**Eva's Night Out**

**by [GoodGirlTurnedSlut](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1172589&page=submissions)©**

I was wearing a little black dress that night -- shorter than I normally would wear and under strict instructions from you not to wear any underwear. I was feeling uneasy as I left the house, my nipples scratching against the material, clearly showing to anyone who would care to look. My labia were completely exposed to the evening air, newly shaved and still puffy and tender. My clit was already throbbing uncontrollably as I walked down into town, half shivering with the anticipation of things to come. At that point I wasn't all that sure I was going to make it that far. The fear, always the fear, and just underneath: the excitement. It would have been easy to go with the fear, to turn around, to go back home. In the past I would have, but things were different with you.  
  
Oh, lover, you always push my boundaries, don't you? You knew how much I love to dance so you had suggested that we went out clubbing. But your motives weren't all about being kind to me. Yes, that's always there with you, but then the polar opposite is never far. I know how much you love to see me out of my comfort zone, the way my discomfort clashes with my oversexed libido amuses you greatly. Luckily for you, I also love being out of my comfort zone. So in the end we had agreed that you would set me challenges for the evening and, depending on my performance, would reward me or punish me in some way. I smile as I write this, because with you I cannot always tell the difference between reward and punishment.  
  
We met in a restaurant, but I really felt much too nervous to eat much. You wouldn't let me drink because you thought that would dampen my senses and allow me too easy a get out. You wanted me to be alert, fully able to take in every ounce of experience. We sat opposite each other, trying to make polite conversation, but I was failing. Your physical presence in such a public space was driving me crazy; all I could think of was how much I wanted to fuck you. In my paranoid state of mind, I couldn't help but think that this had to be written all over my face. I let my eyes wander around the restaurant, half expecting to see somebody I knew and who might wonder what I was doing here with a stranger. I was aware how jumpy and flushed I must be looking. Then dinner was over -- I barely knew how it happened, I was in a daze, feeling vaguely nauseous with fear and excitement. Of course you had tried your best to put me at ease, you always do, but I knew you too well now. I could see through the polite charm, I knew from experience what you were capable of and I feared what you might be planning.   
  
Your hand reached across the table to me to pass me a small gift box. My heart did a little leap of happiness and surprise. You had never given me a gift before and I had never expected anything. I felt quite moved and just for a moment I managed to relax and forget all about rewards or punishments. I started to unwrap the delicate pink silk paper and opened the lid of the expensive looking box. I felt the colour drain from my face and hastily replaced the lid, as the waiter approached the table to collect our glasses. A move of your head pointed me towards the Ladies and I knew exactly what you wanted me to do. I was feeling shaky as I got up and made my way across the restaurant floor. Once inside the cubicle I had to steady myself against the door.   
  
What the hell was I doing here? I must be mad!   
  
But it was compelling. It was far too exciting to stop. The sleek black two-ended dildo slid into my pussy and arse easily, a strategically placed bulbous swelling at the base of each stem keeping it cleverly in place. I smoothed my dress down and tried to walk but could barely stay on my heels for the first minute. The discomfort was intense. Whilst the dildos weren't even too wide, the double penetration filled me up entirely. I gingerly left the cubicle, holding on to walls and doors as I went, coming to stand safely in front of the wash basin. I tried to cool my face down by splashing cold water on my cheeks, but bending over forward shifted the position of the dildos. I clenched my teeth with the sensation. In spite of myself, my body was already warming to the intrusions and arousal was starting to mingle with the discomfort. I looked at myself in the mirror and my eyes welled up with tears. I felt like a sexed up mess.   
  
I made my way back to you, imagining that people were staring at my smudged, flushed face and clumsy gait. But I wasn't going to give you the satisfaction. I didn't want you to see quite how much power you had over me. I made a deliberate effort to straighten up and I walked over to you to meet the glint in your eye with some defiance. You raised your eyebrows in a questioning way. I nodded as if to say, yes, I did as you told me.  
  
