A Night Out

He starts the evening by laying out her clothes: a sexy short black silk dress, black strappy-high-heel sandals, and new black g-string. The heels and short skirt will really show off her legs. As he puts on his suit, she does her hair and make-up the way he told her, and she gets dressed. She comes out.

“You, look amazing!” Inside he smiles. She is his to control this evening, and he has given her no idea what he has planned.

They walk to his car and he opens the door for her. He is always a gentlemen and always in control. They drive off and head towards the City. As they cross the bridge the sun is setting over the City, and the sky has turned orange to pink to blue. The Cure is playing on the stereo and they talk a bit.

He reaches over, touches her face, and slowly moves his hand to her thigh. “That skirt is very short! I hope you don’t expose yourself.” He smiles.

They pull into the Marriot and drop off the car. As they enter the lobby, he notices men looking at her, and he thinks to himself what a wonderful trophy he has. They take the elevator to the bar at the top of the hotel. They get a table near a window with a beautiful view of the Bay Bridge and the Oakland Hills. For her he orders a Cosmopolitan and for himself a Grey Goose on the rocks. They sip their drinks and take in the view. It is a warm and clear evening in the City.

He leans over and kisses her neck, her cheek, and whispers to her, “Go to the powder room, remove your g-string, and bring it back to me.” At first, she hesitates. “Princess, I am serious!” She gets up and walks to the powder room. He turns to watch as she passes; men and some women turn to look at her. While she is away, he calls ahead to the restaurant, verifies his reservations for a booth, and orders their drinks and dinner.

She returns and shyly hands him her g-string tightly balled-up and he places it in the inside pocket of his jacket. He pulls her chair closer to his as she sits down. As they sip their drinks, he slowly moves his hand up the inside of her thigh.

“Princess, what where you thinking while removing your g-string?”

“Ah..I was wondering what you have planned for this evening.”

As she replies, he places his hand on her knee and he feels her soft skin. He slides his hand up her thigh and slowly moves under her dress.

“Did it excite you to do my bidding?” He asks.

“You are about an inch from finding out!” She states.

Suddenly, out of nowhere a voice, “Can I get you another drink?” The cocktail waitress is right next to them.

Suddenly he feels her thighs slam together. He simply looks up and calmly says, “Just the check.” As they stand to leave, her dress hikes up. She quickly adjusts it, but not before a man at the bar gets a glimpse.

He takes her hand and walks her passed the man at the bar. “Nice isn’t it? And she is mine!”

They end up at Boulevards where they are seated at a booth. The waitress brings their drinks.

“I hope you don’t mind, I called ahead and ordered our drinks and dinner.” He explains.

For starters, they split an ahi tuna tartare and Fuji apples & butter lettuce salad. **For the main course, he ordered her the wood roasted chicken breast and for him grilled California sea bass. They share a nice bottle of wine and enjoy the meal and the conversation. For dessert: a nice chocolate crème bulee and a couple of glasses of port.**

**While sharing dessert, he leans over and whispers “Princess, I want you to touch your pussy.” With that she has reveals a coy smile and takes a bite of the dessert as her hand vanishes below the table. “How is it?” he asks.**

**“It is very moist and tasty.” She replies.**

**“Princess, I would images it is would be very smooth across one’s tongue?”**

**She clears her throat.** “God, yes!”

**They smile in their secret. The check comes. She, however, doesn’t, at least not yet.**

**It is getting late. However, it is still warm in the City. As they start walking up Mission Street, he takes her hand and pulls her close.**

**“Sir, you always make me feel secure and loved.”**

**They walk in to the lobby of the Marriot and take the elevator to the 39th floor. They arrive at a room; he takes out a key card and unlocks the door. He holds it open for her.** He is always a gentlemen and always in control.

**She walks in; he notices her glancing at the black duffel bag his left in the room earlier in the day.**

**“Princess, what are you thinking?”**

**“I am wondering what is in the bag, Sir”**

**He walks to the window to admire the view.**

**“Princess, please,** pour **me a drink. There is some vodka and ice in the refrigerator.”**

**She brings the drink to him and he takes a sip.**

**“Thank you, Princess”**

**She moves in between him and the window. He kisses her and slowly turns her around so that she can also enjoy the view. It is of the Oakland hills.**

**He points, “There is my office.”**

**He puts the drink down on the windowsill, pulls her hair back, and kisses her neck. He reaches down and squeezes her ass. He feels the silk between his hands and her ass.**

**He suddenly pulls her hands behind her back and cuffs them together.**

**“Don’t fucking move!”**

**He pushes his knee between her thighs and spreads her legs as she stands facing the window. He hikes up her skirt and bends her forward pressing her face against the cold glass of the window.**

**He puts his hand around her throat, slides his other hand over her breast, and pulls her tightly into himself.**

**He whispers in her ear, “I never thought I would feel this much towards anyone. You are my toy, my submissive, my woman, and my life.”**

**With that, he lowers her to her knees. He slowly pulls her hair into a ponytail. He positions himself between her and the window and is now standing before her** **looking into her eyes.**

With her on her knees, he strokes her face and hair.

“Princess, You are truly beautiful.”

“Thank you, Sir”

As he looks into her eyes, he slides his finger into her mouth and she begins to suck it slowly. Her tongue strokes his fingers.

