Finding Her Master

By Ropetease

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A mechanical break down leads to finding the one to control her

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By: Ropetease

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Chapter One

Robin was on her way home from winning her court case. It was a hard fought battle in the court room, just right up her alley. She was a tough, demanding lawyer for her clients and Robin earned her status by fighting hard to win. Driving up the express way, listening to her favorite country singer, Jerrod Neiman when her five year old BMW started to make a slapping noise from under the hood, all her warning lights on the dash came on.

"Not now, you stupid car," she cursed.

Pulling over to the emergency lane right as the car’s engine quit running. Lucky for her she had a road service contract, she thought as she reached over for her cell phone to call for a tow. The truck arrived within the hour, the driver explained that a belt broke and her car would have to be towed to a shop, she was grateful that he knew of one close by that repaired BMW'S.

The driver of the tow truck loaded her car on his flat bed. Once the car was loaded, Robin had to step up into the cab of the truck, her skirt riding up her thighs. The driver just smiled as he saw the brief flash of her thong panties.

It only took twenty minutes to get to the shop he recommended and as he pulled in, Robin saw the cars parked in the parking lot. Robin waited inside the truck as the tow truck driver unloaded her car. She had just stepped out of the truck when the sound of a Harley Davidson rumbled into the parking lot. The bike stopped in front of the office, the tall brown haired rider climbed off the bike, waving to

the tow truck driver as he stepped into the office.

Soon the man appeared out of the office wearing a light blue mechanics shirt. He quickly walked towards the tow truck driver, shaking his hand. Robin overheard them talking about her car. The man in the blue shirt nodding his head as the driver explained what it needed.

Robin slowly walked up to the man, seeing his name tag, Joe, on the shirt.

"Hi, Joe, I am Robin and that's my baby. Can you get her fixed?" She asked.

Standing in front of him, her five foot two inch body felt small compared to his six foot two inch frame, his biceps filling his short sleeve shirt. She felt his brown eyes scan her body and a slight smile covered his face as his hand touched her hand for the keys.

"Have a seat in the office. We'll get you on your way again shortly," Joe said as he hopped in the car, driving it into the shop.

Robin saw him call a mechanic over, telling him what needed to be done to the car. Just as she opened the door to the waiting room, she heard the mechanic say, "No problem, Boss."

"Boss?" she thought to herself, he must be the manager here. Joe walked back into the waiting area and asked her to sign a repair order. He outlined the cost of repairs for her, telling her she would be on her way soon. One wall had certificates of the mechanics skill from the courses they had to attend. There were fifteen certificates of awards with the same name, Joe Reynolds.

Forty minutes later she saw her car back out of the garage, the mechanic walking into the office, handing the keys to Joe.

"While I was fixing her car, I noticed some items that need to be taking care of soon. I made a list on the repair order for you," the mechanic told Joe.

"Thanks, Dave, I will go over what you wrote," Joe replied.

"You're ready Miss or is it Mrs. Harding?" Joe said as he walked up to her.

"It's Miss Harding, Joe," Robin replied.

Hearing it was Miss, Joe smiled at her. Then he went on to explain, "Well, Dave found some items that will need your attention soon, make sure your regular mechanic takes care of them. I made a

note on your bill."

"Thank you, Joe. Are you the manager here?" Robin had to ask.

"Nope, I own this place…well the bank and I own this place," Joe chuckled.

"Would you consider being my mechanic from now on, Joe? You see, you are close to my house," she asked, adding, " I am not too happy with the shop I have working on it now."

"Call any time, Miss Harding," Joe replied, his hand touching hers as he handed her the keys.

Robin felt something in his touch and it sent a shiver down her back, "Please call me Robin," she said taking her keys.

Joe watched as she walked out to her car, opening the door, sliding her leg inside, settling in her seat, the door closing. A thought crossed her mind as she drove home, "I remember seeing a bike like his on the personal bondage website."

Robin walked into her house where she lived alone, not by her wish. She just turned thirty-three, was a tough litigator for her clients which took up a lot of her time, but she was lonely. She had plenty of boyfriends that wanted her, but none of them understood what she really needed in her life. At work she was a fighter for her clients, at home she wanted to be controlled, dominated and most importantly loved.

Walking in her bedroom, she went straight into the bathroom for a shower. Robin turned the shower on, removing her clothes, throwing them to the floor. Robin ran her hands down her body, caressing her breasts, letting her fingers rub her nipples. She slid her hand down her stomach, touching her shaven pussy.

