

## My Master Comes Home

This is a fantasy story about the kind of man I hope to meet someday.  
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I was at the stove finishing up dinner when I heard the garage door open. I turned off the burners and ran to the bathroom to check my makeup. I was dressed simply, in a pink top and a denim skirt. Underneath I was wearing a black bra and a pair of leopard skin thong panties. I also had on a pair of thigh high panty hose, held in place by a garter belt, and a pair of two inch black heels.

A quick peek in the mirror showed that my makeup hadn't smeared since I had put it on an hour ago, despite the steam generated by the cooking food. The ponytail that had taken so long to grow was still perfectly in place. I went into the front hallway and knelt on the tile floor, my eyes toward the ground. I heard the front door open and close but I did not raise my head. He put his briefcase down and hung his jacket on the wall rack. He took two steps forward and tapped me on the top of my head. I raised my head and it bumped into his crotch.

"Hello, my little sissy, Lisa," he said, "Have you been waiting long?"

I tilted my head up to look into his deep brown eyes. "It always seems forever, when I'm waiting for you, Master."

"That's very sweet Lisa, is dinner almost ready?"

"It's waiting on the stove Master. Shall I serve it to you now?"

"Soon," he said. "I think there's a few things you need to do first."

"Yes, Master." I turned my head back down and began untying his black shoes. I lifted each foot gently out of the shoe and placed them against the wall. Then I stood up and loosened the tie around his neck and slid it off him. Next, I unbuttoned his shirt and worked it off his hard, muscular chest. I took the shirt into the next room and laid it over the back of the couch. I returned to the hallway and knelt in front of him again.

"Do you like my body, sissy Lisa?" he asked.

"Oh yes, it's beautiful Master. May I kiss your chest?"

"Yes you may."

I stood again and began kissing his bulging pectoral muscles lightly. I ran my tongue over his nipples and felt my own excitement rise, although I could not show him this right away. He knew the exquisite torture he was putting me through and he knew that's

why I knelt before every night. But the time was not yet right to reveal my present delight.

“That feels very nice, my sweet little sissy,” he said. He grabbed my ponytail and jerked my head backwards. He kissed me forcefully, jamming his tongue into my throat. I felt my knees begin to buckle and I moaned deeply. After a minute or so, he let go of my hair and pushed my head down again. I went back to my knees and he took a half step forward so that his now bulging crotch was pressed against my face.

“Unbuckle my belt sissy,” he said. For the first time, his voice had an element of firmness to it. I followed his order and loosened the belt.

“Now the zipper,” he said, again sounding firm.

I pulled the zipper down, slid the pants down his legs and off of his body. Again, I got up and laid the pants over the couch in the next room. I returned and knelt down again.

“What do you think of my thigh muscles, you little sissy?” he asked.

“I think they are so masculine and sexy, Master,” I replied.

“Why don’t you kiss my thighs and show me how much you like them.”

I began kissing his thighs up and down on his right leg, then shifted to his left. The bulge in his underwear grew ever bigger but I knew not to go near it until he said so. The tautness of his muscles was such a turn on I began to moan without even realizing it. That pleased my Master.

“You are such a sweet little thing, Lisa,” he said. “I’m so glad you’re my sissy. Now tell me, what is in my underwear?”

“The most beautiful cock in the world, Master,” I said.

“And why do you love it so much?”

“Because it’s so big and thick and it stretches my mouth and my ass.”

“And what do you think about all day long, my little sissy?”

“I think about kneeling here in front of you, Master and taking your commands.”

“Very good, Lisa,” he said. “Now, I want to take your tongue and lick the bulge in my underwear. But, be careful, don’t get my underwear all wet or I will have to discipline you.”

“Yes, Master,” I said. With just the tip of my tongue I began licking the bulge in his underwear up and down. Every time I felt spit gathering at the edge of my mouth, I sucked it back in. I was almost delirious with desire by this time and he knew it. But he was going to prolong it as long as he wanted.

Finally, after a few long minutes he said to me, “Enough.” He grabbed me by chin and tilted my face to look at him. “Tell me what is you want, my little sissy.”

