

# Meeting Master

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*by Raven ShadowHawk*

One hundred and twenty agonising nights of internet chat, whispered phone calls and lengthy emails. Two thousand, eight hundred and eighty hours of wondering, pondering and hoping.

Now the time is here.

I first spoke to him in October. It's April now, high time to put aside my phone, turn off my computer and meet him.

I can't remember ever feeling like this. Hot and cold all at once. Sick in my stomach and yet light enough to leap off the ground and keep floating forever. My skin tingles, and I feel it straight through my body in a way that's and exhilarating and terrifying all at once.

Loitering outside the pub, I shuffle my feet while gazing at the sign reading 'The Queen's Head' in bold, white letters. One hand fusses with my skirt, smoothing out creases that aren't really there, the other tugs slightly on the collar buckled about my throat.

A subtle thing; plain black and narrow, it could be mistaken for a fashionable choker, but I know what it is and so will he. That's all that matters.

The two bouncers on the door step back to let me pass, one of them appreciatively eyeing the gap in my wrap-around blouse. The unsought attention actually comforts me tonight, because it means I've done my job.

Dress nicely,

was the instruction in my text message.

Wear a skirt for me. Short, but be classy about it. And show me cleavage. I like cleavage.

Inside the noise of the pub slaps me like a fist. A full indie band, complete with drums and three electric guitars, soundchecks over the loud buzz of conversation.

I find myself looking left and right. No one hears my little cry of alarm, but heat warms my cheeks as I face forward and wade through the crowds to reach the bar.

I'm not supposed to look for him yet.

Will he know? Will he be angry with me? Will he punish me?

The very thought of it warms the rest of my body from head to toe.

As much as possible I keep my gaze forward, head high, back straight. I want to look good for him and I know he's out there watching. It's a show and I'm the star.

At the bar a cheery student-type in a black and red uniform gives me a polite smile. "You okay, sweetheart? Your hands are shaking."

"Fine." I put my beaded clutch bag on the counter and pull out a ten pound note. "Rum please. Whatever your darkest is. And coke."

"Sure. Anything else?"

As if on cue my phone lights up within my bag. When I pull it out and see his name on the screen my heart pounds that little bit harder.

Half a Guinness please.

My breath catches in my throat. A bitter taste coats my tongue while my stomach gives another angry flip flop.

He can see me.

"Oi, sweetheart, I said anything else?" The bartender leans forward, one hand cupped behind his ear.

"Half a Guinness, please," I tell him.

"Coming right up."

I watch him work, pouring half the Guinness and allowing it to settle while mixing my rum with a tiny splash of coke. Part of me wants to complain, the rest is grateful for the shot of Dutch courage the drink is likely to provide.

He hands me my change but I don't count it.

My smile is automatic as I scoop up the drinks and my bag and fight back through the throng, seeking out a table.

Someone nudges my arm. Guinness slops over my fingers.

Another passer by steps on my toe, half pausing to apologise before rushing after her friends.

I stand in the middle of the pub, sore and dripping and scope for a seat.

A tiny table in the corner near the door to the gardens. Two seats. Secluded.

Perfect.

Weaving round the tables and those still standing results in more damp fingers and several more crushed toes, though those aren't mine. I reach the table just as another man does, though he steps back after a quick look at my face.

Terrified that I've smudged my make up, I sit down and pull a small compact from the clutch bag.

No, the make-up is fine, but my expression....

Two swallows of the rum and coke nearly empties the glass but it eases the tension in my shoulders somewhat. The Guinness I position opposite me.

I feel sweat beading on my brow despite the chill through the open door.

Pulling off my coat doesn't help, but it's nice to feel the cool air against my arms and shoulders. I'm sure the shivers rippling down my spine are only partly to do with the breeze.

Beside my drink I lay my mobile phone, 'vibrate' activated so as not to miss the next text message.

Under the table I smooth my skirt again, placing my feet flat on the ground a short distance apart. It takes great effort not cross my legs.

Keep your legs open, just slightly.  
You're mine now and if I want to touch you I don't want anything in  
the way.

