**Bonnie Discovers Her Submissive Side**

by adele

**Bonnie Discovers Her Submissive Side - the beginning**

*Bonnie meets somene that will change her life*

Susan had seen Bonnie numerous times at the bar, finally talking to her. After that, they chatted regularly and even got together other places than just at the bar.  The friendship remained pretty platonic until one day when some innocent flirting from Susan had drawn a different reaction from Bonnie than expected.  After more back and forth banter, they had both gotten aroused and ended up at Susan's apartment. Once there, they had quickly gotten naked and explored each other's bodies.

Susan was more adventurous, and some might say kinkier than many, while Bonnie might be considered relatively vanilla. She was, however, willing to try a few things when Susan suggested them.  As it turned out, Bonnie seemed to enjoy most of what they did that night.  She admitted to Susan that she was not the leader type despite some of her interests, but had not realized the extent of her submissive side. Being told what to do and the sight deprivation and other bondage she had experienced that night had added a whole new level to sex.  Susan did not consider herself a Domme type, nor had any desire to be, but would take charge if no one else jumped in. The one exception was making the first sexual approach, which she did slowly, preferring to seduce rather than overwhelm.

Once at her apartment, Susan began slowly, with a little light bondage, loosely tying Bonnie's wrists to her headboard. It was more for the effect of being restrained than actually being tied tightly. The scarves she used were tied loosely enough so Bonnie could easily pull out of them. Next, she pulled out some nipple clamps, then spent some time sucking on Bonnie's nipples. Once they were swollen and hard, Bonnie pinched them hard enough to produce a slight wince. Next, she added the clamps, tightening them until Susan winced then dialing back the tightness just a bit.

After slipping a cushion under Bonnie's hips, she spread her legs wide open and tied them down a bit tighter than her wrists, but still allowing some movement.  She told her to close her eyes and keep them closed. Susan knelt next to her and slowly caressed almost every inch of her body with her hands. She ran her fingers through Bonnie's hair, rubbed her entire face and down her neck. Susan massaged both shoulders and squeezed both breasts. She ran her fingers softly up and down both arms causing Bonnie to shiver.

Susan worked her hands down Bonnie's stomach and to her mound, then up and down both legs, coming close, but avoiding the most sensitive areas. She massaged both butt cheeks. Next, Susan started at her feet and kissed and licked her way back up Bonnie's body, once again avoiding the area between her legs, but giving both breasts a fair amount of attention. Bonnie had started moaning and squirming long before Susan had reached her feet, and the moans grew louder as she worked her way back up.

By the time Susan reached Bonnie's mouth, she was begging.

"Please?"

"Please, what? What do you want me to do?"

"Something… anything.  My pussy is aching."

"Soon."

Bonnie started to say something, but Susan smothered the words as she kissed her, pushing her tongue deep inside. Bonnie responded by sucking her tongue in as far as she could and returning the kiss. Finally, Susan pulled away and moved down between the open legs. Bonnie suddenly felt some light slapping on her thighs. The contrast to the softness of the caresses shocked her at first, and she jumped. The slaps were quickly followed by more soft rubbing, then more slaps, just a little harder.

The switching back and forth heightened Bonnie's arousal; when two fingers suddenly penetrated her dripping pussy, she felt like she had been hit with an electric charge and had an immediate orgasm. Susan kept stroking in and out as Bonnie's hips bounced and jerked on the bed, straining the leg restraints. Susan finally slowed down and let the orgasm subside somewhat, then started stroking again. She leaned in and began teasing her clit with her tongue, flicking it at first, and then quick licks. Bonnie was straining her hips forward for more contact, but Susan maintained control.  Each time Bonnie pushed her hips forward, Susan pushed her fingers in deeper and harder. It wasn't long before she felt the quiver of another pending climax.

"Fuckkk!"

"Oh, you want to be fucked, do you?"

"Gawd, Susan. You are driving me crazy."

"Is that a yes or a no? Shall I fuck you or not?"

"YES!!"

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, fuck me!"

