

# 24 hours

A BDSM story from the eyes of a Mistress and sub

by

**Mistress Moriah & her sub t**

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# A word in advance

In front of you is a unique book. Unique in the sense that this idea arose spontaneously during the contact between me and my sub t. It started with asking personal questions, about, for example, his personality, his emotions, his fears, as well as his fantasies. We challenged each other, in creativity and honesty.

I can almost hear you thinking, "Is it okay for a sub to challenge a Dominant?" Or is that *not done*? Of course it is, provided there is room for it. I love it, I love to be challenged (especially creatively). But of course that doesn't apply to every Dominant. And that's why the blueprint of a D/s is different for everyone. And that's fine. It is therefore very important to choose the (play) partner that fits that. From both sides.

With sub t I have developed a beautiful bond in a relatively short period of time. That is actually quite unique and that is not in the least because of his social, tidy, loving and optimistic character. *To know him, is to love him*. And that applies not only to me, but that applies just as much to my partner/sub. The two also get along very well.

By the way, I think it is wonderful and incredibly loving that his wife gave him the space to do this. It says something about her love for him. I find that special and I hope that someday there will come a time when I may get to know her. For her, one and all respect.

But back to the book. The beginning of this book we challenged each other creatively, in a kinky way. We described a wonderful BDSM experience, alternating chapters. Before we started writing, we never knew where the other had led us. Time after time, it was a joy to discover it and a challenge to knit on from there.

The second part of this book we challenged each other in honesty, asking each other questions that allowed us to learn more and more about each other, but sometimes also about ourselves. In this hectic society where we are constantly distracted by stimuli, we hardly take the time to stop and listen to ourselves. Occasionally descend into ourselves, looking for answers or a lost piece of "me."

I hope you will enjoy reading as much as we have had with writing. Maybe not all the fantasies, are your fantasies, but between the words and images,

you will find the deeper layers that BDSM is rich. And maybe in our sincere answers to each other, you will recognize a piece of yourself as well. So that our words, will also be a little bit your words.

Mistress Moriah

# he: attraction

I look at my watch: it is 11:48 a.m., eight more minutes before my train pulls into one of the busiest stations in the Netherlands. I admire the beautiful Dutch landscape: meadows, ditches, cows, geese and swans: they are enjoying the pleasant spring sunshine. Soon after, I see the first buildings appear and we approach the station where I have to change trains. Some travelers already pack their things and go to the balcony; I decide to stay a while longer and think back to the good presentation I gave this morning. Yes, I am proud of what I showed there! As the train slides into the station, my breath stops: on one of the other platforms I see a beautiful Lady standing there, dressed in a long black leather coat, high-heeled boots and an elegant hat; gloves complete her outfit. She stands there more or less alone, no one in her immediate vicinity. Stiffened by what I see, I remain seated, even after the train has already stopped for a while along the platform. I get off and decide to take a closer look at this special Madame and, if I dare, to address Her and compliment Her on Her beautiful appearance. When I arrive at "Her" platform, my heart is in my throat: I do not dare to approach Her and decide to observe Her from a "safe" distance. Her train arrives; I see Her boarding gracefully and secretly enjoying a few male glances: mine was one of them.

By some indefinable attraction I get into the same compartment: it is very quiet on the train, fine. She has picked a nice spot by the window; I decide to sit on the other side of the aisle, also by the window. I catch myself looking in Her direction several times before the train has left; She has taken off Her red leather gloves, loosened Her coat and crossed Her legs. I now see that She is wearing beautiful black boots that reach just below the knee; the heels of Her boots impress me deeply. By now I have my heart rate fairly under control again, thankfully. I cannot take my eyes off this stylish Lady while pretending to be busy working on my laptop. At one point I look at Her: at the exact same moment I feel Her eyes on me. I freeze, sweat is on my back: now what? She gets up, sits down directly opposite me, legs crossed, without saying anything. I look dazedly at my laptop but don't recognize any of the characters on the touch keys. 'So, what's going on here?' I hear Her say. I stammer a few words: 'I um ... am on my way to work and um ... I have some things to prepare,' in the vain hope that She believes

this. 'I think you were busy with very different things,' I hear Her say, followed by 'Is that right?' There is no escape now: I decide to confess color and hope the train will soon reach the next station: I want to get out of this situation. 'Yes' I answer honestly and decide to just look outside. Her next question hits like a bomb: 'What exactly did you do?' followed by the comment: 'And I want you to look at me when I speak to you!' My whole body feels weak, my heart doesn't know what hit it and lost as I am anyway, I decide to do as She says. I stare straight into Her 2 bright blue eyes that I feel like they are looking right through me. Her face looks incredibly beautiful which makes me unable to utter a word. 'I am waiting for your answer' I hear Her say. I say that I saw Her standing on the platform and for some totally inexplicable reason to me I MUST go to Her. 'Oh, is that so? And now what do you want to say to me or ask me? I feel like a battered boxer lying knocked out in the corner of the ring with no desire to continue fighting. I sweep my last vestige of reasoning ability together and stammer, "Nothing Madam, do as You say. Silence. 'That is indeed exactly what you are going to do'. With these words She breaks the silence that seemed to last an eternity. She hands me a card and says: 'I want you to ring the bell at this address at 7:30 p.m. sharp.

