**In The Beginning**

by EYE2EYE

I**n The Beginning - Part 1**

Tags: female submission, exhibitionism, male domination, young lovers

As the title suggests, this story precludes 'A Perfect Arrangement'.

My mind wondered as the bartender returned with my change and the train jerked slightly as it began to pull away from the last station before my destination. I pictured her standing there waiting for me. I had deliberately told her that my train would arrive at 8.10pm, fifteen minutes earlier than scheduled. And even though she had probably checked the train times, I knew she would be there early, just standing there, inappropriately dressed as usual, her embarrassment clearly visible to all who passed by.

It would, I think, be helpful to explain. My name is James, I am twenty-nine years old and I work and live in London. My girlfriend, Victoria, is twenty-two, extremely submissive and in her final year at college in the West Country. Our relationship is incredibly strong and she often comments as to “how comfortable she feels around me”. Or that we fit like ‘a hand in a glove’, as she also likes to put it. The love that we have for one another is intense and our sex life exceeds, by far, anything that either of us have ever experienced. We met just over a year ago and I catch a train on most weekends to be with her before returning to London very early on the Monday morning.

Within ten minutes, the train began to slow as it approached my station. I grabbed my bag and made my way towards the exit at the end of carriage as my mind once again turned to her. As I stepped down to the platform, I heard the familiar muffled announcements echo along the crowded concourse before reaching out and slamming the door closed.

“Good girl,” I whispered to myself as I quickly spotted her in the exact place that had been arranged. She leant almost casually against the railings that guarded the underpass to other platforms and her cheeks were visibly flushed.

She was cute, to say the very least. At just over 5 foot 4 inches tall, she was slim and her boobs were a perfect 32B cup. Her almost black, short page boy hairstyle made her look a little tom boyish but it suited her so well. To be honest, she was stunning.

Even though she was still some way off, I could clearly see her nipples pushing hard through her tight dark blue T-shirt. My gaze quickly dropped to the hem of her short black skirt. It must have hung no more than two inches below her white cotton gusset. I quickened my pace and my thoughts became increasingly obscene as she saw me and waved.

I was soon standing in front of her and my bag fell to the ground as we kissed. She continued leaning against the railings and smiled nervously before widening her stance a little more. Her legs were now almost two feet apart but even then, she still somehow managed to appear casual. She softly bit her lower lip as she felt her already crimson cheeks beginning to burn. Thoughts spiralled through her head as to how totally exposed she was to the commuters as they filed up and down the stairs behind her.

“My god Victoria, you look like a cheap whore. How long have you been waiting here?” I asked as my cock started to harden.

“About, er, about half an hour I think,” she replied in a slightly detached way as she ‘accidentally’ dropped her car key.

Bending down to pick it up, she allowed her shoulder to brush against my groin as if to acknowledge the bulge in my trousers. Keeping her legs straight, she fumbled about and the back of her skirt rode up obscenely, showing off her plain white cotton knickers. They were purposefully a size too small and clearly outlined the round base of the plug nestling in her arse.

“Stand up you stupid bitch. Where’s the car parked?” I demanded, grabbing her arm as I helped to her feet.

“Usual place. I moved the seat back so that you can drive,” she replied as she handed me the key.

As we joined the queue for the exit, I noticed the woman waiting behind us glaring distastefully at Victoria.

“Little whore,” she muttered under her breath before opening her handbag.

After handing my ticket to the collector, we walked quickly over to the car.

“Get in now,” I ordered as I threw my bag onto the back seat.

I slid the key into the ignition and looked over at Victoria. God, she was beautiful. She really didn’t need to wear make-up and apart from her black eye mascara and dark red lips, her milky white skin remained un-touched.

“You know what to do. That lady just called you a little whore, didn’t she? So act like one, you useless cunt,” I said before pulling away.

Without saying a word, she pushed her hips up and removed her knickers. I could see that the gusset was already damp as she screwed them up tightly before stuffing them gently into her mouth. Carefully placing her feet on the dashboard, she allowed the front of her skirt to fall back. She then spread her legs wide enabling me to see clearly her recently pierced clitoris.

