# Leila's Love Story

#### A fantasy by dah

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### Leila's Love Story, Part 1

Leila had spent the morning cleaning her apartment. It was now nearly two weeks since she had first met David. She could hardly believe that she remembered the day she now thought of as "naked Friday" almost fondly. She still blushed occasionally when she thought of the six hours she had spent nude in public.

She reviewed the dates she had had with him since. The first date was Saturday evening, the very day after. He had taken her to the revolving restaurant on the tower. He had been wearing a suit, and she had worn a simple black dress. The view that evening had been spectacular. David had listened so attentively to her life story. That seemed pretentious, after all, he was so much older than her - old enough to be her father. He had a life story, she had just a chapter. But he had actually seemed to be interested in her experiences. He had not referred directly to the previous embarrassing day, but when they were looking out over the densest part of the city had quietly murmured to her to imagine all the millions of eyes in the city, all looking at her. She shivered as she recalled that moment. He had not touched her that night, not even the taxi ride home, except for a strong hug and a long sensuous kiss as he said goodnight at her door.

On Sunday he had taken her to brunch, at a local motel, rather than a fancy hotel restaurant. They had gorged themselves on the wide selection of goodies. They were dressed more casually that day. She had decided to wear her oldest jeans and a fairly light white T-shirt; the jeans were now about 2 sizes too small, and she had to struggle to get them on that morning. She was ready when he rang the bell, but only because he had been late. (He had explained that he had looked up the Saturday service time-table, not the Sunday, and had therefore started too late and missed a transfer.) She had worn a tight white T-shirt with the jeans - her friend at college had said that the outfit looked like it was painted on. Damn it, she would not suffer through another date without being touched. His good-bye hug had been so sensual last night; but one hug and a kiss was not enough.

When David had arrived, he also had been wearing jeans and a T-shirt for some science fiction convention, but with an open Hawaiian shirt worn over it like a light jacket. Science fiction? She was falling for an nerd - old and a nerd. She started to giggle, but his arms surrounded her as he repeated last night's kiss. She sighed as her insides melted and just let herself float into his mouth.

His hellos and good-byes were terrific; if she could only raise the heat during the time between them. She locked her door, and they headed off for the bus, arms around each other. She felt terrific, but nervous. "Aloha!", she muttered as they reached the bus stop, and started to laugh uncontrollably. He looked at her, obviously puzzled, and when she managed to catch her breath she explained. "I was thinking that terrific kiss hello was almost identical to last night's good-bye. And then I looked at your Hawaiian shirt and suddenly the phrase 'Aloha means both hello and good-bye' sprang into my mind. It was just too appropriate." And she started to laugh again.

He gazed at her for a moment with a quizzical smile. "You have a weird, weird mind, and an equally weird sense of humour." Her face fell; he wouldn't want weird. "We will have so much fun together. And you won't be able to complain about my stupid jokes." She had felt so happy.

After they had finished brunch, they had wandered around for a while, his hand no longer around her shoulders, but caressing her butt through those skin-tight jeans. There was no-one else on the streets at that time, and they stopped in an undeveloped area nearby, a fairly private spot for a talk. He sat on the grass and leaned back against a tree, and she sat between his legs, leaning back against his trunk. His hands wandered over her body, but spent much of their time at her breasts. She was so thankful that she had not worn a bra today, having decided that the lines through the shirt would be far worse that the faint shadow of her areolae. And she had wanted to be able to feel his lightest touch.

As he fondled her breasts, her nipples tried to punch holes through the shirt. His right hand slid down her chest, tickled her navel lightly and then moved down to press into her crotch. Already feeling the pressure from the over-tight jeans, she was not ready for the extra sensation, and she shuddered and moaned as the waves of pleasure crashed over her.

After she had recovered somewhat, although, as David was still kneading her breasts and lightly pinching her nipples, she couldn't say she had recovered totally from that public exhibition of passion - thank God there had been nobody around to see it - she finally asked him the question that had haunted her since the previous night. "Why don't you want me?"

"Huh?" David grunted, and his hands stopped moving.

"Why don't you want me?" she repeated. "I wanted you to come in last night and take me, but you showed no sign of interest. Am I not slightly attractive to you?"

His hands resumed their caressing motions as he gave the answer she had been dreading: "No, you are not slightly attractive to me." Her face fell and her nipples just disappeared. "You are one of the most attractive women I have ever met." Her nipples popped back, even harder, and he twisted her body around so he could nibble on one lightly through her shirt. "I have wanted to take you since I first saw you on Friday. By the end of the lunch hour, you were so excited I was sure I could have taken you without force. I even thought I could take you in the corridor, before we went to lunch, you were so turned on." She blushed at the memory of her actions then, holding on to him, naked and aroused; he had known then how slutty she was; her question was answered, that was why he didn't want her. "I also thought then, and I still believe now, that had I done that, you would never have trusted me, and probably never slept with me again. I am a greedy man, Leila, and I want to ravish you again and again."

"So do it. Come home with me now. Hell, strip me and take me right here." She couldn't believe what a slut she was being. She knew that he was a nice guy, and would want a nice girl. She was going to lose him if she kept this up, but her mouth had a mind of its own. "Make love to me, David. For God's sake, take me!"

The pressure she had felt against the base of her spine while leaning against him, seemed to increase.

"I can't, Leila. Not yet. But, soon... if you still want it," he groaned. "There are a couple of questions that need to be answered, and one item that must be taken care of first."

They had talked for a couple of hours longer. She reviewed fragments of that time, much of it was lost in a sexual haze. They had discussed birth control. She couldn't recall just how they got on that subject but the phrase "making love with a condom is like showering with a raincoat on" echoed in her mind. He wanted to feel her, but didn't want children "not yet, at least" (another phrase she remembered). She recalled telling him why she had gotten an IUD while in college. She was always afraid she would forget to take the pill and... She also recalled the AIDS question.

"Sweetheart." Her pulse had quickened at this word. "Sweetheart, I need a truthful answer to this question: In the past six months, have you had unprotected sex with anyone, and/or have you done drugs with a shared needle and/or have you had a blood transfusion and/or have you in any other way received the bodily fluids of another person? The answer is yes if any one of those can be answered yes, and no if all are no. I won't ask any follow-up questions. I am pretty sure of your answer, but the way my luck usually runs, I have to ask."

"No."

"Just as I thought. Sorry, but I had to ask that question."

Her mind drifted to other moments. He had said he liked to be in control in a relationship. Well, she was just realizing how much she liked to be controlled. This had worried her a bit. She had asked him to promise not to hurt her, and he had said no.

"I can't promise not to hurt you, even deliberately, but I will try not to harm you."

"What's the difference?"

"How would you feel if I told you that you need to be punished for throwing yourself at me earlier? Do you think you should be spanked like the naughty girl you are?" His mouth was right beside her ear; his throaty whisper vibrated through her body and once again her insides melted. She was amazed at how accurate that phrase was, she could feel them starting to flow out of her vagina. His arms at this point had been around her belly, and he felt her gasps of excitement. "You want me to pull down those obscenely tight jeans and paddle your bare butt." Again she gasped, and shuddered with a delicious fear. "A good spanking would hurt you. But it would not harm you. Being naked in public humiliated you - a psychological hurt - but it did not harm you. You enjoyed it. But a punch in the face, or knocking you down and kicking you would harm you. That is the difference. I will do everything I can to see that you are not harmed. But hurt? Think of that spanking. Six hard blows with the palm of my hand. Your bottom cheeks turning red We are in the bar, Cyndi is looking at you, sprawled over my knee, your cheeks - all four of them - turning scarlet."

She recalled her arousal as he painted that picture, her shuddering climax as she felt the humiliation. No-one had ever brought her off with words before. "Oh my God!" she moaned. "Yes, hurt me, spank me, humiliate me. For God sake, do **not** make that promise. Hurt me like that. Just don't harm me."

### Leila's Love Story, Part 2

David had finished his contract at Dr. Hillock's office, and started a new one that was keeping him very busy. Leila's job had also been keeping her out of trouble. They had only had time to meet for lunch on Wednesday, one week ago today.

However, they got together the following Sunday for brunch again. Once again they had wandered to that quiet semi-private spot. She had deliberately worn the same outfit again this week. After all he had called her jeans "obscenely tight" and had seemed to enjoy playing with her braless breasts through the plain white T-shirt almost as much as she had enjoyed being played with.

This second Sunday, she had faced him, rather than lying back against him, and he had sucked her breasts through her shirt, then pulled it out of her jeans and caressed her breasts directly. They had discussed fantasies, among other things, and she had admitted to him, and to herself for the first time, that she was now dreaming about being seen naked by strangers. She admitted she felt it was wrong, and slutty, and that she didn't want to be a slut, but that she really did want to be a slut. She felt confused by her conflicting emotions, and by his statement that they made perfect sense.

"I have been looking for a girl-friend, a lover, and I want her to be a perfect lady, not at all slutty. AND I want her to be a total slut. I understand your feelings exactly. I think most people want contradictory things, but because it doesn't fit the standard idea of 'logical', they suppress one part and deny that feeling. You want to be a perfect lady, because that is what you have been raised to believe is right. You will be liked and respected, and a slut gets no respect. But you are aroused by certain acts you know are not socially acceptable, 'slutty' acts, which will lose you that respect. And you love that arousal. So you are very confused. And truly human."