Stepping into the shower, the water cascading over her body down between her breasts, she loved feeling the river of water flowing across her pussy and down her thighs. She closed her eyes standing there, letting the water cool her down, her mind thinking back to the feeling she had when Joe touched her hand and it made her shiver again. Her mind drifted to the image of Joe stepping into the shower with her; the front of his body pressing against her back, his cock resting against the crack of her ass.

"Want some help with your shower, slave?" Joe asked, his arms wrapping around her body, his hands caressing her breasts.

Robin fondled her breasts, her finger tips touching her pebbled nipples. Slowly her hand went down her stomach, stopping just above her slit. Opening her legs, her hand easing between her thighs, all the time thinking it was his hands as she stroked her clit. Her other hand grasping her nipple and giving it a hard twist, this made her whisper, "Yes, Master, twist my nipple hard."

Her fingers spreading her pussy lips, her clit fully extended from its protective hood. Slowly she stroked her clit, teasing the tip with her fingers. Joe's image flooding her mind with his hands touching and tormenting her body, Robin was so involved stroking her clit and twisting her nipple, the first wave of a climax racked her body. Clamping her legs tight against her hand, she had to grab the towel bar to keep from falling down. Her body shook as the waves flowed through her body, holding onto the towel bar, gasping for breath.

She stood there, her legs shaking, the water flowing over her body. "Oh my God, what just happened?" she thought to herself.

Calming down, she quickly finished her shower. She had to find that picture again. Since she lived alone, Robin did not cover her body. Walking to her laptop, opening the lid, turning it on, her laptop came to life and she went to the kitchen, opening a bottle of wine, pouring herself a glass. Sitting down in front of her computer, Robin went to the personals website.

The search for the picture of the bike took several minutes. Then she saw it. She clicked on the image and his profile came up on the screen with the heading:

Local Dom seeking his slave: I am searching for my life long slave. I’m tired of wanna be's; must be strong and independent during the day and a total sexual slut at night, must have an interest in bondage, pain, total submissiveness to my commands, whatever they may be. Are you what I am searching for? Contact me here.

Robin stared at the picture posted. He was sitting on the bike, his black helmet on his head, dark sunglasses covering his eyes, with what could be considered an evil smile on his face.

Robin gasped out loud, "It is him, Joe from the shop!"

As she read his profile, Robin opened her legs wider, a few drops of her wet pussy flowed down the crack of her ass. She used two fingers, pulling on her hard nipple; her other hand sliding between her legs, cupping her pussy. The heat between her legs began to build.

"Maybe he will be the One who owns me," Robin thought to herself, taking a bold chance she decided to write him an e-mail:

Possible Sir…
During the day I am a strong woman who takes charge of my surroundings. In my personal life I wish to find someone who can take charge of me. I am looking for the right Master who is capable of handling me. I've read what your requirements in a slave are and I know I want my Master to do those to me. I want to be used by a Master that is strong and will take what he wants. Is it possible that you could be that Master? If you are interested, please contact me.
Apet4u2own

Taking a deep breath, her finger touched the send button. She began to stroke her extended clit. Her other fingers pinched her nipple tight. Sliding a finger in her wet pussy, Robin clamped on it tight, her fingers rubbing hard on her clit.

Robin gasped as her climax hit her hard, her ankles locking around the chair legs. Her head thrown back as body spasms shook through her.

At the shop, Joe was working late closing out the day when his e-mail icon flashed. Opening the e-mail, he read the message.

"This could be interesting," he thought to himself, "Let's see what she writes back."

Apet4u2own…

Thank you for contacting me. As my profile states, I am tired of want to be slaves. You must be willing to submit to any demand I make of you. Any form of discipline, bondage, pain or commands. I am a demanding Master. If I order you to crawl behind me you will obey. Will you offer your body to me at all times for my pleasure?

Your possible Master.

Right before going to bed, Robin was anxious. She wanted to check her e-mail to see if Joe replied yet. She figured he probably hadn't had time, but couldn't stop herself. Chewing on her bottom lip, she opened her e-mail and saw a reply from him. It surprised her how easily she got worked up over just the thought of him. Remembering just the way she felt when he shook her hand at his shop had her aching for him, especially now that she knew he was a Dom.