The sun was rapidly fading and dusk was fast approaching. I could just see the city lights scattered in the distance as we reached the first set of traffic lights. I waited patiently and listened to the stifled moans as Victoria pushed her fingers deep into her wet hole. Her other hand pulled harshly on her piercing as I watched the threads of saliva slowly drop from her lower lip. I reached over and slapped her hand away causing her body to jolt momentarily before I pulled roughly at her T-shirt, exposing her breasts and swollen nipples.

“Oh fuck, fuck, oh my, oh my god,” she mumbled as her tongue pushed hard against her knickers.

“Dirty little college slut aren’t you, enjoying the thought of those strangers looking up your skirt, thinking about all those hard cocks, the thought of other men wanking off as they imagine using you?” I teased in a low voice whilst revelling in the sordid little noises that continued spewing from her stretched mouth.

As the lights changed to green and we drove away, Victoria reached over. Her hand grabbed desperately at the bulge between my legs and squeezed hard.

**In The Beginning - Part 2**

 The roads were surprisingly busy as we headed towards the city centre. We must have driven for about thirty-five minutes before I finally turned into Chesterfield Road and parked the car opposite Victoria’s house. Bearing in mind that this was student accommodation, one might be forgiven for imagining a somewhat shabby establishment. This, however, could not have been further from the truth.

The house sat proudly within a very pleasant tree-lined road and boasted four large bedrooms, two bathrooms and an excellent kitchen. She shared this with three of her college friends although we were fortunate enough to have the house to ourselves for the weekend. The autumn term wasn’t due to start for another two weeks and her housemates wouldn’t be arriving until the following weekend.

“Stay where you are, baby,” I said as I reached behind and opened my bag.

Victoria clearly sensed my excitement and she tried in vain, whilst keeping her feet firmly on the dashboard, to see what I was doing. I quickly found the four-inch black leather collar laying on top of my folded clothes. I studied the four equally spaced steel rings that attached to its outer surface and the open padlock that hung patiently through a securing clasp at one end. I pulled it out and placed it across her bare legs before sitting back. My cock strained desperately against my flies as I watched her and waited.

She looked briefly into my eyes before she calmly picked it up and fitted it around her neck. Allowing her legs to drop to the floor, she turned her back and leaned briefly towards me. I made a couple of small tightening adjustments before taking the padlock and snapping it closed. Slowly removing the key, I held it mockingly close in front of her face before dropping it safely into my jacket pocket. She turned back and sat motionless as the new collar pushed hard under her jaw, making it impossible for her to look anywhere but straight ahead. Her lips stretched obscenely as her knickers filled her mouth whilst her saliva continued to drop onto her T-shirt that remained pulled up above her boobs.

Grabbing my bag, I opened the car door and climbed out. I stood and watched as the passenger door swung open and Victoria stepped awkwardly onto the pavement. She stood there, longing for someone, anyone perhaps, to roughly manhandle her cunt as her eyes darted repeatedly from left to right, scanning up and down the road. Her nipples pushed hard into the night air and her attention snapped abruptly to the sound of distant footsteps. She turned quickly and waited. Her heart raced and her eyes appeared to plead desperately as she raised her hand. Her fingers reached out and she began forcibly pinching and twisting her left nipple. As the footsteps grew louder, I quickly pushed her door closed.

“Hurry up, slut. The house, quickly!” I whispered as I searched up and down for the owner of the approaching footsteps. I stayed close behind her as we crossed the road and I pushed my hand roughly up her skirt. I groped her hard causing her legs to tremble and almost buckle as I began to ease her butt plug back and forth.

“Fuck, yes, yes please, do it, harder, more, do it more,” she spluttered and gagged whilst attempting to slide the front door key into the lock.

Her body pushed hard against the door as my hand violently mauled her arse before the door suddenly flew open. We fell into the hallway just in time as the owner of the footsteps appeared directly across the road, before gradually fading into the distance.

We both stood perfectly still, staring wide-eyed at each other before I pushed the door closed. Victoria nearly choked on her knickers before spitting them out as we broke, simultaneously, into fits of laughter. We fell into each other’s arms and kissed before I quickly pushed her away.

