**My Lover My Master**   
By BosBuano

*Her new lover tears down her barriers*

The blackness was new for me and new for us. The silky soft material of my blindfold reminded me of how much I loved and trusted him. After years of being let down by men both in and out of the bedroom, I felt so trusting and comfortable with this beautiful man. The anticipation of what was to come had me flush with excitement. My wetness was seeping from my slit now in drips as I felt a trickle run down to my sensitive rosebud.

“What is he doing to me?” I asked myself as I patiently waited for the attention I knew was coming.

In the past six months, we had done things sexually that I had never dreamed of. He had been the most selfless lover I had ever met as his focus was always about my pleasure. Being brought up Catholic and part of a conservative family and community, my sex life was sterile and boring. My divorce was five years ago but only now was I healed enough to venture into dating again. I felt fortunate that after 35 years our paths would cross at this stage in our lives.

Gone was the shy teenager I knew in high school who became uncomfortable whenever I spoke to him. I thought it was cute how he would avoid eye contact in class. No longer. This boy had become a strong and confident man who was taking me on a journey of sexual self-discovery that was mind-blowing.

He had brought out a submissive side of me that I always suspected was there but never got in touch with. He would push against my sexual boundaries and every time he did, the results were terrific climaxes.

At first, it was tame, looking back, but very adventurous for me at that time. He would tell me not to wear any underwear when we went out to dinner. He would reach over slowly massaging my leg moving his large, strong hands further up my thigh taking the hem of my dress with it. Eventually, he would start to rub my pussy under the table while trying to maintain a normal conversation. I felt so exposed but very sexy as well.

Our next adventure was even naughtier. He bought me one of those remote-controlled vibrating toys and would make me wear it while we were out in public. He would play evil little tricks on me. He would wait until I was engaged in a conversation with one of my friends, or a waiter or a stranger in the park and then turn the toy on full speed. The first time he did that I quickly bent over and squatted mid-sentence. The scenario was very embarrassing.

Once I knew what to expect though, I would try to control myself more. It would result in a conversational tone that would reach a higher pitch at times causing the person I was talking with to look at me strangely. At the end of the first day of this, I sat near a fountain talking to my girlfriend while he had the toy going full speed. It was torture to have an orgasm right then and there trying not to give away to her what was happening.

My perceptive lover saw how I reacted to these situations and started guiding me down the path of exhibitionism. The bravest thing so far happened two weeks ago when I gave him a blowjob in a park. The thought of others seeing me perform fellatio on him was exhilarating. The humiliation I would feel if we got caught was such a turn on.

My lover saw this kink for what it was and set a plan in motion for this weekend together to explore those boundaries even further.

“Trust me, honey,” he said in warm whispers inches from my ear. “No matter what happens, know that I am here and that you are safe. Are you ready?”

I replied with an excited “Yes!”

I pulled on my bindings one last time to get in as comfortable a position as possible. My wrists and ankles were secured to the queen-sized bed with comfortable neoprene cuffs. The air in the hotel room was still, but my exposed nipples reacted like there was a cool breeze blowing across them. I flushed red again knowing that my naked pussy was so lewdly exposed to my lover.

“They should be here any minute,” he said.

“What?” I exclaimed. “What do you mean ‘they’?” I quickly tugged on my bindings to try and grab my blindfold. I needed to see his expression to make sure he was kidding.

“I can’t do this honey!” I said a little too whiney. “Please untie me. “

He came over to the bed and placed a finger on my lips. “Please trust me, babe. Have I ever let you down? You will be safe.” He whispered. “Do you trust me?”

I did trust him. Even after six months, he had broken down so many of my barriers. I knew he would never hurt me. But this latest turn of events had me worried. The thoughts running through my mind made me feel a level of anxiety I had not felt in years. They. Who are they? What did he mean? Are there going to be others that will see me like this?

He got up from the bed and moved away from me. I needed to see him, but the blindfold did its job perfectly. All of my other senses were on high alert trying to sense where he was in the room. I tried desperately to feel a small breeze across my naked body so that I would know that he was close.