Reading his reply, she groaned. She wanted him to be her Master and she hardly knew the man! She wondered how to reply back to him. Robin didn't want to seem too needy. He didn't realize she already knew who he was in life as well as a Dom. After a couple of minutes thinking she replied:

Possible Sir…

I have read and could agree with your terms. My body would be yours to do with as you wish. If we were to decide to try a mutual relationship, you as my Dom, me as your slave, we would need to discuss a few more details. Would you be able to control me? I look forward to your reply.

Apet4u2own.

The next morning Joe opened his e-mail. He was surprised he had a reply from her already. As the e-mail loaded, he thought that maybe he was too blunt and she was declining to be his slave. Joe took his time replying back, he wanted to make her wait awhile. He always did this to allow the possible slave time to think about what they are committing to.

Joe's day was hectic with cars coming in, parts being sent wrong and to help with the day; a mechanic did not show up for work. It was lunch time before he had a chance to get back to his office. He decided to answer her:

Apet4u2own…

I require three pictures of you, one picture of your daily dress, one of you in a sexy outfit, the last one a full frontal nude shot. You may blank out your face for the time being.

This requirement is non-negotiable.

I need to know your limits. Mine are no blood, scat or any involvement with children. I would require you to follow some basic rules that we will discuss in the beginning if we go farther in a relationship. You will refer to me as "Sir" anytime we talk in a sexual way. I will control your body and spirit when we are together. When in my presence you will be naked at all times. If you wish to discuss these terms any further reply back to me here.

Your possible Master.

Joe hit the send button. This is how he will find out how serious she is. If she sends what I asked her for then there is a chance, he thought to himself.

Robin had a grueling day at work. If one thing went wrong, at least a dozen others did. She was grateful to be home. After eating dinner and showering, she sat down at her computer. Off and on all day long, she wondered if Joe had responded back to her e-mail. Almost teasing herself, she made

herself wait until she was at home to check.

Her hands trembled slightly as she typed in her e-mail login and password. Robin couldn’t get over the sheer excitement she felt at the thought of Joe and his possible future involvement in her life. She saw his name in her inbox and clicked on it, her eyes widening at his demands. She knew she already had two of the pictures he wanted, but the third she would need to take.

Robin picked up her digital camera and removed the shirt she was wearing. After she made sure that it would be a picture of her from neck down, she clicked the button. She downloaded the picture onto her computer and added the other two pictures as well. One was her outside the courthouse, brief case in hand, wearing a silk button up blouse and black skirt with sensible heels. She made sure her face was blurred and resaved the picture. The next picture was taken at a friend’s birthday party. In it she wore a red sequined halter top with a black pleated mini skirt along with what she referred to as her red come fuck me shoes. They were three inch heels and strappy. Once she blurred her face on it as well, she saved it.

Clicking on the button to compose a new message, she typed:

My Possible Sir…

Attached you will find the pictures you requested. Per your request, you will find a picture of me in my work attire, a sexy outfit, and a full frontal nude shot. I hope you find me to your liking.

As for my limits, I prefer no bruising and no blood, scat, or any involvement with children either. Also, I would prefer not to be shared.

If I meet your approval and my limits are tolerable to you, please let me know. I must say that I am anticipating your reply.

Apet4u2own.

Robin hit send and hoped he would respond soon. She thought to herself, I wonder what he’ll think of me.

Joe had a training class that night after work. It was something he did for the local women's club. Once a year he volunteered to give them a night of basic car care. He went over how to check the fluids under the hood and how to check the tire pressures. He also showed them how to change a tire on their cars. It was late when they wrapped up the course and he was tired.

Joe went straight to the refrigerator for a beer, he needed one after the hectic day he had. As he drank the cool liquid down, he opened up his e-mail. Joe almost dropped his beer in his lap when he saw the e-mail from her with attachments. A smile came slowly across his face as he read her reply.

"Well now," he thought to himself as he read her reply, "She passed the first phase and is still interested by sending the pictures I asked for."

Joe opened the attachments and they loaded one by one. He was shocked to see her beauty. Her face was blurred, but her body took his breath away. Seeing her dressed in professional attire, he saw a strong woman standing there. The next picture of her in her sexy outfit showed the curves of her body. The last picture made his cock twitch as he looked at it. Her breasts were full with large areolas, nice hard buds rising from them. He noticed the tattoo on her breast. His eyes slowly went down her body, slowly taking in every inch of her.

