

Becoming the Master – An Excerpt

Retreating quickly to the bathroom, he tried to hide his shock and arousal at Louise's response to his belt strike. Turning the cold tap on full, he braced himself over the wash basin, gripping the porcelain edges as if he was clinging on to it for dear life. The sound of the rushing water thundered in his mind, trying to drown out the insistent thoughts that were urging him to go back into that room and take what was plainly on offer for him. Watching the water swirl and froth, he gritted his teeth as he battled with his desires and attempted to control the adrenaline rush that threatened to engulf his senses. Carefully releasing the basin with one hand, he leaned in and cupped some water into his palm, splashing it over his ashen face. Turning off the tap, he watched as the remaining water disappeared down the plug hole, smiling wryly to himself as he hoped that the disappearing rivulets weren't an indication of his vanishing resolve. "It's now or never Charles" he thought, steeling himself against whatever he may find when he returned to the room. He'd resisted many advances from beautiful and intriguing women before Louise and this girl was no different, there wasn't anything she could throw at him that could wrong foot him to that great an extent, he was sure of it. Grasping the handle to the main room, he felt calmer, he had needed to just be away from her for a short while, away from those deep violet eyes which she used to wrap so many lesser men around her little finger. He had to admit, they were a powerful asset to her persuasion skills.

Striding confidently through the doorway, he thought he had entered an alternate reality when he saw what awaited him. Louise was completely naked, kneeling facing him at the foot of the bed, head bowed down, with her glossy locks hanging across her face. No inkling of those hypnotic eyes could be seen, yet still, the arousal he had quelled but a few minutes earlier returned with renewed vigor. Faltering in his step, Charles tried to say something, but decided against it and halted a few feet from her. "This isn't right" he thought "what is she doing?" and he covered the rest of the distance in a few paces and placed his hand under her left elbow, trying to pull her from her position on the floor. Shaking him off gently, she kept her face averted as she whispered quietly to him.

“Can you forgive me Sir? Will you punish me for my forgetfulness? For putting you out of your bed this evening? For troubling you?”

Conflict raged through Charles as he listened to her quiet pleas. He felt strong lust as he looked down at her tanned and toned body, but it wasn't what she said, it was how she had said it. She wasn't asking fearfully whether he would punish her for her indiscretions, but was asking hopefully that he *would* punish her. And judging by her reaction to his belt, she would enjoy quite a great deal of any punishment he could mete out on her body. He felt torn as the thought of giving her the pain she craved battled with the restraint and common decency that he always prided himself on. He had never raised his hand in anger or defense. Wit and intellect had always come to his aid whenever he needed them, and the thought of beating her, however lightly turned his stomach. Yet, his mind now flicked to a topic that he had come when the romantic side of his marriage had started to disintegrate.

Desperate not to stray from his relationship, he had joined a few role-playing websites, Second Life, Adult Friend Finder and the like, and in all of the sites he visited, a concept called BDSM had cropped up time and again. Driven by curiosity, he had had many a conversation about the philosophy behind it, the acts that were carried out, and other debatable issues, but he had always considered it to be something of a fad. A nice idea, but exactly how would it work? These people professed to be born to it, and instinctively *know* what to do in their play situations. But now it was happening to him. He knew he wasn't submissive. In his everyday life, he craved to control everything around him, colleagues and clients alike fell under his sway. Friends often commented how easily he could persuade people to follow his way of thinking, even when the particular situation in question appeared hopeless. He chewed his lip as he observed her kneeling there, waiting patiently. She wanted him to take control of her, and he could feel the atmosphere between them crackling with the need for connection. This was much, much more than pure lust and sex. This was it. This was his chance to sample the experiences that he had read so much about, experiences that ran deeper than affairs. It was the right time. It was his time.

Feeling strength and power rising slowly through his veins, he ran his right hand tenderly over her silken tresses, brushing them away from her face and gradually

entwining it tightly in his fingers. Twisting it closely to the nape of her neck, he forced her to look him in the eyes. Drinking in the look of triumph, and detecting a little fear in the mix as well, the slow building of his arousal and strength now turned into a full flowing river. There was no turning back now. Charles was committed to playing out this scene, and come what may, years of frustration would be sated on this insolent girl this evening. Watching her eyes glaze slightly, he shook her head sharply to refocus her attention. Moving closer to her now beautifully flushed cheeks, he growled low, but loud enough for her to hear.

“Yes girl, I will give you what you want.”