“What’s so funny?” I said, bending down and searching through my bag.

“You know, that guy, he so nearly caught me, and I ...” she replied before I cut her short.

“And you what? And you wanted him to? Go on, admit it, you wanted him to see you! You’re a fucking whore, Victoria. A cheap fuck toy. Look at you, you look like a hooker,” I continued as I stared hard into her eyes whilst trying to keep a straight face.

“Yeah okay, but that’s, that’s why you love me and besides...” she acknowledged as I grabbed her arm and spun her around.

Pushing her towards the foot of the stairs, she stumbled forwards, somewhat awkwardly, as the collar unbalanced her stance. I reached quickly into my jacket pocket, retrieved the key to the padlock and pushed it into her hand before my free hand landed hard on her arse cheek.

“Get up there now, bitch. You’ve got fifteen minutes to prepare and take this with you. You know what to do. Now, move!” I ordered as I tucked the small parcel I had retrieved from my bag under her arm.

She had, I am sure, a fairly good idea of what the parcel contained. If not, she would soon discover exactly what was in there, and why.

My eyes followed her gorgeous arse to the top of the stairs as she purposefully exaggerated her sway. The shape of my hand had already started to redden her cheek. I knew that, before anything else, she would be twisting about in front of her mirror as she tried desperately to see it. She really adored the red marks I left on her; fuck, she really was so insatiable.

What a girl!

I listened as she closed her bedroom door before picking up my bag and heading to the downstairs bathroom. After taking a hot shower, I changed into a pair of jeans and a T-shirt and made us both a drink. I looked at my watch and realised that I had actually given my gorgeous ‘nymph’ just over twenty minutes to prepare. I knew full well, however, that she would be ready in fifteen minutes. I also knew that the longer she was made to wait, the more desperate she would become. And the more desperate she became, the more obscene she became. I smiled inwardly as an idea crossed my mind. I would, therefore, make her wait another ten minutes! The problem was, however, that I also had to wait another ten minutes... and that would be difficult!

**In The Beginning - Part 3**

Victoria threw the parcel onto her bed. She turned and stumbled slightly, struggling briefly before she finally removed her collar. Placing it next to the parcel, she dashed quickly across the room whilst grabbing the back of her skirt and pulling it up. She lifted it higher before spinning round so that her back faced the full length mirror in the wardrobe door. Twisting and turning desperately, she fought hard before her eyes found the bright red hand print that marked her, otherwise, milky white arse cheek.

“Oh my god, yes, that looks so fucking good, oh fuck,” she panted breathlessly.

Her back arched effortlessly as she bent her knees and grabbed and pulled her arse cheeks wide apart. Her neck remained strained and her eyes feasted on the reflection as she watched her arse hole flex obscenely as she forced the metal plug in and out. She moaned deeply, pushing and pulling faster and harder as her hands continued to maul roughly at her cheeks. With her smooth cunt screaming for attention, her body suddenly recoiled and she gasped involuntarily. She just managed to catch hold of the retreating plug before quickly regaining her composure. Realising that she didn’t have much time, she glanced at the clock on the wall before undressing and hurrying towards the inter-connecting door to the bathroom.

It must, perhaps, be one of those stranger facts of life. Time always appears to be in short supply when it’s required. And yet, when you have too much, it drags its feet like an intoxicated tramp going round in circles. I certainly wasn’t drunk. I felt sure, however, that my mind had completed far too many circles as I glanced at my watch yet again.

Victoria allowed her fluffy white bath towel to drop to the floor as she stepped towards her bed. She sat naked on its edge, briefly studying the parcel before picking it up. Although it wasn’t very wide, it must have been about two and a half feet in length. Her heart raced as her fingers began tearing urgently at the buff coloured wrapping paper.

“Oh wow, what the fuck, oh my god,” she breathed quietly, whilst staring at the contents as they spilled onto the duvet.

I checked my watch again, perhaps needlessly so, as my legs were already on the move. Holding a glass in each hand, I turned towards the base of the stairs, kicking her discarded knickers to one side before waiting momentarily as I listened. Complete silence, apart from the occasional ‘clink’ of ice cubes as they bumped against the sides of the glasses surely meant only one thing. She was ready!

