Her prize tonight

By HK4167

Published on Lush Stories on 19 Dec 2011

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This is my very first erotic story, the background story for my avatar. Comments welcome.

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This is my very first erotic story, dedicate to my avatar. English is not my native language. I've check it for a few times already, but I might still missed some spelling or grammar mistakes. If that happens, I apologize for the inconveniences, and hope it does not ruin the story.

Standing right in the middle of the living room, she wears nothing but the new sexy lingerie she just bought this morning. She knew her slim young body would look great in it at first sight, but debated on the color. Finally she took sale lady's advice and bought the white one, because that nice lady said she looked like an angel in white. Wondering if her master will like this surprise and what prize she may get tonight, her face blushes.

With the sounds of front door being opened and closed, her master's steps approach. Then her master shows up at the entrance, sharp like a shark in his Brook Brother suit, as usual. Only she can sense the exhaustion in his eyes, which worries her. *I must be a very good pet tonight,* she tells herself, *to please him, to relax him.*

His steps just stopped and she notices his eyes lock on her new purchase. Taking a quick glance at his face, she tries to sense a hint of surprise or approval. But he shows nothing beyond his normal calmness and coldness. Then she lowers her sights to the floor because a good pet should never stare at her master's face too long. Her master taught her this rule the first day she became his pet.

His feet move again, circling her leisurely, like he is admiring a sculpture in the museum. She knows that her master must be checking on her new lingerie now, and this thought gets her excited. So excited that she can feel something is forming up inside her.

"Nice piece. Is this the purchase you made today?" finally her master speaks up.

“Thank you, master. Yes, master.” though she can’t distinguish his tone, she takes this as a compliment. Almost trembling in happiness and excitement, she wonders what favor her master will prize her tonight.

“Why?”

“To please my master,” the answer is almost in a cheerful tone, full of expectation.

“I prefer black.”

Noticing the lack of passion in his tone, her heart sinks.

Damn it I screwed up again, she almost speak out her thoughts aloud, *I knew should have got the black one. What was I thinking? I know I do not deserve white. White is the color for virgins, and I have not been pure for a long time, both my body and my soul. Who am I kidding here? Why do I always try to fool myself?*

Feeling disappointed, ashamed and a little sad, her nose becomes sour and her tears are building up. Biting on her bottom lip hard and dropping her head, she tries to hide the tears rolling in her pretty blue eyes, fearing this will only make her master more unpleasant.

“But,” it’s her master’s voice again. Then he pauses, and she feels a finger touching her lace underpants’ waistband. Smoothly his finger moves on the thin, delicate white panty, drawing along the patterns on the fabric, but barely touches her skin. She can feel the heat from his fingertip, but not the touch she craves about.

Please touch me, master. She cries out in her heart, but too timid to open her mouth. Just as she starts to think this tease is going to last forever, his finger stops and lands on her bare skin. Like a little electric pulse goes through her, she shudders in pleasure, almost moans out loud.

“But, I do appreciate the effort from a good pet.” He finally finishes his sentence. “So here is a little prize for you.”

His lips press on the right side of her neck, just below the ear, staying there for a whole second before they leave. It is a soft kiss, a kiss more in appreciation than passion. Gasping in pleasant surprise, she tries to control her body not to shiver, and closes her legs tight. This is the first time her master shows emotion in such early stage, so she must be doing something right. Meanwhile, she cannot stop regretting and imaging what kind of prize she would have got, if she had bought the black panty instead.

When she finally comes back to real life, she finds her master has already settled down himself on the leather corner sofa, observing her face with a mischievous smile, like he is reading her mind. She's a little frightened under his stern stare, wondering if she just missed anything. He just smirks at her for couple of seconds, before he gives her his first request for the night.

"Hennessey Paradise, brandy glass, one-third full."

Like a wind she runs into the cellar to get his brandy,
Full of excitement like a little Bambi.

Her master has just gave her a task,
And she will do it right as he asked.

In her master's eyes she is just a young candy,
But she decides to prove that she can be pretty handy.

Master, master, if she behaves like a good pet tonight,
Can she get more than just a pat on the head?

