

# Her New Master part 2

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*Some days never seem to end.*

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Amy is at her desk all thoughts of work gone, she is simply waiting till it's five o'clock so she can leave. She can't believe that she allowed her boss to treat her that way this morning. Every time she moves her ass it reminds her of what happened never mind the fact that she is sitting at her desk without her panties on. Her Master made her leave them with her. And yet all she can think of is she wants more. She can't wait until tonight when she arrives at her new Master's house. The thought scares her a little but more than anything she is excited at the thought of exploring this new relationship further. Amy calls her girlfriend and tell her a complete lie so that she can go and stay at her boss's or rather her new Master's house for the weekend. She is surprised at how easily the lie slips from her lips. She doesn't normally lie to her girlfriend about anything but this is not something you can tell the woman you are living with either. It's not that she doesn't care about her girlfriend Sarah because she does, but she realizes she cares about her more like a friend than the woman she wants to spend the rest of her life with. Amy wonders if she ever really loved her to begin with. She believes they moved in together way too fast and outside their shared tickling fetish they have very little in common. She smiles as she realizes Sarah is like a best friend who also can get her to cum simply by tickling her. The perfect friend with benefits scenario except some how they ending up living together. She glances at the clock and sees it is only noon. The day is never going to end she thinks but at least it is lunch time. She grabs her purse and heads out to the nearest restaurant to grab a bite to eat. Often she meets her girlfriend for lunch but she didn't feel today of all days she could face her not after this morning's events are still so clearly in her mind. She grabs a seat at the counter and doesn't even bother looking over the menu as she picks up her book and begins to read as she waits for the waitress Carla to come over. A few minutes later she does greeting Amy with her usual cheerful smile. "Hey girl how are you?" "Good... good how are you today Carla?" "Oh you know same shit different day." The continue to chat a few more moments and then Carla takes her order and leaves her to her book. Unbeknownst to Amy her boss is sitting at a table not far from her with another co-worker watching her, loving the way Amy's long dark hair flows down her back. Thinking

of what a good time she had this morning and very glad that she did decide to take this job. A smile forms on Ms. Jones' lips as a thought pops in her head, she excuses herself and heads out to her car. She returns a few minutes later and continues her conversation with her co-worker but always with one eye on her new slave. She has a surprise for her and she doesn't want to miss the chance to give it to her. Both of their meals arrive within moments of each other and they enjoy their meal, one lost in a book the other in conversation about work. When Ms. Jones sees Amy get up and head into the restroom she follows shortly behind her. As she enters the restroom she sees which stall her slave has entered and waits for her. Hopefully no one else enters as she waits. As soon as she sees the door open she barges into the stall pushing her slave back saying, "Hello my little whore." "Ms.... Jones... I mean Master." Amy replies startled to see her there. "Get on your knees slave." Her Master commands of her. "What if someone comes in?" Ms. Jones grabs her slave by the throat and tells her, "I said get on your fucking knees." Amy does as she has been ordered to and watches as her Master undoes her pants. She is a little surprised to see the strap on is gone and she gets her first look at her Master's pussy. She sees that her Master keeps the hair very short and trimmed. She also notices a slight wetness on her lips. She can't help but smile knowing her Master has been thinking about her. "Lick me whore." Her Master says. Amy leans forward and kisses her mound before her tongue licks up between her lips. Tasting her for the first time she moans slightly as she feels her Master's hand on her head. Her tongue slides in deeper wanting more and more. She licks up and down her Master's wet lips, sucking in one at a time. Her tongue dives into her Master wanting to go as deep as she can over and over again. She starts to suck all around her Master's clit and then Amy starts to lap at her clit softly, teasingly. Her tongue going round and round then lapping up at it again. "You're such a dirty little whore," she hears her Master tell her as her tongue continues its assault on her clit. Ms. Jones feels her slave's tongue against her clit and moans a little, her hand pushing her slave's head closer to her as she starts to grind against her face. The feeling is exquisite as her slave takes her clit in her mouth and sucks at it. She takes both her hands and places them on the sides of her slave's head as she starts to buck against her face harder. "Yes that's it whore make me cum," Ms. Jones moans as she continues to grind her pussy against Amy's face. Amy feels the hands on her head tighten as her face is getting wetter and wetter from her Master's now constant grind against her. She laps up at the wetness between her legs faster wanting to taste even more of her Master wanting to make her Master cum even if she is on her knees in the restroom she doesn't care any longer all she wants is to make her Master cum on her face. Amy takes her hands and runs them around her Master's waist towards her ass so as to better hold on as her Master bucks against her. She takes that hard aching clit in her mouth and sucks and sucks at it wanting so badly to hear her cum for her, wanting nothing more than to please her Master. When Ms. Jones feels her slave sucking on her that is it. Her hands grab her slave's head harder as her hips move back and forth faster, harder until she cries out and her body shivers as she rides out the wave of sheer pleasure. Amy on her knees eagerly laps up the wetness wanting to taste every bit of her Master's cum moaning with pleasure and getting wet herself. She so wants to feel her Master inside her. Or feel her tickle her. The thought of her new Master tickling her almost undoes her. "That's it little whore clean