The carpet pile edged warmly between my toes as I began my ascent. A strange feeling, however, began to flood through me as I moved up the stairs. I wasn’t nervous, anxious perhaps, excited yes, but there was something else, a feeling that was difficult to explain. The palms of my hands were unusually clammy and my stomach felt as though it were a washing machine completing its final spin. I reached the landing and placed the glasses on a small console table before reaching out and slowly turning the bedroom door knob. Retrieving the drinks, I pushed the door open with my foot and listened as its hinges whined briefly, finally breaking the silence.

A cluster of three spotlights sat within a decorative ceiling rose and scattered a soft light about the large room, giving it a sense of warmth and intimacy. To my right, an ornate wooden headboard rested against the far wall as if in charge of a large, immaculately made, double bed. It stretched prominently towards the middle of the room whilst, to its left, a small table sat snugly within a small alcove. It supported a PC and the usual peripheral accessories that one would expect to see. An elegant clear glass vase rested next to the keyboard and boasted a wonderful display of fresh flowers. They had been artistically arranged with care and thought and were, perhaps, the final touch to the creation of a wonderful ambience.

Closing the door behind me, I set the glasses down before directing my attention to the stunning figure that stood waiting before me. As our eyes met, Victoria’s lips pouted briefly as she blew me a kiss and the peculiar feelings that had accompanied me up the stairs quickly disappeared. They were replaced by a sense of intense love and of the understanding we both shared. Our relationship felt so right, we were totally at ease together and the trust that existed between us allowed us to retain our independence without issue.

“So beautiful, aren’t you? So why hide yourself, bitch?” I asked, marking the return to our game whilst I looked towards the window that was directly to her right.

I reached out and pulled the two cords, leaving the wooden blinds fully raised. Although her bedroom window wasn’t immediately overlooked, there were a cluster of four high rise tower blocks situated in the distance and her eyes widened nervously as her mind quickly acknowledged their presence.

She remained motionless, her arms tightly folded behind her back ensuring that her back arched naturally. Her cute arse thrust backwards whilst her gorgeous boobs jutted obscenely towards me. Carefully applied black mascara perfectly accentuated her dark brown eyes that, in turn, complimented the leather collar that was, once again, fastened tightly around her neck. It guaranteed that her head remained facing to the front, allowing me to admire the way her crimson lips clashed sharply against her natural and clear white complexion.

Her tight cropped red T-shirt was pulled up just above her breasts, leaving her nipples totally exposed. Although hard, her nipples were clamped tightly and a thin steel chain linked both clamps, pulling harshly upwards. It attached to a metal ring that hung from her collar, thus ensuring that it remained fully tensioned. My gaze lowered, pausing momentarily as I savoured her extremely tight fitting white cotton knickers. They clearly outlined her cunt, especially the small ring that pierced her clitoris.

My cock pushed hard against my jeans as my eyes continued down. They followed the black and white stripes that patterned her cotton thigh high hold ups before stopping at her chunky black Buffalo Boots that stood between two and three feet apart. Well, they almost stopped! Because just in front of where she stood, there laid, as if waiting calmly for its first patient, a stiff black leather riding crop.

**In The Beginning - Part 4**

As I bent down, my hand reached towards the crop. My eyes carefully followed the tip of my finger as it traced an imaginary line along the length. Pausing at its end, it lightly stroked the smooth black leather slapper, as if it were admiring its potential. The outer edges were decorated with two rows of slightly off white stitching that contrasted well against their background.

The slapper attached neatly to a thin shaft that was tightly bound in black leather and extended for about two feet before widening its form to produce matt black wooden handle. As I picked it up and turned to face Victoria, I noticed immediately how my hand moulded perfectly around the grip. It was almost as if it had been custom made to suit.

She remained quite still as I walked calmly around her. Obscene thoughts filled my mind as I deliberated over her acutely submissive stance. It both interested and surprised me as to how well she had prepared, not to mention her attention to detail. After completing a full circle, I stood and faced her, gently tapping the riding crop against my right leg as I looked hard into her eyes.

