**Dinner Party**

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**Dinner Party Pt. 01**

My body melted into the hot bath that I drew moments ago. The perfume of lavender soap mixes with the scent of his sweat that still glistens on my naked body. My muscles thank me as I rub my sore legs in the water.

This was our fifth encounter tonight and with each one I feel myself submitting more and more to him. I sigh and sink deeper into the water as I imagine how his thick cock rammed into me, my legs spreading wider than any gymnast ever could. His calloused hands roaming my body, pinching my nipples until no more sound could come out of my mouth.

Closing my eyes, I reach down and stroke my already sensitive clit at the thought of Masters tongue that was there a mere hour ago. I gasp and yank my hand away. He owns my pussy, only he is allowed to touch it.

I look over to the box Master handed to me before I left. I still haven't opened it but I am to wear it tomorrow for something special.

Curiosity getting the best of me, I got out of the tub and grabbed for my towel. I wiped myself down as much as I could while holding my breath to stop my shaky body. I undo the white tulle bow on the sleek, black box and pull the cover off.

It was the most gorgeous piece of lingerie I had ever seen. I personally love collecting lingerie and sometimes wear it alone at home because it makes me feel sexy.

The top followed a design similar to a corset but had multiple clasps in the front to help keep it secure. The base color was black with lace the color of red wine sewn into it. The corset wasn't actually full sized; it looked smaller like a crop top. It would fall right above my belly button to show off enough skin to be exciting but not enough to give away the goodies underneath. The cups had extra padding which will make my C cup breasts look even bigger, if they even fit in there!

The thong was black and was to be worn underneath a tiny skirt that probably had less surface area than a handkerchief. The skirt followed a similar lace design that was wine colored against its black fabric. The hem of the skirt also had lace sewn on to give it a more sophisticated look. The box also had thigh high fishnet stockings and midnight black stilettos. As much as I enjoyed all the contents in the box, one item stood out the most.

A collar made from the softest black fabric and black lace lay in the bottom of the box. It had 3 small rubies cut into a diamond shape in the front. Surely they can't be real... But then again, Master never revealed his occupation and his house is pretty huge.

I can't wait to see what's in store for me tomorrow.

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I put on the outfit and just as I thought, my breasts barely fit into this tight corset top. My nipples were begging to jump out from underneath the padding but I tucked them in just enough. The outfit highlighted my long legs and showed off the lean stomach peaking through.

Slipping on my shoes, I decide to put on my white thigh length overcoat to help conceal what's underneath. I smirk; it's a tad bit ironic dressing in white like an angel to hide the naughty outfit underneath.

I get into my car and drive the 20 minutes to Masters House. As if my body knows the route, each mile closer makes me clench my legs more and more. I didn't want to soak through my panties yet without Master seeing me in my outfit.

I walk up to the large mahogany door and gently knock.

Almost instantly, the door opens to reveal the Devil himself. Standing tall at 6'3, he looks down at me with his grey eyes and jet black hair. He skims over the stilettos and my stocking covered legs with a storm of hunger in his eyes.

Without saying a word, he moves aside so I can step into his house. His living room is straight from a magazine, all modern furniture. The room was a work of art all on its own. But something was different about the room. Instead of the usual coffee table that rested in the center, a large mahogany wood table was there covered with a white cloth.

On the table, plates and silverware were evenly spread along with candles lining the center. Flowers were dispersed evenly, making the whole table a thing of wonder. Did he do all of this for me? But why were there so many places set?

"It's so beautiful! Are we expecting someone?" I asked, unsure of the outfit underneath my coat.

"No, I'm expecting people tonight." He answered with a smirk. He approached me from behind and undid the tie that held my jacket in place. He slowly slid down the jacket, making sure I felt his long, calloused fingers on my soft skin as it dropped to the floor.

He spun me around and pressed me up against his chest, inhaling the scent of rose oil that I rubbed on myself earlier. "You look absolutely delicious." He said, rubbing his nose gently up the length of my neck. I let out a gasp as moisture begins to build between my legs.

He abruptly let go and sat at the opposite end of the table. "Tonight I am hosting dinner for my close friends. You will be helping with the table and making sure everyone is as comfortable as possible." The emphasis on his words was very clear.

"But sir, I don't understand. I'm not appropriately dressed." I look down at my half naked body.

He squinted slightly, the storm brewing in his eyes. "Are you questioning me?"

I froze. Not trusting my words, I simply shook my head.

He gestured to the area beside him, silently telling me to come closer to him.

I walked slowly towards him, the sound of my heels echoing off of the polished marble surface. He reached with a single finger and tugged me down by my collar.

"As I said, my guests will be arriving shortly. I expect you to be on your best behavior. You will serve them, clean their plates and if they ask for anything, you will not hesitate. Do you understand me? I will not have you embarrassing me or there will be great consequences."

Before I could comprehend his words, the doorbell rang.

"What are you waiting for? Go and greet our guests." He said, releasing me with a wicked smile.