

# Master's Pet

By : **digidestined93**

an encounter from a Pet's point of view. the rest of the installments will be in novel. I'll post a link up to it as soon as the next installment is complete. Please feel free to leave comments and feedback, I would love to hear what others think? [http://www.booksie.com/erotica/novel/digidestined93/masters-pet-\(novel\)/chapter/1](http://www.booksie.com/erotica/novel/digidestined93/masters-pet-(novel)/chapter/1)

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# Master's Pet

I live to serve my Master. Any contact my Master allots me is a privilege and I should treat it as such. To give Master pleasure is the only pleasure I need to be able to indulge in. My body is Master's toy, tool, and right. It is to be given willingly to His every whim. I am to thank Master for my punishments as they could be far worse than they are. To be denied the privilege of giving Master pleasure is the highest form of punishment and other forms are as follows. To be denied the privilege of tasting Master's sweet juices, for my ass to be denied Master's length, switches, swats, slaps, spansks, pinches, scratches, and the worst to me, verbal expressions of disappointment. Master's whim is law and I am to obey His every command. I am to thank Him for His tireless generosity for both punishments and privileges. To serve Master better and more pleasingly is my only goal.

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He pinned me by my throat, let His hand wander down my body as He took in all that is willingly given to serve His every pleasure. He ran His hand over my face in preparation for the punishments I must endure for my disobedience, for the defiance that colors my eyes. He drew back His hand and slapped me hard as His other hand tightened around my throat. He told me in a raspy growl how much of a dirty little bitch I was, informing me of how pathetic I was.

As always I thanked Him in a breathy and slightly strained voice for His generous punishments as He forced me to turn, my back facing Him and my front against the wall. He dragged his nails down my back before leaving my body devoid of all touch, just the feel of the cold wall against my bare skin, the wall pressed against my heavy aching breasts.

The room was silent, void of all noise except my own breathing. I felt it then, the sharp sting of a thin leather wrapped rod against my ass, another against my thighs. He began to dish out a set of punishments. By the time He was finished punishing me for my wrong doings and failures to please Him my ass, back, and thighs were a vibrant red and tender to even the barest brush of a breeze against my skin. They were sensitive to His touch especially, every nerve ending firing a million times a second it seemed. He ran His hands down my back, ass and thighs and I heard His grunt of satisfaction as I groaned in pleasure from the sensitivity.

"Thank you Master for the punishment" I whimpered softly. He smiled, grabbed my hair and pulled my back flush against His front, the roughness of the fabrics He is wearing affected my sensitive skin and I shivered. I could feel His arousal through His pants, pressing against my tender rear and I craved to taste Him. "Master, may I service you?" I requested softly, hoping it would please Him to hear me ask for His length.

His only response was to push me to my knees and unzip His pants, freeing His delightful length. He walked to my front and pressed the head of His glorious cock against my lips. I greedily took Him into my mouth and began to bob my head and swirl my tongue the way He had trained me. I could feel His fingers tighten in my hair and I groaned as I continued to suck Him off. Soon I felt his warm seed spurt into my mouth and I greedily drank it down. He pulled away and forced me onto all fours.

"Don't you dare cum without my permission" I heard Him growl before He thrust deep into me roughly. I cried out in bliss and fought against the rolling waves of pleasure that threatened to overwhelm me from the start. I managed for a while but soon it became too much and before I could even ask for permission I succumbed to the blissful throes of orgasm. He spanked my ass and pulled out of my wet, blossoming flower. "For that you don't get a reward. Kneel in front of me."

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I did as told, hanging my head in shame. He reached down and lifted my chin as He released Himself on my chest. "No go clean your little whore self and take your place on the floor at the foot of my bed you little slut."

I did as told and never once made a sound of protest. I had been a very bad pet, failing to properly please my Master as any good girl would do. I prayed His anger would not linger long for when I was a good girl he would let me sleep on the bed at his feet. I love my Master very much and these are my fondest memories of what I have experienced at His hand.

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