Susan just sat there; the only part of her moving was her thumb rubbing Bonnie's clit. Her two fingers still a presence inside Bonnie, but not moving.

"Please?"

"That's better. You can open your eyes now and remove the wrist restraints."

Susan untied the ropes holding Bonnie's legs down and told her to turn over. She saw that Susan had a feeldo already inserted.  Bonnie turned over, the cushion still in place raising her ass in the air, her glistening pussy exposed.  Every inch of her body aching for that penetration, but nothing was happening. Just as she looked over her shoulder to see what Susan was doing, she spotted a ping pong paddle flying through the air towards her ass cheek, feeling the sting a split second later.

"OUCH!!"

Barely before she could react further, the other cheek was hit.

"OOUCH!!!"

Bonnie tried to turn over, but before she could manage that, Susan put a hand on her back and thrust the dildo into Bonnie's pussy. Bonnie responded immediately, moving her hips back into the dildo and moaning.  Susan wrapped her hand into Bonnie's hair and used it to pull her back and forth as her hips moved slowly and rhythmically back and forth.  The motion was causing moans to emanate from Bonnie. Susan used the paddle on Bonnie again.

"Mmmmm, yessss."

"Oh, I see. You like that now, do you? I thought you said you weren't really into pain."

"Uhm… I did say that, yes."

"And you have changed your mind?"

"I don't know exactly. But the pain doesn't seem too bad, and it seems to enhance the pleasure I am feeling."

"I may turn you into a little pain slut then."

Susan continued sliding the shaft in and out as she used the paddle on Bonnie's ass and thighs. When she swung a little harder, she increased the pace of her strokes. Periodically, she stopped the paddling and rubbed the affected spots gently.  When it seemed like Bonnie was getting close, she just stopped and held her close until she felt her relax a bit, then started in again. Pretty soon, Bonnie felt something wet flowing into her ass crack, then felt something pressing against her rim.

"Nooo…"

"Oh yes."

"I've never…"

"Until now."

"But..."

"The only 'butt' in this equation is yours, which I am about to violate and make mine, so just relax."

Susan pushed a finger into Bonnie's ass slowly. She poured a bit more lube into the hole and slowly worked her finger in. Susan was still using the dildo in her pussy and felt her relax as her finger passed the inner ring. She began moving it in and out and felt Bonnie responding. When she started moaning again, Susan slipped in a second finger, which brought on even louder moans, and Bonnie began moving her hips back to meet each stroke. Once she had Bonnie going, she slid her fingers out and quickly replaced them with a nice thick glass dildo that slid in quite easily. Bonnie made a startled sound, but was very soon moaning and rocking again.

"I see you like getting your ass reamed after all."

"Yes."

"And getting spanked?"

"Yes."

"Good. And we will find out what other things you like as time goes on. "

Susan continued fucking both Bonnie's holes, she twisted and turned the glass dildo which was covered in small bumps and had a slight curve, so it was hitting various parts inside her and providing an ever-changing range of sensations. Vibrations from the feeldo were causing the glass dildo to buzz, which soon had her near the edge.

"Gawd, Susan… I am about to explode!"

She suddenly tensed, then her entire body jerked uncontrollably as the orgasm hit her. Susan felt the reaction in her pussy, and it pushed her over the edge as well. The two women stayed locked together until they were both spent. Susan finally collapsed on top of Bonnie, then rolled them over onto their sides, both dildos still in place. When their breathing eventually returned to normal, and their heartbeats slowed, Susan pulled both dildos out and turned Bonnie toward her.

"Susan, would you mind if I asked you to do this again sometime?"

**Bonnie Discovers Her Submissive Side - Chapter 2**

*Bonnie is pulled further into her desires.*

Several weeks had gone by since Susan and Bonnie had gotten together that night. Susan heard that Bonnie had found a girlfriend, and they were dating. She had seen Bonnie in the bar, and they had exchanged a few words here and there, but Bonnie said nothing about the girlfriend, or about the two of them playing again. Although Susan was a little disappointed as she felt they had had fun, she knew Bonnie was looking for a relationship, and she really wasn't.