The rest of the day I am completely out of it: I cancel two appointments, go home and tell my wife what I experienced. She understands me like no other, she has known my feelings, thoughts and fantasies for over thirty years. She gives me the space to be who I am, to discover myself further: I love her very much. I want to clear my head, which of course does not succeed. I decide to listen to music to calm down: this helps somewhat but my body and head remain restless. I try to eat and drink something, look at the hands of the clock which are moving towards 6:00 pm. Still 1.5 hours to go... I take a hot shower and stay under it much longer than usual, not wanting to think about anything at all. After showering, I really have to hurry to get dressed and get ready or I won't make it to 7:30 p.m. Fortunately, my wife helps me. When I leave I give my wife a kiss, she says: "Have a nice evening, darling, everything will be all right, the lady will undoubtedly take good care of you, so don't worry about that. And if there is anything, just send me an app. After all, things could easily turn out differently".

Fortunately it is quiet on the road and when I park my car near the address I have more than fifteen minutes to walk around. It does me good to sniff the fresh air. The address where I have to be is in an upscale suburb: I see beautiful apartment buildings, built in neoclassical style. At exactly 7:30

p.m., with trembling fingers, I press the doorbell: a buzzer follows after which the door to the central hall opens. I take the elevator to the 5<sup>e</sup> floor and arriving at the given number I knock, exactly as indicated in the instructions. A neat young woman opens and leads me to a room that looks 'ordinary', 'Thank goodness' I think. 'You may undress here and fold the clothes neatly and place them on the chair'. Ok, I can manage that. 'And when you are done with that, you will stand with your nose against that wall with your hands on your neck and legs spread'. The woman leaves the room. I think 'Huh, what's this then'? I obey, decide not to ask questions, take off my clothes and place them neatly on the chair, then follow the instructions given. Nothing happens after that: I see and hear nothing, it is mouse quiet. Suddenly I hear the door open and notice someone approaching me from behind. I smell delectable perfume but dare not say anything. I want to cry, I want to flee but feel that I cannot: I stand here and surrender. The person behind me comes closer: I feel a nail on my neck which then moves slowly down my spine. I shiver, tremble and automatically move my head back. 'Nose to the wall' I now hear a familiar voice say. I do as I am told. What does She have in store for me?

# She: Cat and mouse

I am in a hurry and see on the clock that I only have a few minutes left if I want to make it to the platform on time. Quickly I take off my leather coat, my gloves and hat and run out the door. As my high heels tap the paving stones, I try to put on my hat and gloves. I doubt that the hat turned out quite right, and as soon as I encounter a store window, I check it. Reasonable, could be better, but good enough for now.

Just in time I arrive at Amsterdam Central Station. I hate Amsterdam. Or actually not Amsterdam, but I do hate the crowds. So it is not surprising that I look for a spot on the platform, finding myself alone as much as possible. I like space and even though I like people, I don't need them in my aura so uninvited. I like to choose the persons for this myself and when I look around me, I don't see anyone who qualifies. I am barely standing there and I already see "my train" pulling in. Happy. I quickly board and find a seat in one of the compartments. Obviously the least crowded, with a free spot by the window. I enjoy watching the landscape shoot by and letting my thoughts fly freely.

Once seated in the window seat, I take off my gloves and unbutton my coat. I look up for a moment when a fellow traveler sits down on the other side of the aisle. It's a tall slender man, with his laptop under his arm. Hadn't I just seen him on the platform? Really well I can't remember. Through the glare of the window I see that he is flipping open his laptop, his gaze is not focused on his screen, however, but in the window I see that he is looking at me. He rattles a bit on the keys, but I can't escape the impression that this is at most pro forma, merely to give himself an attitude. I feel his energy and I also feel how his gaze is still on me. Abruptly I turn my head so that our gazes cross. I see him become slightly uncomfortable. Invisibly I smile, only to someone who knows me better could it be visible. I am a hunter, I like to play with my prey and this gentleman clearly feels insecure under my sharp gaze. Maybe I should give him a little more trouble, the ride to The Hague will take some time. I have the time.

