

# Her prize Tonight: A Pet's Diary Final Part

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*After that magical night, the master and pet's relationship has changed....*

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Special thanks to my dear friend ShyVixen and SkyMakenna69, who helped me editing and improvising this story. Dear Diary, It has been a month since that special night and things were changing for the better. My master started to call me by my first name and refer to me as his angel. He also told me that I could call him by his first name if I was comfortable with it. We did not have sex for a week after that night, but we continued to share the same bed. I told him that I was ready to make love with him again, but he just smiled and told me that I could take all the rest I needed since I was sore from the intense passionate sex that night. So, we just slept together on his huge bed in our pajamas like an old married couple while he wrapped his arms around my waist from behind and spooned me. Saturday arrived and he brought me out for a date. It was unexpected and I was shocked when he brought it up, then I realized he was meaning to treat me properly as his date, other than a paid employee. Out of excitement, I jumped up and hugged him like a teenage girl before I ran to my room to pick out a dress and put on makeup. He had brought me to a high end shopping arena with stores that caught my eyes like Gucci, Louis Vuitton, Prada, and Tiffany. He asked me where I wanted to go first, and told me to feel free to pick out anything I wanted, because today was about me and he just wanted me to be happy. I did not like the feeling of accepting expensive gifts, so I told him that I was a down to earth girl, and I did not want him to spend excessive amounts of money on me. The fact that he just wanted to spend an afternoon with me was a great gift to me already. "I find I like you more and more," He laughed and agreed, but still bought me a scarf from Hermes saying its color matches my red hair and green eyes. I had to accept it since he said so and frankly it is a very beautiful scarf. I had some savings set aside and I wanted to give him something to remember our first date, too. Therefore, I took him to the Nordstrom Rack where I found a Michael Kors jacket for him. He looked good in his business suits, but in my opinion, he needed to loosen up a little bit from time to time and this stylish jacket was just perfect. He actually looked rather sharp in it. The jacket suited him perfectly, and even turned some women's heads when he was trying it on. It was only half price so even I could afford it. Of course, he tried to pay for it himself, but I insisted that it was our first date and I wanted to buy him something to commemorate our special day together. He leaned down

and whispered to my ear, "You are a very special angel." He made reservation for us at a nice restaurant for dinner. The menu said it was a fusion style, a mix of French and Japanese cuisine, though I have no idea what did it mean. When they brought up the first dish, I thought it was such a rip off because they were charging so much money for such a tiny piece! However, after the first bite it tasted so delicious that I almost swallowed my tongue. And course after course they just kept coming with more and more. Brian told me this was called the chef's sampler menu, composed by eight courses including appetizer and desert, and each course has a pairing wine. Of course, I was still one year short of the legal drinking age so I had to order juice. However, Brian let me sneak a sip of his wine when nobody was watching. By the time desert was on the table, I actually felt a bit stuffed and light headed since I took a few too many sips from his wine glass. I told him about this and he just gave me a mischievous smile, whispered back to me that he could help me to work out all the extra energy and alcohol tonight. My face blushed red when I realized what he actually meant. After we finished dinner, we decided to take a walk outside along the river edge to let the night air cool off the wine. It was all so romantic, walking with him holding hands like a real couple, and real lovers. Maybe I was a little tipsy. Suddenly I started to worry about this relationship. Did he really love me as if I loved him? Was I getting far ahead of myself here? What if this was just a dream and his feelings for me were just sympathy instead of love? I was ok with just being his pet, but if he gave me that much, indulged me with all the love then took it all back, I just did not know if I could handle it. The emotional mind game would almost be unbearable. I must have drunk too much because before I knew it, I was thinking loud and all my thoughts just slipped out of my mouth. He stopped and turned around looking at me. Before I was able to say a word, he gently pulled me into his arms, held me tight and gave me a deep, passionate kiss. "My angel," He whispered to my ears while stroking my hair, "right now I do not know if I really love you or not. I have not loved anyone besides Mia for 20 years so I am not sure if I could ever truly love another person. I know how much I care for you, more than I care for any woman I have been with in years. I have thought a lot and found that I could not bear the idea of losing you. Maybe I am falling in love with you, but when I say those words, I want to say them with certainty. Can you give me some time to adjust, to learn how to love again, my angel? "