We left the restaurant and walked down the street to a trendy night club. It was a Saturday night on the town and the streets were heaving with people. I knew exactly that many of the students I taught during the week must be out and about tonight. My instinct was to look down on the ground to avoid meeting people's eyes, but your hand exerted its subtle but firm pressure on the back of my neck. I leant into the welcome pressure and dared to raise my head. This change in posture thrust out my breasts and shifted the position of the twin dildos inside yet again. When a small moan escaped from my lips, you tightened the grip around my neck. I was struggling with my composure, I just wanted to press myself into you now, give up on this game and have you take me hard, but I knew that you were controlling this to build my arousal, so it would take me higher and higher still. So I held on to you hard and managed to regain my command of myself.  
  
When we entered the club. it was already hot and busy, dance music pulsing. The beat was pulsating in my belly. I was grateful for the music then, glad I could finally move, disperse some of the unbearable tension. We moved deep into the crowd, bodies writhing everywhere, a mass of tits and bums and crotches, all riding the beat. I started rocking my body to the music, sending the dildos moving to and fro. But I didn't care now, I was starting to become wide and loose, breathing rapidly, flying high on the beat, practically fucking myself, eyes closed, nearing ecstasy. Suddenly your hand slid under my dress, grabbed the end of the double dildo and started fucking me in earnest. My body was bucking now. Luckily I was being held upright by the heaving mass of people. I leant against you, gyrating my hips so every move met one of your thrusts. As my arse collided with your crotch, I could feel your hardness there, giving me a moment's joy that you were not impassive to it all whilst I was suffering this sweet torment. That thought turned me on even more and I doubled my efforts. I was working hard now, getting so close to orgasm, face flushed, body moving wildly and joyously, when suddenly the dildos were wrenched from my dripping holes.  
  
I gasped at the emptiness and stared at you in disbelief, as you let the dildos disappear into my handbag. I felt angry now and actually wanted to slap your face in the heat of the moment. You must have read my expression and held me close, trapping my arms. You whispered in my ear.  
  
"Come on, baby, trust me."   
  
You took me by the shoulder and led me to a quieter corner of the club. You took your place just behind me, so you could purr your subversive words right into my ear.   
  
"Are you ready for your next set of instructions?"   
  
My stomach felt queasy with fear at that question, but as ever your voice had a direct line to my clit. As you were talking to me, you peeled my skirt upwards, exposing my naked arse and pressing it against your crotch. Unsurprisingly, you were still hard. I knew nobody would be able to see, but I still felt exposed, adding both to my excitement, as well as my discomfort.   
  
"Eva!"   
  
"Yes, sorry, I'm listening. Yes, I'm ready."  
  
"Take a look around and tell me which of the guys you see you find the most attractive."   
  
I knew that this is a trick question and I considered lying to you, but I was pretty sure you'd know. I let my gaze wander. Lots of lovely guys, mostly too young, attractive sure, but not quite interesting enough to really turn me on. Then my eyes made contact. Wow, he was lovely! Chopped dark hair, broad shoulders and a gorgeous pair of arms with some very sexy tribal tattoos. I kept holding his gaze, knowing I must look very slutty right now. I was completely aware of that wanton look that I can have.   
  
"Have you chosen?"   
  
"Yes, that guy straight ahead."  
  
"Ah, well done. So, I'll tell you what you will do. You are going to go straight up to him and you are going to tell him what a bad slut you are. Then you will ask him whether he will fuck your arse. Is that understood?  
  
I wanted to spin around to stare at your face, but then remembered my naked behind. I brushed my skirt down, so I could move away from you, but you held me by the tops of my arms.   
  
"Is that understood, Eva?"   
  
You held me even tighter. You were hurting me now.  
  
"IS that understood?"   
  
I could not get away. I didn't really want to get away. My mind was battling itself now. Only the pain in my arms seemed to be making any sense.   
  
"Yes, Adam, yes, it is understood."  
  
"Good girl."  
  
You let go of me and I practically stumbled forward. I turned around, but you had disappeared somewhere. The guy ahead was still looking straight at me.  
  
If I'd felt naked with just my bum exposed that was nothing in comparison. Now standing here at the edge of the dancefloor, face aglow, slightly disheveled, I felt stupidly shy. He was still looking at me. I figured the longer I stood there, the worse it would probably get, so I started walking. What the fuck was I going to say -- I didn't do chat ups. I'd much rather you'd spanked my arse. That would have been less painful than this. I'd got up to him now and looked straight into his eyes.  
  