Carefully she pours the deep creamy caramel-colored liquid into the brandy class. With the delicate aroma of cognac spreading in the air, it smells so delicious that she moves the glass right under her nose to inhale deeply. Licking her lips, she wonders if her master will allow her to take a sip later, just a little sip to taste its flavor. She is too young for twenty-one legal drinking age for sure. But her master had allowed her to taste wine before, so maybe he will allow her to taste hard liquor this time.

With both hands, she brings up the brandy glass to the living room where her master sits, then kneel down to give him his drink. While handing over the glass, she takes a deep breath and leans forward to make sure he gets a nice view of her cleavage. He is always fond of her 34C breasts. He told her once before when he was fondling them and she kept that in mind since.

He notices her little trick but does not bother with this childish behavior. He just gestures her to stand up and step back into the center of the living room, while he sits on the sofa in the shadow enjoying his fine cognac. Standing in the middle of the room, she waits patiently while sneaking glances at her master. She just cannot stop admiring her master's every movement. It's the way he breathes deeply to smell the scent, the way he lightly stirs the liquid in his mouth to taste the flavor, the way he casually but steadily holds his glass on his palm. *Oh my master, how I wish you can enjoy me like you enjoy that drink now.*

Finally he puts down the glass and speaks again, “You want to please me tonight? You can start now.”

Reaching behind her back she unclamps her bra, letting it drops on the carpet. Proudly presenting in the chilly air are her perfectly shaped pair of breasts. They’re young, firm and perky, with pink nipples standing on the top, just like that delicious cherry setting on the top of the creamy cake. Slowly and coyly, she puts her hands on her tits and starts to fondle them. Searching her memory to recall her master’s favorite moves, she wants reproduce the same action.

Her master usually starts from the bottom of her boobs, holds them with full palm, bounces them a little bit like he’s trying to figure out how much they weight. He likes to massage her breast gently first, until she moaned lightly, then squeezes them hard into different shapes making her squeal. Just when she gets excited, he stops and teases her, running his finger tip in circles on her smooth skin, scratching over her nipples a few times but never stop to caress them or pitch them, leaving her groan in frustration.

Master is always so wicked. Sighing lightly while massaging her own chest, she keeps imaging those hands are her master’s hands, and maybe his mouth. Yes, his mouth. He will kiss and lick from the bottom of her boobs, then work his way up. His lips move patiently like dancing in swirly circles, measuring every inch of her chest before they finally reach to the top. Then he plays with her already hard nipples like a child plays with his favorite lollipop, kissing and nibbling them, rolling them around with his tongue tip, sucking them in his mouth and biting them gently. By that time, she already had her eyes closed to enjoy all the attentions, and lets out a few moans or squeals in satisfaction telling her master how much she loves his touch.

She sneaks another peek at sofa trying to check her master’s attitude, expecting to detect a heavy breath, a shaking hand, or even a bulge in the pants. But she is disappointed. His eyes are clear, his breath is smooth, his hands are steady, and she can’t notice any changes in his pants. She needs something else to draw his attention before he loses his interest.

Maybe he wants to watch I lick and suck my own nipples this time? With this idea jumps into her head, she holds her left breast still, lowers her head and extends her tongue trying to lick her nipple. It is not too hard, and feeling her own tongue on her own nipple gives her a funny thrill. Being encouraged, she decides to suck her own nipple next. This is a little tougher than she had imagined, because her jaw is always in the way. *Stupid jaw.* Rotated her neck a little bit, she leans her cheek on top of her right boob. With her hands pushing up her other breast as close as possible, she pouts out her lips far trying to suck her nipple in. After a few attempts she can kiss and nibble her nipple alright, but still a little short to suck the whole nipple in. Just as she is about to try it one more time, she hears her master’s voice.

“That’s good for now.”

However, it is not the tone she had expected. It is a pleasant tone for sure, but more in amused than aroused, like watching a cute puppy trying to catch its tail. She looks up and is astonished to see that he’s smiling. Or, he’s just trying hard not to laugh out loud. Only then she realizes how funny she looks right now, and her face blushes. She feels embarrassed, disappointed but cheers up quickly. At least her master is pleased and enjoys her show, though for the wrong reason.