Joe stopped at her pussy, her legs slightly parted, it was clean shaven. He was pleased to see a glint of moisture on her outer lips. He also noticed she had a tan, no tan lines.

Joe took a few minutes before he replied back to her.

"Okay, she did as was asked of her. This is a good sign that she is for real," he thought as he took another pull of his beer. Then he typed his reply:

Apet4u2own…

Thank you for sending the pictures I required of you. Your actions have confirmed a willingness to commit to me by you. You are a beautiful woman. Your limits are acceptable to me. Now I must warn you, there might be some light bruising on your body, but only in areas that no one but us will see. It cannot be helped sometimes. As for being "shared", no I do not share my slave. I have enclosed some basic rules that I need you to follow, make any changes you feel necessary to fit your life. We will discuss these when you are finished with them. I am looking forward to the time we meet in real life, hopefully soon.

Your possible Master.

Joe took a long look at what he wrote. Then he pressed the send button.

"The next step is the critical one for her," he thought to himself.

The following morning, Robin checked her e-mail as she drank her coffee. She couldn’t explain the

happiness his words brought her. The fact that he was pleased with her made her feel great. Robin scanned through the rules Joe sent her. After a few moments, she realized that in order to commit completely to him she needed to take the time and go over this completely. She just wondered how he would feel if she asked for some time to think about and work the rules to fit into her life.

She sent him a reply saying:

Sir,

Would it be possible for me to take a couple of days, no more than two, to go over your rules and make the changes I feel are necessary? I would greatly appreciate it.

Thank you for alleviating my concerns over sharing. As for the possible bruising, I understand, just so long as it is in an area that can be concealed.

I too look forward to meeting you, Sir.

Apet4u2own

Joe was sitting at his desk when his e mail icon flashed. Opening his e-mail, he saw her name, clicking on it, he read her reply. After he finished reading it, he understood why she asked for a couple of days.

"She passed the critical step by accepting the rules I sent and asking for two days to make them fit her life," he said out loud, smiling.

Quickly, he sent off an e-mail granting her request:

Slave,

Well, you are not yet my slave. Take the two days you requested and go over the rules. I will wait for your reply. Then we will take the next step for you to truly become my slave.

Your soon to be Master.

Joe heard a knock on his office door.

Jim, the mechanic who did not come to work yesterday, came in, "Boss, can I talk to you? Sorry about yesterday. My wife went into labor last night and I had to take her to the hospital. The baby was

not due yet and we were scared."

"Slow down, Jim…is your wife and baby all right?" Joe asked.

"Yeah my wife is fine, so is Jim Jr. He weighs seven pounds three ounces," he beamed.

"Well, what are you doing here then? Go to them. Take the rest of the week off with pay. Congratulations, Jim." Joe said shaking his hand.

"Thanks, Joe, I was worried that I lost my job for not calling in yesterday," Jim said relieved.

"Well you did have a good excuse," Joe chuckled.

Joe was happy that he did not have to fire Jim. He was a good mechanic and never missed a day until yesterday. The rest of the day went smooth for once. All the jobs were completed and delivered back to the customers. At four o'clock the shop phone rang.

Chapter Two

At four o'clock, the shop phone rang, "Hello, Reynolds Automotive," Joe answered.

"Hello, Joe. This is Robin Harding. I would like to make an appointment for the other repairs on my car," Robin said.

"Sure, Miss Harding, when would you like to bring it in?" Joe asked her.

"Please, Joe, call me Robin. I was wondering if I could drop it off tonight and leave it there for tomorrow. I need a favor also, if you don’t mind. I’ll need a ride back to my house if it is possible?" She asked.

"Sure, no problem at all, Robin, I can have one of my guys take you home," Joe said.

"Can you drive me home? I would be more comfortable if you did," Robin purred.

"Yes, I can take you home. When will you be here?" Joe asked.

"I can be there in fifteen minutes," Robin answered.

About fifteen minutes after her call, Robin drove up. As her car door opened, he saw her legs slide

out of the car. They looked golden brown in the afternoon sun. Standing next to the car, Robin smoothed her white sundress over her nice tight ass. Joe watched as she walked in the office. She greeted him with her wide smile.

Joe raised his head up, looking straight into her eyes in her eyes, "Good afternoon Robin. How are you today?"

Robin replied, "I am doing fine and how are you, Joe?"

"Doing OK; one of my mechanic’s and his wife had a baby," Joe replied. "Give me one minute and I will take you home. We will have to drive your car, unless you want to ride on the back off the bike."