“Jesus Christ that feels great," he exclaims.

As she sucks his finger, he notices that she is rolling her hips slowly. He takes his booted foot, slides it between her knees, and spreads her legs a bit. Gently, but firmly, he raises his boot and presses it in to her pussy. She moans.

He removes his finger and asks "Why are you in my life"

“Because it is meant to be, Sir”

“We are very lucky to have found each other Princess.” His heart is melting as she looks up at him.

He helps her to her feet, he pushes her to the wall and begins kissing her mouth, and their tongues meet. With his hand around her neck and the other on her bare ass, he pulls her close. He grabs her ponytail and pulls her head back to expose her neck and he kisses and bites it softly. He feels her grind into him and hears her moan, a puff of air escaping as her breathing changes.

He grabs the straps of the dress and rips them off, the dress falls to the floor, and she is nude and exposed before him.

He whispers in her ear "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I am fuckin’ in love with you."

She bites her lip as he looks deeply into to her eyes. In his heart, he feels so much that he could almost cry. However, he needs to play it cool. She smiles and nuzzles into his neck. He picks her up in his arms, walks over to the bed, and lays her on her back and he lies next to her.

He reaches behind her and unlocks the cuffs and removes her sandals. He wants to feel her near and pulls her close and tight. She kisses him on the cheek and he turns and kisses her on the mouth, his tongue exploring her mouth. He sucks her tongue into his mouth and he bites it and squeezes her breast.

She begins to grind into his leg. He pulls her by the ponytail away from his mouth and looks sternly into her eyes. “I am in charge here.”

He gets up and stands adjacent to the bed.

“Princess, kneel on the bed facing the headboard and don’t look back.” She complies.

With her kneeling on the bed, he retrieves something from the black bag. When he turns towards her, he catches her taking a glance back at him. “I told you not to look back.”

He removes his clothes and drops them to the floor.

“Princess, don’t turn around!” He climbs on to the bed and moves up on her. He feels the warmth of her body as he presses his cock into her ass. The scent musk hangs in the air.

He pulls her hair back and grabs her throat and whispers, “You know that I am completely in love with you.” And he places a blindfold on her and he slowly adjusts her ponytail so that it hangs free.

He takes her arms, bringing them together behind her back, and cuffs her wrist. “I want you to put your face on the bed and roll your hips forward.”

“Yes, Sir” and she complies.

He positions himself beside her and he parts her knees a bit and he slowly slides his hand up her thigh with just the lightest touch of his finger tips, just barely touching her skin. As he reaches the top of her thigh, he lightly brushes across her lips. They feel smooth and warm to his touch. Then he slides his hand across her ass and with that, he gives her a little smack on the ass. She jumps a bit and begins to squirm. Then he smacks it again, this time a little harder. He feels her push back against his hand. Now he smacks it harder yet.

“Mmm, your skin is turning such a nice shade of pink.” He begins to rub her ass. He can feel that he has warmed it up a bit. “Does that make it feel better?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He slides his hand down along her inner thigh and back up across her lips. He feels how wet she has become and he presses his palm firmly against her lips. He feels her being to squirm.

She begins to moan as he feels her pushing her lips into the palm of his hand. He takes his fingers and separates her lips. He slowly begins to touch her clit.

“Don’t move your hips and don’t cum without me telling you.”

He positions himself behind her, spreads her legs, and pushes the small of her back down. This causes her hips to rotate forward and expose herself wide.

As he takes his cock and rubs it across her ass, he asks, “Who owns your body?”

“You do, Sir”

Then he slides his cock across her lips. “Who owns your mind?”

“You do, Sir.”

He begins to rub her clit with the head of his cock. “Who owns your submission?”

“You do, Sir.”

With that, he slides the head of his cock into her pussy, just the head.

“Who owns your orgasm?” “You do, Sir.” And he slides his cock deep into her pussy. She moans deeply.

As he slides his cock into her pussy, he begins to smack her ass. He alternates between smacking and thrusting. He can tell that her orgasm is building inside her. Her breathing is changing and it getting tougher for her to hold still.

“You can only cum when I give you permission.”

“Yes, Sir” she moans. “But, it feels so wonderful.”

With that, he grabs her by the ponytail and pulls her upright. He reaches around, begins to squeeze her breast, and bites the back of her neck.

“I want to cum!” She exclaims.

“Not until I give you permission!” He continues thrusting his cock into her pussy. He grabs her neck, kisses her cheek, and says, “Do you want to cum for me?”

“Yes, Sir. Pleaseee”

“When I pinch your nipples you can cum. But, not until then. Do you agree?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He reaches around, rubs her breast, and pinches her nipples. He feels her begin to cum. She holds her breath and he can feel her pussy squeeze his cock. He pushes her back down on the bed and continues thrusting his cock deep into her. He feels her pussy throbbing against his cock as he thrusts. With her orgasm subsiding, he pulls his cock out and rubs it against her clit and lips. It makes her jump and squirm.

He unlocks the cuffs and rolls her on her back. He kisses her lips and touches her face. He lies next her. She rolls onto her side, and he spoons her. He brushes her hair back and kisses the back of her neck.

“Princess, I am very happy with you as my submissive.”

“I want to make you cum, Sir.”

“Oh, you will. Don’t you worry.”