“Master, I want to feel your big beautiful cock in my mouth and in my sissy pussy. I am only satisfied when I feel you inside me. You are the center of my desire and the answer to the longing in my soul. No matter how many men you have me service, there is no one I desire more than you.”

“Very good, sissy Lisa,” he said. “You do please me, I hope you know that.”

“I hope so, Master. I am so glad to hear you say that.”

“Now tell me, little Lisa, are you hungry?”

“Starving, Master,” I said, with a hint of rehearsed desperation in my voice.

“Then I think it’s time I fed you. You know what to do.”

I clasped my hands behind my back and leaned forward to grip the waistband of his underwear with my teeth. Master always wore underwear that was slightly too small for him to emphasize the size of his package and to make it more difficult for me to do what he asked. I had to pull his underwear off with just my teeth, taking extra care not to mistakenly pull any of his pubic hair. That made him very angry.

I got a good grip and began to pull his underwear down. If I did it too fast, it might rip and that would mean severe discipline and denial of his beautiful cock, just when I wanted it most. To get it all the way off, over his thick muscular thighs, meant I had to pull it all the way past his knees without ripping it, not an easy task. But I had a lot of practice, so I managed to work them down. His cock popped out and bobbed before my eyes. But I could not put in my mouth just yet.

“Close your eyes and purse your lips,” he said.

I did as I was told and he gripped his cock and started rubbing it on my lips, teasing me mercilessly. The urge to open my mouth and let him slide in was almost overwhelming, but my training held me back. A small amount of pre-cum trickled through my lips and onto my tongue, giving me my first taste of his precious juice. Then he took his cock and started smacking my cheeks with it. He laughed as he made contact first with my left cheek and then my right.

Finally, he took his cock and rested it on my forehead. He grabbed my ponytail and shoved my nose into the folds of his scrotum. "Go ahead," he said, "I want you to get a good dose of my manly scent. This is what you want, isn't it sissy?"

"Yes, Master," I said, without being understood, because my mouth was against his balls.

"Now, bathe each ball with your tongue, just a little bit," he said.

I stuck my tongue out and very gently licked his balls, making them bounce slightly. For the first time, it was my Master who moaned. I felt so gratified, and I knew what was coming.

He grabbed my ponytail with one hand and the base of his cock with the other and forced my mouth down on it. Using my hair as leverage, he began to slide my mouth up and down on his thick hard shaft. I neither resisted nor assisted. My mouth was just a hole for his cock to occupy. Each time the head of his cock touched the back of my throat, I felt like I was going to gag, but he was moving too fast for it to happen. When I had coated his cock with my spit completely, he pulled it out of my mouth, and began slapping me with it again. It looked even larger as it glistened. He then placed just the head in my mouth and allowed me to take over.

"Show me how good you are, you sissy slut." He always talked dirtier as his own excitement level rose. I took my hands from behind my back and stroked the shaft with my left hand, while caressing his balls with my right. I began bobbing my mouth up and down, taking about half his cock in my mouth with each try. The taste was fantastic and I began moaning almost continuously. Sucking on my Master's cock always made me feel like I had found my life's dream. But the best was still yet to come.

Just when I thought my Master would satisfy me by coming in my mouth he stopped me by grabbing my ponytail. He tilted my face to see the mess he had made of my makeup and started laughing again. "Wow," he said, "If your old college friends could see you now. What would they think?"

"I don't care, Master," I said, "As long as I can be on my knees every night serving you."

"Still," he said, "I think I might take a few pictures of you with my cum on your face and send them to your buddy in California."

"Whatever you wish, Master. You know that."

"Yes I do you sissy. And what I wish now is to bury my cock in your little sissy ass. Come with me."

