

First Time Submission by Miko Sage
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When she first messaged me I was anxious. My post had been up for a couple of days, and I even posted multiple times with no luck. I went to the gym more, I ate even healthier, I posted more pictures online. Compliments. Likes. But no messages, until:

“Hey. I’m local. I’ve been lurking around your posts but that latest pic of you really got me interested. I want to know your limits, what kind of dominant you want, and send me a pic of that sweet face of yours. Here’s one of me. I expect a response as soon as you see this.”

My heart beat faster, I opened the image she sent me — god she was beautiful. Dark curly hair around her caramel skin. She was lying in bed in a crop top her breasts full and plump — clearly no bra on — you could see her hard, pierced nipples. Was she just playing with herself?

I checked her message again, this was what I wanted. Someone to dominate me entirely.

“Let me say first, you are gorgeous. I’ve never done anything like this before, so I’m new. There’s a lot of things I want to try before I say no to them, but definitely not interested in anything involving pain, scat or blood (unless it’s your period blood.) I think that’s all the boring stuff right?”

I want a master who will deprive me. And one who will make me cum — a lot...or as little as you please. I want to be pegged and tied up. I want someone who I live to please and turn it into a boyfriend girlfriend relationship. Here’s a pic.”

I sent her another of my face, and another one of my body for good measure, reminding her of the man I am. I could feel my cock stiffening, just imagining someone like her in charge of me. I couldn’t stop looking at the photo she sent of herself, hoping I could one day suck on those tits.

Another response.

“I like to hear that. Thanks for sharing your limits, we’re on the same page. I’m looking for something more long-term too, and training you to be my pet sounds like it could be fun. I have to know though — I want to be the dominant partner 24/7, we can obviously change our rules depending on when we are in person or in private.”

Dinner tonight to meet. Let’s go to The Downtown Club, I’ll have a reservation under the name George. 7PM don’t be late.”

In the message she attached another pic. It was her in a one piece white bathing suit. It was slightly revealing, I could see the curve of her breasts slightly apart, her slender waist into a curvy ass. I wouldn’t be late for this.

The Downtown Club was a very nice spot in the South End of Boston. I wore my best slacks, slightly fitted over a dark maroon shirt and fitted blazer. I put on a pair of my Clark Kent glasses, and styled my hair. I didn’t want to mess up this first impression.

“Hi, I’m here under a reservation for George.” I said to the host.

She smiled, “Ah yes, in one of our private rooms. Come this way,” I followed the blonde woman through the dark restaurant. We went down a hallway with other private rooms, and she let me in, “Miss George, your guest has arrived.”

“Thank you Kate,” said Miss George, “Have a seat,” she said with a smile. Kate left us in the

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room.

I say across from Miss George, I could feel her looking at me, first my face then her eyes traveled, “You’re certainly more handsome now that I can see you.”

I could feel my heart beating faster in my chest. I knew this would happen where I wouldn’t know what to say. Her hair was tied up in a messy bun that looked sexy and effortless, she wore a fitted black dress where I could see the curve of her breasts into her waist.

“Did I say you could eat me with your eyes like that?”

Caught.

“Do you like what you see?”

I could feel my face going red, “Y-yes,” I said. It had been a while since I’d been with a woman. Since then I discovered my more submissive side — the desire to be controlled and tested.

She smiled, “I like what I see too. So you’re new to the BDSM community?”

“New...but I’ve been reading a lot about it. About what kind of limits can be tested.”

“And that’s what you want?”

“Sexually...yes,” I knew I wanted her. I wanted her to see that I was serious about this, we were in a private room, and I knew that the rules would have to be discussed first and foremost before getting to a sexual relationship, “I...I’ve wanted to do this for a very long time. I realized that I love to please, and I want to have someone who is encouraging of me to please them.”

“And where does the submissive side come in?”

I could feel my face getting hot, she was looking at me intently, her eyes searching my face than down to my lips. God, my lips wanted to be all over her. To be given permission to explore her body — but it was the anticipation that was making me stiff.

“As a way to be more honest with myself. And to share myself completely with someone else,” I said. She seemed pleased with that answer.

Kate came in. We ordered our food. She ordered us a bottle of red. Kate left.

“If you were to become my submissive, I’d want to have contact every day. Calling, texting, Skyping,” she sipped the wine glass, looking at me, “I enjoy photos. Anything but dick pics, because I expect to see that later. We can see each other in person as often as you like — I’m a busy person so I might not be able to handle all your requests, but I don’t want to deprive you.”

“What do you do?”

“I’m a producer,” she smiled, “and I’m really good at what I do.”

“Why are you looking for a submissive?”

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“To be honest, I just released my last one about a year ago. Things in my career just were taking off and I was ignoring him. He wanted someone more consistent — so I wanted to wait until things calmed down,” she smiled, “I hope this doesn’t sound like too much of a red flag. I waited until I was more available, and then I found you.”