Delighted by her little victory, she decides to give her master a real show. Biting on her bottom lip, she gives him a shy girl’s sexy look. She knows that she got the combination of innocent baby doll’s face, and hot young woman’s body, the combination that drives guys crazy. This is both a curse and a gift. As a curse it had made her life a living hell when she was on the street, which still gives her nightmares from time to time; as a gift it had brought her master’s attention to her, took her home from the street and made her his lovely sexy pet.

Or maybe more than just a pet? She often asks herself this question. At those nightmare nights her master always rushed into her bedroom when he heard her screaming. He then held her tight kissing her forehead and hair, until she stopped crying and started sobbing against his chest. She likes the smell of his body, fresh, clean but manly, which always calms her down. Then he carried her to his bedroom like a child and let her share his bed. Not to have sex, just to hold her until she drifted into sleep knowing he was here right beside her. Is this the kind of care a master normally shows to his pet? She often wonders.

With that naïve but seductive look, she slowly kneels down on the floor to get into doggie position, her master’s favorite position. Then she bends over her upper body almost touching the floor. With left elbow on the carpet supporting her body, she stretches her right arm under her belly until her hand touches the neatly shaved mount between her legs, which is already wet from all the playing with her breasts. Pulling her panty it aside, her finger slides in just a little bit before withdraw, with her juice at the top. She takes that glazing finger back to her face with a cunning smile and shows it to her master. With exaggerated gesture, she licks her finger first before putting it into her mouth, sucking it clean and pulling it out with a ‘pop’ sound. *A little salty but refreshing, not bad.* All those months of eating health and workout finally pays off.

Again, her fingers reach for her dripping wet pussy. Closing her eyes and imaging it’s her master’s hand instead, she starts to rub her pussy lips gently, strike her clit lightly, and draw little circles around her entrance. It did not take long before she starts to breathe heavily and give out a little moan, even before she slides her fingers inside and out of her slit.

Too bad my mouth cannot reach there. She just loves the naughty way that her master eats her out. It usually starts with soft kisses on her inner thighs to make her extra sensitive. Then he moves his mouth right on top of her shining wet hole, licks her both lips well, and sucks her already aroused rosebud while she moans in pleasure.

Her master likes to tease her and play her, though. One of his favorite games is to write down her name, his name, or some random words on her pink folders, using his tongue tip, and to question her what did he just draw, totally ignoring the fact that by then, the only words she can spell out, between all the panting and whimpering, are ‘Master’, ‘Yes’ and ‘Please’.

“Keep fingering yourself,” it’s her master’s voice, just besides her. While she was day dreaming, he had decided to join her. His hand touches her young breasts, one then the other, fondling them gently like sensual massage. It feels so good that her nipples are getting hard in her master’s palm. Then he squeezes them hard, so hard that she groans out loud in both pain and pleasure. Keeping one hand squeezing her gorgeous soft tit and making her moan, he moves his other hand on her butt, passes her anus and rests at the top of her slit.

Slowly but determined, his finger slides into her now soaking wet entrance, like exploring an unknown world. From both her hand and her vagina, she can feel their fingers touching and mingling, like tango dancing inside her body. It’s just so strange yet so exotic. Attempting to keep her mind concentrated, she tries to figure out where are those fingers.

There are my middle finger and index finger, rubbing my lips. Then this is master’s finger, right in the middle deep inside…wait, what’s that, is that another finger? He just put another finger in me, and he’s twisting and flipping them! God…

With all the stimulation her master just brought to her by surprise, it’s simply too much for the young girl and she yells out, “Master, please…master…”

Ignoring her pleading, her master keeps focus on his job ruthlessly and patiently. He knows her body too well and understands exactly how to deal with her. He moves slowly first to make her feel sensual and relaxed, then all of sudden he thrusts fast giving her wails. Just as she believes she’s about to come, he decelerates or even stopped, leaving her groans in disappointment instead of screams in orgasm. Then the whole pattern starts all over again. Each time his fingers thrust, swirl, twist, keep building up her tension until she’s at the edge, then breaks it just before she reaches heaven, letting her fall down from the cloud, filled with itchiness and frustration.

