**A Trip To The Pub**

by Joanna86

*Taking advantage of a quiet pub.*

 We've gone out to a pub. It's fairly quiet. We chose a table near the window... a round table. We both sit on with our backs to the window, with the rest of the bar area in view, so we can see movement and who may be approaching us but we're close together. This allows us to talk quietly and allows me, Bad Man, the opportunity to say what I want.

I have planned this. The seemingly innocent drink is going to involve some risky behaviour. I have some ideas, but I haven't told you any detail. Just instructed you what to wear and that I am going to make demands and give orders.

You're nervous, but excited. I can see it in your face. You know this is part of the adventure. Another event to take my angel out of her comfort zone temporarily before she returns to her saintly self; until of course, Bad Man's next demands.

I get us some drinks and return to the table. We talk... we touch hands and share kisses every so often. Your kisses send electricity through my body. I love your soft lips parting to take mine. Our tongues lazily jousting. No one is taking too much notice of us apart from the occasional glance from the bar staff.

"It begins," I say.

You look nervous, not knowing exactly what I have planned; just knowing something risky is going to happen.

"I want you to stand up, turn and face the window as though you're watching something outside or looking at something. Don't look down "

You get to your feet and do as I ask.

After a moment your feel movement at the bottom of your dress. You don't need to look down, you know it's my hand. You feel my hand touch your leg near your knee... on the inside. I squeeze the leg gently. Then ever so slowly my hand starts rising up your leg.

The journey up the inside of your leg is deliberate and slow, to build the tension the anticipation, the eroticism.

I reach the top of your hold-up stockings and onto the soft cool skin of your inner thigh. I stop there and again squeeze your leg gently. I can sense your breathing has changed, becoming more urgent.

You are standing in a public lit room with my hand poised below your lace undies. There are people in the room but you have your back to them; you have no idea if any of them are watching. You are hoping that your dress at the back has not been disturbed by my hand, giving away it's presence.

"Shall I stop?" I say quietly.

You shake your head. You have bought into the idea of being my plaything... my sex slave... the submissive to my dominant.

"I didn't hear you," I say firmly, but quietly.

"No, Master, please don't stop" you say, your voice cracking slightly through nerves and excitement.

My hand continues the slow journey up the smooth skin of your thigh until it touches your undies. I can feel the heat from your arousal. You stand firm, but I notice that one of your hands is showing the slightest of tremors; a combination of nerves, excitement and arousal.

I rub gently against the gusset of your undies, feeling the contours of your vulva through the delicate material.

Your breathing has changed again and your shoulders and body are giving tell-tale signs that you're not just nonchalantly looking out the window, despite your best efforts to act as though nothing untoward is happening.

I pull your tiny thong aside and run my finger up and down between your labia, gathering some of your pussy juice before I insert a finger into your pussy. You let out an involuntary gasp. I finger you for a while, pulling my finger back to massage your g-spot and occasionally your clitty. I am enjoying your wetness on my finger. I can feel you getting close, a combination of your breathing and the involuntary movement you make as if grinding your pubic mound into me. Then I stop without warning; just as you were about to cum. You experience mixed emotions of relief and frustration at the same time.

I pass my next instructions as I withdraw my hand from under your dress, "Go to the loo and take off your thong."

I suck my fingers, enjoying your aroused aroma and taste, as you make your way self-consciously to the door marked 'Ladies' at the far end of the pub... trying to avoided eye contact with anyone; your cheeks flushed - your mind wondering if anyone has any idea what is going on.

A few minutes later, you return and you know, without me asking, to hand me your powder blue lacy thong. I take it in both hands and bring it to my face... inhaling your arousal on the material; feeling the dampness caused by my venture under your dress.

My next order follows, "Stay standing and look out of the window again."

As you do, you feel my hand creep up your dress again and stop against your pussy. It's only when you feel the vibration that you realise I have a small bullet vibrator in my hand and I am rubbing it all over your vulva.

The sensations caused by the toy are quick in their effect on you... having already been aroused and edged once, you're very horny by now and the thoughts of risk and embarrassment are not as strong. You need to cum. The desire and need are stronger than the potential consequences.

I know you're almost there when you use one of your hands to grip my shoulder to steady yourself.

You body lets go and you struggle to maintain control vocally. I reach up and say, "Open" and then stuff your scrunched up thong into your mouth as a powerful wave hits you.

The aftershocks last a while before you remove your skimpy intimate attire from your mouth and say, "May I sit down please, Master?" I nod in assent.

You sit close, snuggled up to me as we relax.

"Thank you, Master," you say.