Master In Training - Chapter 1 of 4

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A submissive woman looking to turn her next door neighbor into her new master.

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Master in Training by Murry Davis
Chapter One
As I wake this morning, I slowly become aware that my cock is being sucked. At first, my only thought is about how wonderful it feels to be waken this way, but I soon begin wondering who is doing the sucking. I open my eyes and glance down at my crotch. I cannot see a face, only a mass of beautiful dark hair bobbing up and down. The hair suddenly becomes aware that I'm awake and, while keeping its mouth firmly planted on my cock, lifts its face to me.
I'm stunned to discover that the hair belongs to the beautiful young woman that recently moved into the apartment next to mine. Still somewhat groggy from sleep, my thoughts are jumbled and confused. Why is my next door neighbor sucking my cock? How did she get in? In spite of my confusion though, I feel the cum rising in my cock and I certainly don't want her to stop now. Turning her face away, she returns her concentration to my cock. Her head begins to bob faster and faster. Never before have I been treated to such a wonderful awakening. My cum begins to squirt down her throat. I'm astonished as I watch her swallow every drop. She keeps my cock in her mouth as I slowly become soft. Finally she pulls her mouth away and looks up at me.
"Surprise!" she exclaims. "Did that please you?" she asks.
For the first time I notice that she is nude, her clothing scattered across my bedroom floor. She looks like she's around 20 years old. Her body is beautiful. Her dark hair flows across her shoulders. Her breasts are large, but still perky with youth. Her nipples are erect

and as I gawk at them she brings her hands up and begins to twist the stiff knobs.

"Would you like to touch them?" she asks.

Still in a daze, I reach up and grab the nearest nipple and squeeze it between my fingers. "Who... How did you..." I begin to stammer.

Placing two fingers against my lips she silences me. "Hush for now, just enjoy it. We can talk later," With that, she kisses me deeply. My mouth opens, welcoming her probing tongue. As her tongue explores my mouth, I can feel my cock reviving. She brings her hand down to my crotch and begins to stroke my hardness. "I want you to fuck me," she breathes.

My mind is gradually knocking down the cobwebs of sleep, but by this time I think to myself, I've got a good thing going here, don't fuck it up now. I reach around and pull her into position over my hardening cock. As she positions the head of my cock at her opening, I see her cunt for the first time. I'm surprised to discover that it has been shaved clean of all hair. She begins to lower herself and I slip easily into her.

Now I'm not normally one to be on the submissive end of anything, but I've got to tell you having her on top was quite an experience. She begins to bounce around on my cock unlike anyone else I've ever known. Her hair is flying around as if it wants to leave her head. I reach up and grab both nipples, squeezing them hard. When I Twist them, the effect on her is astounding. Her bucking, which I thought couldn't get any wilder, becomes even more frantic than before.

I feel like I've got a bull by the horns and am just lucky to be holding on. The pressure begins to build up in my cock and I know I'm close to cumming. She let's out a loud moan and I feel her pussy clamp down around my cock. Finally it becomes too much for me and I begin squirting deep into her cunt. Slowly, she continues to move up and down on my softening cock, until its spent remains slide out of her and she collapses on top of me.

I grab her and move her beside me in the bed. She looks at me and smiles. "OK, that was nice and everything, but who are you and how did you get in my apartment?" I ask her.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," she cooly replies. "I'm Jennifer, your new next door neighbor. Don't you remember me?" she asks with a slightly hurt tone in her voice.

