# Beef Stew for Dinner

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I was still shaking my head when she finally realized what I meant.   
  
"I'm sorry, Master, but I thought you -- " she started but stopped when she saw the expression on my face get harsher. "I'm sorry, Master."   
  
She lowered her head and put her hands behind her back.  
  
"You should know me better than that," I said and reached for her left breast. Very slowly I ran my fingers over her skin, then I suddenly pulled my hand back. She flinched, expecting me to bring my hand down hard on her tender skin but instead I reached down and pulled the box of beef broth out of the trash can.   
  
"Any other short cuts you were planning to take with my stew?"  
  
"No, Master," she said. Now that she realized that I wasn't going to smack her, her face got a little happier.  
  
"Good, then go back to the store. The red dress with the black dots."  
  
"Yes, Master. Thank you, Master."  
  
"You're welcome," I said and gave her a deep kiss.  
  
I was watching TV when she got back home. I paused the program and watched how she put the shopping bag down, kicked off her shoes and then pulled her dress over her head. Her boobs were still a little red from the sun burn she had gotten earlier in the week but the rest of her body was slowly developing a tan.  
  
Quickly she put the dress on the hanger and put it back in the coat closet. Then she sank to her knees and crawled over to the arm chair I was sitting in.   
  
I waited until she had knelt down then I reached for her hair and started to play with it. Like a little kitten she laid her head down on my leg and started to purr.   
  
"You're cute."  
  
"Thank you, Master," she said and looked up at me, a wide smile on her face.   
  
"You're welcome," I said, took my hand off her hair and pointed my index finger at her nose. "Now go cook, it will anyway have to simmer for a long time."  
  
"Yes, Master," she said.  
  
I watched her crawl away, then I resumed the TV show I had been watching.  
  
My peace only lasted a few minutes, then I heard the sound of her knees dragging over the carpet behind me. I hit the pause button again and waited until she had assumed position in front of me again.  
  
"Yes, puppy?" I asked.  
  
"Master, I'm sorry but I have to go back to the store."  
  
I took a deep breath and grabbed a hand full of her hair. I wasn't unusually rough but she anyway let out a low whine. "Why?"  
  
"I forgot carrots, Master."  
  
"You can't make a beef stew without carrots."  
  
"I know, Master. I'm sorry, Master."  
  
I let go of her hair and motioned her to come closer. Without making a noise, she inched closer until I felt her boobs press against my leg.  
  
Her nipples were rock hard.  
  
"Bring me the clover clamps from my bedside table and a short piece of chain. Three inches will do."  
  
For a split second, her eyes opened wide, then they narrowed again and she gave me a pathetic look.  
  
"And the bit gag," I added.  
  
She sighed and nodded slowly. "Yes, Master."  
  
When she came back a minute later, she was balancing the clamps and a bit gag on her back. I picked the items of her body and then motioned her to get up on my lap. It brought a smile to her face and the smile got even wider when I reached between her legs and started to rub her clit.   
  
"There is enough work that needs to be done," I said. "And we won't need the carrots until the rest has cooked for a while anyway. So once I'm done with you, I'll go to the store and you start cooking."  
  
"Yes, Master," she answered, starting to push herself against my hand.  
  
"Horny?"  
  
"Yes, Master."  
  
I laughed and nodded. "Good," I said and pulled my hand from between her legs. I brought my fingers to her lips and she hungrily sucked them into her mouth.  
  
She didn't fight me when I pulled both her hands behind her back and grabbed both her wrists with my left. Then I pulled her away from me and started to tease her nipples with my other hand.  
  
She moaned loudly and arched her back but as quickly as her moans had started they turned into whining when I stopped and picked up one of the clamps instead.  
  
"Stay still," I demanded and opened the first clover clamp.  
  
"Yes, Master," she said and closed her eyes.   
  
For a few seconds I watched her rhythmic breathing, then I suddenly snapped the clamp in place.   
  
Her body jerked toward me but when I tightened my grip on her wrists she stopped moving.  
  
"Now the second one," I said and took the second clamp. I let go of her wrists and reached for the clamp that was already hanging from her left nipple. "Jerk all you want," I told her and guided the other clamp toward her right nipple.  
  
"You're mean."  
  
I had to laugh. "And it took you this long to figure that out?"  
  
"No, Master, but I just now --"   
  
She never finished the sentence. Her eyes opened wide and she inhaled sharply when I put the second clamp in place but to my surprise, she managed to stay in place.  
  
"Very good," I said. "Now put the gag on yourself."   
  
I slipped my hand back between her legs and pushed two of my fingers deep into her pussy. I wasn't surprised to feel how much wetter she was now. Slight pain was always turning her on.  
  
Unfortunately for her, I was going to more than slight pain. As soon as the gag was in place I turned the clamp on her left nipple until it was pointing upward. The half twist was enough for her to suck in air again and start whining through the gag.  
  
"Oh, poor you," I said and twisted the other clamp.   
  