“Master, please…please,” she keeps begging and begging, hoping her master can pity her and let her come. She wants it so much that she starts weeping and tears are dripping down on the floor. Her

fingers are no longer in her pussy anymore; she had to put both arms on the floor so she wouldn't fall down during this sweet and bitter torture. Her nails are digging into the carpet, grabbing and scratching, like this could ease her pain. She had moaned and screamed so much that her voice hoarse. She can feel something is dripping down her leg but not sure if it is sweat or her juice. *Master, please, I don't know how long I can last. Please, let me come, don't be so cruel.*

Somehow during all those building up and breaking down, all those expectations and frustrations, she senses something huge is forming. She knows that at the end, all those emotions and feelings will transfer into a gigantic explosion. It must be a massive one, an enormous one. And it's…now! With all her courage and all the airs in her lungs she suddenly screams out, "Master, nowwww!"

Like a signal, her master's hand fastens. Not more techniques, not more games, just keep thrusting so hard that he is almost assaulting her body using his fingers. With the slippery sucking sound, her juice drips all over his hand and spills around them, fills the room with the scent of sex.

"Yes, master, yes," this time the tension building up inside her body is tremendous, and she knows her master will give her what she wants.

All of sudden, just like something explodes inside her, the huge orgasm she craved so much hits her like a thunder, overwhelms her and sends her body shivering and arching. She intends to scream but only manages to break out a short weak crying sound like a wheeze. She feels like her body is blew up into small pieces, but her mind is floating high, so high that she does not know how to think anymore.

But it does not stop there. Her master's fingers are inside her body, thrusting and twisting, while her vagina, which is still coming, keeps wrapping the fingers, squeezing them trying to push them outside. With all the prolonged orgasm, waves and waves of ecstasy just rushes to her head and drives her crazy. They're so intense that she almost passes out. She does not even have any strength to make effort screaming or protesting, just indulges herself with coming and coming like there is no end. Abruptly, large amount of sweet, hot, sticky juice just ejects from her cunt. She never knew she could squirt.

Then a deep male voice penetrates the blankness in her mind.

"Hold still," the voice sounds very far away, and she hardly remembers whom this voice belongs to. Somehow she knows that she needs to obey the command, though she felt so spaced out that she might lose her consciousness at any second. Panting hard, she tries to control her trembling body as requested. Something is put between her legs, against her smooth skin, just below her dripping pussy. She has no idea what that is and she does not care anyway. She just struggles hard to hold

still as the voice asked.

“It’s OK now,” it’s that voice again, this time it’s much clear and since her mind just sharpened a little, she recognizes it’s her master’s voice. Hearing the word, she loses all her strength and slumps with her eyes closed, almost faint. Out of her surprise, she feels a pair of strong hands catches her narrow waist before she hit the floor, and gently lowers her down on the carpet, while her head is put on a thrown pillow. While she breathes hard trying to recovering herself, she senses something touched her mouth.

She opens her eyes and notices the brandy glass, which her master is holding against her lips. Acknowledging her confusion, he gives her a warm smile encouraging her to swallow the fine cognac. She raises her head to take a sip and the delicious liquid warms her up from her stomach to the whole body. Being highly sensitive due to the afterglow, she found it smells different than what she smelt in the cellar. The color is different, too.

“It’s your juice, mixed inside,” he reads her question and answers, while taking a sip himself. She now remembers something was holding against her pussy when she came. Fascinated by the fact that they both just drank her juice, mixed with this fine cognac, she imagines it created some kind of connection between her and her dear master. Looking up to him, she begs for another sip with her eyes.

Her wish is granted and this time she drinks slowly. Holding the liquor in her mouth, she flips her tongue like her master did, trying to taste the difference. She can figure it now, a little bitter, salty, but also sweet. *Does this taste like our sex? Or even…love? Does this mean I’m in his most valuable collections?* Like triggered by this erotic cocktail, suddenly all the questions pump out in her little head. Then, she feels his hand touching her hair.