I said, "Listen, I don't normally do this, but I'm in a little bit of trouble and I was wondering whether you might be able to help."   
  
His lips curled upwards into a smile and it hit me quite how attractive he was.   
  
"Sure, what's the problem?"   
  
I took a deep breath. Here it comes.   
  
"I've been asked to tell you that I'm an incorrigibly bad slut and that I would like nothing better than for you to fuck my arse."   
  
His eyes widened.   
  
"Are you for real?"   
  
I blushed furiously.   
  
"Yes, I'm sorry, completely for real. I really wish it was a joke."   
  
"If it's not a joke, then what is it?"   
  
"It's...it's a kind of game, an erotic game I guess." I was floundering now. "I, I was hoping, you know... I saw you look at me earlier... and I was hoping you might like to play."   
  
He gave me a long measured look, I could almost hear him think. Then he just turned around, back to his mates, leaving me standing there. Now I was feeling really humiliated. I turned around but I couldn't see you anywhere either. I felt quite abandoned, tears of shame coming to my eyes. I didn't know what to do now. I needed some time alone, so I moved down the corridor towards the toilets and the back exit. It was quiet there at the moment. I slid down the wall and sat on my heels, resting my head in my hands. Shit, this was bad.  
  
I heard footsteps approaching, but I didn't want to see just now. Yet whoever it was came to stand just in front of me. A hand lifted up my chin and I found myself face to face with your cock. Your thumbs brushed the tears from my cheeks gently and you fed me your fat cockhead.   
  
"Good girl, come here!"   
  
I hungrily gobbled up your cock. Its hot salty familiarity was almost comforting. I sucked on its head and my tongue flicked it firmly. Your hands were holding the back of my neck as you pulled me closer to you. Your cock pushed deeper and deeper until my nose touched your pubes.   
  
"Hold it babe, hold it right there."  
  
But you had been pulling on me, pulling me away from the wall. I couldn't help but sway forward, my face buried against your cock. My legs scrambled below me. I just managed to catch myself, so that I ended up standing up with my back curved upwards and my arse presented to the world. You were still holding me by the head and started fucking my face in earnest. Your cockhead started hitting the back of my throat and my throat went into spasm as I choked on you. You pulled out and lifted my face towards you.   
  
Smack! Your hand hit my cheek.   
  
"Didn't I tell you not to choke!"   
  
Your cock was covered in my saliva and you took it and smeared my drool and your precum all over my face. Then you pushed yourself back down my throat. I was completely absorbed in the intensity of you working my face, when I suddenly felt a hand on my arse. I wanted to pull away from you, so I could see, but you held me on your cock. My arms reached back so I could at least feel, but your free hand grabbed my wrists and clasped them together behind my back. I was panicking a little now, but your grip was very firm.   
  
"No, Eva, you're not going anywhere, you're staying right here with me."  
  
You were holding me quite still now with your cock deep down my throat. I was guessing you did not want to distract me from what was going on behind me. I could feel my skirt being peeled up and bunched up around my waist, leaving my arse completely bare. Two hands started kneading and stroking my buttocks. I began to relax a little, as the fear was slowly replaced by the promise of things to come. Fingers were working their way down between my legs now. I knew I was still sopping wet from the dildoing earlier and that it wouldn't take those hands very long to discover that.   
  
I sighed into your pubes as the fingers dipped into my wet cunt to pick up my juices, only to find my clit and start circling it. Everything started to soften. My hips opened, as I moved my legs further apart, not offering any resistance now. The seductive finger continued its work around my clit and you started stroking the back of my neck. I moaned softly, relaxing yet more deeply into the pleasure.  
  
Suddenly the fingers plunged into my cunt, curled upwards and vigorously worked my inner walls. At the same time you started thrusting down my throat again. I squealed, but any sound was muffled by your cock. My pussy was contracting fiercely now and your cock was too deep down my throat, making me gag. My body's instinct was to pull away, but I didn't know where from, front or back.   
  
Smack! A strong hand landed on my buttock, as you grabbed my hair.   
  
"Don't you pull away now."   
  