I waited until her screams had ebbed away, then I attached the chain to one of the clamps and ran it through the D-ring on the front of her collar.  
  
"And this is where the real pain starts," I said.  
  
My voice alone was enough to make her shiver. Then I tugged on the chain and hooked it into the end of the other clamp. The shivering stopped. For a few seconds she sat on my lap perfectly silent. She didn't move. She didn't blink. Not even breathing. Then she started to scream.  
  
I reached up, grabbed her hair firmly and used it to turn her head so she was looking at me.   
  
"I'm not mad," I told her. "I am just making sure that you won't try to take shortcuts when carrying out my orders."  
  
She muttered something between her yelps and moans but I couldn't understand a single word.  
  
"Off and back into the kitchen with you."  
  
She squealed something that could have been an acknowledgment, and then slid off my lap. I quickly got up and watched her crawl into the kitchen. It was a beautiful sight. I reached down to adjust my hard cock in my pants but when my fingers brushed against the fabric I realized that she had left a big wet spot on thigh.  
  
When I returned from changing, she was in the kitchen cooking. The pain was obvious in her face but she looked so cute, her cheeks flushed and her nipples dark purple and stretched to twice their normal length.  
  
"Be good, it won't be long," I said and gave her a playful smack on her ass.  
  
She responded with a low moan and pushed her butt back against my hand. I gave her a second smack, then I pushed my hand between her legs and ran my fingers over her labia.   
  
She was dripping wet.  
  
"Maybe I underestimated how much of a masochist you are," I said and took the few steps into the living room. I grabbed the pony tail butt plug off the coffee table and quickly returned to the kitchen. As if she had known what I was doing, she had lowered her body over the counter and spread her legs willingly.  
  
"I thought you said this plug was way too big for you," I said and slowly ran the tip of the toy back and forth between her pussy lips. She moaned loudly and pushed herself back at the toy but before she could get the toy to slide into her pussy, I pulled it away.  
  
"You're enjoying yourself way too much," I told her. "And now keep still."   
  
I pressed the toy against her anus. With her own juices as lubrication the first two inches slid in with almost any resistance and even then it didn't take much force to push in deeper.   
  
"Good girl," I said and took a hold of her hair as I pushed the toy in deeper. With every inch it got harder and harder to push the toy inside and her moans got louder.   
  
"Good girl," I said again and gave the toy another good shove. The toy slid in until the thickest part was forcing open her anus. I held in place for a few seconds, then I allowed it to slide in all the way. She jerked, screamed out against the gag and then reached behind her for the toy.  
  
"No," I hissed at her and gave her another smack on the ass. "Go back to cooking and I will be home again soon."  
  
Her tail was wiggling when I came home. She was doing something over the sink and hadn't noticed me yet. Instead she was standing there, doing her chores, whining the whole time. Every now and then she would stop and a stretched moan would escape her throat, instantly getting me hard. It was such a nice view but when she arched her back and lowered her upper body to the counter tops again, I couldn't help myself any louder. I know she was just resting her boobs on the counters, taking the weight of her nipples for a while, but I didn't care. The way she arched her back, pushing her ass into my direction was just too much of an invitation.  
  
I unzipped my pants as I crossed the kitchen, and brushed the tail aside. She jumped when she suddenly felt my touch but before she could turn around or get away I had gotten a hold of her hips and thrusted my cock deep into her dripping wet pussy.   
  
She had cum twice before I felt myself getting close. I let go of her hips and grabbed her hair instead, pulling her back against me, pushing my cock and the toy even deeper into her. She screamed out loud and I could feel her body starting to tremble again but this time it was my turn. I pulled out and yanked her body off the counter. She screamed when the full weight of her boobs suddenly pulled on her nipples again but I didn't hesitate a second. I forced her down on her knees and then stepped in front of her. Still screaming against the gag she somehow managed to behave her self, closing her eyes and putting her hands behind her back.  
  
"Good, puppy," I moaned. I kept my left hand on her head and grabbed my cock with the right. It was already throbbing and I was so close that it only took a few strokes before I started to cum.  
  
When I opened my eyes again and looked down, I saw her pretty face covered with my cum. It was on her forehead, her cheek and a few drops had even her nose. Slowly I let go of her hair and then reached down to undo the chain that connected the clamps. She yelped but that was nothing compared to how loud she screamed when I took off the left clamp. She tore her eyes open when the blood rushed back into her nipple and when I reached for the other clamp, she reached up to fend off my hands  
  
"Don't even try," I hissed and pushed her hand out of the way. She said something against the gag but before she was even done, I pulled off the other clamp and enjoyed a second wave of loud screams.  
  
"Cute," I said and stepped a little closer again. I grasped my cock and wiped the last drop of cum and her own juices onto her right cheek.   
  
Then I stepped back and blew her a kiss.  
  
"Good, now go finish my dinner," I said.  
  
"Yes, Master," she muttered against the gag and slowly got up.