

# Master's Reminder

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I had been seeing Master John for about a year now and thing's were going well, or so I thought. I arrived at his home like any other weekend in the outfit he wanted me to wear for my punishment. He would always choose the week before and I knew that there was no argument whatever he wanted he got. I hoped that I had got everything just right for him. Anything slightly out of place or wrong I full well knew that I would be punished severely. This particular weekend he had chosen for me to wear a pvc catsuit cut thigh high which zipped up my back making sure my cock was fully tucked securely. My hair was to be tied back in a pony tail, my make up had to be perfect, dark brown eye shadow with a lighter grey edging the side corners above. My lashes thick and curled as big as spiders legs, the eye liner black with a slight oriental lift at the edges. My blusher crimson and tarty making my cheeks stand out like a slut. Finally my lips a deep red with lots of gloss over the top to match my finger and toe nails. I had worn some modest 4" sandals and slipped on a long coat over the top so as not to attract to much attention to myself on my walk to meet him at his home. I slipped off my coat and walked into his lounge ready to be inspected, right foot pointing to the right behind the left which faced straight forward. His hands ran around my body teasing me checking that my legs were silky smooth and that everything was just so. He stepped back with an angry look on his face I knew I was in trouble. "You stupid fucking slut!" "I told you before to wear a corset." I was totally shocked he hadn't said a word about a corset but I knew it was useless to argue. "S-s-sorry Sir," I lowered my head trying to avoid eye contact. "Wait there," before I could speak he was out of the room. My mind was working like mad wondering just what he had gone to fetch, he never punished me in the lounge it was always in the basement. I was now nervous with how long he was gone, what was he up to when would he be back. After what seemed like ages he returned to the room a large bag in his hand which he placed behind me out of sight. Zzzzzzzzzzip, I shivered as I heard him open it behind me!

He reached around me, I realized that he had wrapped a leather corset around me which he soon started to pull in tight. Every now and then he would pull my breasts up one at a time making sure that they sat over the top of the under wire as it was cup less. He was pulling it that tight I was struggling to breathe before finally he secured it in place. My 28" waist had been reduced to a 22". Master admired his work and could see I was uncomfortable which seemed to please him going by the wry smile on his face. "Hands to the rear, NOW!" he barked out in a loud voice. I did as I was asked immediately and soon felt something sliding up over my arms. My shoulders were being pulled together backwards as he tightened the arm binder in place. I realized that there was now no escape even if I wanted. Next he knelt in front of me un-strapping my shoes and removing them. He reached just behind me once more grabbing some ballet heeled boots. One at a time he put them on me and locking them in place. He knew that I could barely walk in them without assistance. "Let me help you to the car," he spoke in a demanding voice. He held my arm as I took tiny steps so as not to fall. He opened the rear door of the car and pushed me across the back seat, which was just as well as I would have been unable to breathe and unable to sit. Master shut the door and we drove into the night finally arriving at a secluded spot in a car park. Master pulled me from the car and raised me to my feet once more. The only building in sight was a toilet block, luckily no one seemed to be around. "Wait there," Master said as he walked off into the toilets. A few moments later he returned and helped me totter into the gent's toilet. He led me into a cubicle and ordered me to wait, pulling the door closed on his way out. My legs were now beginning to buckle and my calf's were burning as I waited in the dim lights. Fear struck me after a short while as I heard someone coming into the toilets. I let out a sigh of relief that the person had not come into the cubicle as I knew it wasn't locked. I had still not heard from Master, was he still here, what had he planned? Another person had entered the block very quickly followed by another, I now wondered just what might be going on outside. My cubicle door slowly opened and I saw Master's familiar face. He turned me slightly then pulled an open gag tight around my head which held my mouth open in an O with a ring in the centre. Master had used this before on me and I knew he was expecting oral sex. With the gag in place there would be no choice he could enter my mouth as he wished. He pulled me back out into the centre of the room, I could see two guys wanking each other and a much older guy was playing with himself while watching them. I felt Master's knee at the back of mine which made me drop down onto mine and now all eyes were on me. "Don't waste it guys." "Feel free to use her mouth as a pussy," Master said in a loud voice. The two guys wanking each other moved over to me one of them standing right in front of me. He pushed his cock into my mouth, gently fucking it as his friend played with his balls. The older guy had joined us and was stood the other side of the guy fucking my mouth. I tried to drop back on my heels but the corset restricted me from doing so. The old guy was wanking himself hard and I could see from the corner of my eye that he was using his pre cum as lubricant to do so. I felt the guy fucking me shudder as he pushed his cock deep at the same time. Stream after stream of his warm cum hit the back of my throat. He quickly pulled out as his friend took over from him, he was a little more rough with me pushing more deep. I gurgled as his thrusting became more frantic before he too shuddered gushing more streams of warm cum down my throat. A few fleeting seconds later

the old guy had shot his load right over my face my eye burned slightly as it dripped in my eye. What I hadn't noticed was another guy had joined us. As my sight returned, I realized just how big his black cock was and it was as solid as a rock by the look. I tried to turn my head to the side trying to deny him entry, but he was having none of it as he grabbed tight hold of my pony tail tight pulling my head forward to meet his intruding cock. This guy was rough and forcing his cock deep down my throat. He would wait till he could hear me choking then would slowly withdraw, the veins on his cock running up each side of my tongue. His thrusting got quicker and every few pumps he would stop, again waiting for my choking, then re-thrusting a little harder and longer each time. After what seemed like hours he yelled out, as squirt after squirt shot down my throat he pulled my head tight impaling my head on his cock. I chocked and spluttered badly until he finally let go. He didn't withdraw he just gently seemed to be teasing his cock with my mouth as the toy. He pulled his semi hard cock to the edge of my mouth before I felt a constant warm stream going down my throat. I now realized that it was piss, each time my stomach reached my mouth was filled with more pee, I had no choice but to swallow once more. He finally let go of my head before disappearing out the door leaving me on my knees before my Master. "When you told me how you first started dressing I thought it best to remind you, that you started in a toilet and this is where you will end up bitch, if you ever let me down again." Master eased me up onto my feet and removed my gag before leading me to the car ready for the journey back to his home. I just hoped when we got there that he wouldn't punish me further.