**Helen's Day**

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**Chapter 2**  
  
The next outing was not to be an evening. It was to be during a day. A morning in fact. She was under instruction to be ready for picking up and was currently preparing herself.  
  
Sat at the mirror naked, she applied her makeup and wondered about the forthcoming events. She had been told to not bother with a bra but to wear proper knickers, nothing lacey. Strange in itself. She couldn't remember the last time he had said that. Usually the opposite. Usually, to wear as short as she possessed, and don't bother with underwear.  
  
A skirt was expected today, one that ended above the knee, a blouse and of course her stilettos. They were a staple every time. She was so used to them now, she felt undressed without them on. Her movement on them almost balletic. The Bambi like movements a distant memory.  
  
She looked over her shoulder at the floor inside the doorway and wondered which pair would go well with the skirt she had chosen. She had recently lost a couple more pounds and was eager to show off the effort she had been putting in.  
  
She finished the final touches and got to her feet. Twisting herself back and forth in the mirror, she had some admiration for what she saw. It had been a long road, but ultimately worth it when the image presented was looking more toned than ever. The fitness regime was paying off in spades.  
  
Slipping her clothes on, she fitted her feet into a dark blue pair of heels, a quick squirt of perfume at her neck and she was ready.  
  
Not a moment too soon either, as the doorbell started to ring. She made her way down the stairs and smiled as she opened the door to allow his entry.  
  
The usual passionate kiss. Her arms around his neck, his at her waist. Their lips locked together. Devouring. Hungry.  
  
Breaking apart, he patted her bottom before reaching for her jacket and helping her into it.  
  
One last check and they were out of the house and climbing into the car.  
  
She lay back in the seat contentedly. No idea where she was going but then, she didn't care. He had organised something for her and she loved surprises. It was too early in the day for a meal, or the cinema. They were heading for town. Open to his every whim as ever, she was along for the ride.  
  
After parking up, they left the vehicle and leisurely wandered about the shops stopping on occasion to look through the windows or poke through a place full of curios. Until they came to the focus of the excursion. It was a tattoo parlour. It didn't seem a seedy one. It wasn't down a dark alley. Bright and attractive, it looked a welcoming and professional place.  
  
A large fronted building, the artwork behind the large pieces of glass looked fascinating and detailed. The variety of example work was almost too much to take in. He steered her to the door. Was she about to have a tattoo? It didn't occur to her to object. Since she had started to say yes to everything, she had had more fun in her life than at anytime previous. He wouldn't jeopardise her well being - she was sure of that.  
  
It was soon evident that that was not the case; it was not going to be a tattoo. The young girl on the desk was asked about piercings and they were both shown into an adjoining little room. Again, holding his hand, she was more intrigued with the art displays than with what he had planned for her. She lingered momentarily at the doorway, fascinated with a board full of rings and barbells. Bending slightly to look at the bottom row of jewellery, her eyes widened. Some looked very fun indeed.  
  
The girl looked in her early twenties. Tattooed herself, she had both a nose and a lip ring. Hair drawn back in a no-nonsense manner and dressed in a gothic style. Her manner was professional too. This was a job for her.  
  
Helen looked at her and was rewarded with an instruction to lie on the table.  
  
Following orders, lying there she looked up at her blue-eyed man expectantly and melted a little at his returned smile. He then pulled up her skirt and indicated that she removed her knickers.  
  
Again, it didn't occur to her to object. The tattooist seemed almost ready for whatever she was about to do and had turned to find a pair of rubber gloves from a box under a small shelving unit. Lifting her bottom from the bed and using both hands, Helen slid her knickers down her thighs, to her feet. He helpfully extricated them from her heels, and balled them into his pocket. He slipped her heels from her feet and placed them on the floor.  
  
The tattoo girl was now smiling down at her. Rubbery hands guided her to lift her feet up the table and drop her legs open. Her skirt bunched over her belly and her pussy gaped in the room's harsh white strip light for all to see. She felt her lower lips gape slightly under the circumstances.  
  
His face at hers now. A kiss. A comforting face stroke. Her hand held in his. Their eyes on each other.  
  
Still with no idea what was happening to her, it was a surprise when she felt her labia being pulled. It was obviously a girl down there for she was gentle and considerate. A knowledge of female genitalia and it's limitations. Her flesh seemed teased and eased not twisted or mawled. Her heart rate was calm and she smiled up at him.  
  