About a month after that first night, they ran into each other in the bar and got to talking, Just normal chat, but it got around to the subject of her girlfriend. Bonnie said they had parted ways,

"After the night you and I were together, I came to realize a need I hadn't been aware of, It turns out, my girlfriend had the same or at least similar needs, and neither of us was wired to give those, just to receive them. We parted as friends. I am still looking for love, as we all are, but now I am not sure I can find that love and fulfill my other needs from just one person."

"And just what is that need?"

"The need to submit. The need to be taken to places I have not been and was not even aware existed. The need to have my boundaries pushed.  And maybe more that I am not aware of yet. You showed them to me, or at least it was a start."

"You know I did not approach you again once I saw you were with someone else. I didn't want to get in between the two of you. I'm not very pushy, initially at least. I love teasing and flirting a bit, getting the other person worked up until they ask or make the first move.  I do like to seduce and experiment some to see what the other person likes or what rocks their boat. But I also think some people tend automatically to reject things without ever giving them a try or because they think certain things are dirty or taboo. But two consenting people in the right mood at the same time… well, things can happen, and whatever those things may be, there is nothing wrong as long as it isn't criminal, lol."

"You read me perfectly, Susan, and took charge. You pushed against my comfort zone and made me try something I would never have considered on my own. And that got me to thinking about what else you might make me do."

"I don't want to 'make' you do anything, Bonnie. I want to present possibilities and new things to explore. I want you to discover what you need and give you a chance to experience those needs. But the choice will always be yours to make. I am only here to help and guide you. If you let me, I will do my best to take you places you have yet to discover."

"I would like that very much, Susan. I want to explore this side of me more, and I think you are the person to help me with that."

They sat quietly in one corner of the bar talking and 'negotiating' the terms of what each expected from the other. While they sat there, Susan reached over and brushed her hand against Bonnie's tit. Bonnie looked around as she tried to push Susan's hand away. Susan pulled her hand down behind her back and squeezed the tit with her other hand, leaving it there until Bonnie stopped squirming. She unbuttoned the top button on her blouse and then the next one, exposing the top of her bra. She reached inside the bra and squeezed again.

As she rolled the nipple between her finger and thumb, she felt it harden, and Bonnie moaned. She undid the next button, fully exposing her bra and pulled it up over her tits. Bonnie looked around and saw a few people looking in their direction. Susan let go of Bonnie's hand but gave her a look that said to leave it where it was. She took both tits into her hands and squeezed and sucked them,  making quite a show of it. Bonnie could see more people looking at what was happening.

Susan opened the remaining buttons and pulled the blouse down. As it slid off her shoulders, Susan unhooked the bra, removed the shirt and her bra, placing it on the table.

"You can put your blouse back on, but leave it unbuttoned."

Bonnie did as she was told. Next, Susan reached under the table and ran her hand up and down Bonnie's legs, and even through her jeans, she could feel the heat. There was a spot that was already damp.

"I do believe that at least part of you is finding this exciting even if your mouth is saying no."

The waitress came over and asked if they wanted another drink, not saying a word or making any expressions about the bra on the table or Bonnie's exposed tits. Susan ordered another round, and the waitress left, returning a few minutes later with their order. Susan continued rubbing up and down Bonnie's legs while sipping her drink like nothing was happening. At one point, she placed her cold glass against Bonnie's tits before taking a sip. Bonnie squirmed but kept silent. Susan alternated between rubbing her legs and squeezing her tits until they finished the drinks, then she stood up, left a tip on the table and took Bonnie by the hand.

She picked up the bra draping it around Bonnie's neck, then led her through the bar and out the door. Though people were looking at Bonnie's open blouse, and some were making comments, Susan acted like there was nothing out of the ordinary as they left. As they got to Susan's car, she told Bonnie to remove her pants and panties before getting in. It was a pleasant evening out, and several groups were milling about the parking lot, so Bonnie hesitated.

