The Meeting

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The slave misses her Master

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I hadn't seen you in a week and a half. You've been gone, out of town, working opposite of me. I missed you. Wanted to feel you, taste you. You said meet me at the hotel, you'd be there shortly. 1 hour, 2, 3, 4…damn I'm going miss you again. Then you're here just as I was about to get out of bed and get dressed.

I let you in. I know the drill. I'm already undressed, naked as I am supposed to be in your presence, proper attire for a slave. Sometimes you let me wear a shear garment, but today I was unprepared.

I shut the door behind you and quickly kneel at your feet. I can hardly breathe because I'm so happy you are here. I begin to drip with desire. I caress your legs, your butt, and kiss your hardening cock through your pants. "Damn unscheduled meetings, one after another, keeping me from you!" you exclaim as you grab my hair. "Stop kajira, undress me" you instruct, and I happily oblige.

I struggle with the button of your pants, and you halt me. "Get on the bed, kajira" and I do so. I watch you undress hardly able to control my excitement at seeing you disrobe in front of me. I can feel my juices running down my pussy and soaking the bed beneath me. You walk over and grab me, lying down on the bed holding me.

I am trembling, crying. You hold me, shushing me, soothing me like a child. I've missed you so much. I cannot control my hunger any longer and begin kissing you, hoping you don't mind. You don't, you kiss me back. I quickly work my way down to your cock, which is sprung gloriously hard and thick. I try to control my excitement and begin by gently kissing all around your maleness, sucking on your balls and licking your shaft, but I am quickly overcome with desire and take as much of you into my mouth as possible. You moan and I think I might cum right then.

You begin to wither underneath me and your cock swells even more than I thought possible. You grab my hair and aide me in the ways you enjoy. My mouth can't get enough of you, I want to devour you. Suddenly you grab my hair and pull me from your cock and exclaim "you are my slave I will fuck you if I want." I'm a bit confused and hesitate for a minute but as I beginning licking you from your balls to your sensitive head and you quickly succumb to my touch and your eyes glaze over in desire. You again grab my hair and push my mouth down your entire cock and moan loudly as you shoot your delicious seed down my throat. I swallow hungrily, greedily lapping up as much as I can of my

Master’s cum. I suckle at your cock until you pull me up and to me, holding me tight, stroking my hair. “My kajira,” you say, “do no think I have forgotten your punishment, but today I give you leniency as I have missed my slave.” “Thank you, Master, “I state. I can feel my body responding to the thought of your whip on me, exciting me, making me wetter and fueling a fire in my belly. Ah well, next time…