He saw into her soul. She realized he had stated her own feelings to her better than she understood them herself. Intelligent is sexy. And oh, God, what sexy hands he had. She shivered at the memory of the many routes they had traced over her body.

The fantasy he had admitted he had had recently was controlling her. She shuddered deliciously at that memory. He wanted her to put herself into his hands. To control what she wore. If she wore anything.

"There is one thing, though," he had continued. "Even when she is not under my explicit control, I would want my girl to wear skirts rather than pants. A dress is so much sexier. Obviously, exceptions would be made on extremely cold days and for activities like skiing. But, if somebody really wanted to be my girl, she would choose skirts over even the tightest pants. Once she became my girl, of course."

She also remembered recounting how several of her work-mates had seen her at lunch with him, and had asked her who he was, if he was her father. And that she hadn't known what to reply.

"Why not? Are you ashamed to be seen with me?" She shook her head, her dark eyes shocked at the suggestion. "Then you have three choices. One: you can tell them the truth, that you met a senile old man, who is so infatuated with you he buys you free meals so he can look at your fabulous body and gorgeous face. Two: you can come up with a lie; but in that case better tell my what it is so I can support it. Three: you can tell them it's none of their damn business."

"OK. I'll just tell them he is the sexiest guy I ever met, and that I would do anything for him, even walk down Main Street naked, at high noon."

She saw his face positively glow at this statement. His hands slid from her glutes, which he had been massaging through her jeans up under her T-shirt to her breasts and massaged them instead, his fingers sliding over the areolae brushing the sides of her hard nipples. "If you are going to invent a lie, you should make it one I can support. The only way I can make them think this might be true would be to have you strip for me on the sidewalk right in front of your office with them all watching you prance nude in the street."

Her stomach did a flip-flop at this scenario. Working with people who had seen what a slut she could be. Impossible.

"Holy Hanna! I could never strip in front of them... I could never work with them again. I hope you never ask me to do that, but I love you so much that I would even do that for you. And that was not a lie, it was the absolute truth. The lie is that I am gorgeous. I only wish I were."

"Verrückt! Ganz verrückt!" was his reply.

"What's that?"

"Just that you are quite crazy. I think it sounds better in German. You know, part of me wants to tell you that you are right, that nobody else could desire you, so you'd better stick with me. That part keeps saying: 'If she ever realizes just how gorgeous she is, you'll lose her. Lie to her. Keep her.' But the better part says: 'You love her. Tell her the truth, she deserves it.' I can only tell you that I have fallen for you so badly it hurts. You do have a great face and a terrific bod; but as I told you Friday, you also have a great spirit. I love your bravery, your intelligence, your humour, but particularly your boobies." And he caressed them under her shirt, and kissed and sucked her nipples through the fabric. She had never before giggled so hard while being aroused.

Nothing much else had happened that day. He had brought her to a climax before they had headed home on the bus, and his kiss when he left her at the door was sexier than ever. She wanted him sooo badly.

Perhaps something would happen soon. He had called her Monday night and asked if she would be able to meet him late one afternoon. She explained that her firm was shifting offices, and she would be taking Wednesday off, since she couldn't do anything at work. She had agreed to meet him at 4:30 sharp in the lobby of Doctor Hillock's building.

She glanced at the clock and jumped to her feet. Where had the time gone? She had been daydreaming too long. No time to change. She must run at once. Grabbing up the clutch purse, she ran out, locked the door behind her and flew to the bus stop. Her luck seemed to be holding today; she arrived at the stop at the same time as the bus. She stepped on, showed the driver her pass, and flopped onto the nearest seat. As she caught her breath, she looked down at herself. She was wearing her housecleaning outfit; old running shoes, no socks, a pair of old tan shorts, now too tight, and torn just below the back pocket and an ancient pink T-shirt. The shirt was really ancient: the seam on the right side had split slightly and her bra was visible underneath. Her oldest bra. She had bought it when she was still a B cup. She had filled out slightly and now wore a C cup, but always felt she was really half-way between the two, leaning a little more toward a C. The bra still fit, but her breasts did bulge over the top a bit.

### Leila's Love Story, Part 3

Leila glanced at the security desk when she walked into the lobby. Thank goodness, it was not the guard who had been there last week, but was someone she had never seen in her life.

David stood there, dressed in jeans and a sports shirt, just like last time in this building, with his arms crossed, and looked pointedly at the clock. 4:45. She explained that the bus had been held up by an accident. David just smiled and said, "That's a new look for you, sweetheart," as they got into the elevator, and he pressed the button for the 10th floor. She explained that she had been daydreaming about their time together and had not had time to change.

"I can't fault you for that. I did the same thing this morning, only it made me late for work, not just for a meeting with you. Maybe I should punish you for costing me money," he muttered as he swung her to him and kissed her lips hard. Their tongues tangled until the loud ding informed them they had reached their floor.

"What is this about?" she finally asked him.

"Believe it or not, it is about Maria's ethics. In spite of what she did to you the other week, she has a very strong ethical sense when it comes to medicine itself. You remember the blood tests you had taken?" She nodded; how could she ever forget? She had been forced to sit in the waiting room for hours, totally naked, before they were done. "Well, they included a full screening for STDs, including HIV; and we need the results before we can have sex. But as I said, she has her standards, and won't give the results to anyone but you. I hope you will let me hear them as well."

If all was well, maybe she would finally have him, today, tonight, soon. "Of course you can hear."

As they walked into the waiting room, Maria entered from the other side. Since it was almost five o'clock, and the clinic wasn't open late today, the room was empty, but Maria led them to an examination room anyway.

"Do you want David here, Leila?" Maria asked. "This is your medical information, and you have a right to privacy about it."

Leila was surprised to see David absently nodding agreement. "No, I want him to hear - at least those tests that could affect him."

"All negative," Maria smiled. "You needn't worry, unless you've been very active this last little while."

Today... tonight... she would be making love to him so very soon. Then it struck her. She had to do it. It would delay things for days. He might even leave her. She couldn't face that. She couldn't do it. She had to do it. Her mind was whirling. She finally realized that she had to do it, her self-respect required it if nothing else did.

"David..." Leila began haltingly. "I know... I mean, you know I want you now..." She blushed as she realized what she was going to ask. "You said that the old phrase 'What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander' wouldn't apply to you and me if and when we had sex. But I think it has to for health. I have to ask you to... to..." She faltered again. "To take the same tests!" she finally blurted it out.

"You dare ask that of ME?" he growled.

Oh no, he would hate her for this. She had to back down. No. This was too important. She loved him, she would die for him, but she wouldn't die because of him. She had to stand her ground. Tears filled her eyes as she said, "I want you more than I can say, but I won't let you have me until you get those tests. In spite of what you've seen, I like myself too much for that. If you won't do it, then..." She tried to blink back the tears. "Then, I will have to leave you."

"Leila, I've been praying you would ask for that. I want to be with you for a while, but I want to be safe - as safe as one can be and still have sex. Now I'm sure we will be. But I won't get the tests done. I came in the Monday after we met and had the full set done. You have the absolute right to know you are safe, too. Maria?"

"Also negative. Have a grand old time tonight. And don't give him a heart attack." Leila suddenly looked worried again. "Don't worry, his heart was checked out and it is fine."

"Ah, yes," sighed David. "But what a way to go."

As they walked down the corridor, arms around each other, David said, "You can be a spunky little witch when necessary, can't you?" and squeezed her as she giggled. "Let's stop off at the bar to celebrate; we haven't seen Cyndi since that day; then we can go home and really celebrate." She chuckled at the scenario "really celebrate" brought to her mind.

As they approached the large wooden doors of the strip club, Leila suddenly laughed. "You know, I think somebody has moved the bar. I'm sure it was at least five times as far away last week."

"Somehow, the walk seemed shorter to me today, too." His hand slid down her back and cupped her buttocks through the thin shorts.

They passed through the two doors into the darkness of the bar. A dancer was dancing on stage, wearing only high heels and G-string by now. There seemed to be at least twice as many men here today as there had been at that Friday noon. Definitely over a hundred people. There were no places available at this side of the room, so David suggested that Leila find a place back near the pool table where they had eaten lunch, while he slipped over and said hello to Harold, the bouncer. He checked what she wanted, so he could order their drinks at the same time.

She slipped between the tables, almost stumbling as she remembered the last time she was here, walking naked between the tables, her most private parts on view to all those men. At her closest approach to the stage, she looked over at the ash blonde dancer. She must be six feet tall, and those breasts... huge... E's, F's or more. What could David see in her, when he had that blonde goddess to compare her to? A scant five feet three inches short, vital stats merely 34C-22-34, wearing a 34B bra, brown hair not a gorgeous golden blonde, brown eyes not the beautiful brilliant blue; even her pussy, naturally sparse, just a small triangle above her lips; he would leave her for this gorgeous amazon; why had she allowed him to bring her here? She could never compare to the dancer - and, oh lord, there would be other dancers, still more gorgeous women for him to compare her to! She stumbled to the back of the bar, and sank down at a small table near a dart board. She didn't remember that from last week, and she thought she had stared everywhere while trying to ignore her nudity.

