**The Blindfold**

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She stood alone in a barely lit room. The woman was dressed elegantly in a black silk dress with spaghetti straps. It was low cut enough that she could not wear a bra. Black patterned stockings covered her legs and she wore three-inch heels. The heels made the muscles in her calves' stand out. She was dressed in the clothes that you had delivered to her. The room is large with an open space covered by an Oriental rug on which she stands. In front of the rug two rows of chairs are placed, enough chairs for twenty people.   
  
She had noticed the chairs and her face paled as you placed her on the rug in front of them. You smiled as you noticed the color drain from her face. You then left her to contemplate the chairs and to wonder who might be in them later. You left her there to think. To allow her mind to picture all the things that might be done to her. And she did. She had pictures of herself flashing through her mind as she stood in the room. Not knowing what to expect she, of course, could only imagine the worst. Soon, her stomach was in a knot and she was trembling slightly.  
  
As you opened the door to the room, you could see her start at the noise of the latch. Still, she stood where you had placed her. You could see her shoulders shaking and she was very pale. She would not look at you, but lowered her eyes to the rug in front of her feet. You hold a silk scarf in one hand and walk in front of her, stopping and lifting her chin. She looked at you; her eyes were filled with tears, wet and liquid. She was afraid, not of you, but what might happen to her. You smile at her and she moans softly. You let your fingers trace a line down her throat to the top of the dress, watching her shiver from the touch. Then you hold up the scarf and let her see it. She makes no sound, but her eyes widen. Then you move to her back and pull her hair behind her ears. The scarf is slipped over her eyes and you tie it behind her head, holding her hair away from her face and blinding her. She moans once more, slightly louder than before. You stand still for a short while, letting her feel your warm breath on her neck, but not touching her. Then both of your hands reach and touch her shoulders, then slide down her arms, stroking her softly. She shivers. Your hands slide back up her arms and continue to stroke her skin above the dress in front and back. You see goose bumps rise on her skin. You touch the hollow of her neck and behind her ears so lightly, making her moan again. Leaning into her, you softly kiss her neck and then move away. Now you whisper to her.  
  
"Be still and be quiet."  
  
She shudders but does not move otherwise. You walk to the door, your heels clicking on the wood floor once you have left the Oriental rug. She thinks you have left her and the sound of the door opening and closing makes her believe that you have left the room also. She stands as still as she can. Soon the trembling has stopped and she sighs softly. Her mind is racing even more. Now that she cannot see she doesn't know. Doesn't know if being blind is better than being able to see. She thinks you have left, but she isn't sure. She is finding it hard to be still, so she shifts her weight from one foot to the other. Her hands remain at her sides. Her face lowers so that she seems to be looking at the floor. Each minute seems so much longer to her. Time seems to lasting forever. Then the door opens once more and she gasps softly, so softly it is almost unheard. Seemingly unbidden, her head lifts and turns to the door, but she cannot see. She strains to hear, the one sense she can use, but she is greeted by silence.  
  
You walk into the room, your heels clicking on the wood floor, masking other sounds. She hears both your heels and other softer sounds, but she is so focused on you, the others are unidentifiable to her. You walk around her; careful to stay on the wood floor so the sounds you make mask any sounds made by the others that enter behind you. You can see her straining to listen, trying to be sure that it is just you with her. The others that you have brought to this room are silent and take seats in the two rows of chairs before the rug.  
  
She sags slightly and then straightens still listening. She thinks she hears noise from in front of her, the slight rustling of clothes and scraping of shoes on the floor, but again she is not sure. Your steps around her fill her ears.   
  
When all have entered and seated themselves, you walk around her again, stopping at her back. You touch her bare skin once more, stroking her and she whimpers. The loss of her sense of sight makes her fearful. She shudders as you touch her, stroke her so lightly. The watchers gaze at her intently. Your fingertips slip and slide over her skin several times and her breathing becomes quicker and shallower. Once you have stroked her several times along her arms, chest and back, your hands stop at the catch of her dress. She knows what you are going to do and gasps as the catch comes loose. You let her accept that for a few moments, then grasp the zipper and slide it down oh so slowly. A soft sob escapes her mouth as she feels it glide down, opening her dress. Your hands slip inside and stroke her back, feeling the smooth skin and soft sparse hair that outlines her spine. Your hands slip to her sides and slowly rise from her waist to her armpits beneath the dress. She begins to pant softly, becoming aroused by your touch. A coughing sound in front of her is heard and she groans.  
  
"Oh no, oh god, oh my god."  
  
