Displayed

by Duke of Ramus

A Piece of my Imagination

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I woke up with a start, feeling trapped, I knew it was cold and dark

before I even started to think, as my brain slowly came up to speed I

realised that the reason it was dark was because something was covering my

eyes, in fact my whole head was covered by some form of hood, as I moved my

head I could feel the material brush against my skin and hair.My arms

were pulled above my head, my wrists secured together, my body dangling

from them, my toes were just touching the floor, as though I was wearing

high heels, both were aching from the weight upon them.

As I hung there I felt a breeze on my skin, my nipples were stiff, I

rubbed my legs together, I was naked, suspended and hooded, I screamed.

The noise inside the hood was deafening, I listened for a response, waiting

for what seemed like hours before I started to yell for help, spinning my

body as I did so.I nearly wrenched my shoulders from their sockets as my

feet left the ground, still there was no response, I started to sob inside

my hood, panic gripping my mind, no longer able to think, then it all went

dark and quiet as I passed out.

I came round some time later, how long later was anyone's guess, but it

felt warmer. My arms were still pulled above my head, secured in position,

I tried to pull against my bonds but that just hurt my wrists, and pulled

on my shoulders which had gone stiff because of their position.

I listened carefully, somebody must have bought me here, wherever here

was, so where were they now, was somebody standing nearby, watching and

waiting for me to do something. I could hear a bird singing nearby and I

could just make out a hum in the distance, but I couldn't tell what was

causing it. I turned my body slowly around and began to realise that I was

secured outside, the warmth I could feel was caused by the sun, shinning on

my naked body. Its position seeming to change as a spun, a breeze cooling

my body on one side the sun warming the other.

Suspended there I started to ask myself questions, where was I, how had

I got there here, what was going to happen to me?

I remembered the party last night, we had won a major contract at work

and the bosses had thrown a celebration for us, I'd gone along by myself,

meeting up with the other girls from the procurement department once I was

there. It had been an enjoyable evening, good food, pleasant company and a

little bit too much to drink. After the party had wound down the girls

from our department had decided to go to a club, at about midnight we all

set off, and I found myself going along with them.

Much to my surprise the club we arrived at wasn't a normal night club,

it was a fetish club, lots of people running around in leather and PVC

outfits, whips and chains everywhere. It was a definite eye opener for me.

I was in a short, plain black lycra dress with matching high heels and,

looking around, I felt positively overdressed. A couple of the girls I had

come with were in leather dresses, which, when I'd first seen them I

thought they were a bit outrageous, but compared with the outfits here they

were tame.

I watched spellbound as a beautiful, tall blond led a hunky guy past us,

she was wearing a black, PVC cat-suit that fitted her like a second skin,

he was dressed in a black, studded leather thong with a matching dog collar

around his neck, a chain was attached to this and she was daintily holding

the free end as she led him around the room.

Jane, one of the girls in a leather dress, led us to one of the alcoves

that were situated around the room, in it there was a table that had been

reserved for a party, ours it seemed. After we'd all found our seats the

waiter came up to get our drinks order. He was an Adonis, bronzed flesh,

lightly oiled, glistening in the spotlights above our table. He was

wearing the tightest pair of PVC shorts I'd ever seen, his bulge looked

truly impressive in them. After we had ordered our drinks I watched him

retreat to the bar, his cute bum, tight inside his plastic second skin.

Jane and Mandy then proceeded to tell us all about the club, how they

had come to be members and all the fun they had whilst they were here,

apparently propositioning the staff was perfectly acceptable and often led

to a fun filled evening. Other members would often join your group, it was

just one big party with lots of little parties going on within. There were

even private rooms where anything was allowed.

I wondered what they meant by 'anything'. I was to find out some of the

options later. The club even had a shop that sold all sorts of leather and

PVC clothing and toys, Mandy took a couple of the girls over there. When

they came back Andrea was clutching a shopping bag which, Mandy informed

us, contained the biggest, blackest vibrator the shop sold, Andrea went

bright red and burst into giggles as she pushed the bag under the table. I

wondered just how big the biggest vibrator was.

