**The Outing**

by[Sabineteas](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=59922&page=submissions)©

You sit in your apartment, waiting for her to arrive. Dressed in the evening dress, thong and stockings that she has sent to you, you sit nervously, crossing and re-crossing your legs. You have turned off most of the lights in your small apartment, preferring darkness to light. All that you know is that she has told you that the two of you will be going out tonight. You do not know where. She will pick you up at the appropriate time. You are trying not to think, but remember the last time she had picked you up and taken you out. That was the time with the blindfold. Every time you remember a part of that night, your stomach clenches.   
  
How humiliated you felt that evening, how ashamed. You also remember how nothing seemed to bother her. The only good thing about that night was that you could not see. That way you did not know who was there with the two of you. You do not understand why you did not say no to her for tonight. She called, had the clothes delivered, told you to be ready by 7 pm. You could have said no, but you didn't. You listened to be sure that you had the instructions correct and held the phone until you heard a dial tone. You are wondering if there is something wrong with you. You are positive she is going to humiliate you again and you said nothing. No normal, no sane woman would let this happen to her. Not once she knew what could be done to her. And you knew. You had lived it once already.  
  
You shake your head, trying to remove the images from your mind and rise from the armchair. Unable to be still anymore, you begin to pace your small living room. You walk from the armchair to the glass doors facing your small balcony and back. Over and over again you pace, waiting for her to arrive. You touch your hair, making sure it is in place. You tug on the dress, trying to make it longer. It shows much of your legs. Your hands won't stay still. You glance at the clock over and over again. You were ready at 6:45, long before she said to be ready. Now it is 7:20. The waiting is making you uneasy, more nervous and it is making your mind run with images. Images that you are not sure you want to see.  
  
Finally the intercom buzzes and you jerk in surprise. Hurrying, you rush to the speaker and click the reply button.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Buzz me in."  
  
It is she. With a sinking feeling, you push the button that unlocks the front door to your building. Then you walk slowly to the door of your apartment, waiting for her once more. She arrives and knocks on the door. Trembling you open it and step back for her to enter. Her eyes flick around the small apartment that is yours, taking in the used furniture and worn fixtures. You blush, feeling that you are not good enough for her. And you feel a little ashamed of your circumstances.   
  
You did not notice that she held a wrap in one arm. Now she turns to you and tells you to face away from her. When you do, she slips the wrap over your shoulders and turns you back to her. It's like a poncho, but instead of being complete, it is split so that the front is open. She reaches down and takes the chain that is hanging from one side. She clips it to the other side of the wrap, closing it. There is still a gap of maybe two inches down the middle of your body, but you are mostly covered.  
  
"It isn't cold out, but you may need this tonight."  
  
Hearing those words, you begin to tremble again, thinking the worst. She knows you, knows what has just leaped into your mind and she smiles at you. Smiles are usually comforting, but this smile makes you knot up inside. You have seen this smile before. Again, you are afraid, not of her, but of what may happen to you. But you don't resist, just as you did not resist the last night. She commands and leads you as no one ever has before. She reaches up and touches your cheek lightly, caressingly and smiles at you once more.  
  
"Come, we must go now."  
  
With that, she strides past you to the door to your apartment, leaving you to hurry behind her. You have to stop and lock the door, but she does not wait, striding down the hall. Hurriedly you lock the door and scurry behind her, the wrap flowing behind you. You catch up with her and look to your left, the side she is on. She glances at you.  
  
"One step behind me, to my right is fine."  
  
You gape at her, but slow slightly to allow her to gain a step on you. Then you walk behind and to her right as she has told you to do. This command, making you less than her causes you to flush. You are slightly humiliated and a little angry. The anger causes you to speak.  
  
"Why must I be behind you? This is not fair!"  
  
Her head turns enough to see you. The steel in her eyes makes you afraid and your eyes lower to the floor in front of you. She does not have to speak to make her displeasure known to you. A look, you have just found, does just as well. You do not see her smile at your reaction to her look.  
  
"Is there anything else you wish to complain about at this time?"  
  
"N-n-n-n-no."  
  
Your voice is soft and stuttering. You do and don't understand how she can make you so unsure and compliant. You just know that she has a presence that makes you feel small, like a child. After a few more steps, your courage has come back a little.  
  
"Where are we going?"  
  
"To dinner. Then, depending on you, perhaps a small gathering. And no, it is not going to be the same as when we last were together. If we go it will be completely different."  
  