I was happy she was being honest with me — but there was a little pang of jealousy knowing that there was another submissive before me. I shoved that thought to the back of my mind, I knew she was experienced.

“Don’t let my previous sub get in the way,” she spoke as if reading my thoughts, “I’m here because I want *you*. I want to see what your body can do. How *you* can pleasure me.”

I felt my face getting hot again and nodded.

“Communicate with me,” she laughed a little, “You’re too quiet. I want a partner too, not just a sub.”

I nodded, she was kind. Don’t screw this up...talk, “Are you interested in chastity training?”

“That’s more like it,” she took a sip of her wine, “Do you masturbate too much?”

“I...I think so,” I was being honest.

“I think we can arrange something....so tell me, what do you do?”

“I’m a manager at a health clinic.”

“So you really do enjoy serving people.”

This time I laughed, she did too. We drank more wine, and our food was brought out. She was charming, witty and insanely attractive. She pulled her hair out of her bun, revealing her cascade of curls.

“How does my hair look?” she asked, guiding her hand in between her breasts.

“You’re so beautiful,” I said, “Really.”

“I’d love to play with you tonight, if you wanted,” I felt her foot touch my crotch, I was hard — it felt like I had been since she looked at me with her soulful brown eyes, “Looks like your cock wants to play,” she gently began rubbing her foot on my cock, I could barely concentrate. She quickly put her foot back down, “What do you want, Gabe?”

“I...I want to serve you.”

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She lived in a penthouse in one of the luxury buildings downtown. You could see views of the city, and the night sky covered in city lights. She turned on the lights in her home and kicked off her heels.

“Have a seat, I’m going to make myself more comfortable.”

I obeyed as she walked through a hallway in the apartment. Who really was she? The coffee table was filled with art books, I was pleasantly surprised at her gaming collection. I turned on the television, it was early Friday night so not much was on. I flipped through the channels until I heard her come back.

She was wearing a short, silk robe, it was just short enough to give me teasing glimpses of her ass. She didn’t tie the robe tightly at all, “You certainly are eager,” she said interrupting my thoughts. She caught me staring — again. “It’s cute.”

She came closer to me and sat down, “Here you are in my apartment, and you only know my last name.”

“You only know my first.”

“Fiona George,” she said, extending her hand.

“Gabriel Matthews.”

“What a biblical name,” she laughed, she gracefully put her legs on mine, I looked to see her underwearless pussy — shaven, “Eyes here,” she said, “You are pretty disobedient so far.”

“I’m sorry.”

“You don’t need to apologize, I just need to train you,” she propped herself up on the pillows, “Massage my feet,” she requested.

I looked down, her toes were so small, her feet adorable. I couldn’t help but kiss them first, and she smiled. What I wouldn’t give for her full permission to explore her body. But I had to remind myself I wanted to learn restraint. I want to be a man that she wants. I rubbed her feet, she closed her eyes, “Good job,” she said, I continued going slowly.

“Gabe, turn off the television,” she said. I obeyed. I looked at her.

She slowly pulled the robe from her shoulders, exposing one at a time. Her breasts were full and her piercings made her nipples even perkier. She grabbed my hand and guided it up her stomach to her breasts, “How do they feel.”

“Really nice,” I held onto one. Her breast larger than my hand, and so soft. I could feel her nipples getting harder.

“Looks like you are turning me on,” she sat up and put my hand away, “Take off your shirt.”

I did as she commanded, all the while lapping up the view of her tits, she looked pleased. She guided her hands on my waist, and began to kiss my chest. My breathing picked up, and she unbuckled my belt, sliding her hand down my pants,

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“Oh are these boxers?”

“Yes.”

“I’d love it if you could wear briefs. I like seeing the shape of your cock before I begin to play with it,” she pulled down my pants, but left the boxers on, “You can make that happen right?”

I nodded as she straddled her legs over me. I knew she could feel my cock, I was throbbing wondering what she would do. She was completely naked aside from this robe, both of her breasts exposed, “Suck on my nipples,” she commanded.

I did as she told me, and I began to lick and suck on one. It felt so good to have her tits in my mouth, I moved between each one. I reached to grab the tit I was ignoring twisting it, hoping she felt pleasure.

A breath escaped her, “Did I tell you that you could do that?”

I shook my head no.

“What made you think you could?”

“I wanted you to feel good,” I said honestly, then I tried to suck on her nipple but she pushed herself away.

“You see, I’m the one who tells you want to do. I did not give you full permission to touch me, and I was looking forward to letting you help me,” she got off of me, and moved to her original position on the couch. This time she opened the robe, exposing her body to me, “Take off your boxers.”

I obeyed.

“Now, you can just watch me. No touching yourself.”

She held onto one of her breasts and began squeezing her tit. Her other hand began to travel downwards to her pussy — it was already wet, “You were doing so well,” she started, “You already got me a little wet, but now you’re forcing me to play by myself,”

God I wanted to help her cum so badly. I wanted to suck on her tit, or lick her pussy. How could I have done this? Her body quivered as she touched herself, looking at me.