It was easy to see what Sandra had bought, she was wearing it, a bright

red leather crop top and mini skirt, both the top and skirt had big, silver

zips down the front, with large pull rings to undo them. She must have

stuffed her clothes into the shopping bag she was carrying. I must admit

that she looked very good in this outfit and we all let out giggles and

cheers as Mandy made her climb onto our table and parade in front of us

all.

As the night wore on Jane or Mandy took each of the girls over to the

shop, most of them came back clutching their shopping bags, we saw some

very interesting toys but only Sandra was brave enough to wear what she'd

bought. When it was my turn Mandy held out her hand to me, giggling, and a

little unsteady on my feet, I went to join her. The shop was very interesting, I'm sure a lot of the things in there were illegal, the magazines and videos had to be, they were so blatant.

After looking around the shelves I couldn't decide whether I wanted to

buy clothes or one of those large vibrators. Looking at its big black

outline actually got me feeling horny in the middle of the shop and when

Mandy started to tease me by rubbing it over my dress I nearly grabbed it

and ran. Mandy placed the thing in my hand and wandered off behind me,

smiling as she went, I ran my hands along the vibrator a couple of times

before, reluctantly, putting it back on the shelf.

Mandy reappeared then with a pair of handcuffs, "Fancy being secured, we

could use these and it would leave you feeling all helpless". I looked at

the things she was holding, they looked just like the ones you see on all

the police shows, I'd never been tied up, I wondered what it would be like,

but to Mandy I shook my head "No".

Eventually I bought the vibrator and a black patent leather choker which

I'd admired when I first saw it, we then made our way back to the table.

Our group was slowly dispersing as people went home, now there was only

Jane, Mandy Sandra and me left. "Come on" said Jane "lets go see some of

the video's". I was so pissed I didn't give it another thought as I

followed them off down a side corridor. We entered a small sitting room

through a blue door, there were half a dozen small settee's and a large TV

screen. As I looked at the screen I saw that the film was an amateur one,

it was of a girl, she was tied to a four poster bed, her legs and arms

spread wide. She was blindfolded and naked, around the bed there stood two

women and a man, they were all fully dressed and seemed to be just watching

the squirming girl.

There was nobody else in the room, so we quickly sat down and carried on

watching the show. I found it very strange, but incredibly sexy, the

people around the girl never said a word, they just touched her, very

gently and only for a short time, just a quick stroke really, her nipples,

her pussy, her lips, I felt my own body responding to their touches. I

thought back to what Mandy had said about being secured, it looked like

fun, but it left you very vulnerable. About this time our waiter appeared

with a large bottle of wine and glasses for each of us.I had a glass of

the wine and that was the last thing I remember until I woke up her, tied

up, did I pass out or was I drugged? I had no idea, all I could do know

was wait and that wasn't easy.

Then I felt something brush against my leg, a soft, fluffy feeling, like

a feather duster, it was only there for a second, but it was so sudden that

I jerked away from it. I listened as hard as I could but couldn't hear

anything new. I held my breath, had it been an animal, was somebody there,

I felt my panic start to increase, what was happening?

I gasped, a stick had just prodded my right boob, there wasn't really

any pain, but again I'd been hung there for hours without hearing or

feeling anything and suddenly I'd been touched twice, somebody had to be

there. I yelled for help begging whoever was there to say something,

anything but nothing happened. I started to cry again, my sobs causing my

shoulders to rock backwards and forwards.

Why me, why was I here, what had I done to deserve this......?

Something pinched my nipple, I jerked backwards and screamed as my feet

left the floor, suspending all my weight from my arms, I swung backwards

and forwards a couple of times, tears running down my face until I was able

to regain my balance. My nipple tingled where it had been pinched, the

pain playing on my mind, somebody was attacking me, very slowly.

I was touched and stroked for what seemed like an hour, sometimes being

touched every few seconds other times the gap was measured in minutes. All

of the touches where against my erogenous zones, my nipples, my lips, my

pussy, some where quick fleeting touches others were long tender fondles,

but I never heard a word the whole time.

I was becoming very aroused, my nipples were sticking out like coat

hooks, my pussy lips were gaping wide, I could feel my juices slowly

running down the insides of my thighs. Anybody watching could see that

this torture was turning me on, why, I'd never wanted to be tied up or

abused before?