It is his hand, which had inserted in her slit and squeezed on her breast just minutes before, now caressing her hair, as smooth as light wind. She closes her eyes to enjoy this sensual moment for a moment, before puts her cheek in her master’s hand and rubs against it, like a puppy enjoys the pat from its owner. Sensing no objection from her master, she raises her head and pecks a soft kiss in his palm. Then she heard her master’s whisper by her ear, soft and gentle, like a man talks to his lover.

“You have been a wonderful pet tonight, and you earned your prize. Tonight you will sleep with me, to share my bed. Now stay here, rest for a minute while I will get the bathtub ready.”

Overwhelmed by the happiness, she feels she must be in heaven. It means she can do whatever she wants to him tonight. Kissing him, embracing him, telling him how much she loves him while rides him like a cowgirl in rodeo. And he will devote himself to her tonight as well, loving her, cherishing her,

bringing her the ultimate pleasure, again and again. Even after the passionate love making is over, he will cuddle her, let her play with his chest hair, tell her his life story like his first love in high school, young days in Berkley, soul-seeking journey in Asia. When they finally drift into sleep, he will hold her tight spooning her. Though she just had a huge orgasm, the heat inside her is getting started again.

“Master,” Just as he steps out of the living room, there is her voice, weak but eager,

He turns around, and catches in sight that she props up on her elbow. Still exhausted, her body shakes hard while she puts both hands on the floor trying to steady herself. Holding her head up, she dazes at him and waits.

He knows too well what she’s waiting for. Sighing silently, he kneels down on the floor with one knee, and puts his hand on her back to support her from falling. Without a word he just kisses her on her lips, for the first time tonight. At first it is an emotional kiss, then more passionate. Their lips meet, their tongues tango, their saliva exchanges, with a flavor of bitterness and sweetness left by the mix of her juice and cognac, tasting just like sex.

I must have drunk too much tonight. He tries to explain his rare behavior to himself, while enjoying this exotic taste.

By the time their lips parts again, her hands can hardly support her anymore due to the awkward position, but her heart is full of joy. With a big victory smile, she closes her eyes laying on the floor for some rest. None of them will ever forget this kiss. She the pet, a broken soul, butt naked like a new born baby; him the master, a respectful man, in his shining business suit, both kneel down on the floor like two prayers, only to share a kiss. Now she knows for sure that under the business suite armor, in his hard cold heart, there is a soft spot for her.

When her master comes back, he picks her up and carries her to the master bathroom with extra care, like she is his first born child. The bathtub was filled with hot water and a few drop of rose oil. With the sweet scent in the air, he carefully takes of her soiled panty, and lifts her into the warm water. Soothed by hot water and his care, she gives out a deep sigh in pleasure. With a sponge in hand, he steps in the tub, rubs her slowly and gently, washes her again and again, while enjoying her little squealing and moaning when his hands moves around her body.

With same exaggerated care, he carries her out of the tub and patted her dry in a big white towel, then helps her put on a cozy bathrobe, which he had already warmed up on the heater so it won’t chill her skin. She tries to help but he just smiles and gently pushes her hands away. “You deserve it,” he simply say so.

Oh my god he's spoiling me. Refreshed and reenergized, she lays on the bed waiting for her master to be ready, and gets excited about the incoming night. By the time her body starts tingling again, her master enters the bedroom, showered and shaved, only in his boxer, with a huge bulge in the middle.

She admires his well-built body for a few seconds and makes up her mind. She wants revenge. She will tease her master tonight, just like he teased her an hour before. She's going to lick his balls, suck his manhood, ride him hard again and again calling out his name, but she will stop each time when he's about to come. Of course at the end she will let her master come, because she's not as cruel as him, but only when she is fucking him face to face, eyes to eyes, and telling him she loves her. Who knows, maybe she can get her master to spell out that magic L word tonight.

Before she grabs the waistband of his boxer and pulls it down, she remembers an important question.

"Master, should I buy the same lingerie in black tomorrow?"

He just smiles, bends over and lands a soft kiss on her lips.

"No, sweetheart, don't do that. You look like an angel in white, and I like corrupting an angel."