She concentrated on the dart board and the pool table, trying to recover her composure. She wouldn't let David see how upset she was. A couple of minutes later she felt his hands on her shoulders, as he stood behind her, then leaned forward and kissed her.

"You seem tense," he said, as he slowly massaged her shoulders. "That's better, you're relaxing now." David sat down, and gave her another kiss. "You look terrific, although that is hardly your most stylish outfit." She explained that she had been dressed for cleaning house when she started to daydream. "Do you remember what I said on the weekend about my preference for my girl's clothes?" She nodded; she had planned to change into the blue skirt and white blouse she had worn to the doctor's office last time, perhaps doing so to tease him a bit. "Since you decided to wear pants, am I to infer that you don't want to be my girl?"

"No, I meant to. The daydreams made me late!" she blurted out.

"Or is it that you do want to be my girl but are asking me to punish you?"

"It was just an accident," she breathed. The mention of punishment had suddenly made her feel so hot.

"You told me your best friend in college was a psychology major. I'm sure she must have told you that Freud claimed that there were no such things as accidents, that everything was subconsciously planned. Add to that the fact that you were dreaming about us..."

Leila though about it for a moment. "What should I do?"

"If you really do want to be my girl, and you really do want to dress to please me, when Cyndi brings the drinks over, ask her to take your shorts off."

### Leila's Love Story, Part 4

Take her shorts off? In the strip bar! Worse still, have the waitress take them off! She remembered how Cyndi had caressed her nude body the other day. She remembered those hands cupping her buttocks, the fingertips dancing in the crack between her cheeks. She remembered Cyndi fondling her thighs, and the thumb pressing against her bare vagina bringing her to orgasm. Damn! She was so turned on. Her nipples were sore from pressing in vain against the tight bra cups, and her panties were getting awfully wet. She looked at David, as he gazed innocently around. Innocent - she didn't buy that. Was he trying to embarrass her here again? She saw his eyes come to rest on something and followed his gaze. Another stripper was on stage. This one, she remembered hearing the announcement for Red Sonya in the background, was a redhead. She was still fully dressed as this was her first song, and she was tall. Definitely taller than the last, maybe breaking the six foot limit by two or three, even four inches. As Red Sonya opened her shirt, Leila realized she was smaller that the previous dancer, but she was still at least a D, possibly a DD. She would not lose David to that bitch. Her fear turned to anger and she knew what she was going to do.

"Foster's for David, and a Blue for you." Cyndi's voice right beside her made her jump. She hadn't noticed the waitress approaching from the other side. Although shorter and with smaller breasts than the current dancer, Cyndi was also a tall redhead.

As David paid Cyndi, Leila got up and asked, "Cyndi, will you please do me a favour? Will you please remove my shorts?"

"Why do you want them taken off?"

Leila was stunned at the question. She saw David's smile and realized she had been set up. She knew she had to answer, or something worse would happen. "I knew David wanted me to wear a skirt today, and I felt today would be very special, yet I wore these. I feel now that I chose them deliberately to annoy David, and I want them removed so he won't be upset any longer." Strangely, she thought that the answer might actually be the truth, at least on some level.

"You're sure you no longer want these shorts."

"Positive! I want them totally gone," she emphasized.

"OK. Stand with your legs slightly apart and clasp your hands behind your head." Leila did so, realizing how this emphasised her breasts. She felt something cold against the front of her left thigh, and heard a "snick, snick" sound. She glanced down and gasped. Cyndi was using a pair of scissors to cut her shorts from the cuff right up to the top of the waistband. When she stopped there was only a single very narrow strip of cloth holding them together, the strip that had been the top edge of the waistband. Cyndi repeated the action up the right thigh, again leaving only those few threads holding the pants together. Cyndi repeated the action twice more, straight up the centre of each cheek. Putting the scissors back on her tray, Cyndi grabbed the flaps now hanging down each side and pulled her arms wide apart. The two sides ripped off and the centre piece fell to the floor between Leila's legs.

Leila had forgotten just how small her panties were today. Like everything else she was wearing they were old. She had chosen a clean pair with no holes - maybe she had foreseen this coming - but they were too small. The back cut across her buns about one third of the way down, leaving the top of her crack visible, while the front was so tight against her pussy that the shape of her lips was instantly visible. They were not see-through, but a good coat of paint would have hidden as much. Her T-shirt didn't cover this either. It was just long enough that if she stood perfectly straight, it would cover the top of the panties by about one inch both front and back, but if she bent forward at all, it would pull above the panties in back, and if she leaned back it would do the same thing in front. She blushed as she sat back down, in the chair David had pulled over beside himself.

"There now," said David,. "doesn't that feel better." Leila glared at him, but melted when his hand fell onto her thigh and began to slide up toward the newly exposed panties. His other hand was around her shoulders and the fingers of that hand were caressing the top of her breast through the T-shirt. She sighed as she leant back against him, cuddling under his shoulder. His right hand was now at the top of her thigh, his thumb pressing on her vaginal lips, putting just the right pressure on her clitoris. She began to moan softly as the fire spread through her loins. His other hand had left her breast, and he was now tracing her earlobe, then she felt the finger slide down her cheek, and slowly trace her lips. She sucked in the finger as her arousal grew, her teeth and tongue playing with it, sucking it in then pulling back until only the tip was in her mouth. She sucked it all the way back in as she came. Not one of the greatest orgasms, but a pleasant gentle one, a sweet satisfaction. As she leaned back, glowing, she glanced at David's face, only to see his eyes swing over to the stage and rest on the dancer. She had heard the announcement for another person, but had not been paying attention. He was looking at the dancer! She bit down on the finger, hard. Not quite hard enough to break the skin, but hard enough to leave marks.

"What the hell was that?" David asked in astonishment, as he pulled his hand back to examine the wound. Leila looked at his face, looked over at the stage, then looked back at him accusingly. "So that's it!" Cyndi was just a couple of tables away, and David beckoned to her and made a couple of gestures that Leila did not see. Cyndi saw them and nodded, then returned to taking orders from her customers. "We have to get a few things straight, lover. First of all, I like to look at women. I truly believe that all normal men like to look at women, and I sure as hell am not going to apologize for it. Men have their own feelings, and those feelings are not wrong simply because women feel differently. Secondly, as an extension of the previous, I - and most men - like to look at naked women. Again this is natural. This is why mankind has survived, hell, has flourished. I'm glad I like to see naked women, and again I'm not going to stop looking. I've told you photography is one of my hobbies - just what do you think my favourite subject is?" Leila looked at him a bit sheepishly. "Thirdly, you know that biting me like that was wrong. Particularly as I had done nothing to hurt you, but had actually given you pleasure. You know I can't let you get away with it. But since it is your first offense, I'll give a mild punishment."

Cyndi placed the scissors on the table as she walked by to fill the orders she had taken. Leila felt David's finger poke against her side through the parted seam, and then rip it open to the hem. The scissors cut the hem, then the bottom of the short arm until the cut met the open seam. David then cut the other side of the shirt through the hem up the seam and on to the end of the arm. She was now wearing a short poncho. But he hadn't finished. He cut from the bottom of the back right up to the collar and repeated this on the front. The scissors sliced the collar, front and back. Leila was sitting frozen, no, paralysed. The two halves of her shirt were still hanging from her shoulders. She did not dare to budge. The scissors sliced from the end of the sleeve along the shoulder and through the collar, and two pieces fluttered to the floor. Again the scissors. Two more pieces fell.

"I hope you realize now that biting will not be tolerated," the stern warning came. She slowly nodded, her elbows clasped tightly against her sides, her hands clasped in front of her throat, almost as if in prayer. "That's all right then." She listened to the soft words. "It's all over, you can relax now." Relax! She was sitting in a crowded bar in her underwear. She felt his arm slide back around her shoulders, his hand squeezing her left shoulder as he eased her back against his side. She snuggled into this nest, but when she reached out to pick up her beer, his hand slid down her side and slipped round to fondle her breast.

She felt the arousal building again. Two could play at this game! She dropped her right hand onto his knee, then slid it slowly up his thigh until it brushed his crotch. She felt his penis twitch against her hand and smiled. She moved her hand right onto his crotch and started to fondle the rod. She smiled wickedly again as it twitched and he gulped. Unfortunately for her, he saw the smile and murmured in her ear, "Payback, is it? Very well you little witch." His hand resumed its motion against her breast, paying particular attention to the part that swelled out over the top of the cup. He leaned over, moved her hair aside, and started to kiss the back of her neck. She could feel his beard tickling her shoulders. She should never have told him that she loved having her neck kissed. Her head moved back, her eyes closed and she sank back into a pool of pure erotic bliss. Both her breasts were sending sensuous signals through her body as they reacted to the sweet massage of his hands. Higher and higher she rose, until with a shuddering moan she peaked and slipped back to reality.

