**Ruby B**

by FeistyKnight

A first time internet encounter sets the scene for a much anticipated return meeting

It has been almost a week since we saw each for the first time. I have never had an internet conversation with a stranger before. You were webcamming and I stumbled across your darkened room one day. Night for you in London and day time for me. I don't know what attracted me to stop at your room when there were another nine hundred to choose from. I couldn't see your face. The room was dark. But I saw enough of you to stop and say hello.

My god you were sexy! No sound. Just typing. You were wearing a white strapless bodice that covered your breasts but you kept pulling it down, just giving us a tease of your breasts. I say “us” because it was in public chat. There were probably others watching. I could not take my eyes off you. I could not take my eyes off your delicate neck and how it gave way to your shoulders and chest. You looked so naked even though you were covered. Your hands nervously caressed your neck as we chatted.

Out of the blue you said that you would be my slave and do what I wanted. I didn't think I had ever given you any indication that I was dominant or looking for someone submissive.

“You are a dangerous woman.”

You smiled.

“I will do whatever I can to make you happy. You can be my master.”

“Would you still say that if I came up behind you now and pulled your breasts roughly and put a clothes pin on your nipples?”

Pause.

“Yes. I think so.”

From that moment on, you had me. Even though you said you would be my slave, you had all the power over me. I could tell you what to do and you would obey, but the reality was that I could not stop thinking about you.

We played some more.

You covered yourself in a blanket and then took your shirt and bra off. You teased me, slowly exposing your delicate breast and erect nipple. Then you covered up and did the same for the other side. You never exposed yourself for very long to the camera but I had never seen anything so sexy in my life.

I asked you to place your hair clip on your nipples. The kind with the spring and sharp fingers. They sharpness dug into the delicate flesh around your nipples. Gradually you removed your hand so I could see. The hair clip grabbing the skin and holding on to the tight, firm breast. You took it off all too quickly. It seemed like a new experience for you. The pain was intense. Sharp.

I can't remember too much more because of the state I was in. I was overwhelmed by your obedience, trust, beauty and breathlessness. It seemed that neither of us was breathing.

It ended with promises to continue. I asked you to write me a message with all that you enjoyed and a list of things you wanted to do with me.

So far you have not written. That's okay. I know you will return.

But you will be punished for not writing. You will be punished for leaving me for a week.

I have been planning the next session in the hours that I couldn't sleep because I could not get you out of my mind.

When we next meet, I will be kind and gentle at first. But there will be punishment and some more pain.

I want you to wear regular street clothes. I want you to feel that everything is normal. I want you to be on edge, not knowing what is to come. We will take our time though.

The question I asked you last time was to choose between being tied up, blindfolded on the bed and to expose either the top half of your body or the lower half of your body. I wanted you to choose between making your breasts vulnerable to me and exposed to the world or your legs and pussy. You couldn't choose even though I asked you to five times. That is why you were punished with the hair clip on your nipples.

Your rather weak answer was that you would choose whatever pleased me the most. What would have pleased me most was for you to make yourself vulnerable and answer the question.

This week I have a new task. A new question for you.

I want you to change into clothes that you think will please me. I want you to take the risk and dress in a way that will excite me. But you also have to remember that you are on camera and others will be watching.

Will you choose to wear just a shirt and skirt with nothing underneath? This would make it easier to show yourself to me later on. It would give you easy access to play with your pussy and rub your clit under the table and away from the eyes of the camera. It would mean you could put your hand inside the front of your shirt and pull your nipples. You could show me how hard and erect they are poking through the fabric of your shirt.

Or will you go with traditional lingerie pretending that you are a good girl? Lacy bra, white panties, stockings and suspenders? Maybe some heels? Do you think I will enjoy that? Will that be enough to win me over and get me excited? Will it be creative enough?

Perhaps you will choose a costume of some kind? I need to tell you now, I don't go in much for nurses costumes or school girls outfits though. Maybe you will dress for a night out, formal and sophisticated? Or you could dress down like a prostitute – something that screams cheap sex.I do love bikinis and swimsuits and see through outfits. But now I am giving you hints and that is not fair.

Maybe you could just strip naked and stand before me. This would make you completely vulnerable. Nothing to hide behind. You would be offering all of yourself to me. Not very creative but a sign that you are my slave and I am your master. I have never seen you naked. I have no idea what you look like below your small, firm breasts. I have no idea if you are shaved completely or if you have left a trail of pubic hair leading the way down to your beautiful sweet pussy. I don't even know what I should call your pussy. I am sure that “pussy” is good for most occasions when you are good. I have a feeling though that sometimes it is a “cunt”. A meaty, juicy cunt that demands attention. I am sure that sometimes your cunt will need to be slapped. A pussy should be licked and pleasured, but a cunt needs to be punished. It needs to be owned. A pussy will draw attention to you and be good to you, but a cunt will get you into trouble. If you choose to be naked in front of me I will have to punish your cunt.

Or you could redeem yourself and finally answer my question from last week. You could dress only half of your body. You could choose a pair of tight fitting jeans and boots leaving you completely bare from the waist up. This way I could see your flat stomach, your porcelain skin and those breasts that I have so fallen in love with. You could turn around and show me the shape and flow of your back. I would see how your spine leads up to your neck that I so long to kiss and bite.

The final option is perhaps the bravest. You could cover what I most like about your body and offer me your ass, pussy and legs. You could wear a simple, baggy knitted jumper covering your breasts and show me the parts of your body that I have not yet seen. I cannot imagine how beautiful your hips are, or see the tops of your thighs. Is there wetness on your bald pussy lips or is it hidden behind wisps of curly pubic hair? Will you turn around and bend over for me, offering your ass and the backs of your thighs for inspection? Will you offer this view of yourself to the world who may be watching through the camera? Or are you brave enough to stand before your master with your legs apart and your hands folded behind your back in the most submissive position possible? You could thrust your hips and breasts forward for inspection.

The time has come for you to log on. In fifteen minutes I will be with you on the other side of the world watching every move that you make. You will be waiting, wet with anticipation. I will be watching and waiting for you to choose.