Suddenly there was a noise, a high pitched buzzing sound, I heard that

noise before, what was it? It was getting closer, what was it, then just

as something touched my pussy I remembered, its a vibrator, somebody was

touching my body with a vibrator. I spun round, again loosing my balance,

I screamed, go away, don't, leave me alone, let me go, the list was

endless, and got no response for my pains, and I could still hear the

vibrator buzzing away.

When I stopped swinging I felt the tip touch me again, and once again I

spun, trying to avoid the invasion of my body that was coming, I knew now

that no matter what I did that toy was going to penetrate me, what other

abuse was I going to suffer before this ordeal finished.

The next time I felt the vibrator touch me I held perfectly still, it

wasn't going to affect me, I wouldn't let it. I held myself rigged as it

slipped between my outer lips, seeking my stiff little clit, I gave a

suppressed shuddered as it made contact, but I managed to stay still, just.

Then that feather reappeared, it stroked oh so slowly across my stiff

nipple, I felt sensations radiating through out my body, despite my

determination not to move a small sigh escaped my lips.

The feather went away but the vibrator continued to buzz away, pressed

against my clit, I could feel myself getting hotter and hotter, this was a

form of rape, there was no way I could be enjoying this, it was wrong.But

my body was betraying me........

I jolted forward, nearly impaling myself on the vibrator, that damned

feather had just run along my bum crack, the shock making me jerk forward.

What the hell was I supposed to do, I was stuck and being abused, and worse

still I was beginning to enjoy it. My pussy opened wide, I wanted that

vibrator to enter me, to fuck me, I needed it. How did I let this happen

to me. The vibrator slid downwards seeking the entrance, I balanced

carefully, opening my legs as much as I could, whoever was using that thing

knew how to tease, it entered, slowly, for about an inch, and then started

to retreat again. I heard myself begging for that plastic cock, I was so

shocked.

I heard another sound, another buzzing vibrator, the first one slipped

back in just that inch, where was the second one going, then I felt it on

my tits, sliding all over my nipples, first my left then my right. Just as

I thought I was used to all these new sensations the first vibrator was

driven into my cunt, all the way, I screamed again. My body bouncing

against my bonds, I was held in position by the vibrator, which just sat

there buried in my pussy, churning my juices and my emotions.

They started to move the vibrator, in and out long, full strokes,

causing me to swing on the ropes, my shoulders ached, by body begged for

release, sexual and physical. If they kept pumping the way they where the

sexual relief would come very quickly, they did keep going, I shuddered

again this time with pleasure, my orgasm rippled through my body, my juices

ran out of my pussy, my legs were soaked, as was the vibrator, which was

yanked out of me, my pussy was left there trying to swallow air.

I wasn't left alone for long, something huge bumped against my tender

cunt, before forcing its way into my body, it was a huge dildo, it felt

like somebody's arm, it stretched me like I'd never been stretched before,

I wanted to scream but couldn't raise the energy. My legs had been forced

apart by this monster which just kept going in, I'd never been so full, so

full that I thought I would burst. I felt a warm hand bump against my

distended pussy lips, the dildo was all the way in, it paused for a few

moments before the hand started to drag it out again. Once again the

pumping started slowly but quickly speeded up, my feet where being lifted

off the ground each time the dildo was driven into my cunt I had a couple

of small orgasms as this thing was working up to speed but I could feel an

earthquake building within me.

I was fighting for air, I was about to come in the biggest way possible

and still nobody but me had said a word, then, just on the threshold of

release, a vibrator was forced into my arse, no warning, no touching, just

sudden, painful invasion. Pain and pleasure fought over my body, the

battlefield felt ravaged, but pleasure won, my cunt and arse seemed to

orgasm at once my whole body was soaked, I shuddered, screamed and swung on

my arms, the sensations leaving me gasping for breath.

Something wet was soaking my hood, making it difficult to breath, I

tried to drag air into my tortured lungs, but everything was going dark,

dark, black......

I woke up with a screaming hang over, I was laid in a nice warm bed in a

way to bright room, oh did my head hurt. I could see. I wasn't tied up.

This was my own room, it must have been a dream, I must have dreamt I was

being held and sexually abused. I lay back, resting my head on a nice soft

pillow, I put my arms over my eyes to keep the light out. I squinted

through my eyelids, and sat up in a panic.