A brief sharp prick between her legs.  
  
As her immediate grimace to the unexpected pinch diminished, there was a second. A look of consternation crossed her face and her querying look was comforted by the brief shake of his head and the hush of his voice. It calmed her; trusting him completely.  
  
She wanted to look at what the girl was doing, but that was impractical. Her skirt remained bunched and a barrier to the view. Lowering her eyes from his face, she could see her bending over with both hands at her thighs.  
  
She felt her flesh moving. An unaware knuckle had rubbed her clit. The panic Helen felt was more from a desire not to get turned on. Not to start to leak. As soon as she started thinking about it, it had the opposite effect, felt the moistness collecting.  
  
A quick pull on both labia and tattoo girl had straightened up and started to pull off her gloves. That had been incredibly quick. Her blue-eyed man shot her a smile and then all of a sudden they were alone in the room.  
  
Broadly smiling, he assisted her rising from the lying position and turning to sit on the side of the couch. Her pussy felt different. Swollen somehow. She pulled the skirt into the tummy and leant forward to see what tattoo girl had done to her.  
  
Sitting, glinting in the bright light, were two shiney rings, almost clinking together; one in each of her labia directly opposite each other. She reached down to adjust the private folds between her thighs and took in the size and locations of two neat holes. A surprise grin crept across her face as she tenderly touched herself and marvelled at the simplicity and speed of the whole thing. She opened herself up and smiled at the bling effect on herself. When they were healed, she would be able to wear far fancier jewellery there, but for the moment, simple rings were enough.  
  
Taking her knickers from him, she pulled them up carefully and eased her skirt back into place, before they left the room to return to the main shop.  
  
No sex for a week she was told; swift healing would happen because of it's location but she must keep it clean. That took her a moment to get her head around but there would be no option except to cope. No doubt he knew that this would be the case and obviously had planned a contingency.  
  
They left the shop and meandered their way back through the streets to pause this time at a relatively quiet coffee shop.  
  
It was nice to stop. Though neither of them had felt rushed that morning, the day had felt relaxed; unhurried, it felt right to stop and watch out through the window as the busy crowds bustled about.  
  
Seated with their drinks, their coats thrown over the chairs, she felt the fascination and thrill of having the new additions to her body and couldn't help but discretely run her fingers up her thighs to tuck them into her gusset. He smiled at her but warned her about keeping it clean for the moment.  
  
Aware that they were both quite turned on at the excitement of the morning, she extricated her hand from her own crotch, and snaked it onto his lap beneath the table. Rubbing a growing bulge between his legs, she felt as excited as he obviously was: This was a building problem that needed resolution.  
  
Looking around, they spotted a bank of toilets on the inside wall of the coffee shop, including a wider disabled door.  
  
Unspoken decisions made, she left the table and accessed the room, followed by him a few moments later. A gentle tap on the door had her open it and then close it behind him.  
  
She knelt down on the floor at his feet submissively in a very practiced position. Her legs were apart, she sat on her heels her back straight, her chest thrust foward proudly and her hands facing upwards on her knees. She watched as he lowered his trousers and sighed appreciatively when his cock bounced up from between his legs at her head height.  
  
Leaving her hands resting palm upwards on her knees, she moved her face forward to watch him closely knead it up and down a few times to get it accustomed to it's temporary freedom, before finishing the movement, ducking her mouth over his head and taking it deep to the back of her throat.  
  
A welcoming groan of pleasure left his lips and she felt it touch her tonsils. Slobbering slightly but keeping the suction, she bobbed her head back and then back down again.  
  
She was incredibly wet between her legs but didn't dare take matters there into her own hands following the instructions about keeping it clean for the moment.  
  
Instead, this was all about his pleasure, and it most definitely was pleasing him. His cock felt rock hard in her mouth, the veins on her lips, the precum liberally coating the inside of her mouth.  
  
His hands were on her head, holding her, manipulating her, using her mouth. Fucking it. Watching her in the mirror on the wall behind her, her heels staying still as her body moved willingly.  
  
All too soon, she felt and heard the familiar sensations of his imminent ejaculation. Unable to help himself, he pulled his cock from her mouth and took hold of it himself.  
  