me up," Ms. Jones tells her as she grinds her hips against her face. When she is finished she looks up at her Master and smiles. Again she leans in and kisses her mound. "Stand up. Turn around." she is commanded and quickly she does as she is told. Amy is pushed against stall. She can feel her Master's hands pull her shirt up. And as if her Master could read her mind from moments ago asks, "You like to be tickled don't you slave?" "Yes it is torture I love it and hate it and it is such a turn on for me." Ms. Jones smiles and says, "Is it now?" Her fingers begin trailing up and down Amy's sides making her twist and squirm and start to giggle. When Amy feels those fingers reach her armpits she tries to get away but she feels her Master press against her so she cant move. The tickling continues as she feels the fingers run across her belly making her laugh out loud. Remembering where she is she tries to be quiet which only intensifies the desire. Ms. Jones hand runs down her slave's body tickling as she goes she pulls her slave's skirt up and run her fingers lightly across her pussy. She feels her slave trying to be quiet and bucking back and forth against her. She slips one finger inside the slave's pussy and feels how very wet she is. "My my tickling really turns you on slave," Ms. Jones says as she hears the door open. Amy whimpers and whispers, "Oh yes... please... please stop." "Shhh or they will hear you slave," Ms. Jones replies her fingers back to their lightly tickling teasing of her slave's pussy. "And don't you dare cum unless I say so," She whispers lightly in her ear. All Amy does is nod afraid to speak. The woman only washes her hands and leaves. She was only in there for a minute or two but seems so much longer to her as her vicious master tickles and tickles her. When the door shuts she starts to beg, "Please let me cum please." The tickling of her sides and pussy and now her underarms is driving her crazy. She feels like she will cum if her Master doesn't stop soon. Her breath is coming hard and fast. The wetness from her pussy slides down her thigh "What an interesting little whore you are." Ms. Jones says as she stops. She removes the anal plug she ran out to her car to get earlier and turning her slave around tells her, "Open your mouth. I have a little something for you." Amy's eyes get wide when she sees the anal pug and it sure doesn't look small to her. She shivers at the thought in excited and fear. She takes the plug in her mouth and sucks on it getting it wet her ass muscles tightening at the thought of it going inside her. Pulling it out Ms. Jones says, "There now be a good slut and turn around." Amy does as she is told and feels it press against her ass. Instinctively her ass tightens. She feels her Master slap her wet pussy and tell her to relax. She does and groans as she feels it start to work its way in her ass. Ms. Jones noticed the look of fear and excitement in her slave's eyes and knows her slave is new to such things and goes slow with her. Pushing in a little and stopping giving her slave time to get use to it before pushing the plug in deeper. She smiles to herself thinking of how much fun she can have stretching out her slut's ass. After all this is really a small plug she thinks as she hears her slave moan and grunt some more as the plug is fully inserted in her. "There now you will leave that in place until I remove it is that understood slave?" "Yes Master." Amy replies squirming trying to adjust to the feel of the plug. Ms. Jones glances at her watch and says with a slight chuckle in her voice, "Now looks like lunch is almost over you better hurry back to work, would hate if you got in trouble with your boss for being late." "Yes Master." Amy walks out of the restroom and returns to the counter where she leaves money for Carla for the bill and enough to cover her tip as well. She grabs her book and purse and

heads back to work Ms. Jones watches her leave as she makes excuses for the length of time in the restroom and offers to buy lunch. That taken care of she heads back to work as well. Amy arrives back at work in a state of desire and need like she has never felt before. She so wanted to cum when she was being tickled or truth be told for her tortured and yet she was denied release. She can still feel the wetness between her legs and not having her panties certainly isn't helping matters any. When Amy sees Ms. Jones walk in shortly after she feels her desire rise up even more so. The urge to follow her into her office and beg her to let her cum is almost overwhelming. She squirms in her seat and every movement reminds her of the plug inserted in her. Amy stares at her computer thinking if I don't get this work done by 5 o' clock she will be in trouble. She starts working and then her mind drifts to all that has happened today. When Linda, her co worker drops another file on her desk she almost jumps. "Sorry didn't me to scare you Amy. You alright you haven't seemed yourself today ever since you left Ms. Jones office earlier." Amy can't keep the blush from forming on her face as she replies, "No no I am fine just ready for the weekend is all." In more ways than you can imagine she thinks to herself. "Good only three more hours to go." Linda says as she heads back to her desk. Three more hours damn this is the longest Friday ever she thinks as she once again turns back to her computer and tries to focus.