My thighs don't touch when I sit this way. The cool rush of disturbed air flows against my legs and ruffles my skirt. A gasp catches in my throat when a passing couple sends a giant gust of air billowing under the table. Feeling the hem creeping up my thighs fills me with a sudden dread.

What if someone sees?

The band starts abruptly, crashing drums and whining electric guitars. The lead vocalist sings. It's a track I know, the crowd do too and they surge forward, almost as one to get a better look.

I let them, watching the empty chair opposite me and playing with my mostly empty glass.

The ice in my drink eventually melts away while the Guinness remains untouched.

More than once, curious glances are cast in my direction, one or two of them coupled with pitying shakes of the head.

When my phone finally buzzes again I snatch it up and activate the screen to read the message within.

You look beautiful.

I grin stupidly at the screen, reading the next message as it pops in

Your legs look so elegant in those shoes. The skirt is perfect. I appreciate how well you followed my instructions.  
Good girl.

My thighs grind together for a brief moment before I remember to keep them apart. Downing the rest of the rum gives me a moment to calm myself but the sinking warmth in my belly which follows has nothing to do with the alcohol.

*Good girl....*

I read the message again, and mouth the response as though to test the taste of them on my lips, "Thank you, Master."

I don't respond to the message; there's no need. Instead, I hold the grip phone and repeatedly touch the face to keep the backlight on.

When the next message comes through, my gaze quickly skims the next line of text.

Untie your hair.

I rip the band free and shake my head to let the dark curls tumble around my face and shoulders.

The urge to look up and search the bar is almost overwhelming.

Good girl.

This time, there's no denying the pleasurable surge coursing through my body. I can feel it in my skin, in my blood. Those two simple words send a bolt of pleasure through me so strong that I can barely control myself.

How can pleasing this man I have never met, be so utterly wonderful?!

A shadow falls over my table.

A crazed part of me wonders if the bar staff have come to collect my empty glasses, but one look at the table reminds me that one glass is still full.

I feel my heartbeat thrumming at the back of my throat and a gentle warmth seems to pulse between my legs. It's him. It *must* be him.

“Look at me.”

That voice is like silk. So soft, gentle, yet filled with the hard core of command and authority I have craved for so long.

My fingers shake as I put the phone down, laying it on the table with unnecessary care. Then, I raise my head, slowly, savouring the moment.

He wears jeans; black with holes in them which appear to be wear and tear rather than a nod to changing fashion trends. Over that, a solid black shirt, buttoned right the way to the hems which are loose outside the jeans. Going higher, I follow the buttons, finding the outer edges of a denim jacket which is open and hangs loose off the shoulders. At the collar, I can see that the top button to the shirt is undone, revealing flesh beneath which is pale in a stark contrast to my own, sprinkled with the lightest dusting of dark hair.

I feel my lungs tightening as I lift my gaze, skimming past a strong, square chin dusted with two days of salt and pepper stubble.

By the time I reach his eyes I can hardly breathe. I gasp and fall into his eyes. They are bright and intense, their colour seeming to shift from blue, to grey in the flickering lights of the bar.

None of the pictures fit the reality.

“Sir...” I can't help it. The word falls off my lips before I can stop it, rushing out into the open on a breath so hard, so strangled that it hardly seems mine.

He smiles. “Yes?”

Now I understand how deer can be caught in headlights. I know how one can be captured and trapped by something so intense that all thoughts of escaping are squashed out of existence.

I can only watch as he settles down on the opposite seat, shifting my coat onto his lap. Still gazing at me, he lifts the half pint glass to his lips and helps himself to a long, healthy swallow.

The head catches in his beard.

I can feel my tongue, rasping like sandpaper against the roof of my mouth as his flicks out to lick the froth away.

“You look incredible,” he says again. “I’m glad it was really you in those pictures.”

I open my mouth but no words come out. Horrified, I lick my lips to try again, but my sudden panic has rolled the volume dial of my voice down to zero. I can’t speak. Instead, I nod and watch his eyes as they hungrily search mine.

“The rest of my instructions?”