"Of course, I saw you move in a couple of days ago, but we've never

actually met. I didn't even know your name," I respond.
"Well now you know it, so I guess we're not strangers anymore," she happily says.
"But...how did you get in my apartment and why were you sucking me off?" I question her.
"Oh, it was easy to get a key to your place. I just gave the janitor a blow job and he happily gave me anything I wanted," she answers.
"You're kidding? It was that easy? Why are you doing this?" I say, still quite puzzled by everything that was happening.
"Because I noticed you the day I moved in. I need a strong man to help keep me in line and I thought you looked like that man," she replied.
I wasn't sure how to take her comment. In one respect I felt like I should be honored, but in another, I felt like I was being manipulated. "What do you mean by keeping you in line?" I ask her.
"Sometimes I can get a little rambunctious, if you know what I mean."
I nod my head, knowing exactly what she means.
"I guess you could say I'm a nymphomaniac. I can't help throwing myself at anybody with a cock. I love them so much and can never get enough of them. Sometimes I lose control in dangerous conditions and risk everything for my desires. You wouldn't believe how hard it is to constantly crave cock. Every time I go to a bar full of men, I want to fuck everyone in the place. Sometimes I have, but I know deep down that I'm taking a crazy risk by doing that. I guess I'm lucky to still be alive. I decided that what I need is a good strong man that can take control away from me and protect me from my wanton desires. I thought you might be that man?" she finishes with a question.
I lean back and stare at the ceiling. "Let me get this straight," I begin, "You cannot control your urges to fuck any man you meet, so you want me to keep you from fucking strangers for your own good. Is that it?" I ask.
"No, no, that's not it at all," she exclaims. "I can't give up fucking, I've got to have it too much. I just want someone nearby to keep watch and make sure nothing goes wrong," she explains.
"You just want me to follow you around and watch you fuck total strangers?" I unbelievably reply.
"Of course, you can join in if you'd rather. You don't just have to just watch," she says. "In fact, I would prefer that you participated," she quietly adds.
"I can't believe this. Why me?" I ask.

"Because you look like someone I can trust," she says.
"You've done this based on how I look? Don't you know Ted Bundy looked harmless enough too." What if I was a crazy person?" I ask her.
"Then I guess I'd have made a big mistake. My gut's telling me that you're the man I've been looking for. If my gut's wrong, then I'm in trouble," she replies. "Are you crazy?" she asks.
"No, but that's beside the point. I could have been," I quickly point out.
"Perhaps that's why I need a man to look after me," she quietly says.
"Look, I'm sorry, maybe I've made a mistake. I thought any man would jump at the opportunity I'm offering you. I'm essentially offering myself as your personal sex slave. The more you use me, the more I love it. If that's something you're not interested in, then I guess I ought to go," she says as she begins to get up.
"Hold on a minute," I demand. She freezes at my words. "This is just happening too quick. I need time to sort this out," I tell her. I think about what she has said. Is this really happening to me? "Lay back down and let's talk," I say. She lays down and closes her eyes.
"What exactly do you want from me?" I ask her.
"I want you to treat me like your personal sex slave. I will do anything you ask me to do. Fuck anyone you tell me to fuck. All I ask in return is that you come with me and make sure I'm safe as I slut myself out to strangers," she calmly tells me. "I've got to fuck. No matter how good you are, you cannot keep up with me, no single man could. I only feel complete if I have a cock in an orifice somewhere, preferably more than one," she tells me. "I know I sound like a complete slut, that's because I am a slut. I know it and I like it. I don't want to change and I'm not going to change," she tells me. "Are you interested in my offer or not?" she asks, opening her eyes and looking at me.
Can I do what she is asking me to do? I've never done anything beyond the norm in any relationship I've ever had in the past. Now this near total stranger is offering herself to me as my personal sex slave. She wants me to loan her out to others to be used and abused as I see fit. It just sounds too good to be true. Can I handle it?
I think about it for a few minutes, while she lays quietly beside me.
I finally make up my mind. I gaze upon her nude body and know that I cannot turn this opportunity down. Reaching down I cup her mound in my hand and slip a finger in her cunt. She moans softly and moves closer

to me. Her pussy is slippery with our combined juices. I begin to fondle her clit. She pushes her cunt hard against my hand.

I whisper in her ear, "I'm interested."

She smiles and reaches for my cock. "I knew I chose the right man," she replies.