The Master is Watching

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Veronika tempts a Voyeur who sends her short letters, promising to punish her.

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I got this strange letter today. It was delivered to the reception desk of my condo building, but they don't remember who brought it. The letter has only one sentence: I am watching you. And it is signed *Your Master* . Your Master! First it made me laugh. Then it made me nervous. Maybe he knows me? I don't even know whether it is a he or a she.

Half of the windows across the street are dark. I'm sure my Master has a telescope. Or binoculars. Filthy pervert! I wonder how long this has been going on. Not for long, that's for sure. I just got this apartment a couple of months ago. It's so perfect for me. What exactly did he see? I can't get this out of my mind.

Did he see me making out with my girlfriend Tiffany? Me on my knees and Tiffany standing with her legs spread wide, enjoying my tongue working her pussy. Oh my god! That was in front of the window! What if he made pictures of that? Or a video? I need to find out. I want to know who is watching. But how? Get my own telescope? That's not my style. No, I will tempt that Master to reveal himself to me. That person doesn't know me yet. I can be very bad!

My name is Veronika, with a k. I had to work hard to get where I am and I learned how to play games. If it takes a very short skirt to get my way I shall wear it with pride. The hand that found its way under my skirt on the elevator this morning was no accident. I guess my new boss prefers bottoms, as opposed to tits. That's fine. By the time I'm done with him he will worship my ass. He shall pray every morning that I wear tight pants or a miniskirt. And if I feel generous I will bend over just at the right moment...Stop daydreaming, Veronika! My mind always wanders like that. Back to the pervert across the street.

I'll give you something to watch. I take off my bra. That's all I am wearing anyway. So what do you like? Tits? Ass? Let me start with my tits. I caress them first, then I squeeze them. What really makes

my nipples stiff is a sharp pinch. Yes, pinching my tits turns me on. Maybe I'll show you my nipple clamps later. A gift from Tiffany. She knows me best.

I turn around. Slowly. I put my hands on my hips and bend forward, arching the small of my back like a cat. Then I gyrate my hips as if I were getting fucked. Now I bend over and grab my ankles. With one hand I reach through my legs and run it up my thighs. I rub my pussy a couple of times, then I get up and face the window again. I spread my legs real wide. I lean against the window frame with one arm, and with the other...yes that's right. First I caress, then I rub, and then I finger myself. Are you watching? Watch me come! Oh yeah, it's gushing all over my hand! Let me lick that off...

Another day, another letter. Letter number two. Again, no sender address. And again, it is a very short message: You have been bad. You need to be spanked. *Your Master* .

Spanking? I have not been spanked since I was a 19 year old college sophomore. It was either me failing the course or submit to a spanking. Of course the whole thing was nothing but sexual harassment by that old professor, but I didn’t care about that at the time. I was wearing jeans shorts for the occasion, not unlike the ones I'm wearing now. Except they were shorter than these. And much tighter. I used to buy them one size too small and cut off another two inches from the bottom part. That way the men could see part of my ass when I strutted across campus. And because the shorts were so tight the rough seam in the middle rubbed deliciously between my legs. No, I couldn't wear any panties under them. Yes, after only a short walk that seam got wet. I was often sore in those days.

Anyway, just before I got to the professor's office to report for my spanking the rubbing seam of my shorts gave me an orgasm. For a moment I considered changing, but then I just knocked on the door. Once the professor put me face down over his lap he realized what state I was in. And instead of twenty smacks he gave me like I don’t know how many! My ass was glowing crimson afterwards, but I passed the course. That was the last time I got spanked. I remember having difficulty sitting down for a couple of days, but I also remember kind of being turned on by it. Actually, now this memory makes me feel a little hot.

So my Master thinks I need to be spanked because I was bad. Well, I have news for the Master, whoever that is. I AM NOT A LITTLE GIRL ANY MORE! Do I look like a girl that can be tamed with a smack on the bottom? And then what? Yes Master, I will be a good girl now! I will obey, I will behave! No more spanking my poor bottom, please! Ridiculous.

I hope the Master is watching right now. I am a grown woman. I will defy you. I am the one who calls the shots. And I decide who gets my pussy. Maybe I should call Tiffany and ask her to come over. Then we could put up a show. Right in front of the window. I will kneel over Tiffany's face and let her

eat me inside out. With one arm I reach back to stick my finger into my tight ass. I will look out of the window, sweat running down my face, and my body will shake with one orgasm after the other. How about that, Master? But that means I would have to tell Tiffany. No, for now this has to stay between me and the pervert.

I pull up the blinds so that I can be seen clearly. The Master better get comfortable because this is going to be a masturbation marathon. First I put on some music. My favorite Enigma CD will put me into the mood. Chanting monks. A girl breathing hard in the background. The entire album dedicated to the Marquis de Sade. That's my kind of music. Too bad the Master can't hear it. He would like it too.

Watch me squirm and spread my legs, watch my hands roaming all over my body. I grab my slit and rub, I pinch my breasts until it hurts. And I'm still thinking about that spanking I got in college. I can't get it out of my mind now. I remember the professor's arm around my waist, holding me down. His hand felt like made out of iron, spanking and spanking and spanking my ass in a methodical way. It was a true punishment rather than sex play. It was a real good spanking, I guess.

I recall looking at my beaten behind in the mirror afterwards. At the time I was shocked by the crimson color. I wonder if I could have provoked more punishments from that professor? I wonder what it would have felt like getting my bare bottom whipped with a punishment strap? A thick strap made of supple leather. I can see myself in the gym, tied over a gym horse, with my bare ass in the air. The professor rolls up the sleeves of his shirt. He spits into his hands. He picks up the strap. The leather explodes across my ass, a cracking smack bounces off the gym walls, like a pistol shot. I scream with my mouth wide open and strap lands on my ass again. Each lash leaves a band of fire burning across my bottom cheeks. Another lash. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty...and I finally feel the rush of an orgasm flooding my entire body. What a violent fantasy! I think my ass would be blistered for days if I got whipped like that.