As my heart was about to melt by his words, I heard his voice again, "don't worry about this right now and let's enjoy tonight. I want you to always remember our first date." I did not realize what an amazing night was awaiting for me until we got home. After I changed into a satin camisole and matching shorts as he asked I stepped into the master bedroom. The room was filled with candles, sensual soft music, and the scent of massage oil. He also changed into comfortable white loose pants and t-shirt standing by the bed waiting for me. "My angel, let me help you relax. When I was in Asia, I learned how to do sensual body massage from the locals. Please just lie down on the bed on your stomach and let your master take care of you." I was so glad that I had just shaved my legs and taut little pussy so they were all nice and smooth when my master was about to touch them. Gently he helped me slip out of my camisole and shorts. Suddenly I felt a little shy being completely nude in front of him. This was so strange because he had seen me naked so many times before and he knew every inch of my body. But out of nowhere, I was shy about exposing myself in front of him and was

hoping he would be satisfied with what he was seeing. I had heard of Asian body massages before, but I had never tried it until then and oh how my master had opened up my eyes to such an unbelievable experience! I could feel his hands and fingers moved along my body, touching and massaging every inch. His palms which were hot with the massage oil warming up my skin and muscles. He really knew what he was doing and gradually he used his arms, elbows and knees on my body. I felt so relaxed that I my body could have melted into the sheets. All the touching when he used all body parts to massage me got me so hot and bothered, that my body felt as though it was on fire. When he began to massage my thighs and legs, I could not help but part them wider for him, hoping he would scratch between my legs to ease some itchiness aroused by the massage. In fact, I was so turned on by the massage that I felt the warmth and wetness began to build up between my thighs. By the time he started to rub his strong chest muscle against my back, I could even smell my aroma starting to fill the room. Mixed in with the scent of the massage oil, it created a new erotic scent. My face flushed red since I was completely and utterly aroused now. I began to grind my body into the bed. Did he think it was the force of his body pressing into my back or could he tell it was my own contracting spasm that had me aching to feel his touch further? He definitely had noticed because he stopped rubbing my body. And just then, I felt his lips landing wet kisses on my neck, and then moving down to my shoulder, to my back, inch by inch, he kept moving from head to toe. Feeling his lips all over my body made me want to moan, to yell, and to beg him to enter me right there and then. At the same time, I enjoyed this sensual moment so much that I did not want him to stop caressing my body with his lips. Finally, he flipped me over to let me lay on my back and looked me into my eyes. My heart just stopped when I saw the love in his eyes, not for Mia, but for me. There were so much love that I feel I could drown in his eyes. There and then, I truly believed that he loved me. With a tender smile, he kneeled down between my legs. I knew he was about to get down on me, but at this moment, all I wanted was him inside me, making me to feel his manhood deep inside my body. "Brian, come here please," I asked him gently. He raised his head, met my eyes to his and read my pleading. Gently he pulled himself on top of me and held me tight. Delicately he entered me with extreme care. In fact, I was not as wet as I thought, so it was a bit painful when he made his entrance into me. However, he was so gentle with me as if he was making love to a virgin that the languished pain and pleasure made an intense combination. I could feel the head of his cock pushed my pussy lips apart and moved into my body while my inner walls wrapped around his hardness. Slowly and firmly, he went deeper and deeper, until all his shaft was engulfed inside of me. We have had sex many times before, but this time it felt so different. There was a real connection with him this time that I could feel every bit of his manhood inside of me, as if it was our first time together. I could literally feel his hardness rubbing my inner walls from the mushroom head to the vein circling on his dick, and all were so clear. He stayed inside of me for a minute enjoying the moment of my pussy encased around his swollen cock, wrapping and squeezing it tightly. He began to pull out slowly, all the way out then pushed it all the way in again, and a little faster than the first time. Then gradually he increased his speed until he began thrusting into me faster and harder rocking my body into spasms. We did not change positions during our lovemaking. I felt the weight of his body on top of mine as my