“Do you honestly believe that I have a choice, Victoria? Do you think that I should simply ignore that, from the moment you met me at the station, you have done nothing but behave like a complete whore. Not only do you dress like a cheap slut, you deliberately encourage complete strangers to look up your skirt. You show off your arse and you stand around pretending that you aren’t aware of all those men staring as your nipples force against your T-shirt. You’re just a fucking slut, aren’t you?” I said as I raised my arm and positioned the riding crop between her legs.

“I was, I mean, I thought, I thought that you would like my new skirt, I wore it for you,” she replied, trying to remain still as I pressed the crop’s shaft hard against her cunt whilst sliding it back and forth.

Her hips, however, began to rock very slightly back and forth as the crop glided deep between her lips.

“And you expect me to believe that, do you? Stand still, you lying bitch! Do you know what happens to sluts like you, sluts that get off by exposing themselves in public places? Imagining all those hard cocks, fantasising about being fucked by someone they don’t even know? Well, do you?” I asked as I adjusted the position of the crop so that its end came to rest on her pierced clit.

The shaft of the crop arched as I forced it upwards and the pressure caused her to edge forwards slightly as she came onto her toes. With her head bowed, she widened her stance a little in order to maintain her balance.

“Look at me, slut. Head up, up I said, lift it right up,” I ordered as my cock strained visibly against my flies.

She kept her arms tightly folded behind her back as she forced her head as high as she could manage. The tension on the chain that looped through the ring on her collar tightened considerably which, in turn, increased the pressure to the clamps that squeezed her nipples and pulled them harshly upwards.

“Well, I’m waiting, bitch. What happens to whores like you? Or perhaps, I should ask, what do sluts as openly depraved as you want to happen?” I said sternly as the end of the crop began tapping lightly against the outline of her clit ring.

“I just, I need the, please, use your crop, now, James, on my clit, oh please,” she begged.

“What are you? Tell me, the truth, Victoria,” I continued as the crop tapped faster and with more force.

“Oh fuck, please, I know, I’m a whore ok? Please, James, the crop, James, please?” she replied as she thrust her cunt outwards so as to afford the crop easier access.

“Again, tell me again, Victoria. What are you?” I demanded.

“I’m just, I’m just cheap, oh please, James. I can’t help it, I, I like being a slut, I mean, I can’t, I can’t be anything else. That’s what I am,” she panted with her eyes now fixed to the outline of my cock.

Glancing down briefly, I saw the large damp patch that circled about my flies. Tiny spasms shot and pulsed through my cock that was, by now, almost certainly engulfed by a steady flow of pre-cum, something that her behaviour always guaranteed.

I allowed the end of the crop to drop down and paused.

“Do you want it to hurt?” I asked, knowing full well what she wanted.

“Oh god, yes, James, please, you know, I deserve it, please, James, now,” she pleaded.

“Where do you want it? Just there, perhaps?” I added whilst reaching forward with my free arm and pinching her ring and clitoris hard between my thumb and forefinger.

“Where?” I repeated impatiently as my fingers tightened, causing her legs to wobble slightly.

“My cunt, please, you bastard, smack it, make it red, use it on me, teach me a...” she blurted as I released my grip so to make way for the crop.

It whipped sharply through the air before the leather slapper landed on her clitoris. Victoria’s body jolted violently, causing her to bend momentarily before she quickly resumed her stance. A crisp, dense crack resonated about the room as the leather slapper struck its target for the second time and then a third. Its cruel assault continued, each blow becoming harder until her legs finally began to buckle as her first orgasm erupted, ripping viciously through her entire frame.

She threw her head back causing her nipples to wrench savagely against the clamps before a trail of barely coherent expletives spewed uncontrollably from her trembling lips. Her tears of pleasure and pain combined with her mascara, painting irregular streaks as they rolled across her flushed cheeks, a clear sign, surely, that the crop had successfully completed its maiden task of correction!

She sat at my feet, looking up at me and smiling weakly. Her arms reached out and she beckoned me to help her to her feet although we both knew there was a far better way. I pushed her arms away before grabbing hold of her hair with my left hand and pulling her upright. My grip remained firm as I re-positioned her face so that I was able to comfortably place the crop between her lips. I held it there briefly as she bit gently on its shaft before my right hand dropped and secured her jaw.