"Joe, I don't think I dressed for a bike ride," Robin chuckled, standing back so Joe could see how tight her dress was.

Joe walked out of his office, holding the shop door open so Robin could walk out in front of him. Joe couldn't help but notice that she wore no panties under her dress. He did notice an extra sway to her hips as she walked to her car though. Robin opened her car door, pressing the unlock button for the passenger door. Joe settled in the seat, he could not help but look over towards Robin as she got in the car. Her dress crept up her thighs exposing more of her tanned legs.

Joe could not get the image of his hand touching her thigh and letting it sit on her soft skin out of his mind. How his fingers would slowly slide up her thigh, moving her dress higher, exposing more of her. He felt his cock begin to stir in his pants as he imagined her thighs parting as his hand crept up closer to her pussy. Joe shifted in the seat trying to get comfortable as her voice brought him back from his thoughts.

"Ready, Joe?" Robin asked, flashing him a smile.

They made small talk on the drive back to her house. Joe turned his head to her as they talked, noticing how her seat belt parted her breasts, pulling the dress tight around her round globes. He saw her hard nipples trying to push through the fabric. His eyes focused on them, wanting to touch her hard nipples.

He could just lower his mouth, open his lips, wrap his lips around her confined nipple and suck it hard, pulling it deep in his mouth. Then release it. He could picture her white dress wet, with the color of her red nipple showing through. How she would moan as he would suck her nipple harder.

Robin drove straight to her house, her nostrils picking up Joe's slightly sweaty aroma. Her pussy

clenched squeezing some of her wetness down her thighs when she noticed him intently staring at her breasts. She could just imagine his lips and hands tormenting her breasts, plucking her nipples. She had to clench her thighs together to try to keep from coming.

"God, what has he done to me? I am flowing like a teenager in heat and he hasn't even touched me!" She thought to herself, her lower lip trapped between her teeth as she gripped the steering wheel tighter.

Robin was squirming in her seat as she pulled into her driveway. She was grateful that she didn’t climax from her thoughts of Joe's hands touching her body.

"Come inside, Joe, I will get my spare key for you," Robin said trying to hide her heightened arousal.

Robin got out of her car, quickly walking to her front door. Joe slowly followed behind her, his eyes catching a small wet spot on her dress by her ass. Robin unlocked her door just as Joe came up behind her. She felt his tall body behind hers, her body trembling a bit.

Robin stepped inside her house with Joe following right behind her. Her keys fell from her hand hitting the floor. Robin bent her knees as she went to pick them up off the floor and her dress rode up her ass. Joe caught a glimpse of her shaved pussy and his cock sprang up in his pants. He shifted his cock in his pants, trying to conceal his hard on.

"Wait here. I will be right back, Joe." She said as she walked into her kitchen, her hips swaying more than before.

Joe's eyes never left her ass as she walked away. Standing in the foyer Joe noticed several pictures on the wall. Looking at them, he recognized a picture he had just seen the day before.

The picture was the one that he received from apet4u2own, the women who wants to be his slave. A smile slowly spread across his face. He heard Robin's foot steps behind him and quickly turned around, his smile disappearing from his face.

"Here you go, Joe, my spare key. I’ll have a ride over tomorrow when it is ready. Just give me a call when I can pick up my baby." Robin said casually.

She saw Joe looking at her pictures when suddenly she remembered that the one of her in business attire was on the wall. "Did he see it?" she wondered.

Joe held out his hand as Robin handed him her key. He let his fingers brush her hand, extending the

contact just a moment longer than necessary. He saw her nipples pop out further from her dress and smiled.

"I will give you a call when it is ready, Robin." He told her, smiling wide.

As he turned to leave, he noticed her legs shake just a little bit. Joe walked back to her car getting in, driving back to the shop.

"So Robin Harding is apet4u2own, hmmmmmm," an evil smile crossed his lips.

Joe pulled her car directly in the shop, calling Dave over giving him the list of repairs to get done on it tomorrow.

Joe went back to his office to close out the day’s repair orders. His mind kept thinking of Robin.

"How did she know I was a Dom?" he wondered.

After everyone left for the day, Joe opened his account on the personal bondage web site. There it was. It showed when she had browsed his profile. Looking up to the calendar above his desk, he noticed it was the same day her car was towed in.

