How It All Started (Intro)

hockeyfan

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 Hi all,

 I'm a long time reader, but this is my first story attempt. It is a blend of

 fiction and an actual experience of mine. The standard names are changed and

 such to protect the guilty, so-to-speak.

 This first chapter is mostly set-up (no real nudity), but if you like where

 the storyline is heading, I'll gladly post more. I have more adventures in

 note form, so I'd need to flush them out, but I was hoping to get some initial

 feedback. I apolgize for any lingering grammar mistakes, as I'm far from an

 English major, but I try to cleanup what I can.

 Thanks,

 HF

How It All Started (Ch. 1)

 hockeyfanHow

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 To provide some background, my name is Will. I’ve always enjoyed a dominant

 position in relationships. But instead of manifesting domination with whips

 and chains, I truly enjoy enforcing my dominance through her nudity and

 exhibitionism.

 For me, it’s vital that she enjoys the experience and is willing to push her

 boundaries at my direction and insistence. I get a rush seeing her submit her

 will to the overwhelming wave of emotion, embarrassment, or humiliation from

 being naked in a situation where the normal person would be fully clothed.

 It’s the thoughts that race through her head and feelings that flow through

 her body that I want to produce. It’s what I call a “streaker’s high.” I’m not

 looking to produce utter fear and degradation.

 The biggest problem I seemed to have is finding the right woman to submit to

 my vision of a relationship. But some time ago, when I started graduate

 school, I met a 24 year old bombshell, Danielle. She’s the woman of every

 man’s dreams – tall, blond and a killer body. As a law student, Danielle is

 also a smart and career-oriented, a major turn on for me. So, I’ve met this

 great woman I cannot get of my head (either head). Now, I’ve got two problems:

 1) I can’t imagine a law student has much of a wild side to exploit, and 2)

 she was in a relationship at the time.

 Although I thought Danielle’s boyfriend at the time was a loser, I figured no

 man on earth was dumb enough to screw-up a relationship and let this girl hit

 he free agent market. I had some inclination that things were not 100% between

 the two of them because Danielle and I were flirty, but it seemed that flirty

 was as good as it would get. About six months later, my luck changed, as I got

 word that Danielle was single.

 At this point, I was not sure how to tread. I certainly knew what I

 wanted…Danielle. But I did not want to be too intrusive and I wanted to allow

 her to get over the 2+ year relationship she just left. After some time, on a

 Friday evening, I invited Danielle to grab a bite to eat and catch a movie. I

 didn’t necessarily pitch it as a “date night,” but as we’d come to find out,

 this evening sent us down a path that we’d never turn back.

 By now, we were trying to kill time until our 10 p.m. movie. The conversation

 turned to relationships; more specifically, we started to discuss what we want

 in a relationship. At one point, she caught me off guard by saying, “You’re

 always so sweet and respectful, any woman would be lucky to have you as their

 boyfriend.” Here was my moment, the door was wide open. What did I do? I got

 cold feet and did nothing. Damn it.

 Conversation continued and turned towards the bedroom when she was trying to

 describe why she broke off her last relationship. Danielle said, “I’m kind of

 embarrassed to say so, but he used to dominate me in the bedroom. I actually

 liked being submissive, being called a slut, and being commanded to perform at

 his whim. But he became violent and was turned on by my physical pain. I just

 hated the pain, but thought that maybe I’d grow to like it. It just became too

 much, too scary.” After a pause, she continued, “I’m sorry, I cannot believe I

 just told you that.”

 To break the somewhat awkward tension, I replied, “Don’t worry about it, I

 understand.”

 “What do you mean you understand?” she asked inquisitively, “You also like

 being dominated?”

 “No, I like enjoy being dominant in the bedroom.”

 “You seem way too nice to be hurting anyone with whips and chains,” she

 replied.

 I explained, “I’m not into pain or physical punishment, I guess you’d say that

 I’m more into the experience of dominance and submission as a way to heighten

 and stimulate the relationship and carry that into the bedroom.”

 “What do you mean?”

 “I make rules and have my girlfriend, if I had one, follow them and do some

 things that might be a little embarrassing for her to exert my dominance.”

 “Like what?”

 “For starters, I’d only ever allow my girlfriend to wear dresses or skirts

 when we’re out on a date, because 1) I find them to be sexy and 2) I’d have

 easier access to her.”

 She replied, “It sounds interesting, but doesn’t sound all that hard. I mean,

 I’m wearing a skirt right now, and although I like how I look, it does not

 seem overly stimulating.”

 Seeing how far this might go, I responded, “Well, see, if you wanted to be my

 girlfriend, you’d have to go to the bathroom, take off your panties, and give

 them to me.”

 With a smile on her face, she asked, “So that’s all it would take to be your

 girlfriend…just giving you my panties?”

 I replied, “That’s just the first step.”

 With that, and to my surprise, she immediately excused herself and headed to

 the bathroom. A minute later, she emerged with her right hand clenched tightly

 in a fist. As she sat down, she opened her fist and placed a hot pink thong

 onto the table and said, “There, you go.”

 I’m sure I was smiling from ear-to-ear as I asked, “So how does it feel to be

 sitting in the middle of a one of our favorite hangouts without wearing any

 panties under your skirt?

 She replies, “I feel really kind of naughty. I’m getting a little excited.”

 “Perfect…let’s get the check.”

 I motion to our waiter across the room for the check. A few minutes later, he

 arrives at the table and nearly puts the check on the pink panties, but it was

 obvious he saw them sitting there. The look in Danielle’s face was priceless.

 I’m sure it was a combination of guilt, embarrassment, and pride.

 Once we were outside the restaurant, Danielle turned to me and said, “I can’t

 believe he saw my panties just sitting on the table. I’m so embarrassed.”

 I smiled and said, “I know. And since I know you’re not going to need those

 anymore, I left them for him…a little extra tip, you could say.”

 Danielle’s eyes grew wide and all she said was “William…oh my…” as I cut her

 off with a passionate kiss. As our lips were locked, she ran her hand over the

 front of my pants…I knew this night was going to be the start of something

 amazing.