“Filthy little cunt, you only cum when I tell you, you only suck when I tell you and you only fuck when I tell you, do you understand, bitch? Do you?” I said, trying desperately not to smile back at her.

I released my grip on her jaw and wrapped my arm around her back.

My other hand pulled sharply on her hair, forcing her head right back. She remained completely silent as the chain’s tension increased, relaying its force, once again, to her nipples. My right hand began to move slowly downwards, sadistically scuffing over her clamped nipples before my palm slid into the front of her knickers. I pushed past her smooth mound before my fingers began mauling her swollen clitoris. I watched as her eyes rolled into the back of her head before pushing further back and roughly forcing two fingers into her soaking cunt.

“Pull your arse cheeks apart,” I demanded as I finally let go of her hair and positioned my arm so as to cradle her back.

She immediately unfolded her arms and reached down to her buttocks as my fingers slipped from her cunt and inched their way back further. Her warm damp knickers stroked and clung to the back of my hand as my fingers located the delicate puckered folds that had been awaiting their arrival. I dragged and pushed two fingers back and forth over her magical entrance, gradually increasing their upward pressure before she gave a muffled yelped, albeit very briefly.

Her arse hole greedily pulled both fingers rapidly into its depths and her depraved girly moans deepened through gritted teeth as she began to ride. Her hips rocked and twisted rhythmically on my fingers as they slid back and forth for some time before she unexpectedly released her grip on her arse cheeks. Her arms reached up before she threw them around my neck and with the help of my arm behind her back, she jumped towards me, letting the crop fall from her mouth.

“That’s it, baby slut, up you come,” I said almost lovingly as her legs clamped hard around my waist.

Our noses touched briefly before our lips joined and our tongues began to play their own part in our elaborate mating ritual.

“I really, I fucking love you, gorgeous bastard, you, that’s what, oh fuck, what the, oh my god,” she gasped as our mouths separated and I turned to move.

I walked slowly towards the end of the bed whilst bouncing my little fuck doll up and down. Our lips met again and we kissed madly as my fingers continued to push in and out of her sweet little arse. God, It felt so gorgeous. In fact, all of her was gorgeous!

She released her arms from my neck and flopped back onto the bed, trying to drag me on top of her with her legs that were still tightly wrapped around my waist. She squealed almost delightfully as she relaxed her vice-like grip on my fingers, allowing me to reach back. My hands firmly grasped hold of each of her ankles and I pulled her legs free before forcing them to her sides.

With her feet now spread wide apart and positioned somewhere just above her head, she reached forwards. Her fingers worked quickly as she pulled her knickers down until they stretched tightly between her legs, just above her knees. Her hands then settled behind her knees before she pulled hard causing her legs to stretch back a little more and remain there.

“Oh wow, you look so fucking good, just an obscene little fuck toy, aren’t you? Tell me, what do you want? I want to hear you say it, go on, say it, tell me everything, Victoria,” I asked encouragingly as I stared at her totally exposed cunt that bore the unmistakable telltale marks that had been left by the crop.

“You know, I mean, please James, please, your cock, show me, oh fuck. I need cock, please, I don’t care whose...” she answered before I cut her short.

“You don’t care whose, whose what? I shrieked, pretending to be shocked.

“I, I meant nothing, I mean, oh shit, please, James, please,” she replied desperately.

“You fucking whore, I know what you meant, bitch! You don’t care, do you? So long as you get fucked, as long as someone’s cock is using your filthy arse, smashing into your cunt or filling that slutty mouth, that’s what you meant, isn’t it?” I growled as I slowly unbuttoned my jeans.

Her eyes immediately locked onto my groin as my jeans dropped to the floor, finally exposing my smooth circumcised cock as it sprung forward. She gasped briefly before she began to pant and moan as her depraved imagination took charge. The corner of her mouth curled slightly upwards and she pulled harder on her legs before her arse hole began flexing. I smiled inwardly as I kicked my jeans to one side and knelt on the bed at her side. The night was still young and we had all the time in the world.

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