As she opened her eyes she was looking directly into the unbelieving stares of five men at the next table. Her bra-covered breasts were heaving under David's hands, and could be seen between his massaging fingers. She could feel how wet she was between her thighs, and she realized those thin white panties would be transparent by now. She glanced down and saw just how right she was. The tight white covering no longer looked like a coat of paint, it was more like a sheen of water, the cloth seemed to have disappeared. They had just seen her come. Her whole body turned red as the humiliation caught her up in a tremendous blush. She muttered to David that she had to go to the ladies' room and clean up.

### Leila's Love Story, Part 5

When Leila returned, having also refreshed herself by splashing some cool water on her face, she saw Cyndi walking over to their table. The two arrived at almost the same moment.

"I'm on my break right now. How about another game of pool?" Cyndi asked Leila. Leila shuddered as she remembered leaning over the table on Friday stark naked as several men watched he every move. She shook her head. "OK, then How about a game of darts? I challenge you to a quick game of 501."

Leila had never been able to resist a dare or a challenge. "OK, what are the stakes?"

Cyndi paused and then said, "How about 25 bucks?"

Leila knew she had only $20 with her, and she might need some of that later; she couldn't ride the bus like this, and David hadn't said how they were getting home. "Too steep for me, sorry."

"I'll put up my $25 against your bra," Cyndi challenged, "or are you chicken? You can be first up."

"Done." Leila heard her voice saying it, but didn't quite believe it. At any rate, tonight she would be standing upright, not bending over shoving her ass out at all the guys. She checked on the rules in this bar: it was standard - double out. As she stepped up to the line for her first shot, she noticed that the darts area was on a dais that was raised about two feet above the rest of the bar and the board was on a short angled wall that ran across the corner. This combination meant that her ass was completely visible to almost every person in the entire room. She was on show as much as the dancers. She blushed as she let go her first dart. She and Cyndi shot a careful game, with Leila slightly ahead almost the whole time. Leila kept stepping down to the table, ostensibly for a sip of her beer, but actually so that she would not be as visible from the rest of the bar as she was on the dais.

Leila needed 20 to win, but her shots were all off. She tried for double 10 but got a double 6 instead. Instead of double 4 she got 4, and her final dart was just a hair outside the 2. She was left a 4. Cyndi was at 43 when she stepped up to the line. The first dart was smack in the middle of the 3. The second was double tops. Cyndi had won.

They both stepped down to the table, and Cyndi picked up the scissors. Before Leila knew what was happening there were two quick snips and both shoulder straps had been cut.

"Stop! Wait!" cried Leila. Cyndi paused with the point of the scissors just below the bra, right between Leila's swelling breasts. "I want a chance to win the bra back, and I can't do that once it's in pieces." Cyndi looked at Leila quizzically. "I will put up my panties against the bra."

Cyndi thought for a while. "I like the idea, but I have to get back to work, and won't be able to play until my next break - over two hours."

"I can persuade David to wait. But I need to win it back!"

"But since I've won the bra you can't wear it." Leila looked nervous about giving it up, so Cyndi said "You can hang onto it until you win it back, if you do, but you can't wear it."

"But I have nowhere to keep it."

"Well, if you push it down around your waist, I'll count it as a belt, not a bra until after the next game. And one last thing. If you lose the next game you have to play one quick game of 8 ball - no stakes. Just like the other day." Cyndi brandished the scissors, and Leila realized that she had to agree, or any chance of leaving the bar with her breasts covered was gone.

Leila nodded and pushed the bra down her body till it rested on her hips. She shivered as she saw the men at the next table devouring her tits with their eyes. David had been listening and she saw he was thoroughly enjoying her predicament. When she sat down beside him, he picked up the scissors and said, "Let's just tidy this up." He snipped off the remains of the shoulder straps. "Now you've got a new strapless bra."

She snuggled back against him, into the security of his arm. His hand cupped her breast and one finger ran across her nipple. Like two soldiers coming to attention, both nipples sprang out stiff and hard. She blushed as she realized that all the men nearby were staring at her almost as much as they looked at the dancer. She looked over at the stage, and saw that it was the girl with the stupendous breasts who had been on stage when she arrived. She pointed this out to David, who glanced over, then looked again at her small breasts. He now had both hands fondling her breasts, then he leaned over and kissed both nipples, flicking his tongue over them as he did so.

"I've been thinking, maybe I should get my breasts done," she said quietly.

David's hands stopped moving. His head snapped up, his eyes widened, his mouth dropped open. For about half a minute he sat there frozen, then he closed his eye and shook his head as if to clear his mind. Opening his eyes, he exclaimed, "Jesus H. Murphy Magruder Christ! Why?" He paused, then took a deep breath. "Leila, you have two of the most perfect breasts I have ever seen. Firm, perfectly shaped, and sized in proportion to your body. Why would you want to change them? Don't fall for the American fallacy."

Leila was shocked at his intensity, but extremely pleased at what he said. "What's the American fallacy?"

"My friends and I call it that because the belief seems strongest there. It is the belief that if something is bigger it is therefore better, and particularly that bigger is better should apply to women's breasts. Sweetheart, quality is more important than quantity, and you have quality. I would be sad to see you destroy these beauties."

For the first time, Leila truly believed in her heart that David really did find her body beautiful, that he wasn't just being kind to her, so she began to believe in her own good looks. She sat up straighter, thus thrusting her breasts forward. Her smile positively lit up the room.

She had seen the five at the next table talking, and teasing one of their number, obviously the youngest. He must be younger than her. She guessed that this was his birthday, and the guys from the office were taking him out for his first (or at least first legal) visit to a strip joint. This guy had risen and started to walk toward her, but as he saw her start to glow, he stumbled to a stop, returned to his table and took a large swig of beer. It was two long minutes before he worked up the courage to approach again. He stumbled over his words slightly as he asked her if she wanted to play a game of darts.

Before she could answer, David broke in. "You do have another game coming up. Don't you think a little practice would help? Better go for it."

Leila glared at him. She was going to use him as the excuse - "I can't abandon my date" - but he had removed that option. "All right, I could use the practice. But it will cost you a beer."

As they stepped up onto the dais, his four friends who had been nudging each other and snickering, fell strangely silent. They obviously had expected him to get the bum's rush.

The youngster, Bob, had flagged down Cyndi and she was back shortly with a beer for each of them. As they played, Leila felt her game was improving slowly as she got the feel of this particular set of darts. Moreover, she won handily. Whenever Bob stepped up to the line, she would stand with her back against the rail along the edge of the dais, between him and the board. She knew he couldn't help but see her out of the corner of his eye as he lined up his shots, and the way his eyes kept flicking over to her, she knew her naked breasts were distracting him. She couldn't help but realize that her breasts were visible to most of the room, at least from the side, as she stood there, but she was more interested in teasing him. She could see David, chuckling to himself at each of Bob's failed throws.

As they stepped back down to their tables, she heard Bob's friends taunt him for losing so badly. This churlishness so annoyed her that she stopped beside Bob, turned around, gave him a big hug that pressed her breasts tightly against his chest, murmured in her sexiest voice, "Thanks for an absolutely marvellous game, Bob dear," and gently kissed his cheek. While Bob and his friends were all still paralysed, she turned away and slipped back to David's side. "I'm sorry, David, but those idiots made me so mad, I had to do something for Bob. He didn't deserve their comments."

"Don't apologize for that! I loved it. You should have seen their faces. I think two of them dislocated their jaws when their mouths fell open." David leaned forward and kissed her lips, his fingers just touching the now rock hard nipples.

Leila slipped her arms around David's neck and pulled him to her. Her nipples drilled holes in his chest through his shirt. "God, David, you make me so happy," she whispered to him.

Just then one of the four guys stepped up, obviously preening himself. "Hey, baby, I bet you couldn't beat a real man." Three of the guys at the other table smiled; Bob looked very unhappy.

"I'm sure I could beat him, but I can't persuade him to play," she said, deliberately pitching her voice loud enough to be clearly heard by his friends and then turned back and kissed David, as the guy slunk back to his table.

"Damn it, Leila, don't do that to me," David whispered. "I almost got a hernia trying not to laugh out loud at the expression on his face when you destroyed him." She grinned wickedly at him, and gave a little bounce that caused her breasts to shiver delightfully. "Do you want to nail all four of those twits, and give Bob another boost?" Her grin widened, and her eyes lit up. David leaned over to her and whispered in her ear. She started to giggle, and also to blush furiously.

### Leila's Love Story, Part 6

Leila looked at David and shook her head slowly. "That is positively wicked. You should be ashamed of yourself for suggesting that." She gave him another of her sexy wicked grins. "And I definitely will be ashamed of myself, because I'm going to do it."

She rose from the table and strode over to Bob. She squatted down beside Bob, her too-tight panties still outlining her vagina, her bra worn round her waist like a belt. The movement caused her breasts to bounce only a couple feet from Bob's greedy eyes. "I need more practice at darts. Would you help me out? I thought you and I could team up, and your friends make up two other teams and we could all play a three-way game of 801." Bob was obviously trying to answer, but no words came out. "Please, Bob, be a sweetheart" she panted, "I would be sooo grateful."

Bob agreed immediately, and his four friends nodded their heads, totally amazed. Leila sprang up and clapped her hands in joy, causing her breasts and buns to bounce again. The five guys were slower getting up, their hands down in their laps rearranging something or other. As she thought about David's plan her nipples sprang to attention again, bringing groans from her opponents.