You chuckle softly behind her and kiss her neck as your hands rise to her shoulders and push the spaghetti straps off them. Her hands start to rise to grasp the dress.  
  
"No, be still, little one."  
  
With those words she moans audibly and her hands fall back to her sides. As they do, the dress slides down exposing her small, taut breasts. Her nipples have erected and stand out proudly. They are large and in the larger brown circle of her aureoles. She begins to sniffle. She is exposed to the waist and she does not know who is looking at her. She has never had this done to her before and expects that you are not done with her. She is correct. You whisper to her once more.  
  
"Let it fall."  
  
With a moan, her hands move out from her sides and the silk dress hisses down past her waist and legs to puddle around her feet. She is standing in only her panties, stockings and heels. Her hands lift slightly and then drop to her sides over and over as she resists the overpowering urge to cover her breasts and nipples. She knows that she must be still for you. But, as she struggles to obey, her face flushes a deep red. She is ashamed and humiliated because she knows that someone else is in the room looking at her.  
  
Your hands slip down and cup her bottom, squeezing it gently, forcing another gasp from her lips. Then you squat behind her, kissing her back on the way until your face is level with her bottom. She has felt your long blonde hair tickling her skin and the soft, moist touch of your lips. Now she feels your warm breath on her bottom. You place your hands on her hips, right at the waistband of her panties and press your cheek to her bottom. You are so proud of her. You know how ashamed she must feel and the struggle she has made to obey you. You allow her time to collect herself and then slip your thumbs into the waistband of her panties. When she feels this, she moans aloud. This moan, loud and clear, results in chuckles from in front of her. Her head jerks up and she turns it from side to side in panic.   
  
"Oh god, oh my god, please do not do this to me."  
  
Your hands inexorably move downward and her panties follow them. They twist as they slip down past her soft, silky hair at the vee of her legs. The strip of her thong behind her peels out of her crease. She sobs as she knows that her pussy is exposed to those in front of her. She knows there are people there, she knows.  
  
Your pull them down until they are around her ankles along with the silk dress. She is trembling. You whisper to her again.  
  
"Lift a foot, then the other."  
  
With a groan and tremendous effort, she obeys you. Her left foot rises and you slide her dress and panties behind that leg. She lowers that foot carefully and lifts her right foot. Now you can pull the dress and panties completely off her, leaving her in only stockings and heels. Her right foot returns to the floor. She hears you bundle her clothes and toss them away. She is naked, for all intents and purposes. Her face is still flushed deep red. You rise behind her, your fingertips tracing up her legs. You can feel her skin ripple under your fingertips. When you are standing, your hands are at her hips. She has lifted her hands away from her body instinctively, allowing you to touch her all the way from her ankles to her hips.  
  
Now you lean forward and kiss her neck again, moving your hands in front of her. Your fingertips slip through the silky patch of hair at the bottom of her belly. You tease her gently and her head falls back to lie on your shoulder. She is aroused. She wants you to touch her more, but cannot ask you. You know what she wants and tease your fingertips between her soft thighs, tracing one down then back up her slit. Involuntarily, her hips buck forward, pressing firmly against the finger. Another chorus of chuckles bursts forth and she blushes even deeper. You tease her more and then move your hands up her belly. She moans again when they leave her slit. You move to her breasts and cup her small, firm breasts. She gasps once more. Her hands lift and reach behind her head to hold yours to her. She is fully exposed and not attempting to cover herself at all. She is allowing you to fondle her where you choose. You can feel her trembling, both because of your touch and her exposure.  
  
Your fingers find her erect nipples and pinch and twist them gently, but even so she gasps. They tingle and lengthen as you toy with them. When you sense that they will grow no longer, you remove your hands and hear her whimper. Reaching into a pocket of your jacket, you remove a clip with a small weight. It is an open wire that will fit over her nipple. You move one hand and grasp a nipple, pulling it out. She gasps again. Fitting the wire over the nipple, you pinch it shut. Quickly you take the second clip from your pocket and do the same to the other nipple. You take your hands away but not before flicking the weights with a fingertip, making them sway. She gasps louder and begins to pant softly. It is not tremendously painful, but a sense of pinching and pressure that she feels. And the swaying of the weight pulls on her nipples, shooting both pleasure and a slight pain into them.  
  
