

The Meeting (Part 3)

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Do you want to touch her?

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The meeting between my Master and I will last 5 days. We are still on day one so stay tuned as I promise there are exciting things to come. He smiles at me as I enter the living room barefooted with only my tank top and G-string on. He leads me to the couch and pushes me down. As he lifts my legs to his lap and slowly massages my feet, I look at him and can't believe I am cheating on my husband. For the first time I feel bad that I'm doing this, however, it feels so splendid and I never want it to stop. Rubbing his hands on the high arch or my soft manicured foot makes my pussy tingle. My foot is lifted to his face and he begins to lick my toes and I can't believe I'm sitting with this beautiful man in front of me. His hand runs up my leg and pulls my G-string to the side. He slowly runs his fingers through my wet slit and my legs quiver. I feel two of his fingers enter my pussy and then the doorbell rings. I was finally getting what I wanted and we get interrupted. Oh how I yearn to cum and squirt for my master; but only with his permission. His voice wakes me from my thoughts: "Go answer the door." I must have given him a peculiar look because the next thing I know is he stands me up and slaps my ass. "I said to answer the door." "Yes, Master," I reply as I start walking towards the door wondering who is in front of it. What are they going to think about a grown woman in nothing more than a tank top and a wet G-string? My nervousness grows with each step I take; but at the same time there is an excitement inside of me. As I answer the door the pizza delivery man is looking at the receipt and repeats the order. Once he notices me, he takes a step back and simply stares. Just then Jason comes up behind me and talks to the delivery man, who is nothing more than a young kid in college. "Hi, so I see you like what is standing before you." "Ugh, um yes sir," the young man replies not really knowing what to say. "Would you like to see more?" I have no idea what is about to happen and from the look on the young man's face he is completely in shock. All he can do is shake his head yes. He hands Jason the pizza completely forgetting about the money. Jason starts giving me demands. "Take off your shirt." "Yes, Master." My voice is quivering at the thought of my Master sharing me with a random stranger. I remove my shirt and wonder if he is going to let his complete stranger have me. My master hasn't taken me yet, has not enjoyed my pussy that I have only shared with one man. This is something that I have saved for my Master since I started my quest to have an affair. If my Master instructs me to fuck this stranger then that is what I will do. The young man is looking at me intently and I notice that his hand has moved to his crotch. He is rubbing his large hard cock over his pants.

“Would you like to see more?” My master asks the young man. The delivery man can only shake his head, almost as if speaking would wake him up from this dream. My mind is wondering with so many thoughts and I suddenly feel hands on my hips. I know they are Jason’s because I’m still looking at the delivery man wondering what is going on in his mind. My G-strip begins to descend down my legs very slowly and each foot is lifted up to remove the garment. I feel a slight touch on my thigh moving towards my wet pussy. Slowly, fingers start to separate my lips and rub around to distribute my wetness all over. I let out a slight moan and close my eyes as the wet fingers are roaming around my clit. Without any hesitation Jason plunges his fingers deep inside my shaven pussy. I can’t contain my excitement at this point and I bite my lower lip as I brace myself against Jason’s lean and muscular body. Whenever I lean into him I notice that he is really enjoying this by the rock hard cock underneath his trousers. I open my eyes and look at the delivery man who now has his cock out in the open for display. Jason notices how excited the young man has become. “Do you want to touch her?” When my Master’s words hit my ears I bit my lower lip because here I am about to have sex with a complete stranger. The young delivery man starts to enter the house and finally mutters something under his breath that I can barely make out, “Um, yeah. Can I really touch her?” Just then Jason hands the delivery man my G-string. “This is my slave, get your own.” He shuts the door in the guy’s face, cock in his hand and all. I felt bad for the guy since he got this show and was left with a raging hard on. At the same time I was extremely turned on at how Jason had put me on display. He must have seen the look on my face and instinctively took my hand and led me to the couch. “Babe, I would never let you fuck someone I don’t know. Don’t worry; I was just having a little fun with the kid. Do you trust me?” This was a word that had been torn from my world six months earlier. Trust is something that is earned, something that cannot be replaced. In the short amount of time that I had known Jason I trusted him whole heartedly. I knew he wouldn’t put me in harm’s way. “Yes, master, I trust you,” I reply and let him know that I’m okay and that I surrender completely to him. He gives me a slight kiss on the forehead. He grabs the pizza and turns the television on and starts looking for a movie. I enjoy being with my Master as we sit there on the couch. We enjoy the pizza and watch a movie all the while I am still nude from the escapade that had just unfolded.