Her prize Tonight: A Pet’s Diary Part 1

By HK4167

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The pet's diary shows how the pet turns into his angel

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This is the sequel for my previous stories “Her Prize tonight” and “Sinner”. If you haven’t read those two stories yet, I would suggest to so you are familiar with all the characters and plot. Special thanks to ShyVixen for editing it for me.

Dear Diary,

It has been two months since I have become my master’s pet. So far, it has been fine. In fact, it is better than I imagined it could be.

Don’t get me wrong, when the agent showed me all the rules, I totally understood its meaning. I was to be a hired sex partner. However, I did not have many choices then. After Michael was gone, it had been very hard on me. The economy was so bad that I simply could not land a job to pay the bills. Before the agent showed up, I was totally out of money. I had to give that fat bastard property owner a blowjob so I would not be kicked out of my apartment! I must have rinsed my mouth at least ten times after that. If I have to live like this, it was just a matter of time before I sell my body on the street.

Well, at least with this master-pet contract I only sell my body to one person and keep it as clean as I could. My master provides shelter, food, and salary so it sounds like a good deal. Besides, he is good looking and fit, although he looked cold and scared me a bit our first meeting. Since, he has actually been nice to me, fingers crossed.

So far, everything has been fine, including the sex. My first time with him I was extremely nervous because I have only had sex with Michael before. I was afraid that he would fuck me hard regardless of my feelings, or do something painful like tie me up or something.

It turned out that he was quite gentle, experienced and knew what he was doing. He asked me to lie down on the bed to relax as he slowly caressed my body from head to toe along with lots of wet kisses. He sure took his time exploring my body patiently as if I was his very first woman. By the time

he finished touching, massaging and kissing me, I was not only relaxed, but also quite turned on.

Soon after, he went down on me and gave me an amazing lick. He kissed my inner thighs first, then licked, slurped and sucked my pussy for what felt like hours. It felt so great that I started panting and moaning, wanting him to put it in to release all the itchiness inside. As though he were not teasing me enough, he started to play tricks with me, drawing letters on my pussy using his tongue and asking me to tell him what he wrote. All I could do was groan and squeal in delight. I wanted so badly for him to enter me that I started begging him to take me.

Finally, he entered me, firmly but slowly, giving me time to adjust my body with his. It just felt so right that before I knew it, I started to respond to his movements and rhythms, letting him know that I was fine. He started to rock my body faster and harder, making me moan, groan and scream wildly.

All of sudden I was not shy anymore; I really wanted to ride him hard letting his dick fill my pussy, which soon I did. I started bouncing up and down on his hard member while his big hands began grabbing and massaging my boobs, getting my nipples hard, like ripe pink grape in his palms. It did not take long for me to reach my climax. I came hard and fell down on his chest as he was holding me tight and shooting his cum inside my swollen pussy.

Since then we have had sex quite often and it has been great. He is amazing in bed, knows many ways to please, tease and satisfy a girl, and brings me to orgasm every time. In addition, he is a good teacher too. He knew I was inexperienced, so he was always patient with me teaching me how to be a good pet. He may be strictly sometimes, but he was quite gentle and fair, and guided me to the right direction all the time. Besides, he never got too rough with me, or did anything weird, so living with him is the best I can get as a pet, I guess.

Just one tiny little thing bugs me, maybe it is a women’s instinct, but sometimes after we have sex and cuddle, when I play with his chest hair, I notice that he begins to look at me in such a soft and gentle way. However, it is as if he is not looking at me, he’s looking through me or at someone else. Maybe it is just my illusion. In fact, I am ashamed of myself. Michael has only been gone for less than a year and a half and I have already started enjoying sex with another man. Does this classify me as a slut?

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Dear Diary,

It has been a few months since I moved in here and things have been going well. With my master’s approval, I registered online to get my high school diploma. I had dropped out of school last year when I ran away with Michael. I was a great student always getting A’s and B’s, so it is not hard for me at all. Master is quite impressed and promised he will support me when I take my SAT and go to college.