He doesn’t need to ask twice.

Snatching up the clutch bag, I pull it open with both hands, tugging something black and lacy from its home crushed against the bottom. I push my hand down to my lap and pass him my underwear beneath the table. The underwear I removed on the bus journey into town.

I feel his left hand beneath the table. His touch is gentle as he strokes me fingers then plucks the knickers from my grip. In one fluid motion he pushes them into his left pocket. His smile widens.

“Very good. Thank you, Raven.” And then, he looks at me.

I find myself doing the same thing, relishing the first real sight of the man I have already promised myself to in a deep and intense way. This man knows things about me that nobody else does, understands my desires and my needs in a way that, bizarrely, makes him my closest and most treasured friend. I have shared most, if not all of my secrets with him, from childhood memories to future dreams and this, is my first true sight of his face.

He is ten years older than me though it doesn’t show in his face.

“Sir, I don’t-”

I want to tell him how important this is. How my stomach is writhing and my skin is tingling. I want to explain my shortness of breath and the heat in my cheeks that, even in this dim light, must be visible as a vague blush.

But I don’t have the words for it.

“I understand, Jessica, honestly. You don’t need to say anything. And call me Mike. We’re not there yet.”

The use of our real names makes me snap my legs together, afraid the sudden surge of pleasure it brings will begin to run down my legs. I can already feel the

warmth there, the slick moisture and I'm horrified that I might have already stained my skirt. How can he cause a reaction so strong?!

I stare at him with my mouth hanging open, my expression creasing as I fight to find the words. I *want* to tell him, so badly. "Okay." It's all I can manage.

"Come with me," he says at last, extending his hand across the table for me to take.

I take it. Scoop up the clutch bag with my free hand. Allow him to help me back into my coat. As he smooths it down I feel the impression of his hand through the damp patch on my skirt.

With one hand resting lightly on my hip, he guides me out of the pub, back past the bouncers and onto the street.

The cold air nips my skin again, a particularly violent gust billowing beneath my skirt. I hiss under my breath and Mike looks at me with a smile on his face that is amused and almost teasing. His left hand lingers in his pocket.

"I hoped you'd react like this," he tells me conversationally. "It means a lot to know that you are as aroused I am. I feel like I've been waiting a long time."

"Me too."

We walk for fifteen minutes, my body gradually beginning to loosen up, my tongue as well, allowing me to breathe somewhat easier. He takes me to a house just a short way out of the city's centre and unlocks the door slowly, moving passed me to stand in the doorway, blocking my way through.

"Do you remember your safe words, Raven?" Once more his voice is low, cut through with that authoritative edge with gives it a sharpness I can almost feel like a knife against my skin. It's the same voice he used during our phone calls and webcam conversations. The voice I imagined hearing each night before going to sleep wearing the collar he sent me.

Hearing my submissive name in that voice makes me want to cry out.

Instead I jerk my head up and down. "I do, Sir."

"Do you remember where your place is?"

"On the floor, Sir, at your feet until you allow me to use the furniture."

"Very good." His expression softens. "And do you remember what I told you yesterday, about what I plan to do to you?"

Of course I remember! I have read the email repeatedly since last night. A crumpled copy lies at the bottom of my larger handbag, the print smudged from frequent readings.

“You’re going to use me, Sir. However you like, from serving you a cup of tea, to-” my breath hitches slightly, “to... fucking me.”

“Yes, eventually it will mean fucking you. But not yet. For now, we get to know each other some more.”

My legs are mush. I feel the slick hotness sliding down my thighs. My nipples stand to attention through the fabric of my blouse, hard and begging to be touched.

My whole body sings with a need to serve and I find myself speaking those words I’ve been prepared to say since stepping onto the bus less than an hour ago.

The last of my instructions....

“I’m ready to serve you.”

He smiles, no longer Mike, but Master, and steps out of the doorway to let me through. “Good girl,” he holds out his hand. “Then come inside.”

At long last, I step over the threshold, catching hold of Master’s hand to draw myself into the warmth of His house.

Behind me, the door clicks shut.