My Beloved Mistress

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My Mistress is my whole world.

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My Mistress is my whole world. She treats me with love and respect butshe's also firm. She has rules, although there aren't many. I am toobey her, do my chores, cook when she asks, and NEVER talk to men, letalone touch one.

Right now, Mistress is at work, consulting with people to help themthrough their mental and family problems, though she doesn't need towork. She's a billionaire. But, she married me, made me her belovedpet, and though I often am not sure why, I am forever grateful shedid.

I looked up at the clock and gasped, hurrying up to finish dinner andmeet her at the door, my head down, my hands clasped before me, mycollar fastened around my neck. The door opened and she walked in, putting up her coat. She smiled atme, her chocolate skin glowing as she stroked my pale skin.

I smiled at her, letting her see my love. "How was work, Mistress?"

She chuckled and led the way to the kitchen. She sat at her seat andwaited as I poured her wine.

She patted her lap and I quickly sat, my ankles crossed, my back straight, my hands in my lap. This was my position in company or when she ate. I would feed her then, if permitted, I'd eat too. I finally fed her the last of the food and she nodded, allowing me to quickly eat. She licked and kissed my neck as I ate, pulling a moan from my throat. I leaned into her, groaning. She smiled and nipped my skin, preparing me as my breath got shorter. She chuckled and nipped my ear. "Go to our room." I leaped to my feet and practically skipped to our room, hearing her laughter behind me.

I grinned and stood naked at the foot of the bed, our toys spread out like a surgeons tools at the foot of the bed on a long table. I smiled at my feet as I heard her follow. Mistress patted my head and

said, "spread em slut! Bend over the desk!" I quickly obeyed, feeling my pussy juices flooding, as I pressed my heavy, full aching breasts against the cold wood surface. I hissed in a breath and jumped, her palm creating a welt on my ass, the heat and pain causing my breath to hitch and my pussy to ache. "Quiet slut!" She snapped. I bit my lip as she grabbed my wrists, tying them together, a blindfold covering my eyes and a gag shoved in my mouth. I blinked, confused. She only ever gagged me when she was mad at me or shed had a bad day at work! What had happened today?

Before I knew it she had bond my wrist to the bed with my hand cuffs and began to spank my ass with the paddle. I moaned in pain and pleasure as I though what could have put her in such a nasty mood. I was broken out of my thoughts as her last smack was one to remember. I cried out in pain, tears brimming my eyes. I raised my hand for permission to speak as she removed the gag I was hesitated to ask what mad her so angry today but I asked anyway. "Mistress, What has made you so upset today and how may I fix it for you" I asked her as I felt her pace back and forth behind me. I began to ponder the possibilities. Was it something at work? Was it me? Did I anger my beloved Mistress? Then one thing came to my mind. She must have found out about my secret account on a well known sex site. If that was it I was in for a lot of pain tonight.