My wrists were bruised, you could see where they had been tied together,

it hadn't been a dream, I had been kidnapped, but who and for how long.

How did they get me back into my own bed. I staggered from my bed and

searched my flat from top to bottom but I couldn't find a clue as to what

had happened to me. I eventually made myself a coffee and drifted into the

front room. What had happened to me.

There was a knock at my door, I glanced through the glass panel and saw

the postman, I opened the door, still on its chain and looked at him, he

said "I have a parcel for you, miss." Before sliding a small box through

the gap. I took it, and after shutting the door returned to the front

room.

The package was made of plain brown, heavy duty cardboard, on the front

was my address, on a computer printed label, there was no return address

anywhere on the package. I carefully opened it and poured the contents

onto the coffee table, inside was a video tape and a business card, which

landed face up on top of the video. On the card was one word,

"ENJOY"

Displayed - Again

I looked at the video the postman had just delivered, resting there on

my coffee table, the business card lying on it said "ENJOY", what sort of

advertising was this, there wasn't any other paperwork with it, no sales

leaflet or special offer details, intrigued I pushed it into the video

machine and hit play.

The opening scene was of a wooded clearing, the camera panned slowly

round to reveal a hooded, naked girl, suspended from a tree, that was when

I realised that this was no advertising campaign, this video was of me, it

was going to show, to who ever watched it, what had happened to me. I sat

there mesmerised as the tape played on, unable to do anything but stare at

the screen. I watched as the body on the screen moved, twisting in its

bonds a little and then you heard her scream. The body slumped down,

suddenly still, I remembered that I'd fallen unconscious at first.

I continued to watch, I couldn't do anything else, was it embarrassment

that kept me there, I can't say. After a short while I saw the body on the

screen start to move again, spinning about, her legs flailing around, her

arms being stretched by her own body weight. You could hear her sobbing

inside her hood as she spun around. Although I knew it was me I was

thinking of the girl in the video as somebody else.

Finally she stopped moving and hung there for a while, it was only a

couple of minutes on the screen but you could tell by the position of the

sun that she had been there for quite a time. Then from the edges of the

screen two figures approached her, very carefully and quietly, the first

figure, a women, was dressed in a body hugging PVC cat suit, her tall,

muscular body totally covered in black shiny plastic, it even had a

matching face mask, all you could see of her was her red hair cascading

down her back, clasped in her hand she had a feather duster. The other

figure was a male, he was wearing a pair of skin-tight leather shorts,

which showed off his magnificent physique and outlined his erection nicely,

he had on a similar mask to his partner, he had what appeared to be a cane

or small whip in his hand.

For the next half an hour I sat and watched as the girl on the screen

was teased and tormented by her captors, I watched as first one then the

other used and abused her in various ways. I saw the pair stroke and pinch

her breasts. I watched as fingers, vibrators and dildo's were stuck into

her cunt and her arse. I heard her begging for an orgasm and then scream

as she was granted her wish. I watched as she begged to be fucked in her

cunt and her arse, knowing that the girl on the screen was me, and as the

video played I felt every one of those touches again.

When the tape finished I sat there covered in a fear induced sweat, as

the tape rewound I tried to think, I had never done anything like that in

my life, I'd never even thought of doing it, yet from the evidence before

me, both on the screen and on my fingers, I'd enjoyed being held prisoner,

I'd actively encouraged my own physical abuse, and now the whole world

would be able to watch the video and see how much I'd enjoyed it. The fact

that neither my assailants, or I, could be identified didn't matter to me,

I'd know.

I made myself a coffee, more to steady my shaking nerves than anything

else, then sitting before the screen again I pressed play on the video, I'd

watch the tape once more. As the show proceeded I watched the two who were

attacking me, both had strong, muscular bodies and moved like cats, soft

and lithe but with a hidden strength. Both of them had bought me to orgasm

as I'd hung there defenceless before them, although it seemed to me that

the woman was the one who enjoyed inflicting the pain, you could see a

smile on her lips whenever she heard me scream, he seemed more tender in

his attacks, if you could call this sort of abuse tender.