arms wrapped around his neck and our eyes stayed focused on each other at all the time. I kept calling out his name. I repeated his name again and again, as I looked deep into my shadow and into his soul. With him holding me tight, my hands grabbed his shoulders, my legs wrapped around his waist, and my feet dug into his hips, our body melded into each other at every inch and his manhood thrust deep inside me making me pant and moan. However, with so much body contact, I still wanted to say his name out loud, to listen to him answering me, like it was the only way I could really know that I was actually with him, to understand that this was not a just another dream. Repeatedly, I called out his name, my master, my love. Repeatedly, he answered me with my name, my lovely pet, my angel. Finally, during this mutual love, I came. Even when I climaxed and felt his steamy hot cum shooting inside me and my mind went blank, I still struggled to stare into his eyes, being afraid that if I was to blink, all of this would be gone like a dream. I did not fall asleep right after our glorious lovemaking. I still wanted to hold onto him tightly, to listen to him say those sweet words to me. I curled into him and rested my head upon his chest listening to his heartbeat, which was like a soothing sound always calmed me down. I fell asleep that night just like that, curled up on his chest listening to his heart beating and wondered was it beating for me. The next morning when I woke up, I found our hands and legs were still wrapped around each other. I finally realized this was not a dream. Holding him tight, I whispered into his ears, "Brian, I love you." ... Dear Diary, Ever since that passionate night, things have surpassed my expectation. My master gave me a new job as his personal assistant so that I can travel with him when he takes business trips. My duty was simple, just to keep his documents in check along with his busy schedule, but at least I could be with him every day. I thought it would be beneficial for me to learn more about business so I could help Brian when he needed me. But he told me that I did not need to study business if I was not interested in it and that I should study anything I was interested in. He said that he loved me, but he did not want me to feel caged, and he did not want to suffocate me. Could I find a better master than him? The more time we spent together, we got to know one another better. Our bond kept growing while Brian's wall was breaking down and he truly opened his heart to me. He was so uptight before so I tried to loosen him up, to make him laugh. Now he is finally freeing himself and enjoying life to the fullest. We had enjoyed going to mall or watching movie together, and we always held each other's hands. We really treasured our time together. Last week a funny thing happened at Brian's office. He was rather busy last month with his business so he had to work late at a few nights. As his personal assistant, I also accompanied him in his office late, brought him coffee and ran random errands for him. Sometimes when there was nobody around, we got a little naughty, started kissing and making out right there on his big cozy executive chair. Last Thursday night it had happened again. This time we both were carried away and before I knew it, he had already unbuttoned my shirt and started massaging my breasts through my bra. Just as he was about to unclip my bra, we heard the hasted steps of people approaching in the corridor towards his office. There was not enough time for me to button up my shirt, and it would be so embarrassing if anyone saw us like this, so in a hurry I crawled under his big oak desk hoping nobody would notice me hiding there. It turned out to be his company lawyers about some business deals in Japan that needed his signature right away. It was a long document, and they