Then I heard it. Three rapid knocks on the hotel room door. I gasped and pulled again on my bindings twisting my torso to get more leverage. No use. I wasn’t going anywhere until my lover would let me.

I heard the door open, and some mumbled voices in the hallway. I could not make out what was being said, but it sounded like another man having a conversation with my lover. I then heard the door close.

“Come in gentlemen,” he said. “Per our agreement, you are here only to watch. I need you to be extremely quiet. Is that understood?”

I heard no response, so I assumed that there was a non-verbal signal. “I can’t believe he is doing this to me! Strange men are looking at my naked body spread out on the bed.” I said to myself. I was mortified. The humiliation of my situation hit home, and I started to breath harder and faster.

He came back to the bed and whispered. “These men are going to watch me make love to you. They will not touch you.”

My man reached for my pussy and ran his finger up and down my slit. “Someone is very excited,“ he said as his middle finger slipped into me easily.

I was the wettest I had ever been in my fifty years on this planet. What is happening to me? Why does this turn me on so? These strange men were watching my lover finger me. My mind quickly shifted to what my lover was doing. His technique was flawless, and he knew exactly where to touch and how much pressure to apply. Two fingers were inside of me making a circular motion on my g-spot as his thumb started rubbing my hard and swollen clit. Within a minute I was bucking and gyrating to an orgasm. I didn’t care who was watching, I just needed the release, and my lover came through giving me a tremendous climax that continued for several long waves of pleasure.

I released the grip on my restraints as my orgasm started to subside. I came so much faster than I had in the past. Recovered now, the thought of the strangers watching me made me blush again. They just watched me cum. What they must think of me? I felt so humiliated lying there trying to sense where they were in the room. I could not hear their breathing as I strained to listen. I could not smell them nor detect any movement.

My lover whispered to me again. “There, there my love. You came so quickly. Our guests enjoyed watching you cum like the slut that you are.”

Slut. That’s what I am becoming. I am his slut. I knew at that moment I would do anything for this man. He was pushing my boundaries yet again, and I loved it.

I felt him rise off the bed and position near my head. “Open,” he said as I felt the spongy head of his cock brush my lips.

I opened my mouth and pulled tight on my restraints to give me more leverage to move my head up to meet the cock I had worshipped for the past six months. I took as much of his glans as I could. He assisted by slowly fucking my mouth. I loved pleasing him. His desire to give me some of the best orgasms of my life made me want to return his pleasure tenfold.

The soft, smooth skin of his cut cock slid across my tongue as I tasted his flesh. I could feel his heavy balls hit my chin with each thrust. I paid no more attention to 'our guests' because I was so involved in giving my lover pleasure.

I sighed at the loss as he removed his cock from my hungry mouth. He slowly slid down my body and positioned himself to enter me. I opened my legs as far as I could with the restraints to make it easier to draw him into my dripping wet pussy. I could smell my arousal, and all I could think about was an overwhelming need to be filled by his perfect cock. I needed him in me. I needed him now.

“Are you ready slut?” he asked in a husky voice.

“Yes, Master!” I don’t know what made me say that. It was never a part of our roleplay, but even as I said it, I knew it was right. He was my master now. He owned me. I was his.

He entered me with a powerful thrust banging my cervix in the process.

“Ugh,” I grunted. “Fuck me, hard Master. I need to be fucked hard.”

I wanted so badly to wrap my legs around him and take handfuls of his muscular ass into my hands to pull him faster and deeper into me. But the restraints held me in place as I resigned to the fact that I had to just lay there and get fucked. Master pounded me so hard, and so fast I was cumming in only a few minutes. I squeezed my pelvic muscles hard around his cock and brought Master over the top with his pleasure. His hot seed spurted into me in great gushes.

We lay there for a moment, catching our breath. Master reached up to remove my blindfold. Remembering how this scene started, I quickly scanned the room looking for 'our guests.'

Master started to laugh. “There is nobody here, honey.” He said smiling a big smile. “I ordered room service earlier, and that was the knock on the door. The rest was me playing with your kink.”

I love this man.