Hissing at her to keep her mouth open, he pumped his shaft a few more strokes before it was all too much. A bead of cum shot from his little eye and hit her squarely in the mouth. This was followed by another couple of spurts, most of which went to the same location, one landing on her upper cheek.  
  
Her hand instinctively went to wipe it, but his own restraining hand stopped her. She dropped it back down to her thighs and resumed her meek position, the gusset of her knickers a hair's breadth from the floor, her legs still.  
  
He continued to wank the last few drops into her mouth and returned himself to it's home below his fly and with a broad smile watched as she gratefully swallowed the helping and licked her lips in satisfaction.  
  
Still very aware of a large drop of spunk sitting resolutely on her cheek, she allowed him to help her to her feet, and giggling like a school girl, she followed him out of the toilet and back to their coats in the cafe, wondering if it would be noticed by anyone.  
  
They returned back to their chairs to continue the coffees, sharing a giggle as he felt the need to adjust himself discretely to make sure his tackle rested, supported properly whilst she took a compact mirror from her handbag to see the effect of the drying sperm on her cheek.  
  
Still quite obvious, it looked very white against the makeup on her skin. She resisted touching it, though it was slowly turning to liquid and feeling like a stray dribble running towards her mouth.  
  
He reached forward and scooped it up off her face with his index finger, then looked her in the face at her expression as he wiped it on the edge of her coffee cup. Pausing a moment, he brushed her cheek clean and leaned in for a thank you kiss. She responded with clear relish and some urgency, very turned on and almost bubbling over with desire.  
  
As he raised his own cup, so did she, squaring her mouth over the spunky smear. Closing her eyes in mock pleasure, she drained the cup and looked into his eyes as she licked it's rim, happy at his obvious delight. She had had a good mouthful earlier courtesy of his aim and was actually quite used to the taste anyway. Relished it in fact. She licked her lips as though having tasted a delicacy.  
  
Deciding to leave the quaint lacey-dollied cafe, they laughingly got to their feet and collected their belongings. She discretely cupped her lower lips beneath her skirt to feel the firm edges of the recent additions beneath the thin material and then traced an exploratory finger along her slit, aching to feel the new rings in her fingers as well as rubbing against her clit.  
  
Pulling her arm away jokingly, he guided her from the room. She followed his lead, huffing in mock annoyance.  
  
They continued their sojourn through the town attractions. Stopping in the local well-known sex shop franchise was half an hour of fun. A look through the rack of outfits, she wondered if she could do them justice. He didn't seem keen on them though. She thought she might need to be anorexic to get them on.  
  
The fluffy handcuffs looked fun, but he told her that a zip tie was far more effective if she needed restraining. They looked a little plastic.  
  
The range of sex toys looked exciting. She hefted a few models in her hands - marvelled at the range. She was used to him controlling her orgasms though but the remote controlled egg looked fun. They checked the box to see the maximum range of control and laughed together.  
  
There was a decent sized lingerie section, but he told her he preferred her naked. She didn't disagree. As her resolve for exercises had developed, so had her body confidence. It was nice he appreciated her efforts. Nice he preferred her in all her glory.  
  
As they were leaving he asked her to wait at the doorway for a moment, and popped back into the store. For a future time, he told her on his reappearance clutching a small bag, but not what he had bought. She didn't press him. It would be fun to find out at that time.  
  
They visited a couple more stores before walking around the local park, hand in hand. The exercise was good. Gentle. Stimulating. She found that the more she moved, the less aware she was of the effect that the piercings had on her pussy. She was actually a little disappointed. It had started as a pleasureable dull ache, drawing and keeping her attention on her own sex, giving her a glow of excitement, of naughty self awareness, a personal secret that only she (and her man) were privvy to. But as time moved on, that ache had diminished, lessened by the sheer ability of the human body to cope and heal.  
  
He told her not to worry - when they were healed, he had plans for them. Many plans!His raised eyebrows were slightly comical. It made her giggle girlishly.  
  
She so desperately wanted to touch herself right at that moment, to stroke her flesh, to scratch that itch, to feel that flood of arousal down her leg. He had had his pleasure, and she was feeling bratty. She wanted - needed that pleasure.  
  
Knew she shouldn't.  
  
Knew that she had to keep it clean.  
  
For the rest of the day at least.  
  