You step back and motion to the watchers. One rises and silently walks to the front of her. With one hand, he thumbs her nipples and with the other, he cups her pussy, stroking it and the silky hair between her legs. She does not know that it is not you until the man tilts her head back and kisses her on the lips. Then she realizes that it is a man and she groans into his kiss. Her lower body pushes against his hand. She cannot help herself, she is too aroused. He traces her slit with one finger and she feels her petals opening for him. His finger gently moves up over her clitoris and she bucks against it. She is almost whining with arousal, but also with humiliation and shame. Her face is burning with shame at her responses. How can she respond like she is with a stranger? A man that she does not know? Her nipples are engorged with blood and so stiff. You motion and he moves away. This time you hold her shoulders so she knows you are behind her. You want her to know that.  
  
She feels hands on her breasts, her nipples and she groans once again. She is touched and fondled. A hand feels between her legs again. She is panting, then kissed by a woman. She starts and tries to get away, but you hold her still.  
  
"Be still!"  
  
Those words take the fight out of her and slumps back against you. She lets the woman touch her and feel her. She is even more ashamed now. Even more red, more humiliated. She knows she is being watched. She knows that people are there in front of her, seeing her naked and aroused. And she is letting them touch and feel her while others watch her being humiliated. She cannot help herself because you have told her to allow it. Tears begin to leak out of her eyes, wetting the silk covering them.  
  
One after another, men and women come to her and touch her. She has lost her will to resist and stands, allowing them to do what they wish to her. The only saving grace is that she cannot see them. The only noticeable effect is that she is constantly moaning and trembling, along with her red face. She is so ashamed of herself. You watch as she struggles with herself to allow the touches, the fondling. She is so glad that she cannot see. But she is wondering if they know who she is. She hopes that none of them do know her, but she is afraid that they all do. Finally all the watchers have had their opportunity to feel her and she is left alone with you.  
  
She is praying that this is over. Her breathing slows and becomes more regular as her arousal lessens. Her blindfold is soaked with tears. You now turn her so her bottom faces the chairs. You whisper to her.  
  
"Kneel."  
  
With a sob, she kneels on the Oriental rug. You bend and push her to her hands and knees. Then you walk behind her and with a foot, push her knees as far apart as they will go.  
  
"Lower your face to the floor and arch your back."  
  
"Oh god no, oh please, no, please no."  
  
"Do as I say."  
  
With a loud sob, she lowers her face to the floor and dips her back so that her bottom is the highest part of her. As she does this, she can feel cool air on her anus and knows it and her pussy are fully displayed. Her tender nipples are rubbing on the rug and she begins to cry. You motion once again. The first watcher rises and walks to her. She is sobbing as she feels a finger at her pussy, then penetrating her. The finger is thrust in and out of her pussy. She cannot stop crying. She is so ashamed and humiliated. He does it for a while then removes the finger and places it on her anus. Her head jerks up and she shrieks.  
  
"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO."  
  
But she is ignored as the finger pushes into her tight hole. She grunts as it goes up her rectum and she lowers her head in shame as she is fingered there. He does it for a while and then removes his hand from her. A woman replaces him. She continues to sob as the woman fingers her pussy and ass also. Even as humiliated as she is, she becomes aroused once more. When the finger leaves her, her bottom pushes back, begging for more penetration. She is slick from her pussy to her anus. Her labia are engorged and full. Her clitoris is as erect as her nipples are. She kneels, naked, and allows them to come to her. Each one does and fingers her. You watch her arousal and if she begins to come close to an orgasm, you stop them for a few moments until she no longer is close. At long last, each of those who had watched and toyed with her is through. Now you are the only one next to her, hearing her soft sobs and the shaking of her body.  
  
Instead of pushing a finger up her pussy or into her rectum, you feel under her until you find her clitoris. She whimpers when you do and when you begin to rub it gently, her hips begin to work on the finger. She works her hips back and forth, she has been teased and aroused for so long she cannot help it.  
  
Your finger thrums on her clitoris and she begins to pant and gasp. Her sobs are now forgotten, her only thought now is to orgasm. Between her hips working and your finger it is not long until she bucks hard against your finger and hand and groans as the spasms of her orgasm shoot through her belly. She humps against you hard and you let her do as she must until the spasms fade away. As the last spasm retreats, she slumps to the floor and rolls onto her side. Her hands cover her face and she cries softly. You nod to the watchers and they rise and leave the two of you in the room. When she hears the door close, she struggles to a sitting position. You remove her blindfold so she can see.  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because I knew you wanted this, little one."  
  
She sniffles softly and realizes that you are right, but even so she is still ashamed and embarrassed.  
  
"Do they know who I am?"  
  
"Perhaps."  
  
She blushes deeply.