

Sex Story: Ginny in The Dungeon

“I have something for you Kitten,” was the first words he said when I picked up the phone. He didn’t have to say who he was. He’s my soul, my teacher, my love, my master.

“Thank you Master,” I replied immediately. It didn’t matter what he had for me, I was grateful all the same.

“I want you here in half an hour. That will give you time to shower and allow for traffic. You must not be late Kitten. I will not be happy if you are late,” he said calmly. It was that calm, matter-of-fact way of talking that made me wet. To be honest, he made me wet period. Thinking about him makes me wet, hearing him makes me soaked and seeing him brings me into another mind space.

He gave me the address and hung up with a reminder not to be late. I was excited and scared because I had never been to his house before. I don’t even know if it was his house, could be anywhere. I showered quickly and looked at my shaved [pussy](#) in the mirror I keep in the shower. I wanted to make sure it was perfect, no stubble.

I got dressed in a white, short skirt with white bikini panties. I wore a pink tank top with a white tshirt over it. My hair was wet as I had no time to dry it so I put it up in pig tails. I hoped he would like it.

Watching carefully for the address, I finally found it. It was just a regular brick house, it looked normal from the outside anyway. I checked the time and saw I had two minutes. I got out of the car and ran up to the door and knocked.

My breath caught in my throat when I saw him. His hair, his face, his body, all of it I worshipped.

“Such a good kitten, being on time,” he said. He opened the door wider for me to come in. What I saw when I looked around made me speechless. The entryway led into a large room, I assume it used to be a living room. The room was just one big bed with pillows. The bed must have been custom made and I have no idea how they could have fit it into the house. It was a perfect 10 by 10 foot bed. I looked up at him with a question in my eyes.

“You only speak when spoken to don’t you Kitten? Such a good little [cum](#) kitten,” he said, reaching over and pinching a hard nipple. I moaned and without thinking, grabbed at my [pussy](#). “Such a horny little girl, Kitten. Don’t tell me you are going to [cum](#) with me just pinching your nipple,” he said. I gasped and put my hands behind my back.

Still holding onto my hard nipple he led me into the dining room. The table wasn’t normal. It had shackles all along the top, bottom and sides. There were straps along

both sides. He pushed a lever and the table started tilting to one side, then up and down. He moved the lever a little more and pulled one end of the table up so it was completely vertical.

Without saying anything, he brought me to a set of stairs going down to the basement.

Read part two for the rest of the story.