At the end of the second showing I was covered in sweat again, but this

time it wasn't all caused by fear, I had to admit to myself, that this time

a lot of it was caused by excitement, I'd enjoyed watching the two of them

abuse my body, I was even turned on by it, was that a strange reaction to

have, I admit there was a little anger and fear involved as well. I took

the video from the machine and went and had a shower, anything to cool

down.

I watched the video several times over that weekend, wondering who the

other people involved where, I didn't recognise either of them. Sometime

on the Sunday afternoon I had a sudden thought, had anybody else been

abducted that night. When I'd gone into that side room there had only been

Jane, Mandy and Sandra still with me, the rest of my colleagues having gone

home. Had any of them had a similar experience?

Then again, how was I to find out, I didn't think it would be a good

idea to tell anybody what had happened to me, I didn't think anybody would

believe me, and I wasn't showing them the video as evidence, that's for

sure. I would have to play it by ear and see if anybody let anything drop.

That following week at work seemed quite strange to me, just about

everybody had enjoyed themselves and the stories we told each other were

outrageous, Jane and Mandy had picked up the waiter and taken him home,

they'd even kept him for the weekend, eventually letting him go just before

they left for work on the Monday.

Sandra, it seems, had somehow managed to get home all right, even in her

new, revealing outfit, mind you she did say that she'd left her normal

clothes in the carrier bag back at the fetish club, and would anybody who

went back there please collect them for her. There were a few questions

asked about my absence on the Friday but I stuck to the story I'd made up

of being that ill at home, I hadn't even got out of bed, I'd been that bad

I'd forgotten to phone in sick. As to the party, I'd remembered arriving

at the club and seeing the people there but other than that I couldn't

remember anything else.

As the week went by I thought more and more about what had happened at

the club, it seemed that none of the girls I'd gone with had seen anything

unusual happen. Jane and Mandy said that the last they had seen of me I

was talking and drinking with some woman in the side room, they'd left with

the waiter and they'd had a wonderful time.

As Friday approached I spoke with Sandra, asking her if she had got her

clothes back yet, it seemed that she hadn't so I suggested that we went

there for a drink and got them back at the same time, she agreed. I made

sure that Jane and Mandy didn't find out that I was going back there, for

some reason I didn't trust them, I had no reason for this, just the feeling

that they knew more than they were telling.

I was going to pick Sandra up at about eight thirty so I took my time

getting dressed, I had already decided that I was going to wear the same

dress as the last time, but I wasn't going to drink, the only change, well

addition really, was that I wore the black patent leather choker that I'd

bought from the club. I arrived smack on time outside Sandra's, she'd

obviously been waiting for me because she came out as soon as I pulled up,

I was surprised to see that she was wearing the outfit she had bought from

the club. The bright red crop top and mini-skirt really did look

outrageous when you saw it away from the club, mind you Sandra really did

look sexy in it.

We arrived at the club and immediately ran into a slight problem,

apparently guests had to be signed in by a member, and as we were not

members, and there were no members with us to sign us in the guy on the

door wouldn't let us in. Fortunately for us a couple who turned up whilst

this was being explained to us and where members signed us in. Once inside

I looked around, it wasn't as busy as it had been last time I was her, then

again it was three hours earlier than last time.

The people present were still dressed in the leather and PVC but the

really wild outfits were missing, the club wasn't as vibrant as it had

been. We made our way over to the bat where I ordered the drinks, bacardi

and coke for Sandra, just a coke for me, whilst Sandra went to try and

track down her missing clothes.

The evening with Sandra was fun, she drank quite a bit and was getting

just a little bit smashed as midnight approached. By that time the club

had livened up, the wild crowd had started to arrive just after eleven, the

outfits were getting as extreme as I remembered. As midnight struck Sandra

suggested that we go to that little private room that we'd gone to last

week, I followed her, a tingling going up and down my spine as I did.

There were a few couples cuddling on the settee's when we entered but

there was space for us to get seats. As we sat there a waiter bought us a

bottle of wine and two glasses, as I started to tell him that we hadn't

ordered any wine he said that it was on the house. He poured us both a

glass and retired, I decided that one glass wouldn't hurt me.