spent quite some time up there turning pages and discussing the terms. That oak desk was so big that I was pretty well hidden and apparently, nobody else except Brian knew I was there. Maybe because of all the teasing or just feeling feisty at that particular moment, but I wanted to be very naughty. I boldly decided to do something wild since my master's pants were right in front of me and nobody could see me. Lightly I put my hand on his legs and started stroking his thighs. It might have surprised him, but he surely enjoyed it, because he moved a little bit. From the lawyers' point of view, he just adjusted himself to sit more comfortable. However from my point of view, he moved himself closer to the table and opened his legs in order for me to access his shaft easier. I had started biting my lips, I had tried hard not to sigh, the kind of sigh that drew in excitement and let your partner know you were hot and wanted to be ravaged by him. With my hands moving closer and closer to the bottom of his thighs, I could clearly see a bulge forming in his pants. I controlled my urge to let out a soft moan as I was being turned on myself. I began to rub the bulge with my forefinger lightly viewing it getting bigger and bigger. Carefully I unzipped his pants, making sure to do so very slowly and quietly so people in the room would not notice what was going on under the desk. I was so surprised to see how excited he was, because his little friend was really big and hard, almost jumped out of his briefs smacking right into my face saying hello to me. I had to cover my mouth to muffle my gasp. I felt so naughty and wicked that I wanted to suck him off badly. Gently I used one hand to grab his big dick and stroke it, while the other hand fondled and massaged his heavy balls delicately. I could smell his sex and it was divine, I wanted to bury my face into his lap and breathe his scent in. The aroma was so intoxicating that it made my pussy ever so damp. I could not believe my eyes, under my touch his little buddy got even bigger and harder than it already was. I guess all this voyeur behavior must have got him excited. I never thought that he could be this naughty and I was so glad I helped him discover it. His cock sure looked delicious, hard as steel with its purple head and thick veins popping up under the smooth skin of his shaft. The thought of putting this meaty stick in my mouth got me so fucking hot that I slipped one hand under my panty started fingering my clit. Slowly I put his dick in my mouth, head first, then the whole thing. It felt divine to have his big flesh pod inside my mouth that I could hardly take it all. I did not push it all the way in as I always did, because I knew it would make me gag. At home it was fun to do it from time to time, let him taking control of my head, fucking my face hard and deep, and overwhelming me with all his desire and power. But here at his office I had to be extra cautious. Using one hand to hold the bottom of his dick, I wrapped his shaft with my wet tight lips. Silently but firmly, I started sucking and pumping his dick inside my mouth, and using my tongue to swirl on his head to stimulate his sense. Gradually I increased my speed, hand stroking, mouth sucking, tongue licking, slurping, twirling all the way. I worked my swollen lips into such a tizzy, that my mouth was grasping on a tight hold of his cock so I wouldn't squeal out in delight! I wanted to try something new and used a new technique that I learned from Cosmo. Instead of sucking his dick up and down, I moved my head from side to side, and rotated my head like a screwdriver. With this movement his dick head touched every corner of my mouth inside. This new trick must have stimulated him so much, because I could feel his build up coming, his thigh muscles tensing as he was about to cum. Fuck I wanted him to cum, I wanted to taste his wonderful semen then and there.

