

The first meeting

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A girl meets her online Master for the first time.

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I was cleaning a friend's house when I heard Ash's voice, she was giggling and talking about herself—as usual. "Seriously Ash, come on," I yelled, getting mad. "We have to finish cleaning this house already. You know I don't feel good and want to go home and rest. But I can't do that when you are just fucking around, now can I?" Why is it younger sisters always expect the older one to do everything. It just made me so frustrated. "Boy is she going to be surprised." I heard her say. Oh God, what is she up to now? I wondered. I heard her flip flops on the hardwood floor approaching the kitchen where I had just finished doing the dishes and was about to sweep. Another set of feet were with her. A man's voice chuckled. Okay, now that is weird, I thought, I wonder what is going on? "Hey Allie. Look who's here," Ash said grinning and watching my face. I turned around and looked at Ash first. She had on jeans and a t-shirt. I was wearing jeans and a white tank top. Ash looked a lot cleaner than I did, though, because I had spilled an opened can of orange drink all over myself and had a huge stain on my shirt. I looked over at the man standing next to her, and my voice caught in my throat. He was tall with dark hair and his eyes seemed to penetrate my very soul. I didn't know what his real name was—the only name I had ever called him was Master—and that was only online. "I can do the rest of the cleaning sis. Go on home and have some fun," Ash said pushing me towards him. He came over to me and put my hand on his arm and led me out the door to his car. It was a black two-door corvette. He opened the door for me without a word and I got in. He walked with confident steps to his side, got in, and turned the car on. We backed out of the driveway and he started the 30 minute drive to my house. "Turn right," I started before he interrupted me. "I already know where you live pet," He said smiling at me. His hand reached for mine and enclosed it in his firm grip. My hands seemed so small in his. He brought my hands to his lips and gently kissed them. He caressed the palm of my hand with his tongue. I felt goosebumps up and down my back. He moved my hand into his lap and I could feel the hard bulge swelling in his pants. "Yes, my pet that's all for you. Feel what you do to me," He said, keeping his eyes on the road. I wanted him to look at me and see how his words were affecting me, but he wouldn't. I think he knew what I wanted and was trying to make me want his attention even more. It was working—if that was his plan. We pulled up to my small house and he got out first. He walked to my door and opened it. He helped me to my feet and looked down into my eyes. I wanted him to kiss me, but he wouldn't. He took my hand and we walked

up the steps to the door. I got my key out and unlocked the door. We went inside. He moved silently behind me like a lion hunting its prey. That's when he struck. He shut the door, locked it, grabbed me by the waist, pushed me against the door, and began the assault on my lips. He plunged his tongue down my throat. I moaned and felt my knees buckle. He grabbed my legs before I could collapse and wrapped them around his waist and began to carry me to the bedroom. I didn't know how he knew where it was. When we got there, he laid me on the bed and broke the kiss. "Take your clothes off pet. I want to see you naked in front of me." He sat down in the chair by my closet. He looked into my eyes as I got up from the bed and began to strip. He smiled as I unbuttoned my shirt button by button. My hands shook when they went to my jeans and unfastened them. I pushed them over my curvy hips and down to the floor. I stepped out of them and kicked them aside. I reached to undo my bra when his words stopped me. "Come to me pet," I walked to him slowly and knelt before him. My eyes lowered towards the ground. He took my chin in his hand and pulled it up so that I could look into his eyes. "You please me pet." He got up in front of me and took off his shirt. His hands went to his pants and those too were taken off, along with his boxers. I looked at his eyes, but I wanted to see his cock. I knew that if I took my eyes off his, I would be in trouble. He motioned for me to stand. I stood at once, gazing into his eyes. His hands went around my back and with a flick of a finger my bra unsnapped. He pulled it from my body and watched it fall to the floor. He then took his fingers and pulled at my boyshorts. Caressing my flesh as he slid them down my legs. I gasped as his fingers felt between my legs. He smiled as he discovered my wetness. He stood back up and motioned me to kneel in front of him. "Look what you have done to my cock, my pet," He said taking his long hard cock into his hands. He began to stroke it. "Master may I?" I asked cautiously. I hoped that I hadn't overstepped, but his voice reassured me. "Yes, my pet, of course, touch me, caress me, fill your mouth with me," he said taking his hands off his cock. I put my hands around his shaft. It was warm and so hard, like one of those three-wick candles. I bent my head and licked the small drop of precum oozing out of the tip. It tasted good, a little salty, but good. His hand grabbed my blonde pony tail and shoved it down onto his cock. I wasn't expecting to be face fucked yet, and I felt my gag reflex kicking in. He let me up to breathe a few breathes and then pushed my head down again. Holding it for a little longer till I started gagging again. He let me up and then pushed me down. I took more and more of his beautiful cock into my mouth each time. Finally I had his whole dick in my mouth and I was sucking as best as I could—twirling my tongue around his dick. "Yes, pet, that's it," he moaned, thrusting his pelvis into my face. He pulled out of my mouth and picked me up. He carried me to the bed and laid me down softly on my back. As my head touched the pillows, he leaned in and kissed my mouth softly. His hands roamed my body. I was his instrument now and he was going to play me the way he wanted. I moaned softly when his hands touched the very core of my desire. He pushed a finger in, then added another, and then three. He was stretching me to fit his cock. I moaned louder as his fingers kept thrusting inside me. "Cum for me pet," He said softly in my ear. My back arched and I moaned—cumming instantly because of his command. "Good girl," he said. He slid his fingers out of my pussy and brought them to his mouth. He slipped a soaked finger into his mouth. "Delicious," he said before offering his fingers to me. "Taste yourself. See how good you taste." I opened my mouth