As I continue to look at him tightly, I stand up, walk over to him and take a seat directly across from him. Internally, I am still smiling because his face speaks volumes. He is interested, but simultaneously uncertain, uncomfortable and civilized enough not to indulge in this unabashedly. A



glance at his hands shows me a wedding ring. He turns his gaze down, again toward the screen. Presses a few more keys, which even from my seat I can see can never form a logical word. "So what's going on here?"

The traveler turns red, clearly feeling caught out. He tries to come up with some more nonsense, but he knows full well that I am on to him. But maybe he believes in what he is stammering himself. Something about "preparing things." If I followed his test combination correctly, maybe that was something in Chinese, because there was no logical Dutch word in there at all.

I decide to confront him with it. I am the cat and he is my mouse and I like to put my long nails into it. "I think you were busy with very different things. Is that right?"

His head turned even redder and he decides to admit color. He nods and mutters something like "yes." I decide to make it a little more difficult for him, say proverbially bare his bottom. "So what exactly did you do?" He is clearly trying to avoid my gaze, but I want to read the uncertainty in his eyes. I can almost smell his fearful sweat, but I also want to see. "Look at me when I'm talking to you!"

Startled, he looks at me now, but no sound comes out of his throat yet. From everything, I can tell that he feels cornered. And that's where I like him. "I'm waiting for your answer." And then the penny drops. He tells me he had seen me standing on the platform. So anyway. And he continues his sentence that for some totally inexplicable reason he had to come to me. So apparently he didn't have to be on this train at all, but had followed me. I still have no idea what to make of the situation. He doesn't look like a perverted stalker, but then again, what do they look like? He doesn't feel wrong, but of course I could be wrong. It is quite strange in itself that he has chased me, into the train. Since his energy doesn't feel very wrong, I ask further. "Oh, is that so? And now what do you want to say to me or ask me?"

"Nothing Madam, do as You say."

His words feel sincere and he is visibly distraught with himself. This is apparently a feeling he does not know. I keep looking at him, trying to feel his energy. He doesn't feel wrong and I don't think my feelings are misleading me. I let the silence grow so I can feel a little further, right through his outer layer. It feels right. Maybe I should give this little mouse a

chance. I hand him my card: "I want you to ring the bell at 7:30 p.m. at this address." If he dares, he will be there. "So, now get off that train because you obviously have no business here."

As the train slows its pace, he stands up, with the ticket in one hand and his laptop in the other. He clearly does not know how to hold his own. A tad uncertain, he walks to the door of the carriage and steps out onto the platform.

I myself continue my trip to The Hague. The rest of the ride I am amusing myself with the passing scenery. Still for a moment I think of that traveler, will he dare to come?

It is the stroke of 7:30 p.m. when I hear the house phone. I had just poured a cup of coffee, for myself and a good friend. I had just told her about "the traveler." She had laughed; she knows my quirks. When the house phone rang, she was the first to call out, "There you will have it! Shall I open it?"

"Good idea, just pilot him to the guest room and let him undress. And when he's done that, he can wait for me with his face to the wall." We are both still laughing at this idea when there is a knock on the front door. I hear my friend open the door, let him in and lead him to the guest room. "You may undress here and fold the clothes neatly and place them on the chair. When you are done with that, you will stand facing that wall with your hands on your neck and legs spread."

I have to laugh, what will the little mouse think? Will he heed it? Would he really dare? Probably yes, otherwise he wouldn't have come. I don't hurry to go to him. Just let him stand there alone for a while. It's exciting enough as it is.

By now my friend has rejoined me. We chat some more and finish our coffee. As soon as my cup is back on the table, I stand up. I give my friend a wink and walk to the guest room. One look around the room tells me that he has done exactly what was asked. On the chair lies - neatly folded - a pile of clothes and the little mouse himself stands naked, with his nose against the wall and his hands on his neck.

I walk up to him and with one of my long nails I draw a red trail from his neck to his buttocks. I pull his head back, "Nose against the wall" I whisper in his ear. Being so close to him, I feel how a shiver escapes from his body. I feel by everything how exciting he finds it, but also how double. On the one hand I feel his curiosity, the first steps of his exploration, but on the other hand I also feel his uncertainty. Questions racing through his mind, such as "is this even normal?".

Although I am a sadist by nature, I feel by everything that I need to take it a little easy on this little mouse. I want to play with him longer and not let him flee with a tail between his legs. The word "tail" immediately gives me an idea. I have a nice butt plug with a tail lying around somewhere, but where? I look around, until my gaze falls on a tall wooden dresser. It must be in there. I let go of the little mouse and walk to the dresser. In passing, I immediately grab a pair of cuffs from the cabinet. Always easy. While Mouse's nose is still pointed at the wall, I search the drawers. At the third one I hit it, there lies a nice shiny butt plug, with a long fluffy tail. In the same drawer is also a bottle of lubricant. Also handy.

