Her body trembles.

It has been two months since she last tasted physical pleasure and the satisfaction that comes after. Believing herself to be dried up, she turned her mind to other things.

But now, with the warm spray of the shower squirting water up into her freshly-shaved pussy she knew she was lost again. Her senses ignited and she could feel all the old sensations seep back in, the clenching in her belly, the tightness in her throat, the shivers.

Of course, none of this would have happened without him. A smile played on her lips as she pushed the shower-head between her slightly parted legs, she’d missed being his good [very bad] girl.

Walking naked to her room and lying naked on her bed were forgotten pleasures that she was starting to remember, moaning softly to herself as she rubbed her legs against the sheets, feeling the texture on her skin, and how different it felt to each part of her.

She couldn’t believe how she had gone for so long without feeling the desire to succumb to lust; surviving for so long without once feeling between her legs, without once getting wet. She smiled to herself, remembering who she used to be; always wet, always ready, always excited … she knew the reason now; she’d known it all along. It wasn’t her, it was her reactions. It was her inability to trigger herself alone; it was her inability to respond to fantasies if they didn’t involve her kneeling, obeying, blindfolded in front of her owner.

She was wet now though, wet and growing wetter by the second.

The plug inside her was an unfamiliar pleasure, a strange sense of being opened up and filled. Her breathing grew faster, and she bit her lip while grinding her thighs together, bringing her knees up to her chest as she lay on her side, creating friction against her pussy and feeling cold air find her most intimate places.

It wasn’t long before her Master walked in. he stood at the door and watched her as she sat up in bed, still clasping the pillow she’d been snuggling against.

One look was all it took, silently she slid to the floor and crawled to him, kneeling at his feet; knees together and her head bowed.

He lightly touched her head, and played with her hair, “Have you been a good girl?” was his question.

“Yes, Master,” she answered.

“Have you touched yourself at all?”

“No, Master.”

“Not even once?”

“No Master,” she answered, with a smile as she thought of how unturned on she’d been since the last time she’d knelt at his feet.

He put his forefinger under her chin and tilted her head back, their eyes met and he saw it all right there, her lust more than anything showed in her flushed cheeks and the rapid rise and fall of her chest, her hard little nipples and the way her thighs were pressed so tightly together.

“Open your legs, my slave,”

She obeyed, slowly parting her knees, opening her pussy up, forcing her lips to part.

“now, show me how you greet your master properly.”

She leaned forward and pressed her lips to his foot, her hands behind her back, and her knees parted. She slowly kissed first the left, then the right, her tongue gently stroking where her lips closed seconds later.

He walked towards the bed and she followed, crawling at his heels. “have you missed your Master’s cock?” he asked, holding her face in his hands as she knelt in front of him.

“Oh yes,” she whispered, “so much.”

“Beg for it then, my slut.”

She rubbed her cheek against his hand that still held her face, kissed his knee and back down to his feet, “please, Master,” she said between her licks and kisses, “allow your slave the honor of pleasing you.” She kissed back up his leg, rubbing her cheek against the warm denim of his jeans until she was at eye-level with his crotch. “May I touch, Sir?” she whispered.

“Not yet, keep begging. I’m not completely sure that you want it badly enough.”

“oh but I do, Sir, she said, “so, so badly. It’s been 2 months since I tasted your cum, since your cock filled my mouth, since I felt you stretch my pussy and my tight little butthole. Two whole months and I feel like I might completely spontaneously combust if I don’t feel it again soon!”

He smiled at her pleas, satisfied that she had missed him without her explicitly saying the words.

“still not convinced.”

She looked up at him, eyes burning with unmasked lust, he could smell her scent and knew how wet she’d be when he touched her.

She smiled and whispered: “your slut has been starving for months, to say I missed your cock is a lie; I crave it. I long for it, I dream of it. Now please, please, please let me touch.”

Satisfied by his little sub’s show of uninhibited desire, he allowed her to press her fingertips against his crotch. “May I please stroke you, Master?” she whispered.

“Yes,”

She unbuckled his belt, and he leant back to give her access to the button and zip. His cock was already hard and her soft fingertips, so gentle and yet so determined to please him made him even harder.

His cock was in her hands and she stroked him, her fingers running up and down, “may I please taste, Sir?” She asked in a whisper.

“Yes.”

She inched closer till he could feel her warm breath on his cock, her tongue licked his balls and then his cock from base to tip. She sucked on the tip, taking more and more into her mouth, loving the taste, loving the feeling of her mouth stretched so wide around him.

“Turn around, babe and show me your ass,”

Reluctantly she turned around as ordered, leaned over and showed him her ass, plug in place and her pussy so obviously wet. “hop up onto the bed, on all fours,”

She obeyed, hands first, then each knee separately. Her ass towards him, her feet over the side of the bed.

He played with the plug, fucking her with it, rubbing his cock against her thigh. Her moans were music to his ears, her sharp cries of need mixed with desire, he slapped her ass, loving the sound she made, mixed with the sharp slap of his hand on her tightly stretched skin. The pink marks left behind as evidence of his dominance over her. He smacked her again, and again while fucking her with the plug.

Then, without warning, he pushed his dick against her pussy and pushed in, she cried out and pushed her hips back against him, needing him to completely fill her.

He let her adjust to him being inside her before slowly moving in and out, his hands on her hips, and then as he picked up speed he slipped a hand around her and between her legs rubbing her clit. She screamed as she came, her body trembling, she felt him cum inside her, the warmth of his cum trickling down her thighs. He pulled out of her and she collapsed, content and satisfied, reaching out for him and pulling him next to her.

She whispered her thanks, kissed his lips and then his cock, licking it clean, tasting her juices and his cum, before curling up against him.

“A sub needs a master,” she whispered with a smile playing on her lips.

“You certainly do,” he said playing with her hair, “you’re quite hopeless without me.”

“completely lost,” she added with a grin, “wouldn’t know where to find my clit if I had a map.”

“right here,” he said reaching between her legs and making her jump in surprise before giggling. “I want you to always be this wet for me. I want your clit to always be throbbing for me, I want your mouth to water for my cock and your pussy to feel empty without it filling you.”

She smiled, kissed his throat and whispered, “I promise.”