She trotted up to the dais, with Bob at her heels; the other four spending a moment at the table to decide on the two teams. The shooting order was decided, with Leila and Bob being the third team, and Leila chose to let Bob shoot first. Therefore, when it was her turn to shoot, she had already seen everyone else's capabilities, and she felt that if it were a perfectly fair game, all three teams would have a chance of winning; she did not intend it to be a perfectly fair game. Once her turn was over, she strolled down to about where she had stood during her game with Bob, but this time she sat on the railing, her legs toward the shooter. She would sway to the beat of whatever song was playing for the dancer, her breasts bouncing and shimmering in the bright light illuminating the dartboard, and more and more often her hand would drift down between her thighs and stimulate the flow that was quickly turning the tight cotton covering over her genitals transparent again. When Bob's turn arrived, she would slip back to the hockey, and discuss his best shots, then stand behind him as he shot. The results were exactly what David had predicted. Leila and Bob romped to victory, and, best of all, the proud peacock that had thought himself a "real man" flubbed more shots than anyone.

After the victory, she walked back to their table with her arm around Bob's waist, and when she hugged him this time he hugged back. "Thank you so much for the practice, Bob. You were so nice to help me out, and a marvellous teammate." This time she gave him a long kiss on the lips instead of the quick peck on the cheek he had received before. She walked back to her table, and sank back into the safety of David's arm. She was still dripping as she looked back at the other table. The four guys looked totally stunned that Bob should have received such a generous thank you from a sexy half-naked lady. Bob looked just as stunned, but he looked even more happy. "I don't think they will tease him anymore," she whispered to David, "or if they do, it will be a teasing he will enjoy."

The two of them just sat there, comfortably, seemingly forgetting that her naked breasts were on display to a large portion of the room, and chatted with each other as if this was a totally normal evening.

Finally, Cyndi came back and told Leila that it was time for the rematch. They stepped up to the dais, and Leila first felt a shiver of anticipation when Cyndi laid the scissors ostentatiously on the railing. Since she had lost the previous game, Leila had first shot again. She realized that many eyes were on her half covered buttocks while she shot, and when she turned around they would devour her naked breasts, but since she had already played two games in the same state, she was able to ignore it. The game moved along quickly and finally Leila knew she had won. At the end of her turn, she had a score of 36, and felt sure she would be out on the first dart of her next turn, or second dart at least. Cyndi still had 139 to go, so Leila was quite confident, and actually murmured, "I'll be covered again," as Cyndi stepped up to the hockey.

Cyndi's first dart hit dead centre in the triple 13; 100 points left. Her second slipped into the treble 20, actually scraping the wire at the right side, but still inside. 40 to go. The third dart flew to the top of the board, double tops. Cyndi had won. Leila could not believe her luck tonight. As Cyndi approached with the scissors, Leila suddenly realized why Cyndi had brought them up to the dais and laid them on the railing. It was not done only to unnerve her, but also to ensure that her stripping would be as public as possible. The music was no longer playing. She hadn't heard any music since the start of her last turn. She turned and looked across the room at the stage. No dancer was there and she could see that every face was turned toward this corner, every eye was on her. She blushed as she thought about the next few moments, and shuddered with a delightful fear. Cyndi turned her round so that her ass was to the audience. The scissors slipped up between the cups of the bra that was hanging on her hips. A single snip, and it was only a strip of white cloth lying on the floor.

Perversely, Leila found herself hotter than ever. Her panties had never been quite this wet before. Cyndi slipped the scissors under the panties on the right side and a single snip sliced them from waist to leg-hole. Seconds later, the left side was also cut apart. The back of the panties fell away from her buns, leaving her backside totally exposed to the entire room. A burst of applause turned her entire body red. Cyndi grabbed her shoulders, and turned her around so that she was now facing the audience, with Cyndi behind her. Only the wet transparent cotton glued to her vagina by her own wetness shielded any part of her from the audience's eyes. Cyndi reached between her legs, grabbed the end of the cotton hanging there, and, with a quick jerk pulled the remains of the panties away from Leila's body. A tremendous cheer rose from the room, followed by tumultuous applause. Leila blushed even redder than before. This must be even more humiliating than dancing naked. At least the dancer can feel that she is a performer wearing her costume, even if the costume is nothing at all; but she was just naked where she should be clothed, just another patron playing darts in a bar, nude and open to all these strange eyes. She shivered, then as the applause started to die down, gave a little curtsey, and walked down to her table.

### Leila's Love Story, Part 7

Cyndi knelt down for a couple of minutes with her back to the rest of the room, then stood up and walked over to Leila. "I'll be back in five minutes for the pool game," she murmured as she placed a pile of white cloth scraps on the table, then headed over to the bar to pick up her tray. Leila shivered as she fumbled through the pile of scraps. She had forgotten the pool game. She had been so sure she would win that she had just put it out of her mind. Leila needed to quiet her mind, so she studied the scraps of cloth she was playing with. Cyndi had sliced the bra into seven separate pieces, and had cut the panties into tiny pieces, most about one inch square. There was no way any sort of covering could be pinned together from these tiny scraps. She looked around the floor. The scraps of cloth from her pants and shirt had disappeared. Obviously Cyndi had cleared them away so she would have to stay totally naked. Or David had. She looked at David. He was wearing a sport shirt that might cover her totally, but she knew with an absolute certainty that she would not be given that shirt.

David looked her up and down, especially noting the bullet nipples and the moisture dripping from her vagina. He squeezed her shoulder. "I see you've decided to wear my favourite outfit," he murmured, his other hand sliding between her thighs and caressing her lips, "and from what I can feel it must be one of your favourites too."

Leila's body quaked at his gentle touch, and his joking banter increased her humiliation, deepening her blush. "Stop teasing me. I didn't want to be naked. Cyndi just had a very lucky game."

"Your body is telling a different story from your mouth." David's hand continued to fondle her private area, and she could feel it become a positive swamp, as she gasped for breath. "You love this exposure, my sweet slut," he whispered as he kissed her earlobe.

Leila knew she had been acting slutty. Playing darts topless with five strangers. Letting Cyndi remove the remainder of her clothing in full view of the entire room. So aroused by her nudity that her juices were covering the chair she was sitting on, making her thighs and buttocks wet. But she couldn't admit that to David; she couldn't even admit it fully to herself. She had to punish him for calling her a slut, even if it was "his sweet slut". Truth was no defence; that it was true was what made it so embarrassing; a false statement can be laughed off, but a true one cannot.

She turned her head away from him, bent it down toward her shoulder and bit his hand, sinking her teeth into the fleshy mound at the base of his thumb. Once again, she did not quite break the skin, but the teeth marks were deeper than on his finger. He would have a severe bruise there for the next few days.

"I warned you to stop teasing me!" She tossed her head back, throwing her breasts forward, and stared belligerently into his eyes. She saw his expression mutate from angry immediately after the bite, to annoyed while he examined the injured hand, to amused. She was infuriated when she recognized the expression. On Monday, as she walked to her apartment, she had met a man walking his collie down the street. A small yorkie in the yard they were passing had run up to the fence yipping at the top of its tiny lungs. The collie had looked at that annoying little pooch with the same expression of amused contempt as David was giving her. She wanted to slap his smug face. She wanted him to grab her and take her. She wanted to scream "look at me, I'm naked" at the top of her lungs. She did not know what she wanted.

"You were warned that biting would be punished." David's soft voice was frightening. She would almost prefer him to yell at her. He was in such control of himself that she knew that the punishment would be only too appropriate.

"I don't care." She could not believe how petulant she sounded. "Anyway, I've no more clothing for you to remove." She pouted at him; she hadn't pouted like that since her mother refused to buy that expensive toy for her 11th birthday. "So there!" She felt like a child again. She needed relief from the feelings of arousal that had been flooding through her for the last couple of hours, and this childishness behaviour was giving that relief.

"Leila, I never told you that that was the proper punishment for biting. In fact, I distinctly told you that it was a special mild punishment, like being given probation for a first offence. No, you continue to bite, just like a bad little girl, so you will be punished like the naughty little girl you are." Leila already knew what his next words would be, yet somehow she was also certain that he would never say that. She held both ideas equally strongly and believed them both. "A naughty girl who continues being naughty requires a good old-fashioned spanking." Leila's eyes opened wide. He **had** said it.

"No!" That one syllable was uttered with the same petulant voice she had used at 11 years old, her lips pursed into the same girlish moue.

"Yes." Again that forceful, quiet, calm voice. Shivers ran down her spine. "You need to be spanked. And you know that the more you fight it, the worse it will be. Admit it, Leila, you know you need the punishment to atone for the hurt you gave me. You know you won't be happy until you submit to it."

