hear your voice." Your eyes brighten.

"Thank you, Master, what would you have me continue to call you… Sir?" your soft voice coupled with your accent is intoxicating to my senses. I do believe there is still more spirit in you than meets the eye… the night should be most interesting.

"Sir." I answer, *"Sir is… adequate for now. You may earn more if you behave.*"

"Behave?" your eyes flash. *"I should behave?"*

Your eyes meet the resolve in mine and you quickly lower your eyes to your lap.

Realizing your mistake and now correcting it, you ask, *"How would you have me behave, Sir?"*

I gaze in your brown eyes, the fire quenched, so much passion buried there, and I am suddenly anxious to release it, and possess it... to master it.

"With Constant Obedience." I softly answer.

Hearing my words, your eyes flash, but you have learned to hold your tongue, already. Yes, you are a promising ingénue.

"So tell me, have you pleasured yourself lately?" I continue to command of you.

"But... Sir!" You pause. *"You wish to know if I have…"* you pause again, *" masturbated?"*

I nod.

You look at me, begging me to release you from this task... but my eyes remain fixed on you... waiting.

"Yes, Sir.", you begin, *"This morning when I received the package, the collar you sent... I did."* you finish softly, leaning close to me, almost a whisper as though afraid others might hear.

I smile, *"Then you shall tell me about it.*"

"*Sir…*" you plead. You look around, there are many eyes on you... there are many men here that desire you; yet none so close they might hear your words.

Looking me now in my eyes, you start, *"This morning when the collar arrived, I admired its beauty and it filled me with desire; a desire to be owned by you, and to feel you take me..."*

You lick your lips and softly continue. *"I put the collar on, adjusted it to the right size and slid the padlock in place. I knew that if I locked it, I would be committed... to you.*

You squeeze my leg as you continue, *"So before I locked it I thought of you, of how you would take me, how I would be forced to pleasure you... I thought of your lust as you would bite my lip, as you would pull my hair back to bend me to your kisses, how you would tear my top off to ravage my breast, to pull my nipples and to force me to take your cock... to kiss your cock"* Your finger slipped between your lips, *"and that you would fuck me, fuck my face, my mouth, my throat!"*

"Would you do that, Sir? Would you do that?" Your fingers rubbed your lips as you paused, your eyes glisten with moisture.

I simply smile... *"Continue, sweet one."*

"Sir," You have pulled your chair forward and are now leaning even closer to me as you whisper. "*As I was thinking these things, my own hands were in my mouth, I was raping my mouth with my own fingers... It was incredibly exciting. My other hand found my sex, and I found then my fingers were driving into me... I could not help myself, Sir. I felt you were fucking my mouth, my throat... yet I also felt your cock inside my pussy."*

You had pulled yourself closer and are nearly kneeling at my feet. Your hand is rubbing my inner thigh, as your thoughts are lost in the moment.

"I could not help myself; I was loosing all control... and as my tongue lashed my hand, as my cunt

clasped tightly on my fingers, as the waves started to roll over me, as I was cumming.... I locked the padlock."

I sense spasms washing across your body. As you finish telling the story your head collapses in my lap.

"Ahh," I stroke your hair, my hand brushes across your cheek and you turn to suckle my finger. *"I am most pleased, you have done well, and shown your true potential. Yes, I shall call you Inanna - after the Sumerian Goddess of sexual love, fertility, and warfare. Given your propensity for sexual love it is quite fitting."*

"But Sir, I already have a name…"

"Shush, my Inanna, I will call you as I please, and when I please."

"Yes, Sir…" You meekly smile and return your head on my lap.

I am aroused; your story had excited me more than I dare show. I am surprised that my young ingénue has such an effect on me. I will take you upstairs where I can further qualify you… such potential, such delicious potential.

"Come my Inanna, let us adjourn to the penthouse where we can be more comfortable." I take your slender hand and pull you up with me. Your other hand brushes against my stiffened manhood, you say nothing but as you straighten up, my hand cups your chin and you look up, a small twinkle in your eye, as a coy smile played on the corners of your mouth. You are a smart temptress and are already learning to judge my arousal.

I drop a single large bill on the table and lead you out by the arm. In the future you will learn to walk behind me, but for now, I prefer that you are beside me. We enter the elevator and I insert my electronic key, the door closes and we start to rise. The glass walls of the elevator look out across the night sky, and as you hold the rail you look out over the city.

"Do you like the view?" I ask, more as a distraction. Your tongue wets your lips as you smile back at me.

