

## SING

I cannot live without Tasha's music. I'd do anything to hear her play, it doesn't matter what instrument. That's why I'm onstage in an empty theater disrobing. My cheeks feel warm as I step out of my panties. The darkness of the auditorium feels as if hundreds of unseen eyes are on me. I'm aware of sweat forming on my body once the breeze in the room blows against my backside. Tasha circles the stage, scanning me with her brown eyes. She's dressed to perform, wearing a long black gown that touches the floor. Her jet-black braids are tied in a ponytail. Most important to me are her elbow-length black Lycra opera gloves she wears when she plays piano.

I love the contrast of her elegant look to my shameful state. My brown hair extends to the middle of my back. I normally cover my hourglass figure in long dresses to hide my curvy hips. Without my clothes, I feel disrespectful standing before such a talented woman, unworthy to be in her presence. Her hand touches my chin and she says, "Sing for me."

My lips tighten. I don't sing, especially not onstage. The pressure to perform makes me more self-conscious over every uncovered inch of skin. I turn my head to hide my blushing face as I try to cover myself.

"No. Display it," Tasha says, grabbing my wrists and holding my arms behind my back. My knees buckle as I feel the heat from the stage lights touch my breasts. Sweat accumulates, as the open feeling of being exposed sends a warm current from between my legs to my chest. Despite my embarrassment, I'm flattered Tasha sees the beauty in my curves that I often hide.

From behind, Tasha grabs my right breast, squeezing hard enough to make me grunt. My nipple stiffens as the pain signals travel straight to my heart. Even though her grip is hard, the gloves feel like a soft caress, making my toes curl the more her hands leave their red marks over me. I don't expect her other hand to slide over the dark-brown hair covering my mons. Her fingers brush against the small curls and push against my outer labia. A small pulse grows from within my lower abdomen the more she pets me. A soft rumble travels up my throat and passes through my trachea, muted by my exhales, all giving Tasha's trained ear data on how she'll play me tonight.

My tuning is interrupted when her arm wraps around my waist to pull me closer. I feel her hot breath against my collarbone before both hands pinch my nipples, twisting them until I grunt. My throat tightens, doing its best to stifle my desire to squeal.

"What's that? I can't hear you," Tasha muses before chuckling. I growl as the pressure on my breasts feels as if she's breaking the skin. Her fingers are precise, applying the right pressure to get a specific sound out of me, as if she knows my body more than I do. By now the pulse becomes a rippling wave of pressure that spreads to my thighs.

"Almost," she says once she releases my breasts, giving me time to take a deep breath of fresh air. My break is short lived. When she raises a hand to slap my pussy, I double forward as the pain explodes throughout my pelvis. I bite my lip to silence my cry. I'm afraid my scream will echo throughout the building and draw the attention of

the night staff. My revealed weakness makes Tasha laugh, and now I feel sweat on my brow.

“Stubborn, are we?” Tasha asks, finally letting go. I sigh as my muscles relax. My breast feels like it was bitten, but now it’s hard as a rock, excited from Tasha’s cruelty. “Fine, I don’t need your voice. On your knees.”

I don’t even lower my legs before Tasha grabs my hair, pulling my head back before guiding me toward the ground, not hard, but with enough force that I barely break my fall with my hands. I stare at the ground that is inches from my face. The amount of disregard to my person sends more adrenaline through me as I anticipate what she’ll do to get sound out of me. I lower my head to stick my backside up, my face turning crimson as I think about how foolish I must look.

Tasha runs both gloved hands over my shoulders and down my back, taking her time to give me a soft massage. The Lycra acts like a conductor, sending a current up my spine before she raises both hands and claps down on my ass. The sharp sting travels to my thighs as I wince. My heart stops when I hear the percussive noise my ass makes. It’s a dull echo that bounces off of the walls. The flesh of my rear cheeks ripples after each spank; I’m so mortified I cover my face. Snickering, Tasha raises her hands and swings so hard I lean forward. This time the sound is so loud I look at her with indignity, biting my lip as I pray no one is nearby to hear my ass being spanked. Tasha’s dark-brown lips spread into a wide grin aimed at me. Her hands rise, this time swinging down in beats of four. Every strike seems to make a louder pop; butterflies are in my stomach now that my ass is a drum. By the time she stops, my posterior is so raw, the air in the room feels like needles. My thighs squeeze together and I feel a dampness between my legs. I should have known resisting her was pointless; she will always get a sound out of me.

“Now sing,” Tasha says, right before sliding her fingers against my labia. My mouth opens as I bury my head in my hands, the soft fabric making my sex ache with every stroke. My voice cracks, trying to remain silent while also loving how my will is about to be broken just from my lover’s fingertips. It’s when she slips her index and middle fingers into my pussy that I squeeze my eyes shut and let out my first cry, a high-pitched noise that fills the auditorium. My lower belly tingles while Tasha plays me, hand turning counterclockwise as it pushes in and out. My body has soaked her gloves so much the suction of air makes a percussive noise while she continues to fuck me.

The final straw is when she reaches around to lift my torso up, holding me tight against her body to grope my breast. Simultaneously, she begins to flick her fingers as fast as she can while twisting my nipples. The barrage of pain sends my pussy into spasms as I scream. My voice resonates throughout the building and I don’t care. Let them see me, wet, naked, completely helpless against my Master, my owner, my musician.