Joe drove home, his mind swirling with thoughts of her; naked, moaning as the strikes of his flogger hit her back, leaving tell-tell red stripes on her body. Joe stripped off his clothes, leaving a trail behind him as he headed to the shower. The water felt good flowing over his head, flowing down his body. As he washed his body, he felt his hard cock ache and his balls tighten as he thought of her.

Joe had a restless night sleeping as her image floated through his mind, his thoughts of her being his slave, his to own and use for his pleasure. Robin also had a hard time falling asleep that night, because Joe's image flooded her mind. When she had finally fallen into a restless sleep, she did so with an image of Joe in her mind. Robin's sub conscious took over.

Robin was about to enter her house. As she got closer, she noticed a note on the door. Opening the envelope, her fingers shook like a leaf.

Hi, my pet. You are to go inside and strip, but leave your panties on. You are to kneel on the floor with a pillow to cushion your knees. Place the black blind fold over your eyes and use the cuffs to lock your wrists behind your back. Master.

"Mmm, Master is in a playful mood tonight," she thought smiling wide as she entered her house.

Quickly doing as Master ordered, Robin stripped off her clothes, leaving on her black lace boy panties, Robin tugged them higher up her ass. As the lace nestled against her wet slit it brushed her clit, making her moan softly.

Robin placed her pillow on the floor, kneeling down, with her ass resting on her heels. Picking up her blind fold, her eyes watched it come closer then darkness blocked her vision. Her fingers felt the cold steel of the cuffs, sending a trickle of her wetness to her already soaked panties.

Her hands grasped them, placing one cuff around her wrist. Each sound of the lock clicking made her pussy twitch. Slowly her hands went behind her back, with the cuff in her locked hand, she placed her other wrist in the cuff. The sound of the lock sending signals straight to her pussy as a slight wave shook through her.

This was how she wanted to be treated, as his sexual slave, his to use. Robin kneeled for what seemed like hours, her panties soaked, her chest heaving; trying to maintain control. Master knew her body and what this does to her. The heat started to build deep in her stomach, her pussy spasms getting longer each time.

The sound of a key made her stiffen. She heard the door open, his steady steps as he walked closer, and the sound of his breath filled her ears almost pushing her over the edge, testing her control. The sudden touch of her Master’s hand sent bolts of electricity right to her clit.

Robin pulled a gulp of air in her lungs as her stomach knotted tight.

"Mmm…" was the only sound she made.

Her tongue darted out of her mouth, moistening her lips as an image of his cock took over her mind when she heard the hiss of his zipper lowering.

Robin slowly parted her lips as her Master rubbed the tip of his cock on them. Robin’s bound wrists tried to reach for her Master. His cock slowly entered her mouth, sliding deeper as she wrapped her lips around him. He grabbed her by the hair, pulling her slowly away from his cock, teasing her. Her eyes pleaded behind her blindfold and she whimpered, wanting more.

Master pushed his cock deep down her throat, making Robin gag, pulling back just as fast. Robin took a deep gasp of air as his cock left her mouth.

"Please, Master, shove it in harder…pleaseeeee," Robin begged him.

He shoved his cock hard and deep, buried to the hilt in her throat, her mouth suckled his hard throbbing shaft hard. Master held her tight for a second before pulling back out. Robin sucked in a deep gulp of air and licked her lips.

Her pussy was on fire, the fluids flowing out of her soaked panties. Robin's hips moved, looking for anything to rub her clit on, she was that close.

"Not yet, pet, you’re not coming this soon," Master growled.

"Master, pleeeaaassse let me, pllleeeaasee," she begged with a whine.

He helped her up from her knees, taking her cuffed hands in his. Leading her over to the rope hanging from the ceiling, he attached the rope to her cuffs. He pulled her arms up behind her, making her bend over, her ass exposed to his gaze.

Robin's shaking quivering ass made a nice target for his first slap, the sudden blow making her moan deep. Her Master’s hand struck again, harder on the other side and another deep groan filled the air.

Master's hand gripped the edge of her soaked black panties, ripping them to shreds, flinging the flimsy cloth across the floor. He spread her legs wider, putting more tension on her arms. The sudden cool air on her hot enflamed pussy made her shudder, causing more juice to flow down her thighs.

Robin was in agony. She needed release. The sudden tug on her nipple, then the pain as the clamp tighten around her hard bud made her gasp. Her Master let the weighted nipple clamp fall from his hand. Robin screamed as the clamp tugged hard on her nipple. The pain sending sparks right to her clit.