"Just do it now and get in the car. The longer you take, the more attention you are going to attract."

Bonnie quickly removed her shoes, unzipped her jeans, and removed them and her panties at the same time, immediately reaching for the door handle, but the door was locked. Susan was standing on the driver's side, watching and laughed.

"Ooops."

She unlocked the door, and Bonnie jumped in, closing the door behind her.  Susan climbed in behind the wheel and started the car.

"Now, take off the blouse."

Susan lowered the convertible top on the car and drove off as soon as it was down. Bonnie tried to cover herself, but Susan shook her head. The car was a low sports car, so virtually everyone could see Bonnie's entire body.  Susan was driving around busy traffic areas with a lot of stoplights. She timed her speed, so she caught nearly every red light.

"Put your feet up on the dashboard and play with your clit for me."

"Please don't make me do this, Susan."

"You agreed that you have a need. And that you felt I could fill that need, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did.'

"Then make up your mind. If you don't want to do this, you can always use the safe word. Or if you need to have further negotiations to clarify what "anything you tell me to do" means then fine, we can do that. Or we can just walk away from each other. Otherwise, do as you are told and start playing with yourself!"

Bonnie hesitated for just a second before putting both feet up on the dashboard and started rubbing her clit. Susan reached over and began squeezing her nipples, and she soon had Bonnie moaning. Whenever they stopped at a light, Bonnie tried to stifle her moans, but Susan just squeezed harder. They finally hit the edge of town and the open road. Susan deliberately sought out semis and drove next to them on the driver's side for miles at a time, before moving on to the next truck. When they passed a sign indicating a truck stop ahead, Susan said it might be time for a stop. Bonnie cringed somewhat, but her pussy twitched at the thoughts of what Bonnie might ask of her.

When she pulled ahead of the truck they had been riding next to for the last several miles, then signaled to turn to the off-ramp, the semi followed. Rather than pulling into the car parking area, she pulled into the trucker area, parking in the open. The truck pulled up and parked nearby. The driver opened the door but did not exit his cab.

"Get out and sit on the trunk of the car and continue masturbating."

Bonnie did as she was told. The trucker got out and walked over to Susan. She could see the bulge already growing in the driver's pants. He asked if it was okay to watch, and Susan just nodded.  He began rubbing his crotch as Bonnie rubbed her clit. As they stood there, a few other truckers wandered over to see what the attraction was, soon finding out. One trucker unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock, stroking it. Susan walked up to Bonnie and plunged two fingers into her dripping honey pot, getting an immediate reaction.

 One of the men in the growing crowd yelled out, asking if the whore was a lot lizard or for hire. Another wondered whether the slut liked swallowing cum. A third man asked if she loved big black cocks dumping their seed in her cunt. The name-calling seemed to excite Bonnie as Susan could feel her trembling increase at each dirty name she was called. Susan leaned in.

"You like being called names, don't you?"

Bonnie nodded.

"Doing what I tell you to do?"

Bonnie nodded again.

Susan began stroking her fingers in and out of Bonnie's pussy as her moans increased. More of the men had pulled out their cocks or were rubbing them through their pants. By now, there were at least a half dozen men standing around. Susan kept them at a distance with just a look.  At this point, Bonnie was now lying back with her feet on the trunk, and her legs spread open wide.  Susan could tell she was nearing a climax and leaned down, taking her clit into her mouth. It was all that was needed as her hips bucked high off the trunk when it hit.

She continued licking and sucking her clit and fucking her pussy for another minute or so. Then, she stood up but kept wiggling her fingers inside Bonnie.

"Did you like that? Like being watched? Liked performing for these men, slut?"

"Yes."

"I think we should let them show their appreciation, don't you?"

"Yes."

She signaled for several men to come over and told them to masturbate on Bonnie as she continued fucking her pussy, and when the first three men finished, she invited the rest to do the same. The group then dispersed, and the drivers returned to their trucks. Susan helped Bonnie up and back into the car, then went inside and got a couple of bottles of water and some wet towels.

