

# The Meeting (Part 2)

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As my master hugs me tightly, he whispers in my ear “Babe, you are absolutely gorgeous, and I’m happy you’re here.” This is an indication that our role play is over at the moment, so I’m free to do as I please. With everything that had taken place, I had almost forgotten that I left Texas. As we enter his house, he takes my bags to his room and tells me to make myself comfortable. This is where I would normally take my overcoat off; however, I have nothing at all underneath, and I know that Jason has a roommate. “Hun, just wanted you to know that I’m going to cook us some lunch. Oh yeah, forgot to mention that my roommate will be gone for the next couple days.” I drop the overcoat to the floor and come out of the bathroom with only my stilettos on my feet. It takes him a few seconds to stop what he is doing and look at me. “You told me to get comfortable, so that is exactly what I did.” I stated, as I’m walking toward him. With each step, I take you can hear his breathing getting deeper and deeper. His dick hardens, as I get closer to him. Standing there in total shock over my courage to stand before him with nothing, but my come fuck me heels on, he pours out “Um, are you hungry” I giggle a little, because I know he is rattled “Yes, I ate before I left Texas, but that was really early this morning.” “Okay, I’m going to grill up some tilapia and fresh veggies real quick. It won’t take very long at all. You can sit at the bar or in the living room.” He already has the stove heated, and he adds the tilapia, as I walk around and put my hand firmly on his cock. Looking into his eyes, I unbutton his trousers and get on my knees and slowly run my tongue along his shaft. Oh how I have longed to this for the last six months, talking about it, wanting it and now I’m finally able to do it. Just as I lick all of his cock I thrust it deep inside my mouth, and I hear his moans. I pull it out of my mouth, trying to gently tease him. While he’s still trying to cook for us, I grab his cock with my hand and stroke it, while I suck on the head and then deeply thrust it in my mouth once again. He can’t control it any longer. He looks down at me, and our eyes connect; my pussy moistens at the thought of what is about to happen. He grabs my hair and wraps it around his fist and thrust his cock deep in my mouth over and over. I start to gag, but he doesn’t stop, tears are running down my eyes and my make-up is smeared. I grab his balls and squeeze them tight before letting go. My master pulls his cock out of my mouth, and I begin to lick each of his balls. He takes his cock and slaps me across the face, but I don’t stop. I take each testicle in my mouth, sucking on them, licking them, caressing them with my tongue. “Look at me,” My master insists. I look up at him, and he gently caresses my cheek and wipes away the tears right before he thrusts his cock in my mouth once again. My pussy is dripping wet, and it’s throbbing over the excitement. I can only catch my breath each time he pulls his dick out.

Through his moans, he says, "I'm getting close, baby." I know this is my cue; this is my chance to make my master proud that he chose me to be his little slut. His cock starts to throb, and his cum is squirting deep in the back of my throat. I keep sucking his cock milking out all of his cum that I can. Once he pulls his cock out, I swallow his cum completely. This is something I have never done, I have never allowed cum in my mouth. I was afraid I would gag or worse throw up over the taste. "You did well my, little slut. Taking in all of my cum and swallowing it like a good little whore. Now, clean my cock with your tongue." I do as master says, and I begin to lick his cock and make sure that no cum is left. He looks down at me and gives me a big smile. "Tilapia is burned; I guess I'm going to be calling in a pizza." He lifts me off my knees and gives me this kiss that I could absolutely die for. Now, I know this sounds corny and all but, I swear my leg even came off the ground like a little school girl with her first kiss. One of his hands running down my side slowly going down to cusp one of my cheeks and the other running through my hair; as our tongues are dancing together in what can only be described as bliss. He breaks away from our passionate kiss and whispers in my ear "Go ahead and get dressed, but only a tank top and a G-string. No bra." "Yes, Master." Before my trip we had previously gone over what I was to bring on the trip and what clothing I would pack. Let's just say that one bag held everything he wanted me to wear for five days. I brought extra bags just in case plans changed; like I said I'm a control freak who likes to be prepared for everything. As I am getting dressed, I hear Jason on the phone and I'm not quite sure who he is talking to. I can only hear his part of the conversation. "When are you coming back?" "Okay, yeah she will still be here whenever you return." "So far it's great, she's a good girl." "Yes, I'm sure. She will do anything I tell her to." "We will be here when you get back, and then the fun really will begin." The thought of asking my master who was on the phone crossed my mind, however, I knew better to question him. I am simply there to do as told, to be his slut, his cum dump and not to ask questions.