as he pushed his other fingers inside and I sucked them clean. I tasted the sweet taste of myself and moaned. "Stay here pet. I have a special surprise for you." He got up from the bed and walked toward the bedroom door. I didn't dare move from my spot as his feet softly padded on the light blue carpet. He came back with a black bag in his hand. My breath caught in my throat when he unzipped it. He pulled out a few black silk scarves and then zipped the bag and put it at the foot of the bed, out of the way. He walked over to me in that confident stride of his that I had come to admire. He took one of my hands in his and tied it to the bed post. He walked to my feet and took my foot in his strong hands and tied that loosely. He continued walking around the bed to tie my other foot, and then to the head of the bed to tie my other hand. My heart felt like it was going to beat out of my chest. His eyes never left mine as he got back on to the bed and knelt between my legs. He pushed my thighs farther apart and leaned down and inhaled my scent. He smiled to himself and flicked my clit with his finger. I raised my pelvis up, but couldn't move too much. He smiled and flicked my clit again. I moaned louder. He covered my pussy with his mouth and stuck his tongue inside me. His tongue began to lick everywhere. It was like he was trying to cover every inch and wasn't going to stop until he decided I'd had enough. "Please!" I cried out. "Please what pet?" he asked while slapping my pussy lightly, but with enough force that I jumped. "Please Master. Take me. Make me yours." I said looking at him. My eyes pleading with him. He gently slapped my pussy again. He watched with a smile as I tried to arch my back, pulling at my restraints. "Please, Master, I beg of you," I cried out feeling his hand slap my pussy a little bit harder. I moaned in my need. He got up and took my feet out of the restraints and wrapped them around his waist. In a single thrust his shaft was deep inside me. I cried out as he pulled out and then thrust back in—hard but gentle. He looked down into my eyes and moaned as my pussy clutched around his dick. "Oh pet. You're so tight, so wet, so delicious, dear girl," He moaned, thrusting into me with growing urgency. The bed started to hit the wall behind us as his thrusts became more forceful. His hands stayed on my hips. It was like he was making sure I was still safe. He continued pounding my pussy like there was no tomorrow. He moaned each time he sunk deep inside of me. "Cum now pet," he moaned grabbing my hips and thrusting one last time and staying there. I felt his cum squirt out five times and I moaned as I felt myself let go. "AHH!" I cried out in orgasm—pleasure coursed through my body for several moments. "Clean me pet," He said pulling out of me and untying my hands. I knelt between his legs and began to lick him up and down like a lollipop. I could taste both of us on his cock. It was salty, but tangy. "Good girl," he said when his dick was clean of our juices. "Now, unfortunately, I need to go. I am leaving my bag here for the night, and will be back to get it. But do not look inside or else I will have to punish you." He got up from the bed, dressed, and kissed me on the forehead and was gone...at least for now.