Even my master’s driver and butler treat me nicely. Last month for my nineteenth birthday, they

baked me a cake and had a small party for me. At the party, his butler hugged me and thanked me for making our master smile, which he has not seen for years.

I have had those nightmares since Michael passed way, which leaves me screaming and crying in the middle of the night. Now every time I have those dreams, my master runs to my bedroom to comfort me when he hears me screaming. Each time I brace myself against his chest, while his hands rubbing my back, his lips kissing my hair, and his voice telling me everything is ok, that it was just a bad dream. When I finally calmed down from sobbing, he leaded me to his bedroom to sleep with him, just holding me so I knew he was there and the nightmare would not haunt me again. I really appreciated this, so each time when he did this, I always pecked a soft kiss on his lips, even without his approval and it seems that he did not mind it at all.

The next morning when I woke, he would usually be gone already without waking me. As I lay there recalling what had happened the night before, I started to miss him. I missed his body, his smell, the feeling of his strong arms wrapped around my waist and having him there when I fell asleep.

I was beginning to have feelings for him, maybe even starting to fall in love with him. I know it sounds strange, but I could not help feeling this way about him, about us. However, I am still troubled that sometimes I catch him looking at me as if he’s looking at someone else. I know I am not in the position to ask about this, but I am curious.

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Dear Diary,

Oh my god, I believe I found a huge secret, about why I have been selected as his pet, and why my master sometimes looks at me as if he’s seeing another person. Last Monday when I was taking a break from studying, I went through his old family albums and something caught my eye. I was so surprised that I carried the album into the bathroom and positioned that picture by the mirror to compare it with my face. I could not believe it and my eyes kept wondering between the mirror and the old picture.

My god, she and I have the exact same eyes.

Her name is Mia and she is master’s little sister, three years younger than him. So was it Mia that my master was imaging when we…I was so shocked by its meaning that I did not dare to think about it. However, I could not help but to keep turning the pages trying to find another picture of Mia and my master together. Finally, I found one and I gasped at because my suspicion was right. Mia and my master were more than siblings; they were lovers, just like Michael and me.

It’s the way they looked at each other in the picture and I know that look. It is the same look between Michael and me after we became lovers. We had so much passion and love for each other, yet we were so afraid other people would find out our secret, so we tried to cover it with sibling love between brother and sister. Still when I look at this picture, I know because it’s the same look my dear Michael

and I had shared.

Why have I never heard about Mia before, and why was my master no longer with his sister? I spent a whole week digging up old documents and newspapers and found out some mysterious events that took place twenty years ago. Their mother had a heart attack and passed away that year. Then in the following week Mia had been hospitalized due to health reasons, just before she moved to Europe and had stayed there since. My master abandoned everything he had and joined the Red Cross volunteers in Southeast Asia working as a doctor for the locals. He stayed there for six years until he moved back to the US fourteen years ago to take over the family business from his father who passed away a few years later.

As I began putting all the clues together, I vaguely sensed what had happened, twenty years ago and why it was covered up and why my master and Mia have been separated for twenty years.

I felt sad and angry at first, knowing that I was just a substitute after all, although I had known that there must be a reason that he selected me and I am just a paid sex partner, it still hurts knowing I am just a consolation prize from Mia to her brother.

Then I remembered those nights he came to my room to comfort me, the way he cared about me, and that kiss a few nights ago. I know this sounds crazy, but I believe in his heart I am not just a substitution, he has a soft spot for me and I can feel it. I know he has feelings for me too, maybe not much, but it is just for me, not Mia.

Strangely, I feel sad for him. Obviously, after twenty years of separation he is still deeply in love with Mia. I do not know how he went through all those years, knowing the one you love is always there but you cannot be with her, hold her and kiss her. It must have torn him apart, driven him mad.

I wish I could do something to ease his pain and frustration.

…

Dear Diary,

I could not believe what happened last night.

When I was in the small library reading books yesterday afternoon, I heard master yelling in the study. I was shocked because he was always so calm and never yelled, but I did not dare to intrude. With the sound of the study door opening and slamming, my master stormed out. I waited in the library until he passed, then snuck into the study.

