

From his point of view

She looks around, but my stare never leaves her body. I watch the way Eve moves, the way her hips sway from side to side like a clock keeping perfect time.

"So it's been five years since you last submitted to a dominant?" I ask, immediately breaking the ice and jumping right into the subject at hand.

She turns around, a soft smile adorning those red lips and nods.

"It's been so long... but I'm ready to jump right into the water."

"Right into the water..." I repeat softly as I step toward her, watching her breasts heave up and down as she seems to tremble with anticipation. "You mean that? Because I can make you leap into the deep end right this instant, beautiful."

"I mean every word." She purrs, and I'm smitten by her earnestness, her vulnerability.

"Good." I stare deep into her brown, beautiful eyes as I give her my first command. "Go stand against that wall behind you and raise your arms as high above your head as you can. Then spread your legs wide and hold still. I'm going to tie you up and see how long you can go without begging to be allowed to sit down... or orgasm. Whatever happens first."

She flushes wonderfully, inhaling so sharply, and licks her lower lip with a mix of noticeable arousal and anxiety.

"Shouldn't I take off my dress first?"

I raise my brow sharply, stepping even closer to her until our noses almost touch. She holds her breath and gulps down; I can almost hear her heartbeat growing faster.

"Did I tell you to remove your dress?"

"N---no..."

"No, what?" I ask sternly, though with no real anger in my voice. I see she's struggling so hard not to smile.

"No, sir..." She purrs, and oh that word seem to slide out of her full lips like honey.

"Good. Then go obey unless you want to start your night with your pretty little buttocks as red as a strawberry."

She smiles at that and turns around to obey, and I give that perfect ass a little warning swat. She squeals but doesn't turn around, not until she reaches the wall behind her.

Then Eve obediently presses her back against the smooth, cold wall and assumes the position I commanded her to: Legs wide apart, arms high above her head.

She looks so perfect there, so beautiful, so tempting! I grant myself a moment to take all of her in, burning that gorgeous image into my mind forever.

Yes... she's everything I thought she'd be. Now all I have to find out is how long it'll take for me to get her to beg.

Oh, how I love to hear a lovely submissive begging and begging... it's like music for my ears.

From her point of view

The room we step into is nothing like I expected it would be. I had pictured the whole place far more baroque and over-the-top. Perhaps I let my imagination get away from me. Instead of the cliché decoration and massive canopy bed with posts and heavy fabric a submissive can easily be restrained with, I find myself staring at a perfectly normal room.

There are rings on every single one of the bed's legs, though, so it's clearly prepared for devious intentions a dominant might have.

When he asks me how long it's been, I admit that it's been a hell of a long time, but let Luke know I don't need him to be patient with me. I ache to jump right into the water and hope he realizes how badly I need this.

"I mean every word." I purr, staring deep into his eyes to make sure he knows I'm serious.

Then the first command arrives, and once again, I'm surprised. I thought he'd ask me to lay on the bed, but he throws another curveball my way, and I love it!

I feel my whole body burning up as I ask:

"Shouldn't I take off my dress first?"

I immediately regret asking that question, and he makes it all too clear that I should be following orders instead of trying to figure out what will come next. I'm here to follow his lead, but my anxiety's getting the best of me.

God, I melt for him as he grows so commanding, so stern. And yet there's also a wicked amusement in his voice that drives me wild with arousal.

I have to struggle not to turn around and giggle when he slaps my ass. The mild pain spreads a warm, lovely tingling sensation down my legs and up my belly, just a tiny taste of what's to come.

Pressing my back against the wall as he commanded feels so good. So right, like I've always been meant to follow Mark's directions, to jump into this old habit of submitting and aching for my dominant's touch.

My arms are high up above my head, and my legs spread wide apart, and oh, I'm ready for whatever he has planned for me!

My nipples poke against my little black dress's impossibly soft fabric. I'm not wearing a bra, but I've certainly selected a pair of semi-sheer red panties for the night, and I can't help but ask myself what he's going to do with them.

Mark steps toward me with that confident, almost casual stride. God, I can hardly keep myself from quivering, and I know he can see me doing it. His stare travels up and down my body, and soon he's towering over me, at least 5 inches taller. He looks so much more powerful now that I'm in this position, like something has already changed between us... and I love every second of it.

"Stay still," He reminds me, his tone so demanding, so determined, and I meekly nod, as he grabs a long length of silk, wrapping it once, twice... three times around my wrists, before making an elaborate knot, keeping me from sliding my hands off the lovely fabric.

Then he just leans up and ties the other end of the silk rope to a ring sticking out of the wall. His movements are fast and deliberate, no signs of hesitation, as if he's done it a hundred times before. And I guess he has, though the idea of him tying another submissive up this way awakens a strange sort of jealousy inside me. How can I be possessive of a man I'm not even truly involved with?

I expect him to immediately do the same with my two ankles, but he takes his sweet time sliding his hands down my body. Oh, how his fingers caress the sides of my breasts, my ribs, my stomach, hips, legs... I gasp softly, not daring close my eyes in case I miss anything at all.

As he reaches my ankles, he removes one of my high heels and then the other, and I open my eyes wider than before. Now I have to either stand on my tip-toes or feel the rope sink against my wrists. The damned devil! He knows what he's doing; that much is clear now.

"If it's too much for you at any point, just say red, and we'll give you time to breathe, ok?" He tells me as his hands roll back up my legs, this time pressing down so wonderfully.

I nod softly, and he keeps speaking:

"If you just tell me to stop or even say no, I'll just assume it's part of the game... so be sure to remember your safe word."

"I will."

"Say it." He's so serious about it, making me know I can trust him, that he will do right by me. I immediately nod and whisper obediently:

"Red."

"Good girl," He whispers as he reaches the hem of my dress, pulling it up, up, up, until he can hook his thumbs on the fabric of my brand-new panties. "Mmm, you have great taste, Eve."