

When She Was Good

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Nora gets a reward for being a very good girl

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Nora didn't know what to expect, but that was not unusual. She had received a text message from Master telling her he would be home in half an hour. She knew he would expect her to be prepared for him. He didn't always text in advance, but she knew that when he did, it was because he wanted to use her, and that was always exciting. She looked around. The house was spotless. She had spent the entire day doing her chores and had finished everything on her to-do list. She smiled because she knew he would be pleased. She headed to the bedroom. Once there, she took off her clothes and looked at herself in the mirror. She was a petite blonde with wavy, shoulder length hair. She had brown eyes and perky C cup breasts with small areolas. She went to her dresser and pulled out two wrist cuffs and two ankle cuffs and put them on, allowing him to be able to tie her conveniently however he might desire. She then went into her closet and got a pair of stiletto heels. He often told her how much he loved what they did to her calves. She walked back into the living room and sat down on the sofa. The only thing she had left to do was to be in position when he walked in from the garage, but she could wait until she heard the garage door open before she got into place. While she waited, she played a game on her cell phone. Before too long, she heard the garage door start to open. She knew she'd have about 30 seconds, so she tossed her phone over on the table and then stood and walked to the center of the living room. There, she kneeled and then rested her bottom on her ankles, with her knees slightly apart. She put her hands behind her back, each hand on the opposite elbow, and then cast her eyes downward to wait. She heard the door between the garage and kitchen open and then close. Since her eyes were cast downwards, she couldn't see him, but could hear his footsteps in the kitchen. She would hear a step or two, and then he would stop and then another step. It dawned on her that he must be inspecting the kitchen. She smiled. She could not possibly imagine that he could possibly find anything to complain about. Presently, the footsteps began again and transitioned to the carpet in the living room. She then saw his shoes enter her field of view and stop in front of her. "You have clearly worked very, very hard today, Nora. The kitchen is immaculate." She smiled and said, "Thank you, Master." "I must confess, Nora, I should be pleased. But a part of me wanted to find something out of place. I wanted to find some reason that I could

punish you. I wanted to hear you cry out in pain while I savagely whipped you for your disobedience." As she listened to this, the room suddenly felt like it was 100 degrees and her pussy, which was already tingling, started to throb. She shuddered, but not at all out of fear. Her mouth opened and a little gasp escaped. "Oh, Master... I'm sorry-" He walked over to her and placed a hand on her head and gently directed it upwards to look into his eyes. "No, no, my pet. You mustn't be sorry for my own selfishness." "But Master, if you want... I mean..." "No. I can't whip you when you're good and whip you when you're bad. That would hardly be just." He pondered this for a moment. She saw his face change as he, apparently, reached a decision. "I think I have just the reward for your good behavior, Nora. Come with me." She stood up, and stood with her hands behind her back. He had taken a step towards the back of the house, but when she stood, he stopped and looked back at her. "Oh my, Nora. Those shoes..." She blushed as he took a moment to walk all the way around her. As he did, she was sure she could actually feel the touch of his eyes as he visually groped her. He came back around the front and looked her in the eyes "Mmm. Yes. You definitely deserve to be rewarded, my pet. Go to the bedroom. I want to follow so I can watch you walk." She didn't know how, but she was sure that her blush deepened and the room felt warmer. She started towards the bedroom, aware that he was watching her go. She tried to put a little sashay in her step, wiggling her ass a little with each pace. Knowing she was putting on a show made her pussy tingle and throb all the more. She arrived at the bedroom and stood at the foot of the bed and turned around to face him, her hands still behind her back. He walked up to her and stood very close in front of her. He was so close, she could feel his warm breath hitting her cheek. He ran his hand along her jawbone and wrapped his hand around the back of her head and she closed her eyes and moaned. A moment later, his mouth met hers and she opened her mouth to receive his tongue. As much as she wanted to throw her arms around him, she kept her arms resolutely stationed behind her back. She could not help, however, squeezing her thighs together, trying to appease her aching cunt any way she could. He broke away from her kiss but she kept her eyes closed, her head tilted back and half-moaned, half spoke, "Oh, please, Master." He grabbed her hair and pulled it down, forcing her head back and hissed in her ear, "Patience." He took her hand and turned her around and urged her onto the bed, face down. He then visited each limb in turn, bringing a small rope with a clip up from each corner of the mattress and attaching it to the nearest cuff. When he was done, she was firmly pinned, spread-eagle to the bed on her tummy. She felt his weight on the mattress as he sat down next to her by her side. She turned her head to look in his direction, but he grabbed her hair again, forcing her to look the other way. She could only look at her bedside table and the wall. She felt him run his other hand down her back and then down over her ass. He grabbed one ass globe roughly and moved it around. She gasped as he did this. He moved his hand down between her legs and probed her very, very wet cunt. "My goodness, Nora, you're very, very wet, aren't you?" She blushed and moaned, "Oh, yes, Master. Yes." He ran his finger back and forth between her sopping opening and her clit. As he brushed past her clit, she moaned and tried to move her pelvis as much as her restraints would allow. After a minute or two of this, he placed his index and ring finger on either side of her pussy lips and wiggled his hand side to side. Nora started to pant as he built her up towards her pleasurable plateau. She felt herself getting

close and then his hand left her and she gasped and groaned in frustration. He smacked her on her ass cheek and said, "Not yet, Nora." She whimpered, knowing that it would be futile to beg, but that also the delay would only make the resulting orgasm just that much stronger. His hand wandered back down her thigh and hovered tantalizingly near her sopping wet pussy. As it got closer, she felt his thumb come to rest right on her asshole while the rest of his hand ran straight down her vulva, his index finger ending right at her clit. He started moving his hand, his thumb massaging her back door while his index finger flicked playfully at her clit. With his other hand, he let go of her hair and reached under her chest for her breast and pawed at it. She started to pant and moan again while he continued to build her up. Then, without warning, his other hand pinched her nipple hard and she cried out, the pain pushing her looming orgasm out of reach again. But this time, he didn't stop playing with her pussy and asshole as before. She kept moaning while he kept working her sex. As she got close, this time he pulled the thumb away from her asshole and placed two fingers on her clit and flicked it as fast as he could, pushing her closer and closer to the edge. She raised her head up from the mattress and cried out, "Oh, God, yes, oh, yes!" Every muscle in her body tensed up, and the ropes attached to each of her limbs became as taut as piano wire. He continued to work her clit as she came, drawing out her orgasm. When it was done, she collapsed and sighed contentedly. While she relaxed, he quickly went to each of the four restrained limbs and released them. He sat on the bed with his back against the headboard and sat her on his lap, her head on his shoulder. He reached under each arm and cupped her breasts lovingly while she relaxed with her eyes closed and purred contentedly. They stayed like that for a few minutes. "Thank you, Master," she said, at long last. "There's no need to thank me, Nora. You earned your reward." She closed her eyes and relaxed. She enjoyed her reward, of course, but deep down she knew she enjoyed his punishments too. She decided she would have to be just a little bit less perfect tomorrow.