On his big study desk, there was a small pond of water. I tipped it with my finger and tasted it. It tasted salty, is this tears? Then I picked up the phone and hit the redial key and a female voice answered on the other end with the residential name. I did not say a word and hung up the phone immediately when I heard Mia’s name. It was quite clear that my master was rejected once again.

I have never seen master shed tears before. I was so jealous of Mia for having the power to make my master cry. I felt sad for him; he must be so mad and frustrated. Being a good pet I must share his pain and release his frustration and there is only one way I know how to do this.

Last night my master was different. Instead of being gentle and caring like he always had been, he was rough and wild like an animal trying to unleash all his anger onto me. He held my body so tight that I could hardly breathe; he squeezed my breast so hard as if he was trying to make them explode; he fucked me with so much strength that I thought I was going to be torn in half. The sex was so rough that physically I felt pain.

But I was filled with joy in my heart. I was so happy that my master had chosen me, his pet, to release all his anger and expose his true feeling with me that he did not need to put on his mask anymore. I felt at last we were connected. I was determined to be a good pet to ease his pain, to let out all of his negative emotions via my body. I wanted him to use me, to abuse me. I did not care if he just regarded me as his pet, his sex toy, his substitute for Mia. I just wanted him to be happy, or at least less sad.

This experience was so strange but so erotic, and very new to me. On one hand his rough squeeze, his deep bite, his merciless slamming into my body felt painful rather than pleasant; on the other hand I was so happy to share my master's feelings, I was lured in by the way he tossed my body around, how he controlled my pain and pleasure. I knew I now belonged to him. With every being in my body, all my feelings and emotions belonged to him and I could totally trust him. I knew my master might hurt me, but he would never break me. I knew deep in our hearts he loved me as I loved him.

I tried my best to match my master's movement, to get him to unleash all his steam on me. When he was pounding me hard on top, I held my long legs high in the air so I could completely open myself up. While he was ramming me furiously from behind, I would stick out my firm ass for him making it easier to penetrate me; when he was driving his hard cock into my tight little asshole as I used my hands to spread my buttocks apart so he could enter me even deeper.

I had never been this wild. I mean usually I was a little more reserved and shy, but last night I was a different person. I kept screaming asking him to fuck me harder, deeper and faster, telling him that I was his slut, his whore and he could do whatever he desired with me, begging him to discipline me anyway he wanted that I deserved what I got. I felt so ashamed and dirty saying those things, but at the same time, it turned me on so much I could not stop, and I knew my master was the only person in the world I could say those words to. Even now writing this diary, my face blushes and my panties are damp because I cannot believe I yelled out those filthy words so loud that the whole mansion must have heard me.

The exposure of my dirty side made my master even wilder than he already was, stroking me deeper and harder each time with that monster cock. The room was filled with our sound of sex, the pounding of his hips slamming against my butt, the slashing sound of my juice spilling out when his dick pumped in and out of my dripping wet pussy as my weak whimpering sounds escaped me because

my throat was too dry to scream anymore. He pulled my hair hard, left deep teeth marks all over my body, and spanked me with such much force that each time I gasped in pain.

Maybe I am a submissive in my heart, because during all the rough sex I never thought I would like, I was wavering on the thin line between pain and pleasure, and I climaxed. My orgasm was so intense that my mind was lost; it was blank, my body arched and shivered, and my pussy squeezed so tight that it pushed my master's cock out of my body. Just as I was disappointed by the emptiness in my vagina and groaned loud in frustration, I felt him enter me again, thrusting hard and deep in my ass as I let out cry after cry. Even before my orgasm was faded, the ramming, the slapping, the torture of painful joy started all over again. Maybe these waves and waves of ecstasy were too much for me, or maybe I was dehydrated from all the screaming and sweating, I simply passed out soon after the second orgasm.

When I woke, all the strength seemed to have left me and I could not even move a finger. I felt pain all over my body. My pussy and anus were both so sore that I cannot tell which one was worse; my buttocks was burning because of all the harsh spanking; several deep red teeth marks were left on my breasts; and my mouth tasted foul because we did an ass-to-mouth just before I passed out.