“Your cock is so hungry for me, isn’t it?” she said staring at my hard member. I nodded. “Say it.”

“My cock is hungry for you,” I began to clutch the couch. It was the only thing I could do to keep me from touching myself.

She began to rub her clit faster, she was whining, staring at my cock, “You did this to yourself, we could have been playing already. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

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“Will you obey me?”

“Yes.”

She came releasing her sweet juices on her fingers. I watched as her body quivered, the last signs of her orgasm fading. She held up her fingers, her clear juices dripping from them, “Lick.”

I obeyed. I sucked her fingers tasting her.

“How does it taste?”

“Sweet.”

“It’s my gift to you, even though you didn’t deserve it” she sat up, I could feel her breasts pressing against me as she pulled my face to hers for a deep, long kiss. She looked down at my still hard cock, “I can be very nice. I can be not so nice. You’re so young,” she said placing her hand on my cock, “Such a nice hard young cock,” she began rubbing her hands up and down my member. “Do you want me to make you cum?”

“Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Please,” my breath was getting heavy, focusing on her, “P-please” I asked. She tightened her grip on my cock, rubbing harder and faster, “Please Please Please,” I said before cumming all over her hand. I was embarrassed I came so fast.

I sunk into the couch, she lifted her hand in front of me, my semen covering her, “Did I tell you that was allowed?”

“I’m sorry...I-I couldn’t help it.”

“Looks like we have a lot of training to do.” She got up and went to the kitchen, she washed my cum off her hands and tied up her robe, “That’s enough for today.”

I breathed heavily, wanting to continue.

“Your eyes are telling me you want more,” she said, she poured herself a glass of water, “Why should I spend time on someone who isn’t listening? First you touched me without my permission, and then you came on me.”

My heart beat faster, “Please. I — I didn’t know. It’s been awhile since I’ve been touched by someone else. I saw your tits, and I saw you cum and it just came out. You made me cum so much. Please...let me be your toy. Use me as long as you want as much as you want...” I wanted to stay. So badly. I wanted to feel what it was like to be completely controlled, I wanted to cum again, “I will do anything.”

She drank the water and put it on the counter. She walked over to the couch, “This is a relationship based on trust, and I want you to know whenever you want that you can use our safe word,” she kissed me deeply again, “I want you to feel nothing but pleasure. I want you to get hard whenever you see me, and I want to control your cum. That’s my treat,” she kissed me

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again, “But I can’t do that unless you follow the rules. So next time, you’ll cum when I say so, are we clear?”

“Yes,” she kissed me again. I wanted to obey her, but her kisses were getting me hard again.

“You want more, my pet?”

“Yes,” she kissed me again, “Please more,” I was drowning in her kisses.

“I really like big cock,” she moved to kissing my neck, “And yours looks especially good, do you think your big cock would like my tiny pussy?”

“Yes.”

She kissed me again, “You don’t get my pussy until you’ve earned it.”

“How do I earn it?”

“Pleasuring me. Letting me use your cock like a little toy. Licking my clit. Playing with my tits, obeying me, letting me dominate your ass, and above all, only cumming when I say so.”

She sat on the couch, “On your knees,” I followed her orders and went on my knees. She put her knees on my shoulders, exposing herself, “What do you see?”

“Your pussy.”

“Don’t you want to make me nice and wet?”

“Yes, I’m here to serve you. I want to be your fuck toy please.”

“You’re getting it. Lick my pussy,” she commanded.

She was shaven, and smelled wet from coming before. I began to lick her clit slowly at first, I waited for her command. Her eyes were closed, but I could tell that she was enjoying herself by feeling her pussy get wet. She tasted great. I had waited so long for a woman to serve and to pleasure that I forgot what that feeling was like. Her enjoying just my tongue, I wanted to serve her as long as she’d have me.

“Lift the hood of my clit,” she said, “I can feel your tongue better that way,” I obeyed and Fiona let out a sigh of pleasure, “You’re making up for what you did earlier,” she spoke in praise, “Let’s see how long you can keep this up.”

Her praise was getting my cock hard again, I want to be a good sub. I want to please her and cherish her. She was giving me the gift of her pussy and I was so lucky.

“Yes, Gabe, Yes,” she said in praise, “You’re doing so well, I love it,” she said in between breaths, “You may touch me.”

Permission. I began to play with her tits, making sure I was keeping her hood open with my free hand. Her breaths were getting shorter and soft sighs were escaping her lips, “Yes,” she said in pleasure, “I’m cumming.”

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The two words I had been waiting for. I tasted the clear liquid streaming from her pussy, “Lick it all up,” she commanded, and I did. I slurped up her delicious sweet nectar, “That’s enough.” I looked up.

“You really do want to please me,” she smiled, “I think we can make this work.”



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