All of sudden, he let out a deep sigh, and shot a huge amount of hot sticky cum in my mouth. Closing my eyes, I tasted his cum and pushed the white delicious creamy texture around my mouth to enjoy the full taste. I savored every drop of my master. Just as I was enjoying the wonderful after taste left in my mouth, the reality hit me. That deep sigh by him must have exposed us and my body just froze thinking about all the humiliation and scandal when other people in the room found out what was going on under the desk. I had been lost in the moment not even thinking and an icy chill went down my spine as I waited for my fate. Then I heard his voice, tired but satisfied, "It's OK, you naughty woman. I had already finished with all the documents and they had gone five minutes ago." My face blushed when I realized I was so focused on sucking him off that I totally did not notice their departure. Unfortunately, I got too excited when I was crawling out that I bumped my head on that big solid oak desk very hard. It hurt so bad that I got tears in my eyes. Brian pulled me into his arms, blew air and rubbed my head trying to comfort me as if I was a little girl. I was embarrassed, but felt comfortable sitting on his laps letting him treat me like that. Then, after a few minutes, I noticed that he was peeking through my half-opened shirt at my breasts. It was somewhat naughty, but also cute. He knew well that with a single word, I would strip myself for him right away, but he still acted like a boy on the first date and it was quite sweet. Meanwhile, I got so excited and proud that he came in my mouth in such a naughty environment that I got all hot and bothered myself as well. I looked down and saw my wet panty had already slipped down around my ankles. When I raised my head, I met his eyes. "I see you have been playing as well, but maybe you need a bit of assistance from your master." With a mischievous smile he said so. Before I could answer him, he lifted me up upon the big oak desk and pulled down my damp panty, spread my legs wide open and began feasting on my wanting pussy. Oh my god, it was so hot with me on his desk when he got down on me. His mouth kissed, his lips nibbled, and his tongue licked. It just felt so incredibly naughty and wild with him getting down on me in his office. He sucked, and probed using his mouth, he drew letters on my pussy lips using his tongue, he pulled up my clitoris and let go using his lips, and he slurped on my enlarged rose bud so hard I gasped. I moaned, groaned and whimpered along with his actions, and my juice just kept gushing out of my vagina flowing into his waiting mouth. The stimulation was so intense that I felt I was about to come huge. In desperation, my hands scratched on the desk trying to get hold of something. Almost at the same time I grabbed the edge of the desk, I climaxed with a loud scream that the whole floor must have heard. We were so lucky that nobody was there except him and me. When I finally recovered from my afterglow, I saw him standing in front of me, a wicked smile on his face and my soaked wet panty in his hands. Instead of returning my panty to me, he sniffed it and put it into his pocket, so I had to wear nothing under my pencil skirt for the rest of the night, with my juice still dripping down my legs. When we finished work and went home, he insisted to take the stairs and walked a few steps in front of me so he could look up and check out my bare pussy when he was one floor under. How naughty was he! Before we stepped out of his office, I had taken a good look at that big oak desk that we had so much fun with that night. I could not stop imagining how it would feel to have sex with him on that desk. It must be so wild and hot. What is the best way to seduce him and get him to fuck me on his study desk? Shall I wear my pencil skirt with no underwear,

sit on the edge of the desk and swing my legs like a little girl, giving him a peek at my bare pussy, to lure him in, push me down on the desk and ravage me; or should I stand in front of the desk, bend over and put both of my hands on the desk while I stick out my ass, like Megan Fox did in Transformers, and look back at him seductively over my shoulder while biting my lips? That should do the trick right? That night as we lay in bed I could not help but brought up our office escapade and he burst into laugh. He embraced me tightly and said, "I don't know what I did to deserve you, my angel." "I think its fate," holding him back, I told him what was in my mind for a while, "I believe there is a god who created a special bond between you and me. We both shared similar heartache so we feel god punished us by taking away my Michael and separating you from your Mia; then he forgave us for our sins, by bringing us together, by giving us another chance to be happy, to love and cherish each other. I believe nobody else could break this bond between us." Neither of us said anything after that, we just held one another tightly with a stilled silence in the air for no words needed to be spoken at that moment. Have I told you that he does not want me to call him master anymore? He wants me to call him by his first name all the time, and he said it is the right way that lovers call each other. I obliged his request. Some times when I am in a naughty mood, I would find an excuse to leave office early and get back to his mansion, change into a piece of sexy lingerie, stand in the middle of the huge living room. With eyes staring at the floor like a good pet should be, I was excited in shiver, waiting for him to come back. Waiting for my master to inspect me, discipline me, explorer me. OK, I have to go now. Today is one of those days. I have already changed into a piece of black see-through lingerie I just bought online last week. He said I looked like an angel in white, I wonder what he would say when I dress in seductive black, and what he would do to me. Just the thoughts of it already sent thrills come done along my spines. Ciao, my dear diary, I will tell you more next time! The end This is the final part of the "Her Prize Tonight" series. It all started with an intriguing picture and ended with four stories. I want to thank all my editors and readers. I really appreciate your supports and encouragement in last four months.