"Very well." He had been reading her mind. She was astounded that as he spoke she felt ashamed of herself. 'My sweet slut' had been used as a pet name. He hadn't intended it to hurt her; it hadn't hurt her, it had aroused her. She wasn't angry at him; she was angry at herself. She had bitten him only to... She didn't know why she had bitten him. Yes, she did know. She wanted to punish herself for her slutty feelings. She wouldn't admit that to herself, so she had used him. She had bitten him so he would punish her. "You are right. I am sorry, David. I really wasn't angry at you. I didn't mean to hurt you." The tears welled up in her eyes. "As soon as we're home, you can spank me. I'd go with you right now, but I did promise Cyndi that game of pool." She saw Cyndi start to walk over toward them; they would be able to go in just a few minutes.

"No! Punishment should always be given as soon as possible after the offence." Leila stared at David in amazement. He could not possibly mean what he seemed to be saying. She sat there frozen. "You need to receive a spanking and you need to receive it right now."

### Leila's Love Story, Part 8

"You need... a spanking... right now." The words just rang in her ears. "A spanking." Here in the bar. "Right now." In front of all these men. Leila's body froze. She couldn't breathe. Her stomach contracted into a tiny knot of fear. She turned a pasty white as all the blood drained from her face. "A spanking." Her vaginal lips twitched. Her nipples, which had softened, popped back out again. "Right now." The words echoed again. In front of strangers, men, Cyndi. Her breath came in great gasps, her pussy clenched and released. She was no longer dripping on the chair, she was flooding it. This was too humiliating. She could feel her face turn fire-engine red. Then the fear; she froze again. The humiliation. The conflicting emotions raced alternately through her mind and body. She was thinking she must look like a damned barber pole as her face turned alternately red and white.

"Come, Leila, lie across my knee." David must have taken her silence for acceptance, but she absolutely could not do this. She would never survive the humiliation, lying across her daddy's knee and being spanked. After all, she was 11 years old today. By her 11th birthday, a girl is too grown up to be spanked. She lay down across her daddy's knee. Thank goodness no-one had arrived for her party yet. If any of her friends knew about this, she would have to move away.

"What's going on?" Leila heard Cyndi's question and looked up at the waitress towering above her as she lay across David's lap, her ass up in the air, her private parts peeking out between her thighs at her darts opponents. They looked as dumbfounded as they had when she had planted that kiss on Bob, but they were clearly enjoying the glorious moon she was giving them. She felt they relished this revenge for their defeat.

David held up his right hand for Cyndi to examine. "She bit me, and has now agreed she should be punished for it." But she hadn't agreed. She had just sat in her chair as he had spoken. She had no idea how she had ended up over his knee, his left hand sliding across her buttocks, slipping down between her legs and fondling her private area. She spread her legs apart to accommodate his probing hand, knowing that this exposed her cruelly to all the men who were watching her, but not caring. No, that was wrong she did care, she cared deeply, but she still had to do it. "I was thinking she needs 10."

"On each cheek. That was not a love nip, that bite was meant to hurt." Cyndi's voice was hard, with a trace of anger. Leila was beginning to understand just how wrong she had been.

"If you think so. I'm afraid I love her too much to be properly judicial." He loved her. He had said it. And he had said it to someone else. Not just as a line to get into her pants. O lord, what pants? Her mind fell back to reality as he continued, this time to her, "You get ten blows on either side, a total of twenty. I hope that this will teach you that you must not bite people."

The first blow fell on her left cheek. It was not a pat but a hard, open-handed slap. She was glad that the dancer's music drowned out the sound of her humiliation. It was bad enough that some dozen men could see it. To have all the others know of it from the sound would be too much. Two more blows in quick succession on that cheek, then three slow, but equally hard ones on her right cheek. His right arm continued to lean on her back, as he paused, and his left hand slid down the crack between her cheeks until the tips of his fingers were running along the insides of her lips. She shuddered and widened her legs even further. Then two more blows to her right cheek and two to her left. The pain was mounting. "I will hurt you but I will not harm you." She recalled his promise as the tears started to flow from her eyes. He was definitely hurting her, but she deserved that hurt, she wanted that hurt. It was not harming her. The punishment was half done. She felt the warmth in her buttocks and without seeing them knew they were already a bright red. His hand gently swept over the red cheeks, bring a very slight measure of relief.

Just as she was catching her breath, the blows began again. Hard and stinging, they alternated between the left and right bun. She let the tears flow freely as the blows rained down in a steady rhythm. Finally it was over.

"Cyndi, could you please bring me another Foster's right away?, David asked. Leila heard Cyndi start for the bar, as she fought the tears to a standstill. "You know, Leila, the old quote 'this hurts me just as much as it hurts you' might actually be true here." Leila raised her head and looked at his face through the tears still in her eyes. "I could only use the one hand as the other was too sore from your bite, and that hand is now as red as your beautiful behind."

Leila could not help smiling at that, but her chuckle became a sniffle. David pulled a tissue from his shirt pocket, and passed it to her. She wiped her eyes and blew her nose.

Cyndi placed the Foster's in front of David. "That one's on me. I had just too much fun watching her squirm under your discipline."

David thanked her and sighed as he wrapped his spanking hand round the bottle. "God, that feels good." He took a quick drink from the bottle before putting it down. David never used a beer glass in this bar. "That feels very good. Doesn't it?" He placed his cold wet palm on her left bun, and Leila jumped up with a little shriek. Cyndi and all the guys watching just burst out laughing.

### Leila's Love Story, Part 9

"We need to start that game now, before I get fired," said Cyndi, and dragged Leila over to the pool table. Leila twisted around and glanced at her warm behind. It was a very definite red. When she bent over the table, it would shine out like a neon sign. David had done that deliberately. It wasn't that the punishment was urgent. The urgency was to do it before the pool game, so the whole world could see her shame. She felt her anger rising, until a calmer part of her reminded her that he wouldn't have had the excuse to do it if she hadn't bitten him. Besides, he knew the game was coming up. Playing with a well warmed bottom was part of her punishment. David was far to smart not to think of that. "He is a real sneaky little son of a bitch," she told herself, "and I wouldn't have him any other way."

Leila wanted to put off flaunting her punishment as long as possible, so she asked Cyndi to break. Cyndi was not playing as well today as she had the other Friday. She was not getting the runs. But somehow, after each turn, she had at least partially snookered Leila. The only reasonable shots she ever left for Leila always required her to lean way over the table, exposing her breasts well to the growing crowd on one side, and her red, hot buttocks just as well to the growing crowd on the other side. Friday had only had a few people left in the bar when she had played naked pool, but tonight, half the bar crowded round the pool area. Some men started to move in on her, but Harold the bouncer ambled over and quietly informed them, and the others nearby, that anyone who wasn't playing who so much as stepped into the table area would be thrown out so hard he would bounce. Twice. People almost always believed Harold when he said that. It was no idle boast, and several of the men had seen him do it before. Leila felt safe again. The dancer didn't seem too pleased that so many guys were no longer watching her, and more to the point no longer giving her tips.

Leila continued to study Cyndi's play. She had been right, Cyndi was playing to give her the stretch shots, not to actually win the game. Three times Cyndi left her with a shot that required her to put her leg up on the table. She knew that opened her privates to the horny gaze of all those men standing behind her, and each time she blushed until her other cheeks were as red as the spanked ones, but each time she did it. When she did it the third time, she was so turned on that she left a definite puddle on the wooden edge of the table.

Because of Cyndi's tactics, the result could easily be foreseen. Leila won, although it was still a hard game. When she finally sank the 8-ball, Leila did a little victory dance round her cue, breasts and buttocks bouncing in the bright overhead light, and the audience gave her a spontaneous round of applause.

She made her way back to their table, but before she could sit down, David said, "I think we should go now if you want to 'really celebrate'." He finished his free beer as Leila giggled, knowing just what he meant by that. She picked up her glass, and drained the last inch of beer, then they threaded their way through the tables to the door. Leila could feel the stares of the men as her sparsely decorated pussy and neon red butt passed by their very noses.

They waved good bye to Cyndi and Harold who were both standing at the cash register on the bar, and stepped through the door into the vestibule. She felt his hand gently caress her burning butt as she started to open the outside door.

"How are we going to get home?" she asked as she stepped out onto the sidewalk, wearing only her running shoes, and holding her tiny clutch purse. "I mean, last time my clothes were only a block away."

"Well," David seemed to think out loud. "It is way too far to walk, and a taxi that far would be ruinously expensive, so..." He paused, significantly.

Leila shuddered at the thought. Too far to walk, too expensive to taxi. Her house was two buses away, and the wait at the transfer point was usually over twenty minutes. She turned toward David, totally terrified, totally turned on. She felt her juices starting to flow down her leg. David's hand slipped between her thighs, his fingers wiping the dew from her leg; it rose to his mouth and he licked his fingers clean, then both arms encircled her, his hands cupping her buns.

"So, I guess we should take my car." The relief that flooded through Leila was so great that her knees actually gave way and she collapsed against David. If he had not had his arms around her she would have fallen. She was amazed at just how strong this emotion was; but what truly confounded her was that her disappointment was almost as great as her relief. She straightened up as she felt his laughter through his arms. "Come along, my darling, it's only a couple of blocks to the car."