Sandra downed her glass in one and poured herself another, she was well

and truly gone, that last glass of wine had pushed her over the edge. I

sipped away at my drink whilst watching the video, it was another of the

bondage films, this time a man was being tormented, I wondered if he had

been taken the same way that I had, the video looked home-made so it was

possible. As we sat there laughing away the other people in the room

slowly left, I'd finished that first drink and was feeling very light-headed when I got an awful shock, what looked like the man from my video walked past me, I couldn't say a word, he was dressed exactly the same way with a similar build. I was about to try and do, or say something when a voice in my ear said simply "Sit still" I went to look at the person when a hand grabbed me by the hair and she hissed "I said still, do you want to be taken again?"

I froze, they had come back to the club, but this time it wasn't for me,

I looked around, but only with my eyes, I held my head perfectly still, the

man approached Sandra and, taking her by the hand, pulled her to her feet,

he kissed her full on the lips and just carried her away, she didn't

struggle or scream or anything. "Your friend will be returned, like you

where." The voice in my ear said, I didn't think, I just blurted out "What

are you going to do with her...." the response I got shocked me "Pet, you

shouldn't worry about what we are going to do to her, you should think on

what I am going to do to you."

My hair was released and then the voice from behind said "Pour yourself

another drink, pet", I was going to refuse but the vision of the woman on

the video came back to me, a vision of her smiling as she inflicted pain on

a defenceless body, and believe me I was feeling totally defenceless just

then. It never occurred to me that I could just get up and walk away or

scream or a million other things, I just sat there and slowly filled the

wine glass before me.

"Well done my pet, now drink it slowly, feel the taste as it fills your

mouth, the coolness as it slides down your throat." I slowly did as she

said, the fear I felt heightening the sensations I was feeling. Thinking

back I believe that the wine must have been drugged in some way, Sandra had

gone away so easily and I felt as though I had to do as I was told, I

couldn't muster any defences against the voice whispering commands in my

ear.

It wasn't just the voice that was caressing me, I could feel her fingers

stroking my neck, ever so gently, slipping over the surface of my skin, the

sensations fluttering through my body. Her voice continued to seduce me,

"Now my pet it's time to continue with your training, stand up for me," I

did as she said, rising to my feet, "turn around, slowly, I want to admire

your body," I felt myself go bright red, but I did as she had ordered,

turning, letting this woman feast her eyes on my body.

When I was facing her I studied the woman sat before me, she was wearing

a similar outfit to the one in the video but this one was bottle green, the

mask still covered the top half of her face, but I could see vivid green

eyes through the slits in it, her mouth was full and sensuous beneath it, I

felt a tremor run down my spine as she allowed her tongue to moisten her

lips. Her red hair fell past her shoulders, creating a red halo effect

around her head.

She beckoned me towards her and as I approached she held her hand up to

my throat, gently gripping my choker, she lifted the little D ring on the

front and clipped a lead to it, it was all done so quickly and smoothly

that I didn't have a chance to complain, I'm not even sure that I would

have. I'd seen the little D rings all around the choker but I'd thought

they were just decoration they looked so pretty, sparkling silver against

the black patent leather, obviously they weren't just for show.

She remained seated and, gently, used the lead to move me around her,

first one way then the other. After a couple of minutes of just walking me

from side to side she shortened the lead, making me move towards her. When

I was stood inches from her she wrapped the lead slowly around her hand,

forcing my head downwards, just as it became difficult to stand, and I was

contemplating pulling back she said "You may kneel", my legs bent, dropping

me to my knees before I'd even thought about obeying her or not.

She stared into my eyes as I knelt before her, she raised her free hand

and caressed the side of my face, her fingers moving through my hair and

the around to the back of my head. Slowly, but firmly, she drew me towards

her, those sensuous lips waiting for mine to reach them, as they touched I

felt an electric shock tingle through my body, the blood surging to my

nipples and clit, raising them from their dormant positions.

Her tongue teased its way into my mouth, exploring and probing as it

went, leaving me excited and wishing for more. "Stand , my Pet, its time

for us to go for a little walk." I did as she said, the lead unwinding from

her hand as I stood. She then walked towards the door, leading me into the

main part of the club, parading me around on my lead. We did one full lap

of the bar area before returning to our private room. When we re-entered

the room she returned to her seat, still pulling me along behind her.

