A Master's Touch

By Etherus

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A Master sensually punishes his pet.

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He entered the room, boots knocking on the tile floor and echoing off the walls. He was wearing new jeans and a dark sport coat showing a refined casual attitude. He poured himself a scotch, not too much, just a couple of fingers to heighten the senses. He swirled the amber liquid around the glass and inhaled the heady vapors before taking a sip, the smoky taste exploding on his tongue as the burn slithered down his throat foreshadowing what soon would come.

Hearing her car, He walked around the room opening the tall shutters and drawing the gauzy inside curtains to allow the evening light to come in and set her skin aglow with its golden radiance.

He pulled the chair over to center it along the wall facing the middle of the room where he expected her to stand, and sat down. The chair was low enough for me to set down my glass and the sit was slightly lower than the front edge for a particular reason.

She entered smiling hello but knowing she was not to speak yet. She was in trouble and knew she would have to wait before they could casually talk.

He smiled back with that intensely playful stare that seemed to see into every corner of her mind, as she came to a stop exactly eight feet in front of him, facing him with her hands to her sides.

His eyes traveled down her body taking her in. He did so slowly because he knew it drove her crazy. She was quite shy body on display although she was a strong confident woman. She could take charge of any room but when her opponent was one she loved and needed to love her back her insecurity came out.

She had dressed well he notes wearing all his favorite things, a silk blouse, skirt, heel, and if he wasn't mistaken stockings. She loved to be spanked with her skirt flipped up but today he had other

plans.

He met her eyes once again and pointed to her blouse, using his finger as a conductor uses a stick, he motioned for her to remove her shirt. She held his gaze and opened the blouse one button at a time; she let it fall behind her and reached back releasing her bra also letting it slip to the floor.

He took in her breasts, she was very self conscious of their size but he found them lovely especially the nipples as sensitive as they were. He could feel her wanting soooo badly to cover up and he sat admiring a bit longer.

He pointed again and though she was disappointed she quickly undid the skirt and let it slip down her legs. She step on foot out of them and used the other to lift it up behind her as he liked. She then tossed it to the side as well. She resumed her stance and held still for him.

He drank in her beauty, every bit as heady as the vapors of his scotch. She stood correctly with one knee forward slightly turned in, her chest thrust out with her arms along her sides but slightly behind her to push her breasts forward. He admired the graceful V formed where her taught tummy narrowed onto her pubic bone. She was in fantastic shape, well toned but not disgustingly skinny like those supermodel waifs.

He could see her breathing was a little fast and he watched the slight pulsing of her heart at her delicate neck.

He called her too him and she approached slowly offering her hand as she drew near. He reached out and took it and brought it to his lips in a soft kiss before using it to pull her across his lap.

His right hand slid softly across the gentle curves of her back and ass. He caressed her most lovingly over both cheeks, as he thanked the gods for this ivory skinned woman who gave herself to him. He raised his hand and quickly brought it down on her left cheek and watched as it quickly flushed a soft pink where his hand had struck. He checked the mirror and could see her face framed in it as she gently bit her own bottom lip. He raised his and Thwack! brought it down once again this time on the other cheek.

He paused to caress her bottom all over once again. He could feel the heat of her sex as it warmed the top of his thigh. He smiled knowing that although she resisted the sting of each spank she adored the gentle punishment and her pussy would soon show proof.

He quickly raised his hand and delivered two more blows to each cheek, they began to show a nice soft redness in a little circle on either side. He could hear her panting as she struggled not to cry out

and softly caressed her ass again letting his palm slide across her sex as it opened below her bottom. She gasped a little wanting more contact but already too late as his hand passed to her thighs.

His right hand stroked her head, lovingly teasing her short dark locks.

He continued raising his hand pausing with it raised and delivering the punishment, never pausing the same length of time so she couldn't anticipate the blow.

He kept it up until the cheeks glowed a nice rosy color. He was fairly sure he could feel her wetness on his jeans as she had tried in vain to rub herself against him. He let his right hand fall over her ass and the fingers to softly drag along the slippery folds of her exposed pussy. He could see in the mirror as she gritted her teeth loving the contact.

He lifted her up and sat her on his lap before leaning back and pulling her back upon his chest. He reached around and cupped her breasts with his hands letting the thumb and forefinger of each hand roll and tug on her nipples.

The rough fabric of his jeans felt exquisitely naughty on her tender warm ass and he began to whisper in her ear.

She could feel his hardness cradled beneath her cheeks and all the sensations were combining for a powerful effect. He whispered that he would like her to cum for him.

She groaned and rubbed her ass against his cock wanting desperately for it to come out and fill her.

He continued to whisper things she dreamed of doing and her breath quickened as she sought the orgasm he had requested and that she craved. She was close but couldn't get there. She reached down to touch herself and his right hand captured hers pulling it up and away.

He wouldn't allow anything to touch her wet pussy until after she had cum.

She hissed in frustration but reflected on the feeling of her wrists restrained and almost reached her goal. She desperately searched for anything else she could use to stimulate her mind over the edge, when he, in a voice a bit louder than he had been using, ordered her to cum.

The breath burst from her lungs and she quickly gulped in fresh air to replace it. The wetness flooded her pussy and she bucked wildly on his lap as he steadied her. She groaned and gasped at each wave of fresh pleasure as it sought to bring feeling to her un touched sex. She was just coming down when his hand released her wrist and reached down to stroke her aching throbbing pussy, bringing a

brand new orgasm from deep with in her.

He kept her going with just enough touching until at last he let her finish. She lay on him like a limp rag as he savored her smell. He nibbled her neck tasting her saltiness which gave him a wicked idea. He raised his right hand up and made her lick his drenched fingers clean of her hot juices. Then he turned her to the side and stood up, carrying her into the bedroom for the rest of their fun.