Back at mouse, I first put the wrist cuffs on him one at a time. "Bend down," I hear myself say. He listens, taking a step back so he can bend over. "Good little mouse!" I see a questioning look appear on his face, but he wisely keeps quiet. As he bends over, I smear some lube on the butt plug. When I am satisfied that it is well lubricated, I gently slide the butt plug into his anus. He clearly wasn't expecting this and I hear a choked moan escape from his mouth. What would he expect, anyway? I can assume he must have thought beforehand, right? Who was this man anyway? With an oblique glance, I glance at the pile of clothes. Will there be a clue among them? A phone, a driver's license? I am actually curious. To give myself access, I turn the little mouse over and fasten his wrist cuffs to two rings attached to the wall. I see him looking a tad confused, apparently he hadn't

seen these rings yet. They're not that noticeable either, but handy they definitely are. Especially for mini parties like this.

While the little mouse's gaze follows me in all my movements, I walk over to his pile of clothes. Everything neatly folded. "Neat, perfectionist, orderly," goes through my mind. I guess he can't stand it when I bring chaos to his order. So I cheerfully shuffle all the clothes until it's all in one pile.

Meanwhile, I find what I was looking for. A cell phone, with case. I show mouse what I have got and I see him startled. He didn't expect this. I have to laugh at the face he pulls. Pure desperation seems to arise, because what has he gotten himself into? Well, you should have thought of that beforehand. You're mine now. I smile at him. "So little mouse, I'm going to see who is so defenseless in my cuffs." The little mouse wants to say something, perhaps stop me, but he cannot escape from his cuffs and the rings are firmly in the wall. He cannot move. He can scream, and I don't know what exactly he is screaming, but there is absolutely unwanted sound coming out of his mouth. I know how to deal with that. Fortunately, there are rolls of duct tape scattered throughout the house, including in this room. Always handy, because that stuff always comes in handy. I take off my briefs, stuff them in his mouth and then stick a strip of duct tape over them. "So little mouse, I don't like noise, so you keep quiet for a while so I can investigate."

Mouse is quiet now, I can still hear some crazy noises, but it is smothered by my slip and at least no longer as prominent. I walk back to the pile of clothes, where I had placed the cell phone. I flick it open, and bingo! There's a driver's license in one of the pockets. That's what I was hoping for. I pull it out and read the name on it. "So, so, the little gray mouse has a name. Bye Johan the Bigger Sawyer!"

"Nice to meet you."

And I give him my most radiant smile.

## He: Red-painted nail

I hear the "Madam" coming closer and suddenly feel a sharp point on my neck to which my body reacts immediately, "What is this?" I think? After feeling the point, I notice that it is drawn in a straight line across my back all the way to my buttock. I suspect it is one of her nails but am not sure. To reinforce her maddening action, she grabs me by my hair and pulls my head toward acting. I hear her whisper in my right ear, "Nose to the wall. The chills were already running down my spine and now I even feel a huge shiver leaving my body. "Is this even normal?" shoots through my mind and "Do I want this? I don't know what is happening to me: pain, pleasure or a miraculous cocktail of these 2: I want to fight, to flee but at the same time, however strange it may sound, to surrender myself completely to her. It feels so double.... I notice something else: my cock is brought to life in no time: it stands proudly upright, as if to say: 'Hello boss, nice here, huh!' Well no, because while I am recovering from the scratch that is undoubtedly on my back, I am thinking quickly, determined to come up with some kind of escape plan. Not to run straight out but more to find a way to engage with Her and take control myself, something I'm used to doing. Before I rang the bell, I was really genuinely curious about this Madam with Her irresistible attraction and thought we might get better acquainted tonight over a cup of coffee and then perhaps a drink: from that point we could then quietly see how we were going to handle things. After all, for me it is one big, new exploration. And now, see what all happens to me now? To be honest, I just found it quite exciting to undress but now it seems to be going in a completely different (read wrong for me) direction. In any case, it does not bode well for the rest of the evening....

Fortunately, I was given a moment to relax quietly: I am still standing neatly with my nose against the wall and hands on my neck. I prick up my ears, keen on any sound. I hear Her pick up something that reminds me of something with buckles. What it is? Really no idea! Shortly after this, I hear Her opening and closing some drawers. What is she looking for? Shall I just turn around and say that I don't want this and that we need to talk first? Actually, I don't dare because I know I will lose if she looks deep into my eyes. But maybe it's not so bad because what are the chances that she will really hurt me? In the train she looked very attractive, a very elegant lady and beautiful appearance: she won't be a real dominant, I don't believe it...