"It is amazing, so many people, so many lovers, so much passion contained in a city." You smile seductively, *"And in a city they are all voyeurs? They like to watch?"*

"Yes, my Inanna, they are voyeurs and perhaps we should not disappoint them." I extend the walking stick and push the stop button; the elevator comes to a stop and all noise ceases. The floor indicator displays the 12th floor, and we are well above the city street, yet close enough that we can still make out the people below.

Your gaze has returned to the city, and you hold the rail with both hands. Your high heels push up

your butt cheeks and you spread your legs slightly. I place my hands on your waist and squeeze your soft waist as I pull your butt against me.

I slide your dress up, exposing your stockings, your garter belt and your delicate white panties. The contrast of your white panties against your firm tawny butt is invitation enough and I slide your panties down, over your butt, down your thighs and past your knees. They drop to your feet and I capture them with the dragon head of my cane. You ease each knee forward, just enough to free the panties from your high heels.

I raise your panties to my mouth, and breathe in your aroma, your musky sex. Smiling, I slip them in my jacket pocket. My hand returns to your butt, I deftly spread your cheeks and slip my fingertips against your fleshy lips… their soft warm moist velvety texture yields to my fingertips and I slide my fingers forward to the nub of your clitoris. I gently massage it as your hips rotate, you are anxious and want more. For the moment I would be content to continue this soft massage, but I know you are still much too heated from relating your story, so are anxious to climax again.

Your eyes are taking in the traffic below us, people stepping from their cars in front of the hotel; the park across the street is still full of commuters walking home in the early evening hours. Anyone looking up would surely see us, see you, your legs splayed, your sex exposed and would surely wish to be here with you. I smile, yes, if only they could.

I release the clasp in the back of your dress, and lower the zipper. The black satin drops down to your waist, your breasts exposed, your cinnamon nipples exposed. I slip my fingers to your breasts, cup one glorious mound and gently pinch a already firm nipple.

“Ohhh… Sir!” is your only response, but your shoulders roll as you seek to force my hand to massage your breast.

Your teasing has gone on too far.

“Serve me.” I instruct you, your head swivels back, your dark eyes capture mine for a instant, and you smile.

“Yes, Sir” , you turn toward me and you ease down to your knees. You reach for my zipper, but I grasp your hair.

“No hands…” Smiling, I slip the dragon of the walking stick behind the crook of your arm, pining it behind you and slip the tip behind your other arm, locking both of your arms behind your back. You look up at me and accepting the challenge, smile. You nuzzle your face into my pants; use your tongue to ease my zipper outward and grasp it in your teeth, easing it down. My stiff cock pushes open the gap and is restrained by only the thin material of my boxer shorts. You grab the material with your teeth and pull it downward, finally freeing my cock.

Your tongue reaches out for my cock and you tease the swollen shaft with gentle licks of my delicate

frenum. A drop of pre-cum appears and you savor the salty taste against your lips. You slide your lips across the swollen head, then… allowing my cock to force you, spreading your lips, forcing your teeth apart, and finding your willing tongue waiting for me.

My hands still grasp your hair and I impale you, fucking your face, driving my cock over your lips, across your tongue and against your throat. I pause there and feel your tongue massage the soft tender bottom of my cock. Your eyes still absorb me and I smile.

“Inanna, your words were right, you did say you have a healthy appetite and your willing mouth agrees with you… But does your throat also hunger?” I push forward, my thrust feeling the resistance of your throat muscles. I think you will gag, but I feel your throat relax and my soft head eases in fully. My fingers play upon your throat and I feel my cock enter it and fill you, blocking your airway, commanding your attention.

For several seconds we freeze, our eyes still locked, the only motion being my pulse throbbing thru my cock as it violates your throat. Then you slowly shake your head from side to side which only adds to my pleasure. Your eyes smile with a smug satisfaction although your lips are already far too stretched to show emotion.

“Very good. ” I ease my cock back and hear your intake of breath as you seek to prepare for the next thrust. I sense you are ready and I thrust in without hesitation, fully and feel your throat open as my thrust does not meet resistance. Your tongue is rolling, teasing me and driving me insane. I continue thrusting, fucking your willing mouth, your lips stretched over my cock.

If I continue I will climax and flood your throat with my jism, your face is such a delicious fuck. I can take no more of your delicious mouth without release and so reluctantly pull myself from you. You reluctantly release me and I pull you upright, your arms still captive by my walking stick, your breasts beg my attention; your hard nipples crave abuse. I cup your breast, pushing you back against the glass wall, kneading your breasts, pinching your nipples and pulling them… I bow my head to them and draw a nipple into my mouth, pinching it with my lips; ravaging the tip with my tongue. I suck you further in, your full areola and more, more of you in my mouth. I ache to draw your complete breast into my mouth but it is furtive and so I continue to ravage you with my tongue, my lips and teeth. Your moans are soft but persistent, and remind me that you desire more.