Then I realized I was being held tight in the arms of a strong man, but he held me in such a gentle way as if I was as fragile as glass. I looked up and met my master's eyes. He just stared at me with so much emotion that I could get have gotten lost in his brown eyes. I read regret, worry, caring, and…was that love? At that moment, I knew he was looking at me, caring about me, only me and not Mia. Totally, worth it, I told myself. Pain had never been more pleasurable.

"My dear pet, I'm so sorry that I hurt you this much. It is all my fault, I should have controlled myself. I...I just lost myself in all my desires and being too rough on you. I did not treat you right and I'm sorry." In a guilty tone, he said those words.

"It's OK, master, I'm glad I can help," I hesitated a moment, then decided to tell him the truth, "I'm glad that I can share your pain, master."

"What pain?" He seemed confused, or he was just trying to deny.

"The pain of losing Mia, your true love, master," before I realized it, those words just flew out of my mouth.

He was very stunned, staring at me as if he saw a ghost. I did not dodge and looked back into his eyes with all my heart open. I wanted him to know that I really love him, and it was ok to let his pet share his secret, because his pet shared all her secrets with him.

"How did you find out?" He finally opened his mouth and asked.

"I found the old family album, noticed how our eyes look alike, and how you and Mia looked at each other, just like," I stopped for a second, took a deep breath before I finished the sentence, "just like

Michael and me. We were brother and sister and we were lovers. And I know how hard it is without Michael. You lost Mia twenty years ago, but you never forgot about her and you've always loved her. Am I right master?"

I took a break and continued, "Do not worry, master, nobody knows and I will never tell anyone, I just feel sad for you. You have waited for her for twenty years and you are still waiting, it is even longer than my life. Master, I just want to share your pain and make you feel better. You can tell me anything, I'm your pet and you can trust me."

He just stared at me for a long time before he spoke again, his voice was dry, hoarse and slow, as if he was trying to squeeze out every single word.

"When Mia and I fell in love, I was 22 and she was 19. We knew it was incest and wrong but we just could not stop our feelings. I was her first man. Mia was two months pregnant when they found out. Mother was so shocked that she had a heart attack and the hospital could not save her and Mia was so overcome with guilt that she cut her wrist the same day of our mother's funeral. We found out in time to save her but could not save the baby. There was so much pain, so much sorrow and regrets for all of us. Soon after Mia moved to Europe and I went to Asia and joined the Red Cross to redeem my sin. I know we cannot be together again but I never stopped loving her, I just could not move on, I miss her so much…"

His voice broke and I saw the tears in his eyes and out of nowhere I got my strength back, wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled his head on my chest. He did not resist at all and leaned against me, like a child resting his head on mothers chest when he is hurt.

"Master, please cry," I whispered into his ear and held him as if he was my wounded child. "Please cry out, master, it will make you feel better. I'm your pet and you don't need to hide your feelings in front of me."

The he cried manly, with no sound and no shoulder shudder. I felt his tears drip down on my breast and I just held him quietly and kissed his hair, giving him all the time he needed to cry it out, to cry out the tears he swallowed all those years.

When he finally stopped, I told him what has been in my mind for months, "Master, I know for you I'm just your pet, a hired sex partner, a substitution for Mia, I do not care because I love you my master. I know I am not even in the position to say I love you, but I can't deny it any longer. I know you are frustrated, angry and sad because you cannot be with your Mia. Please let me share your pain master, please do not suppress your feelings and let them out on me. I cannot give you much and all I can offer is my body, but please release all your anger in me, as you just did. I do not know if this can make you happy, but at least it can make you less miserable. That is the only thing I can do for you, my master, my love. Do not worry about me, I am young but I am not fragile, I can take it. Please master, please use and abuse me, use me for your pleasure."

My master raised his head, stared at my eyes for a long time then his face moved toward me. Before

I realized it, his lips sealed mine. It was a long soft kiss full of emotions. When he finally let go, he said, “You’re not a substitute, you’re my angel.”

To be continued.