Now that I have come several times I take off my panties and hold them up to the light. Look Master! They are soaked with my juices! Sopping wet! I wish I could rub those under your nose. Suck on my wet panties, Master! Sweet dreams.

Today I didn't get a letter. I got a whole package. No sender, of course. What's inside? A leather whip. A pair of studded gloves. A blindfold. And a gift note: You have been very, very bad. You need to be whipped. *Your Master* .

I have to admit that by now I have begun to like my Master. My fantasies have sure become intense. And here I am, presented with a leather whip. Now I'm pretty sure it is a guy. I leave the blinds open for him, as usual. Then I put on the blindfold and start exploring my body. I rub the chain of the whip

handle between my pussy lips and I immediately get wet. The straps of the leather whip are kind of cold and feel like a stern warning to my breasts.

So far in my fantasies I got my bottom spanked and whipped. But now I see myself tied up with my arms stretched above my head. The Master is wearing a hood, I can't see his face. He pinches my breasts and calls me a bitch. He scolds me for being a self-centered and arrogant masturbatrix. He flogs my breasts until I can't take any more. He makes me spread my legs and then he whips the insides of my thighs. So sensitive, my inner thighs. They aren't spared a single lash. Despite all this or because of this my juices keep on flowing.

I take off the blindfold and I look out the window. Where are you? I want it now. I'm desperate. I play with the whip, my new toy. I roll it up to make it shorter and I smack it down between my legs. It stings good! I lash myself again. I rub it and caress it until the pain subsides. I spread my legs as wide as I can and I whip my inner thighs. On the left and on the right, a little harder each time. I wish my Master were with me! I want to be punished and I want to get fucked!

What? The doorbell? I'm in no state to receive any guests. Carefully and quietly I go to my front door and look through the peephole. It is Tiffany!

"Come on, Veronika. Open up. It's me, Tiffany!"

Since she is my best friend I let her in. She might as well know. I give her a kiss on each cheek and I'm about to start telling my story when I notice a long stick in her hand.

"What is that stick for, Tiffany?"

"It's not a stick. It's a cane. Made of rattan, very flexible. A cane is a naughty girl's best friend. And you have been a naughty girl, haven't you, Veronika?"

Now I understand. Tiffany is my Master. I should have guessed. I sit down to let it sink in.

"I got tired of driving all across town to see you, so I moved in across the street, Veronika. Go on, touch yourself. You have done it for the last three days, you don't have to stop now."

"Will I get punished for it?" I smile at her, draw my panties to the side and begin to masturbate.

"Sometimes I will spank you. Some days I will use the whip. Today you will be caned. It will never be up to you, Veronika. It will always be my decision. And from now on, address me as Mistress. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," I answer. She is looking at me very sternly and she flexes that cane with her hands. My fingers are working faster and faster, I'm breathing hard but need to know: "Will the cane hurt very bad?"

"The cane is the worst, Veronika. That's what they use to thrash criminals in countries like Singapore or Malaysia. I even brought some soothing lotion because you will need that afterwards. That is a promise!"

I listen to those words and my body shakes with an orgasm. Tiffany makes me get up and she takes the chair closer to the window. She puts it down with the back of the chair facing to the outside.

"Take down your panties, Veronika! Lean against the back of the chair with your bottom facing towards the window! Your punishment will be a public one. I want everyone to see and know what a bad girl you are! Count them out loud, understood?"

I do as I am ordered. My heart is beating like crazy. I stick out my bottom as if begging for this punishment.

First I hear a swishing sound. Then I hear a smack. A split second passes. All of a sudden I hear myself scream. Unbelievable pain runs up my spine! I burst into tears. I try to breathe. I'm sucking for air. "One!"

"You bad girl! I'll teach you, Veronika!" Swiiissshhh-Smaaaaaaaccckkk! "Two!"

"Stick out your ass properly, Veronika!" Swiiissshhh-Smaaaaaaaccckkk! "Three!"

"Never, ever masturbate without my permission!" Swiiissshhh-Smaaaaaaaccckkk! "Four!"

"Get up at once! Present your bottom!" Swiiissshhh-Smaaaaaaaccckkk! "Five!"

"Stop that stomping with your feet!" Swiiissshhh-Smaaaaaaaccckkk! "Six!"

"Take those hands off your bottom right now!" Swiiissshhh-Smaaaaaaaccckkk! "Seven!"

"You slut! You won't sit down for a week!" Swiiissshhh-Smaaaaaaaccckkk! "Eight!"

"This is for showing off your pussy!" Swiiissshhh-Smaaaaaaaccckkk! "Nine!"

"One more! Stick out your ass! Ask for it, Veronika!" Swiiissshhh-Smaaaaaaaccckkk! "Ten!"

Finally I am allowed to clasp my burning bottom cheeks. I can feel the welts puffing up with my hands. It is burning so bad that I can't stop sobbing. I can't see anything through my tears. Tiffany is stroking my hair to make me feel better. She uses a Kleenex to wipe my mouth. Am I drooling? The fire on my bottom doesn't stop burning.

"Get on the bed Veronika. On your stomach."

"Yes, Mistress."

Tiffany applies the soothing lotion to my bottom. Even with that it takes another half hour for the pain to become tolerable. Then I have a first look at my behind in the mirror. Ten blazing stripes adorn my ass. They look frightening to me.

"Yes, look at it, Veronika! From now on you will be spanked, whipped and caned regularly. Understood?"

“Yes, Mistress."

“Only if you want to, of course,” Tiffany said.

“Yes, Mistress.”