Being Late For Master

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Checking the time, I already knew it was past 8pm. My heart raced as I remembered the last words He spoke to me on the phone…"Don't be late". I didn't mean to stay after work and chat with the girls, but time just got away from me. I could lie and say I was stuck in traffic, but if He found out, I knew I was in great trouble. He was my Master, and he expected me to obey.

I pulled up in the driveway and parked in front of the 3 car garage. As I stepped out of the car I saw the side entrance light was on. I grabbed my overnight bag and ran to the door as it just began to rain. Doris, the housekeeper, helped me in.

"Is Master angry that I am late?" I said this in a low whisper to Doris

She only shook her head up and down and then gave me a slight push. "Master is waiting for you"

"Thank you, Doris"

I saw Master's study light on and the shadow of him sitting in his chair wearing his red Master's robe. Pipe in the side of his mouth, legs crossed and reading. My tummy had butterflies. My heart was pounding, as my breathing deepened, yet I was very quiet while being still. "I am here, Sir. Master, please note that your slave is so sorry to be late"

Laying down his book, he replied, "Yes, as she should be, don't you think so?" He looked at her breasts, seeing where the raindrops had fallen. She had on the tight pink tee with her little black skirt, so short that you could just see the very edges of her satin pink panties. "What happens when my slave is late?" he said to me as he stood up.

He was a tall, muscular man that commanded my attention as he walked towards me. His hair was a sandy color, with just a peppering of grey on the sides. He was so handsome and had such a beautiful smile, especially when pleased with me. Not tonight, though. No, I can see the tightness in his face and there was no smile. The steel look in his eyes was making me so nervous., and I hated when Master was displeased with me.

My tummy trembled, and something else was happening, too. Oh no, please don't be aroused now. He will punish me severely if my pussy is wet.

"Take your place in front of me, Mia" I heard him and came out of my trance.

"Did I not ask you a question? Answer me NOW!!!! Do not hesitate, Mia or it shall be worse for you."

I immediately stood still and said, "Sir, your slave gets punished if she is late" I continued towards him as he stretched the cane in his hand. When it touched my shoulder, I stopped.

"Stop and undress, now. Take your clothes off, but leave those pretty pink panties on; do it quickly, Mia"

"Yes, Master." I dropped my skirt and took my tank off, noticing my breasts were practically out of my bra. I could see a slight smile on his face from the corner of my eye. I neatly folded everything and laid them on his bedside chair. I stood directly in front of him, my hands behind me and my eyes cast downward.

Master walked around me, stopping to pinch my nipples, making me cry out, reveling in the pleasure of the pain. He slid my panties down to my knees then pulled them completely off and dropped them on the floor. He smacked my bottom twice on each cheek with an open hand. He then moved the cane between my legs, rubbing it back and forth between my pussy lips. Bringing the cane to his face, He smelled my juices.

"Why, my pet, you are wet. Did you ask my permission, Mia?"

"No, Master, I did not ask your permission. I could not help myself. When I saw you, it just happened. Please, I beg of you, Sir, to forgive me." I could feel my tears building, but it didn't stop my pussy from getting wetter.

Taking my hand, my Master led me over to the beautiful, walnut, four poster bed. He turned me to face him. He kissed my lips and then whispered in my ear. "You may scream and kick, as I am going to blister your ass, and you shall not sit for at least three days. Now get on the bed on all fours with

that bottom high so I can see that quivering, wet pussy. You will now feel what happens when my slave, Mia, is late and then have the nerve to show me a wet pussy when getting ready to feel the welts on her ass."

I laid my hands on the soft coverlet of the bed, crawling to the middle with my bottom out and up. I spread my legs, as Master has taught me. When in this position, my head was up and high with my hands clasped. Taking my hands apart during punishment would be an extra five strokes.

He rubbed his cane over me, but then stopped and said, "Ha, not yet. I want you to feel the new paddle I bought you today." He comes to my side of the bed, and I see a foot long paddle with eight holes in it. I did not say a word, as I was preparing myself and my mind for my punishment. "This is just for you, my slave." Master smiled at me and said, "Now learn from this, my pet, so it does not happen again"

As the first slap of the paddle came down, I winced, but held still. The next one was even harder. I let out a moan and Master swatted my bottom till it was rosy, making it way more pink than my panties. I cried out, begging him to stop. The swats got harder, and my bottom was on fire. Then he all of a sudden stopped. "That was fifty with the paddle for being late, and now you will take twenty-five with the cane, my pet. Now put two pillows under your tummy"

I did so quickly; my ass hot and sore, how could He not be finished? The sting, oh my; it was a pain I had never felt and hoped I might never again.

"Do not move, my slave, you will stay totally still and take your punishment. I will assure you, after this, you will not want any more when I am finished with you."

The cane came down again and again, as I screamed and wailed. When he finally stopped, which seemed like hours later, I broke down and sobbed. I felt his hands spreading my bottom, his fingers working in and out of my pussy. I thought, *How the hell can I be wet*, but yes, I was sopping with my own wetness. He continued until I couldn't hold back anymore. I asked my Master in the calmest voice I could, "Please, Master, may I cum for you?"

"Yes my pet, cum for me, cum for your Master"

I have never moaned so loudly and arched so hard. My clit was screaming with love for my Master. His loving hands on me showed me his love in our own special way. I heaved and my cum started flowing, making my thighs glisten as well as my Master's hand. He started rubbing the cum all over my very sore bottom. I moaned lowly and wondered what was next.

You, as the reader can make your own assumptions as I shall never tell no one..Only I shall know. Just me and my Master.