

Becoming Master's Kitten (Ch 1)

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Absolutely NO ONE in this story is under the age 18.**

Master returns from his mission trip to find a new kitten waiting.

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Driving to your home, my heart is racing. "One more chance.....that is all I have to make this right," I think to myself as I drive the 30 minutes to your house. You have offered to collar me once before, but the time wasn't right....my mind wasn't right....to accept your gift for life. "I wonder if he will really see the new me...the changed me," I think to myself. Life had not been the easiest for me until I met you, and until that point, I had chosen to play the victim and retreat so that no one could touch me.....touch my mind or soul. Sure, sex was good....but it was just that....sex. Nothing more, nothing less. The intimate times came few and far in between, and I pulled away each time someone tried to get close. I just couldn't bear the thought of letting anyone in. As I pull into your driveway and turn off the car, I take a deep breathe to try to settle my nerves. I want this time to be the one....the one where I give you all of me...every last part....mind, body, and soul. Pulling the key out of the ignition, I open the door and step out into the cool air. Walking the short distance to your door, I tell myself that this WILL be the day....WILL be the time...that I show you just how much you truly mean to me. It's now or never and I'll be damned if I am going to lose this last opportunity to become your kitten. Looking in the window, I catch my first glimpse of you in nearly a month. You're sitting at your computer, obviously solving a last minute work issue. I stand there for a minute, admiring your body. Your blue jeans cover those long, strong legs. Your long sleeved shirt covers those strong arms that long to hold me. But your face has a very serious look on it. There is frustration and tension there. I smile, knowing that in just a few minutes, all that will be wiped away by the intimacy we will share. Knocking on your door, you turn...startled by the noise. A big smile crosses your face and you open the door, pulling me into your arms. You have no idea how good it feels to be back in your arms. You hit the garage button and then close the door, locking it behind you. Grabbing my hand in yours, you lead me to the bedroom...the one that we have shared a few times before...but not like we will share it today. As always, we begin to undress....each taking off our clothes. Once you are fully undressed, you walk around the bed to the other side....crawling into your crisp blue sheets laying on your

back...waiting for me to crawl into your arms. You watch me finish undressing, slowly and steady. But, my next move puzzles you. Instead of crawling in bed beside you and nuzzling to your neck, I drop to my knees beside your bed and put my hands behind my back. Looking down at me in amazement, you move to lie on your stomach across the bed. Reaching out with your hands, you lovingly cup my cheeks in your hands. Before you can speak, I look into your eyes and say, "I am yours, Sir. Do with me as you please." "Are you sure this is what you want, Michelle. Like I have told you before, once you become my kitten....you will be mine for life." "David, I love you more than words can say....more than actions can begin to show. Please let me show you how much you mean to me....how much I crave you....how I truly want you to become by Master for life." "Very well...we shall see," you say as you rise and walk to the closet. I dare not follow you with my eyes. I know if I do, I will be in trouble. Walking back to the side of the bed, you position yourself to sit on the side of it. Looking at your hand, I can see that you have your belt. Holding the open ends together, you grab the middle with your other hand and pull the belt sides flat, making a very loud cracking sound. After several times doing this, you see the fear in my face and notice that my body is trembling, though not a sound comes from my lips. A smile crosses your face. "Crawl closer to me, kitten." I crawl the very short distance until I am positioned between your legs....my shoulders pushing between your knees. You reach down and grab my throat with your strong hand pulling me up taller on my knees. I close my eyes but stretch as tall as I can for you. I feel your hand leave my throat only to feel a slap across my face....not a hard one...but one that definitely gets my attention. My eyes fly open and I stare straight at your face. "Don't you dare try to hide, kitten. Today is the day...the day that the old you leaves forever....never to return. Do you understand?" Taking in a deep breath, I respond by saying, "Yes, Sir. I understand." Your fingers trail the place that they had hit just moments earlier, making me purr. How I love to feel your touch. They trace my jawline, ending at my chin. You withdraw your fingers only to lift the belt that you had been holding in your other hand. Fitting it around my throat, you pull the belt through the buckle, tightening it very snug against my throat. A rush of panic creeps in my head....but looking into your eyes, I can see that there is nothing but love there. The panic subsides and is filled by desire. Just the thought of being your slut makes me wet, and my juices begin to flow onto my thighs. "Master has waited for this moment for too long now, kitten, and my recent trip hasn't helped." It had been 10 days since you left for a mission trip and it had been several weeks before that since our last meet. Your sexual frustration was at an all-time high, and I knew I would feel the brunt of it. "What do you think you should do for your Master to let him know how much you missed him, kitten? Hmmm?" "May I have your cock, Sir?" "And just how does my kitten want Sirs cock? I want to hear you ask for it in a proper fashion!" "May I suck your cock, Sir? May your little cum slut drain you dry, please?" With that, your hands reach out and grab the back of my head pulling it closer to your lap. I lean forward and begin licking your sensitive balls, one at a time...taking each on into my mouth and lightly sucking on them. My tongue licks each of them, tasting a salty taste on my tongue. Licking slowly up your shaft, I circle the head with my tongue, collecting pre-cum from your tiny hole. With that, your hands leave the back of my head and rest spread out on either side of you on the bed. Knowing your cock is long and thick, my work is cut out for me. It is my job as

your kitten to get your cock as deep inside my throat as I can. For a while, you let me suck your cock, shallowly at first. When you feel that I am working on taking you in, I feel your hands on the back of my head again. In an instinctive reaction, my hands fly from behind me and rest on your knees. "Just what do you think you are doing, kitten? Did I say that you could move your hands to my knees?" For obvious reasons, I can only barely shake my head no. "Then put them back where they belong!" you roar. "That wrong move on your part makes your need for punishment even greater now." Sitting still with a mouthful of cock, I begin to slide my hands back to their proper place. Looking into your eyes, I see a determination to break me....to show me my proper place. Taking a deep breath, I feel your hand tugging on the end of the belt, pulling me to you. Slowly, you feed your cock into my mouth never letting up or pulling back so that I can breathe. Once my lips are surrounding your base, you pull out and look down at me with a smile. "It seems to me that you need some practice at taking my cock in that throat. We are going to take care of that right now. Don't move your hands, breathe when you can, and concentrate on Your cock, Michelle. After all, it is the cock that will please you many times over if you take care of your Master." As I take a deep breath in, you feel the cool air surrounding your cock as you push it into my mouth. With that being your cue, you ram your cock as deep into my throat as you can, holding me there, feeling me gag. After a few seconds, you release me and I gasp for air, only for you to do it all over again. After the second time, you pull out and begin slow fucking my mouth....making longer, deeper thrusts. After a short while, my throat relaxes and I can feel your cock deep inside, staying for longer periods of time. By the time that my throat has adjusted well to your use, your thrusting becomes harder and faster. With spit dripping down my chin, your cock slides in and out of my well used orifice. I hear that tell-tale moan slipping from your lips as I feel your cock begin to spasm in my mouth. You pull back just enough to shoot stream after stream of hot cum directly on my tongue. Knowing not to swallow, I hold it all in my mouth, eager to show it to you once you are done. Your hands leave the back of my head and you use your right hand to pump the last of your cum into my waiting mouth. "Show me!" you demand. As I open my mouth wide, I use my tongue to swirl it around for you. "Very good, my little cum slut," you say, as you lean down to kiss me...sharing the warm cum from your shaft. Straightening back up, you rise and head to the bathroom, barking out commands as you go. "Swallow now, slut. And get on all fours on the bed. It's time for your punishment to begin...."