"You like cum?"

"Well..."

"Well, what?"

"I like whatever you do to me."

"Then right now, I want you to clean yourself up."

Bonnie reached for a bottle of water, but Susan snatched it from her.

"With your hands and tongue… every drop."

Bonnie looked at her, then began wiping the cum from her body and licking it off her fingers. Susan started up the car and got back on the road heading back to town and the bar where Bonnie's car was parked. She kept watching and pointed out where Bonnie had missed a spot here and there.  When she was satisfied that it was all cleaned up, she handed her the towels and a bottle of water to drink.

"Good little slut. You may put your blouse and jeans on now, but no panties or bra."

When they reached Bonnie's car, Susan told Bonnie to wear a skirt next time she went to the bar, then pulled off as Bonnie quickly got in her car and drove home.

**Bonnie Discovers Her Submissive Side - Chapter 3**

*Bonnie falls deeper into her new role*

The following Saturday, Susan called Bonnie in the afternoon and told her to be at the bar that evening at nine, and to be sure to wear a skirt as requested. She warned her against being late. Bonnie started to protest, saying she did not think she could face going in there again after last time.

"Of course you can, and you will do so. I think you enjoyed what happened last time, bitch and you will do as I say. I will see you at nine."

Before Bonnie could say anything else, the line went dead. She could only imagine what Susan may have in mind for her, but somehow felt compelled to comply. She picked out a skirt and blouse, plus a matching bra and panty set. She dressed and left, giving herself plenty of time to get to the bar before nine. When she arrived early, she debated whether to go inside now or wait until Susan showed up. Looking around the parking lot, she did not see the sports car anywhere, but she knew from their first encounter that it was not her only car. However, other than that the car was white, she did not remember what the car was.

Bonnie decided that she had better go inside and be on time, rather than risk being late. When she walked in, it seemed like several heads turned and looked at her and that the room got quieter.  She felt her face turn red, and judging by the flush she was feeling, it wasn't just her face turning red. She looked around the room, especially the darker corners, but did not see Susan anywhere. While trying to decide what to do, hands reached from behind her and undid her top button before she could react.

Susan then took her hand and led her to an empty booth, but it was not in a dark corner; instead, it was in the middle of one wall, and in clear view of a good part of the other tables as well as the dance floor. Susan directed Bonnie into the booth then followed her in. She immediately undid a second button, then shook her head.

"Take the bra off."

Bonnie undid her bra, pulled the straps down her sleeve and over her hand on both sides, then removed it from under her blouse. Susan grabbed it and placed it on the table. Then she looked at Bonnie.

"Panties?"

Bonnie nodded.

"Off."

Bonnie tried to push them down through her skirt but was not having much success.

"Stand."

Bonnie stood as best she could in the booth. Susan pulled her skirt up around her waist.

"There… problem solved. Now take them off."

Bonnie lowered them as she sat back down, also trying to lower her skirt as well.

"Leave it."

She slid the panties off the rest of the way. When Susan held out her hand, Bonnie handed them over. She placed them on the table next to the bra.  By now, Bonnie knew her face was quite red, but she was also becoming quite aroused. And the evening was just beginning. She could not even guess what Susan had in store for her the rest of the night and dared not even think about it. She only knew that she had never been to the places Susan was taking her and that she needed more of it.

The waiter came over and took their drink order. He did not bat an eye at the bra and panties sitting in the middle of the table. Susan reached over and undid the remaining buttons on the blouse, pushing it to the side, exposing both tits.

"Play with your nipples for me."

Bonnie took the opportunity to cover her breasts with her hands as she rubbed the tips.

"No, no, no. Roll them between your finger and thumb. I want to see them harden. I think some others here might enjoy seeing it as well."

Just then the waiter returned with their drinks, he looked at Susan and winked.

"Very nice."

"They are, aren't they?"

Susan reached over and rubbed her hand along Bonnie's leg. She slid a finger along her slit, spreading her lips apart.