I heard a sob and realised that it must be me, but it felt like my body had got a life of its own now, all sensation, like my mind had gone into a disconnect. You were fucking my face so hard that I felt like I was bouncing off your pubic mount. I didn't know how many fingers were plundering my pussy now, but I could swear most of a hand was working its way into me. Then everything stopped for a second as you pulled out again and made me look into your eyes.   
  
"You dirty little bitch, you are loving this. You want more?"   
  
I made a quiet affirmative noise.   
  
"I couldn't hear you, Eva."   
  
I looked up at you, my face a mess of tears and drool. You smiled . "Yes, Adam." I mumbled.   
  
"Sorry?"   
  
"Yes, Adam!"   
  
"Good girl."  
  
I saw you give a nod to the person behind me and wanted to turn my head so I could see, but you were on to me. Your hand in my hair wasn't ever going to give me that chance. You brought my face back down over your cock. I welcomed the intrusion, gagged and silenced as I was by you. All my focus was on my rear, almost not daring to hope that the stroking would resume, dreaming of a warm tongue wetting my arse.   
  
No such joy. Instead I could feel a very firm push against my unlubricated tight arse. I was genuinely scared now that this would hurt me. I looked up at you from your cock, my eyes pleading with you. You knew this, you knew this hurt when I'm dry and not stretched out. You knew the look I was giving you, but you weren't helping. Your smile seemed to have a little sadistic twist to it. I couldn't look up at you for long, as a fat cockhead pushed its way past my sphincter muscle. Sharp pain seared through me. I yelped, my jaws snapping shut, having forgotten about your cock. You pulled out quickly.   
  
Smack! Your hand connected with my face.   
  
"Don't you bite me, you little bitch. Didn't you ask for this?"   
  
"Yes, Adam. I'm sorry Adam."   
  
Smack!   
  
"Didn't I teach you not to apologise?"   
  
"Yes, Adam. Please, it's too dry, it's hurting me. Please hold it deep for a moment."   
  
You looked at me for what seemed a long time, as the cock finally came to rest lodged deeply in my arse. I saw you nod and I gave a sigh of relief. I was starting feel exhausted from holding that posture now and I rested my hot face against you. My sphincter was stretching now, the pain slowly subsiding as my arse started to self-lubricate around the intrusion. The stretch transformed itself into a familiar pleasure, radiating out from my arse to my pussy and clit. Although there was no movement, my clit was starting to throb and my pussy felt like a wet empty void. I knew I was ready now.   
  
I couldn't help but start rocking my pelvis, slowly fucking myself on that cock. You raised my chin up again.   
  
"Tell us how much you love having your arse fucked, you little cock slut."   
  
"I love it, please... please fuck my arse now", I begged. I was almost whimpering with the pleasure of it now.   
  
The hands grabbed my hips, as the cock was thrust into me firmly. You touched my cheeks and gently stroked the hair out of my hot face, before you fed me your cock again. My arse was being thrust into harder and harder now. Nothing makes my pussy contract quite like it, as the big cock in my arse hit the spot again and again. My body was buckling involuntarily. I would have surely collapsed if you hadn't been holding on to my head. I was more falling onto your cock now than anything else, each thrust in my arse pushing me one way and each thrust into my throat pushing me the other. When the thrusts hit me simultaneously my body seemed to fold up between the two intruding cocks, leaving me almost empty on the pull out. I could hear myself in that strange detached way again, moaning loudly. I had a passing thought about somebody walking past, but it didn't last. I was contracting and gagging, gagging and contracting even more.   
  
A hand reached around to start fretting my clit wildly. I was glad my pussy was running with juices now or this would have been much too hard. I was nothing but arse, throat and clit now, my body shaken, my head in some ecstatic bliss. I could feel my orgasm building. The familiar internal pressure was growing, just seconds away. When it hit me it was thunderous, sending my whole body into spasm. My arse tightened, my throat gagged, as I squeezed both cocks simultaneously, sending them both over the edge. Cum spurting deeply into my arse, your cum hitting the very back of my throat, hot and salty. I could hear us all gasping, bodies heaving with the exertion and was glad of the firm hands that were holding me up. I let out a final small yelp as the cock withdrew from my arse.   
  
You pulled me up and kissed me as I came to rest against the solid body behind me. I turned around to kiss my other tormentor. It was the guy from the dancefloor.   
  
He was smiling at me now, and winked as he said, "Good girl!"