The sun was down but darkness had not yet fallen, and she felt very exposed as the two turned away from the doctor's office, and walked down the street. The traffic was fairly light, more like the mid-afternoon had been than the noon-hour rush. She shivered as she thought back on that first naked public walk. Just as they approached the first intersection, they met two young men walking the other direction. They were not, like those teenagers, pointing and yelling, but she could see them studying her nakedness as they approached. She felt their eyes burning into her breasts. Her nipples obviously felt the gaze, as they went from hard to tungsten. Her sparse bush, if she could use that name for the few short hairs forming her triangle, did nothing to hide her most private area. She wondered if they could see the moisture forming on those lips, see it start to trickle down her leg. Oh god, if David didn't get her home soon, she would rape him right here on the damn sidewalk. She saw the boys' talking to each after and laughing quietly at what was obviously a very unusual and very special sight to them. She heard them laughing gently, but it was the laughter of embarrassment, not of mockery. They liked the sight of her naked body. Without noticing that she was doing it, she stood a little straighter and as she walked her hips swayed more than before. After they passed her, she knew they were looking back at her. She could feel the heat of their gaze on her buttocks. She heard a gasp, a hurried whisper of which only one syllable was clear, "spank", and then a different gasp. She remembered that the heat on her backside was not from their gaze, but from that very public spanking. She felt the entire humiliation again.

As soon as they crossed the intersection, they turned up the residential side street. At the next corner they angled across the little park that formed that block. She was now easily visible from all the houses on three sides, and the twenty story apartment building on the fourth.

To cover her nervousness, she started to talk, for the first time since stepping outdoors. "David, you are downright cruel, playing mind games like that on me; making me think that I was going to have to take the bus home naked." Once again, David's arm transmitted his silent laughter to her waist.

"I told you the day we met I was cruel, and so I have to be to maintain my reputation for telling the truth. At least, you can't say I didn't warn you."

"Fair enough. You're just lucky I didn't faint. Imagine carrying me all this way."

"Who says I'd have carried you? Maybe I'd just drop you down on a bench, or in some doorway, and leave you lying there while I walked over and got the car."

"You unspeakable..." Leila started, and then felt that laughter again. More mind games. "Maybe I can tell you something that will surprise you almost as much as your mind games did me."

"I doubt it. But if you can..." David paused to think. "You said you like to dance, which I am not so fond of, though I will dance if I can find the right partner - one who doesn't mind crushed toes." Leila giggled. "If you can truly surprise me, I will buy you a new dancing outfit, including new shoes, and take you out for a whole evening's dancing - at a good night club too."

"Remember how relieved I was when you mentioned your car?" David nodded. "Here's the surprise. I was just as disappointed as relieved." David stopped so suddenly that Leila was three steps ahead of him before she realized he was no longer with her.

"I shouldn't be so surprised. You obviously have a strong exhibitionistic streak in you." David saw her expression and decided he had better clarify before continuing. "That's only a description, not a condemnation. It simply means that you, or part of you, enjoys being seen naked by other people. It does NOT mean that you are a brazen hussy to be tarred and feathered and condemned to burn in the everlasting fires of Lucifer's satanic domain." He rolled out the last sentence like some old-time fire-and-brimstone preacher; the dismay disappeared from Leila's face and she giggled. "You are a bit of an exhibitionist, and I am a bit of a voyeur; we complement each other. I just didn't realize that the desire was that strong in you. But, blast you, now I'll probably have to waste an entire day, finding a pretty outfit, and a nice dance club. I'm gonna get ya for that." Leila's face lit up like a little girl who had just been given a new party dress, then at the last sentence she giggled once again.

"I never used to giggle like this," she told David. "I always thought it was silly for a grown woman to giggle like a little girl. You have totally messed up my mind."

"Maybe you're entering your second childhood. Or, more likely, I've entered mine and you've caught it from me."

Arms around each other again, they finished crossing the park, then ambled up the street together. Leila was so happy that she effectively forgot her nudity. When they met an elderly couple walking their dog, David and Leila both stopped and squatted down to pet him. They both asked the usual questions, sex, breed, age, name; and the couple responded as though nothing unusual was happening, even though Leila's position, squatting on her heels with her knees spread wide, displayed the entire front of her body to the couple. Then the two of them stood up, put their arms back around each other and continued on. They did, however, hear the man's voice say, in an amused, laughing tone, "Crazy kids."

### Leila's Love Story, Part 10

David's grey Japanese sedan was parked just a short distance up the next block. He unlocked the passenger side door and held it open for her like a gentleman, but couldn't resist giving her a quick pat on the butt. David walked around to the driver's side door; Leila had leaned over and unlocked it before he got there. He slipped in behind the wheel and turned the key in the ignition. Leila was pleased to hear the engine come to life immediately. She didn't want to have to wait here for the auto club.

"Since it's later than we planned, and also with the outfit you're wearing, what do you say we go right to your place and just order in some pizza?"

"Sounds perfect to me!"

"Do you have any beer to go with the pizza?" Leila shook her head. "Should we pick up a six-pack?" Leila smiled and nodded. David pulled out from the curb and they were off.

As they approached the main thoroughfare, Leila suddenly felt truly naked again. "Do you have a blanket or something I can wrap around myself?" she asked, her voice shaking a bit.

As he stopped at the light, signalling a left into the heavier traffic, David scanned her body from head to foot and back, paying particular attention to two special areas. She blushed again, as David looked her straight in the eye and smiled. The light turned green, and they swung into traffic. "I really didn't think of putting anything in for you to wear. I guess I sort of thought you'd be providing your own clothes." Leila's blush deepened. She wondered if she was going to turn this colour permanently. David didn't appear to notice her nakedness, as he pointed out various sites along the route - places he had worked, historic sites, handy bus routes, places they should visit - as if everything was perfectly normal. She didn't see that whenever he pointed to something on her side of the car and she looked out the window, he took as long a look at her naked body as he could and still drive safely.

About half-way back to her apartment, he pulled into the brightly lit parking lot of a small strip mall. He pulled out his wallet, opened it and pulled out a twenty. "I'll keep the car running, you pop in and pick up the beer," he said nonchalantly, passing her the bill. She was so stunned that she took the bill without thinking, but then, unable to speak, gestured at her nude form. David didn't seem to notice.

"Just a six-pack?" She realized that he was going to humiliate her again, and she loved him for it, but she had had to make the gesture of protest. She knew the game had to be played by the rules.

"I think that's all we'll need tonight. However, if you're sure you want me to come back in the next week or so, you might pick up a twelve."

Leila opened the car door, and, throwing her shoulders back, strode proudly into the beer store. Fortunately, there was only one other person inside other than the clerk. He was giving his order, but stopped and looked around when the clerk's jaw fell almost to the floor. They both stood there, flabbergasted, until she put her hands on her hips and told the customer, "Either place your damn order or get out of the way." The man turned around, and stammered out his order. The clerk filled it quickly, and the customer staggered from the store. Leila appeared to have affected him the very way his purchase would later.

"Do you have ID?" the clerk asked her. She did have her driver's license in her clutch purse but didn't want him to know her address, so she planted feet at shoulder width, placed her fists back on her hips, and just looked at him. "Oh, hell, you're old enough!" He took and filled her order, but was noticeably slower than with the previous customer. Two more customers walked in just as she turned, her case in her arms, and as she walked past the two stunned men, one of them muttered, "Bloody hell!"

David had left the car and opened the back door, so she could drop the case on the back seat of the car. As soon as she had put it on the seat, David grabbed her, pulled her to him, and hugged her more tightly than he ever had before. "A two-four. Leila, thank you for a very sweet message."

"I just may change my mind," she almost snarled. "What's that on the floor?" She pointed to a pile of blue nylon. "You lied to me. You said you had no clothing in the car. Isn't that a jacket?"

"That is a jacket, and I did **not** lie. I very carefully did not lie. I never quite said there were no clothes in the car. I said I hadn't put anything in for **you** to wear. That jacket has been there for years, and I put it there for **me** to wear." She started to laugh. "I just didn't want to hide that gorgeous body. I don't want you to wear that jacket." Leila punched his arm, kissed his cheek, closed the rear door, opened the front door and climbed in.

She shut the door, then rolled down the window and asked, "Well, are we going to my apartment, or are you just going to stand there all night?" She pouted at him, and he leaned forward and kissed her sweet lips. He strode round the car, slipped into the driver's seat, leaned over and gave her left nipple a long kiss. Then he put the car in gear, and they were off again.

A few minutes later, just as they turned onto her street, he asked, "Can I assume you've changed your mind back again?"

"Yes, you bastard. At least for now. But you are carrying the damn beer in. Visitors' parking is way in the back."

He parked, they got out of the car, he made sure it was locked tight, then placing the beer on the roof of the car, pulled Leila to him and kissed her passionately. She returned the passion, feeling herself begin to drip again. She had to get that leak fixed. David's arms held her tight, then his hands felt their way down her back until they massaged and cupped her still warm buttocks. Then back up her spine and another strong safe hug, all the time lips locked, tongues entwined.

"We, ooh, we'd better go inside," she murmured when she could finally breathe again. She pulled her keys out of her purse and started across the parking lot. She knew he was looking at her and hips started that seductive sway. David picked up the case of beer and happily followed her across the parking lot, down the driveway, and over to the front door.