"Mmmm, nice and wet already. I do believe you are beginning to enjoy this treatment. You are becoming one little attention whore that just loves to be watched. So let's give them something to watch. Such lovely music they are playing… let's dance."

Susan led Bonnie onto the dance floor, where she wrapped her arms around her, one hand on each exposed butt cheek.  She pushed the middle finger from each hand against her rim, slowly working them inside her as they danced. She managed to get them in up to the second knuckle before beginning to move them in and out. Bonnie's breath was growing ragged, and her legs were trembling.

"Please don't make me cum right here on the dance floor. At least do it in the booth."

"Very well. I wasn't going to make you cum here at all tonight. But since you have asked, I will."

"No… I didn't…"

"Too late. I think it's a wonderful idea.

Susan led them back to the booth, but instead of having Bonnie slide into the seat, set her on the table slid in between her legs, then had her slide over a bit more.  She leaned in and took a deep breath, taking in the musky scent of her arousal. Susan could feel the heat emanating from the cunt in front of her face and see the juices were already flowing. She easily slid three fingers inside Bonnie and felt the pressure as the walls gripped her fingers. Bonnie was leaning back with her eyes closed as she opened her legs wider,

"Such a good slut. Now you have to make plenty of noise, so everyone knows when you cum,"

"Gawd, Susan. I can't believe what you do to me. What are you turning me into? FUUCCCK!!"

Bonnie screamed as Susan plunged her fingers as deep in as they would go., she was twisting and turning her fingers inside Bonnie, hitting all the right spots, Bonnie's moans grew louder as Susan brought her closer and closer to the edge. Just before she fell over, Susan stopped and pulled her fingers from Bonnie's twitching pussy and leaned back. She brought her fingers to her mouth and licked them clean.'

"Mmmmm. So good."

"NOOOO!!! You can't stop now."

"Can and did. But feel free to finish yourself off if you like."

Bonnie hesitated about two seconds before plunging three of her fingers inside her, moving them furiously in and out. With her other hand, she rubbed her clit. In less than a minute, she had herself back on the edge and plunged herself over. Susan sat there, watching and licking her fingers as she watched Bonnie's body jerk and twitch.

"FUUCCKK!!! OHHH GAWD!!!"

She continued fucking herself until she was spent. She had knocked over one of the drinks while she was in the throes of her orgasm, and when the waitress came over with a cloth to wipe it up, she looked at Bonnie, then at Susan.

"Want a taste?"

"Oh, yes, please!"

She leaned over and dipped two fingers inside Bonnie, then licked them clean. She finished wiping up the spilled drink, then brought a fresh one a few minutes later. By that time, Bonnie had moved off the table and back on to the seat. Her ass was wet from her juices and the drink, and she used some napkins to try and dry herself off a bit. The realization of what she had just done was hitting her, and she had slid down in the seat.

"Well, if there was any doubt before, it has undoubtedly been dispelled now. You are just such a whore, and I love it. I think you are ready for more. "

"More? What more can you do after this?"

"We have barely scratched the surface.  But I will be there guiding and protecting you. Now I have a surprise for you next weekend, but first, I need your ass, so lean over the table for me with your ass up off the seat."

Bonnie thought about their first time and wondered if Susan intended to fuck her ass right there in the booth, though she doubted that could be any more humiliating than what she had just done. But she did as she was told and exposed her ass to Susan.  She felt Susan reach behind her and run her finger around her rim, lubing it, then pushing Something hard and warm inside. She felt it pop as it passed her inner ring, then Susan pulled her back into a sitting position, causing her to plop down on the wooden bench. She felt the pressure of a butt plug in her ass.

"Now, I think you should leave that in until you go to bed tonight. Experiment a little with it and see if you can orgasm by bouncing and squirming without touching it. Use it every day for several hours, I will pick you up Saturday, and we will be gone for the weekend. Wear jeans and a tee, no underwear, You won't need much in the way of other clothes, and I will take care of everything else. "

With that, they left the bar, walked to their cars, and went their separate ways.