Timing Is Everything

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Nora entertains her Master with precision

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The TV clicked off as the closing credits started to roll. Nora looked back at Master, who held the remote, as he always did when they were watching together. Nora was nude, lounging lazily on the plush rug in front of Master's easy chair, her head supported by two enormous pillows. They had a couch, but Master preferred Nora to be on display for him when they were alone together, and the rug had a thick padding under it and felt luxuriously soft against her skin. Sometimes she sat upright and leaned against his legs, and occasionally, she sat in his lap, but more often than not, she took her place on the rug.

Nora spoke, "Thank you, Master."

"You're welcome, Nora. I think I'd like to pick the next show."

"Of course, Master. But you turned the TV off." She rolled over as she said this, so that she was facing him. She was laying on her left side, and she deftly placed her right leg in front of the left one, slyly using her thigh to shield her feminine treasures. She knew exactly what sort of show he wanted to watch.

"The show I want isn't on television, Nora..."

Nora blushed and squeezed her thighs together briefly.

He continued, "I am going to give you challenge, Nora." As he said this, he got out his phone and tapped on it a couple of times. After he did, he showed it to her. The display was dominated by "5:00" in large numbers. He continued, "This is a 5 minute timer. I want you to come in 5 minutes. Exactly 5 minutes - no earlier, no later. Every 5 seconds early or late will earn you two strokes of the cane. More than 30 seconds off either way and you get 12 with the paddle."

She shuddered and a pit opened up in her stomach. She bit her lower lip. Her mind raced. Part of her wondered how he expected her to pull this off, but then she thought of how often she had asked his permission to come and he had made her wait. But that didn't always work. She thought about 12 strokes with the paddle and how much that would hurt... But then, to avoid that, she just had to come anywhere in a one minute window.

He saw her processing all of this and broke into her contemplation with, "Do you understand, Nora?"

She gulped and nodded, "Yes, Sir."

"Very good, Nora. Begin." He tapped the phone once more as he said this and the display changed to "4:59" and continued counting.

Nora quickly rearranged herself on the rug. She lay face-down facing in the direction of Master's right side so she could see the clock easily. She quickly wadded up one of the pillows as best as she could and hiked her crotch up slightly and put the pillow under her tummy. She spread her legs and brought her hands around the pillow to her pussy. She glanced at Master. He raised an eyebrow, but did nothing else. She shifted her glance to the clock. 4:22, :21, :20... She began by placing one hand over the whole of her pubic mound and slowly rubbed. She was very wet already, as she frequently was when she was nude for him.

She closed her eyes and tried to come up with a fantasy. But the back of her mind would not let go of the urgency of the situation, making it difficult. Her mind began to paint a picture of her 4 minutes in the future. Laying on her stomach, panting at the end of her orgasm, looking back at him holding his phone, showing 0:15 in red... fifteen seconds late. She imagined him standing up and saying, "Fifteen seconds, that's six with the cane. Stand up."

Her imaginary self felt the butterflies in her stomach in anticipation of the caning she was just about to get. But in the real world, the tingling in her pussy was starting to intensify, making her clench. She looked up at the clock. 3:42, :41, :40... Distantly, a small intellectual corner of her mind was coaching her, and it figured she was right on schedule.

She closed her eyes and the fantasy took center stage again. Master had briefly gone to the back of the house and returned with a cane. She was standing in the middle of the room. He spoke, "Now, kneel on my chair, fold your arms on the top of the back." She took up her position, placing her knees as far apart as the chair would allow without his asking.

"Very good, Nora. You're learning. Now, stick your ass out."

As she did this, her head moved down to the back of the chair. She could smell him in the chair, and the realization sent a shiver through her that made her pussy clench in both worlds.

He took up his position behind her and swished the cane though the air, making it sing menacingly. She closed her eyes. After a long pause, in almost the exact same moment, she heard the swish and felt the stinging line of fire of the first stroke as it ripped into her ass cheeks. Seemingly every muscle in her body tightened up and her head flew back. Her mouth opened wide and a high pitched squeal filled the room.

Meanwhile, in reality she had begun to moan regularly and her hips started to move. She moved her left hand backwards towards the entrance to her hot, wet hole and dipped her index finger inside while her right fingertips continued to rub the front of her pussy. The coach in her mind prompted her to check the time again. 2:05, :04, :03... She took her right fingertip and began to brush it against her clit while moving her left index finger in and out of her cunt. She closed her eyes again.

She was beginning to relax from the first stroke when the second stroke landed and again forced a cry out of her and forced her to tense. Tears began to cascade down from her eyes. The third stroke came and her squeal turned into open sobbing.

She started to alternate deep gasping breaths with her moaning as she sped her fingers up. She looked back at the clock: 1:05, :04, :03... She needed to slow down... She pulled her hands away from herself and moaned in frustration. She looked back at Master and saw the faintest echo of a smile on his lips. She knew he was enjoying this. Her pleasure, her frustration... She balled her hands into fists to keep her from touching herself. She didn't dare touch herself yet. She was so close! She looked at the clock. It was approaching the 30 second mark. She was safe from the paddle. Some part of her mind decided that was good enough. She brought her hands back to her clit and started rubbing it again. She started moaning and panting again. She felt the pleasure building and she cried out, "Yes, YES!" Her thighs crashed together, clamping around her hands. Her ass shook as her orgasm continued to course through her. Her mouth was opened wide, but no sound at all came out.

Finally, she relaxed, her eyes glassy, her mind dreamy. The next thing she knew, he was standing in front of her. She looked up from her position on the floor. He was holding the phone, the clock stopped on :12.

"Not bad, Nora. 12 seconds early, my eager little girl. I'll round that down to ten, which means you will get four strokes of the cane. Stand up." He turned and went down the hall while she raised herself up to her feet. She stood there nervously. He returned and spoke again, "Stand in front of my chair and put your hands flat on the seat."

She walked to the front of his chair and bent at the waist, placing her hands flat on the cushion. She spread her feet apart.

Master took up a position to her side and tapped her ass with the cane and then quickly let loose with a hard stroke right at the bottom of her ass. She screamed and her fingers scrunched up, clawing at the seat of his chair. He only paused a second before lashing out again very near the same spot, making her cry out a second time. His third stroke landed slightly higher, but still very near her sit spot. She cried out again and started to sob. His final stroke landed on her upper thighs and she cried out again. She relaxed almost immediately, knowing her ordeal was over, and continued to sob quietly, her tears falling into the cushion of his chair, near her hands.

He placed his hands on her shoulders and urged her to stand up. He wrapped her in his arms and she cried on his shoulder while he stroked her hair. After she calmed down a little, she looked up into his eyes and he reached his head down to hers to kiss her. She kissed him back with her eyes closed, tears still streaming down her face. Finally, he broke their kiss and said to her, "You're a very good girl, Nora."

"Thank you, Sir," she replied.