Master placed another clamp on her other nipple, then dropped it. Robin screamed again, her pussy clamping tight. Her Master walked behind her, running his fingers up her exposed wet slit. Robin moaned deep as she tried to push back on his fingers.

"Yyeess, Master, touch your pussy," Robin begged.

Her Master’s hand suddenly struck her ass hard. Her nipples swung, pulling the clamps tighter. Then harder and faster his hands slapped her ass.

A scream tore from Robin’s throat as pleasure and pain twined with one another, her pussy gushed juice down her thighs. Then she felt it, her Master’s cock rubbed up her slit, coating his cock with her

fluid.

He placed the tip on her wet hungry pussy, "Mmmm,yyyees, fuck me, fuck your pet," she pleaded.

Her Master shoved in hard and deep, his hands clamped tight on her thighs. The clamps stretched her nipples away from her breasts. Her Master’s cock pounded her pussy like a piston, harder and deeper with each thrust.

Robin’s head shook side to side as the waves started to build deep in her stomach. Her nipples painfully swung back and forth as her pussy clamped around his cock. Her Master reached around releasing the clamps from her nipples. The sudden rush of pain and blood filling them made her clit throb. He clutched her hair, pulling her head back.

Robin felt his hot breath inches from her ear, he growled, "You want this, pet, don't you?"

"Master, I am yours to use! Yes, I want this!" Robin groaned as he pounded another deep thrust into her. "Ohhhoo Goddd, please let me cum, harder Master, pllleeeaasse!"

She could imagine his balls tightening and swelling as his cum started to flow up his shaft. He let go of her hair and gripped her hips. She felt his powerful thrusts pounding into her over and over.

Her stomach tightened. Her legs started to tremble as she tried to catch her breath. Robin’s pussy clamped tighter and tighter around his cock. On his last deep thrust, she felt his cock swell and tighten as the first flood of his cum splashed deep inside her.

"Oooohhhh Gggoooddd," Robin screamed as her body tensed, wave after wave of her orgasm rocking her.

His pulsing cock sent his seed deep in her pussy. His hands pulled her tighter against him. Her breathing was shallow and fast. Her pussy milked her Master’s cock as she thrashed under him. She felt her Master’s cock soften and the flood of cum leaking down her thighs.

Robin woke hot and achy, wanting Joe to be her Master now. She could not wait to be his.

The next morning Joe had come up with a plan to see how serious she was. Dave came into his office with her repair order and keys. "The BMW is finished, Joe. Everything is taken care of on the list you gave me," Dave said.

"Thanks, I will call her and tell her it is ready," Joe replied.

Joe dialed her number. He heard it ring four times before her voice mail picked up the call, "Hi Robin, this is Joe at the shop. Your car is ready to be picked up. Give me a call if you need a ride here, thanks," he ended the call.

"Reynolds Automotive," Joe answered the shop phone when it rang.

"Hi, Joe, it’s Robin. I will be there as soon as I can. Thanks for letting me know," Robin said into the phone.

"Do you need a ride here, Robin?" Joe asked.

"No, a coworker is bringing me over. I will be there in an hour, if that's all right," Robin answered.

"Sure, no problem, I will be here," Joe replied.

An hour later, Robin entered the lobby. She was wearing a beige blouse that buttoned up the front and a tan skirt that ended just above her knees. She had a matching jacket over her arm. Her hair seemed to flow over her shoulders. She wore short black heels and Joe noticed she wasn’t wearing any stockings.

"Hi, Joe," she said, flashing him a wide smile.

"Hi. Are you here to pick up your baby, Robin?" Joe teased.

"Yep," she nodded.

Joe looked her straight in the eyes and said to her, "No charge for the repairs, Apet4u2own. You are going to dinner with me Friday night."

Robin gasped at what Joe said, without hesitation she replied, "Yes, Sir."

She felt the redness and heat cover her face. She felt as if a flood of her juices flowed down her thighs at his command. Robin thought that she might have made a mistake in agreeing so fast, but the wetness of her pussy did the talking.

Joe wrote ‘no charge’ on her bill. As she started to walk out of the office, she turned her head and sent a teasing smile and a wink to Joe.

Robin could feel Joe’s eyes watch her get in her car and drive off.

As Robin drove off she thought, "He knows. He knows it's me," a smile appeared across her lips.

After Robin left, Joe sat back in his chair and smiled.