Gripping my pony tail, he led me into the bedroom and swung me onto the bed. I quickly assumed my position on all fours with my head against the headboard. He pulled off the thong panties I was wearing and stuffed them in my mouth. He then pulled the butt plug that he requires me to wear out in one motion, causing me a mixture of pleasure and pain. The lubrication on the butt plug makes it easy for my Master to penetrate me completely in one stroke. That is exactly what he did. The sudden thrust hurt a little, but that was soon replaced by a feeling of intense pleasure and powerful intimacy that told me I belonged on all fours with my Master fucking the living hell out of me.

He started with a slow pace to make me feel all of him. He was pleasing me and prolonging the pleasure at the same time. There is nothing more gratifying for a real sissy than to feel his Master's big cock buried all the way in his sissy pussy. So in this one way, he was taking my feelings into account. That lasted for only a minute or two however, and he began to thrust faster until my head was banging against the headboard in a regular rhythm. I didn't mind at all, and I was glad that my Master had the control not to cum too quickly. That was one of the big reasons why I loved being his sissy.

He kept thrusting into me at a good pace and I loved every second of it. I began to think of all the lonely years and all the time I had wasted pleasing men who had no idea how to use a sissy properly. There were times when I sucked a cock just because I had an insatiable desire for the taste of cum. Now I had a man who knew the secret of my soul and cared enough to exploit it for the benefit of both of us. I began to wonder if he would indulge his selfish desire and just cum in my ass and be done with me. Of course, I would never have said anything. That would have ruined the mood and angered my Master tremendously. The question was answered momentarily anyway when he began to pick up the pace and breathe more heavily. He gave a final, full thrust and held it all the way in, then pulled out suddenly and squirted cum all over my back and in the crack of my sissy pussy. I was so excited but I had to hold back my own orgasm, because I hadn't been given permission.

He kept heaving until his breathing returned to normal. I stayed in position anticipating his next request.

"Are you still hungry, sissy Lisa?" he asked.

"Hungrier than ever, Master," I said.

He used two of his fingers to scoop cum out of the crack of my ass and the small of my back and fed it to me, a little bit at a time. I savored every drop and licked his fingers clean.

With my head still against the headboard, he asked, "Would you like to come now you sissy slut?"

“Yes Master, if you wish me to,” I said.

“Yes you may, sissy. Assume the proper position.”

I rolled over and sat with my shoulders against the headboard. My Master got on his fours facing the other way and put his muscular ass just above my face.

“Shove your tongue in my asshole you sweet little sissy, and let me feel it deep,” he said.

I grabbed my Master’s hips and pulled his ass down on my tongue. I dug my tongue into his tight hole and began swirling it around. It was impossible for me not to become super excited as my tongue probed his most forbidden area. No one else had the right to do what I was doing now, and I was grateful for it. When my sissy clitty was hard as a rock and dripping, he said to me, “Okay sissy, you can stroke yourself now.”

I gripped my useless sissy clitty and stroked it quickly. My Master would not tolerate me going too slowly. That would mean that I hadn’t enjoyed the privilege of serving him enough. I caressed my balls and stroked hard. In just a few minutes, I felt my own orgasm build and overwhelm me. I shot sperm all over my belly. The release was total and I immediately felt exhausted. But that did not mean that I was done serving my Master. As long as he kept his ass in my face, I was supposed to keep digging my tongue into it.

A few minutes later, as I was still licking him, he asked me, “Did you get enough of my ass, you sissy?”

“I can never get enough of your ass, Master. You know that.”

“Good answer sissy,” he said. He swung his ass away from my face and sat on the edge of the bed. He scooped my own cum from the pit of my belly and again made me lick his fingers clean. Finally, he kissed me deeply and twisted my nipples so it was both painful and pleasurable. He stood up and said, “Okay, sissy, get me my robe.” I bounced off the bed and went to his closet. I held the robe behind him so he could put his arms in, then walked around front and tied it securely around his waist.

He smiled at me and said, “You were very good tonight sissy Lisa. I think I’ll keep you around for a few more days.” That’s a cruel remark that he likes to make, but I know he’s not serious. All I said was, “Thank you Master, you know I love being your sissy.”

He began to rub his stomach and said, “Well know, what’s for dinner? We’ve already had our dessert.”

The End