"I was going to slip in the back, but I saw the super just inside the door. I don't think he saw me. I don't think he'd cause any trouble, but his wife might cause problems if she thought I was after him," Leila explained.

"How would she ever get an idea like that?" asked David, deadpan, as they walked down the hall to her apartment. She looked as if she couldn't believe he'd said that. Her expression was priceless, but he managed not to crack a smile. "Don't all you girls wander around the halls starkers?" She just rolled her eyes to the heavens as she unlocked her apartment door. They both stepped into her apartment. David carried the beer to the kitchen, as Leila carefully locked the door.

### Leila's Love Story, Part 11

David pulled out two bottles and placed them in the freezer, then, folding back the sides of the case, placed it in the refrigerator. He walked back into the living room, and Leila barrelled into his arms, hugging him, and burying his face with kisses. Once he had recovered his balance and was properly braced, he cupped his hands under her butt, and lifted her up. She wrapped her legs around his hips as he bent his head down and kissed and sucked her breasts. The sweet sensations seemed to flow directly from her nipples down to her vagina. She knew she was wet there once again and rubbed herself against the bulge she could feel twitching against her through the layers of denim. She reached down for David's zipper, but he stopped her hand.

"If we don't order that pizza right now, I don't think we'll ever get around to it." Her expression of lust said louder than any words possibly could that she couldn't care less if they never saw pizza again, but it changed to a smile when he continued, "I'm already starved. And I think I'm going to need all my strength tonight. You don't want me to be faint from hunger."

Still gently rubbing herself against his fly, her hands clasped behind his neck, she leaned as far back as she could and smiled at him. His right hand moved farther under her so his fingertips could tease her lips while his other hand rose to fondle her right breast as his mouth resumed its task of teasing her left nipple. The various sensations flowed through her as she threw back her head and moaned. She let herself float on the emotions for a minute, then, her breasts heaving, she gasped, "O.... K... Let's... call... now..."

Still fondling her breasts, David walked slowly across the room until he was beside the coffee table which held the phone. He held her firmly by the waist as she lowered her legs to the floor.

"What do you want on it, David?" She started to dial the number for her favourite pizza place.

"Leila, please try this one for a change. I do have a reason for asking." David handed her a card, then stepped behind her as she started to dial the new number, and put his arms around her, holding her body against his.

Leila could feel his body against hers, the lump in his jeans pressing between her cheeks. As she dialled the last number, she asked over her shoulder, "What toppings do you want?"

"Whatever you want, except for olives or anchovies," he replied, and his hands moved down to play with what was now a swamp between her legs, while his tongue traced her ear. She heard the guy answer at the far end, and tried to give a coherent order. But David's machinations were making it very hard to concentrate. The pizza place finally had the order, and the address they read back was correct; she dropped the handset onto the cradle, spun around and just attacked David.

She had his shirt unbuttoned in seconds. She had barely refrained from literally tearing it off him. He had kicked off his shoes and socks, and her hands flew to his belt, unhooking it, undoing the button on the waistband, pulling down the zipper, forcing jeans and underpants down his legs together until they suddenly dropped to a heap round his feet. As he started to step out of the jeans, she spun away, ran to her linen closet, grabbed three towels, ran back, spread them on the couch, spun around, grabbed his hands, sat on the couch with her legs spread wide, and pulled him so he fell to his knees between hers. David's head dropped forward, and he kissed her navel. Then his mouth moved south, across her belly.

Placing a hand on either side of his head, she pulled his face up. "Normally... " she gasped, then between gasps, "in me... now... " He smiled and, still on his knees, slid closer to her. She reached down grasped his hard penis and gently but firmly guided it into her. As soon as she felt him inside her, she wrapped her legs around his waist; he wouldn't escape her. She had waited a dozen days to feel this, and the bastard had kept her simmering tonight for hours. She was so close to the boil that he had barely started to thrust when she climaxed. She moaned and shuddered, her nipples grew even harder between his fingers, her legs locked his body tight against her pubic area. He watched as the sex blush rose between her breasts, and listened to her moans. She thought for a moment that she was going to black out, but slowly she returned to full consciousness.

David leaned forward and snagged the edge of a thin throw cushion, dropped it at his knees, and carefully, so as not to fall out of her, worked his knees onto it. He knew that this orgasm was not a testament to his great virility, but was mainly due to the hours of public foreplay. He knew the hard part was about to begin, and smiled as he studied the limp body before him.

Leila felt David sliding back and forth inside her. He was still there. She felt his hands on her breasts and the sudden re-hardening of her nipples. Her arousal was starting all over again.

David loved this position as it gave him free access to her entire body. His hands could caress her face, or massage her breasts, could slip under her to cup her buns, or slip down and put pressure on her clit. He could bend down and kiss her succulent breasts, and his arms didn't give out after a couple of minutes. Fifteen minutes later he had brought her to the edge again, and he thrust hard and fast until she climaxed again, as strongly as she had before, and he finally could spend in her.

As Leila slowly recovered from this second orgasm, she realized she had reached out for David and was now clasping his head against her breasts, but he seemed quite content in this position. The breathing of both had just about returned to normal when the intercom buzzed. David rolled off her and she staggered over to the speakerphone, pressed the button and asked who was there.

"Pizza."

"Bring it up." She pressed the button that unlocked the front door. As she turned back, she noticed that David had used a tissue to clean himself and pulled on his jockey shorts, and was currently putting on his jeans. She grabbed a tissue from the box and swiped it between her legs, removing at least some of the signs of their recent tryst. She grabbed a now damp towel from the couch, but just as she was about to wrap it around herself she stopped and looked at David. He said nothing but he shook his head slightly. The movement couldn't have been more that three-quarters of an inch at most, but she saw it clearly. He was letting her know that he wanted her to answer the door naked, but was deliberately making it easy for her to claim she didn't realize that. He had asked her not to call her usual pizza place so that she could continue to get her usual pizzas without being embarrassed. She need never see this guy again. David was always kind in his cruelty. That very slight shake of his head - he had wanted her to have an out if she had had too much exposure today, she knew that with certainty. Well, damn his eyes. She would show him she was stronger than he thought.

He slipped his shirt on, but left it unbuttoned, then pulled a few bills and a fistful of change out of his jeans' pocket. Leila let the towel drop to the floor. At that instant, someone knocked on the door. She turned and walked over to it. She was stark naked; her hair was in wild disarray; she was still flushed from the orgasm; her nipples were rock hard; she was dripping wet; she reeked of sex. But she stood proudly as she swung the door open.

The delivery boy could not yet have reached twenty, and he stared at the nude beauty before him. He had always heard these stories, but somehow they never happened to him. He would have a real hot story for the other drivers tonight. Leila took the pizza from his nerveless fingers, and turning back into the apartment walked back to the coffee table. The boys eyes were locked on her luscious globes, as they swayed away from him, and he did not see the man in the apartment watching his face with wry amusement. David had placed the money on that table, but toward the side away from the door. She bent to put the pizza down, then bent again, legs straight, backside pointed directly at the door. She picked up enough to cover the cost, with a couple of extra dollars for the delivery guy. It took a long time to select the right amount, but when she straightened up and turned around, he didn't seem nearly as anxious to leave as the other delivery guys always had.

He gazed at the vision that crossed the room toward him. Her hair was tousled like a movie star, her face beautiful, dark eyes shining, her breasts firm and proud, her nipples hard and pointing right at him, her hips were slim, her pussy lips wet and inviting, her legs like a model's. Her perfume... he felt he should recognize the scent, but he couldn't quite place it. She placed the money in his hand and he heard her murmur a thank you. He jammed the money into his pocket without even glancing at it, and when he heard her murmur good-bye he turned like an automaton and headed for the exit.

David had spread the driest towel in front of the couch, near the coffee table and was sitting on it, leaning back on the couch. Two beer sat open and sweating on the table beside the pizza. "Come sit with me and be my love, and we will all the pleasures prove..." David misquoted patting the towel.

Leila walked back to him but, instead of sitting, stood just in front of him with her feet planted just wider that her shoulders. "Do you think he liked what he saw?" she asked.

David gazed up at her nudity, and it almost seemed that her vagina winked at him when she asked the question. "From his reaction, I'd bet he is still a virgin, and that you are the first naked woman he has ever seen." Leila was delighted at the possibility that she was his first. She lowered herself between David's thighs and sat with her back to him. She realized suddenly why he had gotten dressed. It wasn't shyness or modesty, it was just that he knew how she was turned on being the only one naked in a public place, and if the place couldn't be public, at least she would be the only one naked, so the feeling of mischief would remain. She listened to David's further comments about the pizza guy. "Did he like what he saw? Sweetheart, he'll remember you the rest of his life. On his deathbed, his final vision will be one of you striding toward him in your naked glory to guide him to the pearly gates." She laughed at this, then reached over for the pizza. As they snuggled together, eating the pizza and drinking the beer, he said, "Perhaps we should set up a time for our next date... That is, if you want another."

If she wanted another. She felt his free hand gently caressing her naked body, and shivered. If she wanted another. She knew he would do something mean and cruel to her if she had another date with him, maybe even crueler than tonight. "Oh, God, yes, I want another date," she shivered.

### Leila's Love Story, The End