I slide your dress down, over your hips and watch as it falls to the floor; you now are wearing only your stockings, heels, garter belt and choker collar. The shiny padlock glistens in the soft lighting. Your arms, still pinned behind your back remain captive from my walking stick. My hand slips to your sex, cupping your pussy, feeling your hot moist lips in my palm. I slowly squeeze my hand against you, massaging your pussy. Your lips spread all so easily and I again find the tender nub of your clitoris. My thumb massages it, gently at first, but each stroke building pressure.

“Ayy... Sir, You do tease me so!” Are all the words you can say, but I do know you ache for more. I slide a finger inside your moist cunt and am surprised by the fiery heat. I slip in two more fingers and find the rough texture of your g-spot, your sponge. It begins to grow as I massage it against your

pelvic bone.

I press harder, and feel you respond to the pressure. *“Ayy…Ayy!”*

I lower my head toward your face and continue pulling you to my lips. Your eyes clinch shut as your face nears mine, your lips spread and your tongue slips between your teeth. Our lips touch and I still pull you closer, pulling your pussy, your cunt, pressing your sponge. Your head falls back as you offer yourself to me.

My lips taste yours and my tongue tastes yours. I crush my lips to yours and explore your mouth. Our tongues meet and caress, your tongue guides me and teases me, flirting quickly around mine. Such a talented tongue, it has the speed of a serpent and the agility of a cat as you massage my tongue.

Your legs reach up around my waist with my fingers still inside you, pressing your cunt upward, suspending you now. My other arm is around you and I grasp your cheeks, spreading them… seeking your dainty brown butthole. I massage it, gently probing it as you ride my hand, my fingers continue their pressure against your sponge and you respond by locking your legs around me as you ease yourself up and down, riding my hand.

Our mouths still locked, I feel your throat start a low release, a soft growl, and a deep release welling from your center. You are on the edge of climax, teetering and your body reacts completely. Your thighs grip me tighter, your mouth sucks mine harder, your growl continues to grow as you pulse, slow waves of lust start to roll over your body. Your mouth pulses, your legs rhythmically clasp me, your growl rolls like a wounded cat. I feel your stomach contract and your cunt clamps my fingers with a vice like grip that I could not escape even if I wanted to…

“GrrrRRRrrrrRRRrrr.” Your growl grows and vibrates on my tongue, carries into my mouth; I feel your climax arrive in waves as it rolls through you. I feel your juices release on my hand, warm hot juices… no… your bladder released, and your pee is running over my hand… you release my tongue and I pull your head back, admiring your lusty beauty.

“My Inanna, what a hot blooded temptress you are.” Your pussy is still pulsing; your cunt still grasps my hand, yet I am not anxious to remove it. I look over your shoulder and down toward the park; several people are looking up. Well, they don’t seem alarmed, in fact they are more likely enjoying the show, our show.

You release my waist and I lower you to your feet, turn you to face the window and pull your head back by your hair.

“Inanna, you have an audience, do show them your body… I am sure they wish they were here?” You look down and across the park, finally seeing the many groups of people… all looking up. Your face turns crimson and you turn toward me, you arms still captured, your eyes questioning.

“Sir?” Your eyes plead. *“Sir, they can see me, may I dress?”*

“Inanna, they have already seen you, they already know what a wanton slut you are… what would you hide now?”

“Sir… I am not a slut!” The fire erupts so quickly; I do love to tease you…

“Inanna,” I turn you toward the park. *“Look at yourself, you just had a tremendous climax in front of all these fans, even now you stand before them naked with your pussy still dripping your juices… Yes, Inanna you are a slut.”*

You bow your head and the crimson blush spreads further. I turn you now, to face me. I remove the walking stick to free your arms and I cup your face as I pull you to face me. Your eyes are full of tears.

“Inanna, yes, you are a slut… but, you are my slut and only my slut and I do not share you. You will never be a slut to anyone else. You are my possession, and my treasure, and my slut… you are mine.”

I bend further toward your lips and tenderly kiss you. Your arms wrap around me and although tears still moisten your eyes, you smile back.

I had realized no one could possibly recognize Inanna in the elevator with the darkened glass and the subdued lighting. You were only a silhouette… a beautiful silhouette but still no one would ever know who was there. I knew that, and had known it several days before… but you did not. Yes, a proper Master should do his research, and know…But, it was enough that you should learn that I was your Master and that I decide what was best for you.

Reaching over with the walking stick I released the emergency stop button, with a smooth start the elevator continued its ascent upward toward the penthouse. Using the silver dragon, I picked up your dress. You reached for it, but I shook my head no.

“No, Inanna, you will not be needing this tonight.”