Once she was seated she said "Kneel my Pet," I did as I was told

wondering whether we would kiss again, she fulfilled my wish, pulling me

towards her with the lead before kissing me. Her free hand started to roam

over my body, stroking and squeezing my breasts, gently touching my neck,

teasing me with fleeting touches. I didn't object to this I was enjoying

the sensations to much.

After a short while she ordered me to stand again, I quickly climbed to

my feet, then I was ordered to remove my dress, at this I paused for a

moment, staring down into the hard green eyes before me. If I was going to

object this was the time to do it, but before I could make up my mind my

hands took the lead, reaching behind me they unzipped the dress, before

pulling it down off my shoulders, with a couple of wriggles the dress

dropped to the floor, leaving me standing there, perched on my high heels,

in just my panties and stockings.

I looked down at my mistress again and I felt myself return her smile,

she slowly shortened the lead again, pulling me towards her. My lips met

hers once again, the same sexy sensations coursed through my body, this

time I could see my nipples rising. My mistress continued to explore my

body with her free hand, cupping my breasts, fondling my bum before her

fingers pinched my nipples, making me gasp, partially with pain but also

with pleasure.

After a while I was instructed to stand, as I returned to my feet she

said "It's time for us to take another little stroll, come my Pet." With

that she went towards the door, with me trailing behind her, as she opened

the door and the noise hit me from the main club area I realised that it

was getting late and that there were going to be a lot more people in

there, and I was now nearly naked. I checked at the door, wanting to think

for a moment, but a sharp tug on the lead encouraged me to follow her. We

followed the same route we had used on our earlier walk, I felt myself

blushing and I don't think it was just my face that turned red. Most

people ignored us but there were a few who stopped and stared, most of them

smiled at me as I was paraded around the club. I was breathless and

excited by the time we returned to our side room.

I was surprised by how turned on I was feeling, this woman had taken

control of me and was teaching me how much I enjoyed being her pet, true I

hadn't been given much choice in the matter so far, but I hadn't raised any

objections either.

Walking forward until she stopped before her chair, then turning to face

me she said "You may undress me Pet, but make sure I enjoy it and don't

touch the mask." The threat in that statement was obvious, she dropped her

end of the lead and, placing a hand on either side of my head, she pulled

me towards her. She gave me a long, lingering, open mouthed kiss, her

tongue probing the recesses of my mouth, wrestling with my tongue and

pushing firmly out of her way, dominating my mouth as she dominated the

rest of me.

As she finished the kiss she stepped back, her hands dropping to her

sides and she waited for me to begin, I looked at the cat-suit she was

wearing, there where three straps passing through buckles, one above and

below her breasts and the third at her waist, behind this I could see a

long zip which went from her throat to her crutch.

I took the top strap in my hands and undid it, then I pulled the zipper

down until it met the second strap. With the top open I could just reach

the skin on her neck, so I let my fingers lightly stroke her the way she

had done it to me earlier. After a couple of minutes of this I released

the second strap, as I lowered the zip to her waist strap I could see that

she had nothing on under the suit.

There were a couple of small straps securing the suit at the wrists,

with these undone I was able to lower the suit to her waist, revealing her

breasts, which were bigger than mine, at least a 38C, they didn't sag as

they were released and her nipples were erect and very long, they were like

little fingers sticking up from her tits. I lowered my head onto the

first, drawing it into my mouth, I bit down, gently on it and the flicked

the end with my tongue. She tasted wonderful, I'm not sure if she was

enjoying it but I know I was.

I released her nipple and stepped back, it was time for the next strap,

this slipped open as easily as the rest, I could now strip my mistress

completely. Her boots nearly caught me out, I was going to pull the suit

off without removing them but I saw that it was tucked into them so they

had to come off first. I quickly undid them and pulled them off, the suit

followed immediately, leaving me knelt before my naked mistress. "Lick my

feet Pet, I enjoy that," came her voice from above me, I lowered my mouth

to her feet, suddenly smelling them, a mixture of sweat and leather, not a

particularly pleasant mix .I forced my lips to kiss her foot before

slipping my tongue between her toes, I didn't linger to long but started to

rise up her legs. My lips and tongue tracing patterns on her skin.