After stopping to watch the ducks, they continued on and found a deserted bench on the park outskirts. After another passionate kiss, his hands on her breasts this time, she was begging for her pussy to be touched. Her earlier resolve ebbing and fading to nothing. She was feeling desperate.  
  
Pleaded.  
  
Beseeched.  
  
Implored.  
  
At his shaking head, a sudden idea took her. Rising from the bench and standing before him, she squatted down on her heels, her back as straight as possible, and placed the backs of her hands onto her knees. A classic submissive pose. She had seen it somewhere.  
  
An act of supplication.  
  
One she was positive he could not resist.  
  
One that would get what she wanted.  
  
One that offered her complete obedience.  
  
An opened eye from the tall man. Was he impressed? Was he going to relent.  
  
She crossed her hands across her chest.  
  
Of course that did the trick.  
  
He was left without an option.  
  
She looked too damn cute.  
  
Of course he consented.  
  
For the second time that morning, she found herself pulling her knickers to her feet, sitting back on the bench and opening her knees up wide to her chest without a care for who else could possibly see her. She needed that itch scratched.  
  
Both of their hands were then on her thighs, stroking the length of her legs, still extended beautifully by the stilleto heels which pointed her feet alluringly. She started deep breathing at the excitement of having her lower lips open for inspection in public; bejewelled, on display. Blatant engorged and horny. Her lips had parted wide. The rings now very obvious and their weight helping her openness. The original slight swelling caused by the piercing had already started to recede.  
  
Her pussy looked like erotic art.  
  
A quick glance around the immediate vicinity. There was no one around, not that she cared. The emotions of the day were still running high. She could still taste spunk in her mouth and smell it on her top lip where it must have splashed. It was her time for a moment of pleasure.  
  
She briefly wondered what he had planned for her piercings. His earlier comedic raised eyebrows betrayed a crafty and calculating brain that always had something in store. She wasn't about to ask. At this juncture, it was always more fun to experience new things fresh and unbiased. No preconceived notions to spoil or hinder.  
  
She was anxious to touch the rings, to rotate them, to polish them. He dipped his face close to them and she could almost feel his breath stimulating her clit. He didn't touch but smiled as he admired their size and locations; pleasure on his face.  
  
The problem was, as ever, her inability to orgasm without an explosion of squirt to accompany it every single time. She was a leaker and the concern was for the freshly made punctures in her outer lips.  
  
He had an idea.  
  
At his instruction, taking hold of her lips, one in each hand, careful not to catch the fresh wounds, she opened them wide. She pulled on her flesh hard to extend her pussy to an opening that luridly displayed her inner folds. It put her clit front and foremost. Opened her private place like a blooming rose.  
  
Her nipples felt on fire too. The public nature of the moment. The complete focus on her own body. The total exposure of her body. Harder than they had been for some time. So pointed, they threatened the integrity of her blouse.  
  
Unaware and uncaring of any passing spectator, she pulled her knees even higher to her chest and pulled the lips as wide as possible, resting her head on his close shoulder as she felt his intruding finger cautiously on her clit.  
  
She needed to cum.  
  
He was cautious to stimulate only the clit and then push deep into her middle well. Slowly he stimulated. Rubbing and sinking deep inside.  
  
Repeatedly.  
  
Intrusively.  
  
Forcibly.  
  
The eroticism of the day proved too much for her. It didn't take long for the feelings to explode and her head to swim with the powerful crescendo that occurred all too quickly. A stream of squirt poured from her in a steady stream that hosed the slabs around the bench and almost reaching the grass beyond. A powerful stream that splashed and coated his hand too.  
  
Eyes fluttering open, she smiled into his happy face as he offered his soaking wet fingers to her mouth and she suckled them greedily cleaning them of all drips.  
  
Glancing around for confirmation of their being alone; a quick mop up using a fresh paper hanky and she could lower her feet to the floor. He helped her sit up straight.

A quick restoration of her public comforts: feet now back on the floor, skirt pulled back down, her jacket tugged back to cover her prominent nipples. Knickers reluctantly retrieved and pulled up to protect herself.  
  
She was getting so used to being without underwear while in his presence, it almost felt awkward to put them on. Privately convinced she had no need for them but following his instructions without argument, she smoothed the gusset over her lower adornments.  
  
The dull ache of excitement back between her legs, her sex the focus of her attention, they once more took to their feet to continue back to the car.