As my tongue reached the ginger bush covering her pussy her hands

grasped me by the hair and pulled me upwards, I staggered slightly but

managed to regain my feet, "Not yet my Pet, first we must see you perform,

dance for me." I looked into her eyes and saw that she was playing with me,

she started to move my head in time with the music that was filtering into

the room, then when she dropped her hands I carried on swaying to the beat.

She grasped the lead that was dangling between my boobs and lead me towards

one of the tables, she stepped on a chair then onto the table pulling me

after her, once I was on the table she released the lead and stepped back

down, she relaxed in her chair, watching me.

I allowed my body to feel the music, its rhythm joining with my

heartbeat driving me onwards, I'd never been much of a dancer but I was

determined to do my best to excite my mistress. I swayed one way then the

other, I went up to full stretch then dropped down until my head was

between my knees. Once I slipped my fingers under my knickers, to remove

them, but a sharp "No" from my mistress stopped me.

She watched me for several minutes, her stare adding to my excitement

then she called me to her, I flew off the table eager to be next to her.

She stopped me with a gesture, right in front of her, she reached forward

and grasped my knickers with her hands, "Beg me to strip you Pet, tell me

how much you want to be naked with me."

I heard myself start to beg, pleading with her in a plaintive voice to

remove my knickers, to bare my body to her gaze, I really wanted her to see

me naked. She ripped my knickers down, releasing them at my knees and

allowing them to fall to the floor. Her little finger crooked itself at

me, drawing me to her, her hands making contact with my naked body again.

This time her fingers invaded my pussy, nothing gentle, just driving

them to the limit into my hot, wet cunt. I gasped, my head flying back as

her thumb hit my clit, her hand started to pound in and out, each time her

fingers reached their limit her thumb hit my clit. I was ready for my

orgasm before she started to do this but the feelings this punishment sent

through my body were extraordinary, I didn't know whether it was wonderful

or diabolical. All I knew was that I didn't want her to stop, I was

begging her to continue, to finish me off, to realise the tension within

me.

My orgasm when it came was magnificent, I'd never felt a sensation like

it, the way the pressure in my body was released left me feeling drained,

so weak that I sank down onto the floor before her.

As I regained control of my stressed body I saw her gently stroking her

own pussy, watching as I dragged air into my trembling body. When I had

completely calmed my breathing she stopped her own stroking and told me "I

need a drink Pet, go and get me a bloody Mary from the bar."

Without thinking or hesitating I stood and walked towards the door, as I

opened it I heard again the noise from all the other guests who were

present. I glanced back and was met by the icy stare of my mistress.

Naked and smelling of sex I walked into the bar, a passage way opened

before me, the people stepping aside and smiling at me. I walked slowly

through the crowd towards the bar, where a waiter was placing a drink onto

a small, silver tray, as I reached the bar he said "Your bloody Mary,

miss." I glanced sharply up at him and he smiled back at me and said,

"Welcome to our club" my heart missed a beat, they all knew.

I carefully picked up the tray and turned back, taking my offering to my

mistress for all to see.

She was waiting for me when I entered the room, I moved forward

carefully balancing the drink, just knowing that to spill it would lead to

me being punished, it was strange, here I was, a clever, successful woman,

doing all these strange, perverted things. Believing that I would be

punished in some violent, physical way, that I would not be able to avoid,

without any real proof that this would happen. I wasn't thinking very

clearly about it, I believed, that was enough for me.

My mistress had me kneel before her and after she had finished her drink

I was allowed to satisfy her. I made love to a woman for the first time

ever, doing everything I could to bring her to orgasm, all the things I

knew I liked and some of the things I'd only ever dreamed about before.

I used my tongue on her lips, her clit, I circled and stroked with it, I

probed her open cunt, my tongue like a miniature prick, I drank her flowing

juices as if they were wine, then I went further, I plunged my tongue into

her anus in an effort to please her. From the way she responded to it's

invasion she obviously did enjoy it.

When, finally, she did orgasm her body went ridged, her legs clamping to

the side of my head, locking me in place, making it difficult for me to

breath. Her body nearly crushing me for my efforts.

As she relaxed, so did I.I was feeling so tired, emotionally and

physically, I slumped there on the floor. I curled up, wanting to sleep,

but, just before I dropped off, her voice whispered in my ear "I will see

you again, my Pet."

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