You initially had sucked in a breath when you heard the word gathering, remembering your last humiliation, but once you heard it would not be the same, you relaxed a little.  
  
"I must make sure that you are aware of your role, little one. If you wish to speak, you must first receive my permission. Whether we are alone or with others. Do you understand?"  
  
"Y-y-y-yes."  
  
You have begun to stutter once again.  
  
"An appropriate way to ask permission would be Madam, may I speak? Would you please say that for me."  
  
"M-m-madam, may I s-s-s-speak?"  
  
She smiles at you once more.  
  
"Very good. In no time you will not have that silly stutter. You will become accustomed to me and my ways, little one."  
  
By now you have passed through the apartment building's door and are walking to the parking lot. You are hurrying to keep up, glancing ahead to see what kind of car she drives. She leads you to a long black limousine and opens the door. She climbs inside and leaves you to scramble in behind her. She seats herself and points to where you are to be seated. Without complaint, you settle into the leather seat and look at her timidly. She is ignoring you because she has the phone to the driver at her ear and is telling him that he may leave. She lowers the phone and looks at you.  
  
"You want to be a good girl for me, yes?"  
  
Your mouth is dry and you can only nod.   
  
"Ah, but you must speak the word to me."  
  
"Y-y-yes."  
  
"Good, I am pleased that you wish to be a good girl. Show me one of your breasts."  
  
You are shocked at her demand and look at her, then to the privacy window dividing the limousine. It is down and the driver is looking in the rear view mirror. Your eyes flash back to her and the steel is back in her eyes. Your hands are shaking, your face pale as snow. You lift your hands to the clasp holding the wrap on you; your eyes still focused on her. Your fingers are clumsy and it takes a while for you to loosen the clasp. The wrap slides off your shoulders when it is released. You still have not looked away. Your eyes fill with tears and you lift one shaking hand to the strap of your gown. Pushing it off your shoulder, you close your eyes, and then peel the top of the gown away from your left breast. As the air touches your bare skin, goose bumps appear and your nipple erects. You have no color in your face and struggle to contain the sobs that want to burst out of you. You slowly open your eyes and through blurry vision you can see her smiling at you. She hands you a dainty handkerchief. You blot your eyes with it and sit with one breast bared for her. She nods to the front of the limousine and you cannot help but look there also. Your face flares bright red as you see the driver's eyes in the rear view mirror. He is smiling at this unexpected show. You are ashamed and humiliated. She only smiles.  
  
The drive is not long but seems an eternity. You don't want to look at the driver, but your eyes are drawn to him. Each time you look, his eyes are in the mirror and you know that he is enjoying the sight of your bare breast. Your hands have lifted and fallen so many times. You want to cover your skin, your nipple, but you know that you cannot. Finally you clasp your hands together in your lap so that they have each other to hold. Your face is still red and your eyes are moist. As best you can, you are trying to keep your face expressionless. Because you have been shown off, you can feel moistness between your legs and wonder how you can be excited by your treatment. It seems so wrong to you, but your body is not responding like your mind. Your mind can feel humiliation, but your body only excitement. As the limousine slows, you start and look through the window. It is stopping in front of one of the nicest restaurants in town. You glance and her and she nods to you. This is your reward for this evening, for your obedience. You sigh softly. At least you will be in public and she cannot do anything to you here you think to yourself. The limousine stops and she slides to the door. You both wait until the driver arrives and opens the door. Your breast is still bare. She slips out gracefully and turns to look at you. She nods her head once more and you understand her completely. With her and the driver looking at you, you lift the dress to cover your bare teat and slide the strap up onto your shoulder. You lift the wrap and drape it over your shoulders and slowly leave the limousine. She turns as you step onto the sidewalk and walks to the entrance. Again, you scurry behind her. Through the door and to the maitre'd's station she walks, secure in her superiority. You come behind her in her wake. There is a quiet conversation between her and the maitre'd which results in the two of you following him to a secluded table. She, of course, is seated first, leaving you to stand. Then you are seated across from her. She fixes you with her smile once more.  
  
A waiter hurries to the table and she orders wine, not asking if you want any or even something else. She flicks one hand at you and you realize that you still have the wrap on. Self-consciously you shrug it off and let it drape over your chair. The wine is served and she lifts her glass to you after tasting and approving it. You lift yours, smile shyly, and sip as she does. Now that you are in the restaurant, in public, you feel more secure and less threatened. She makes small conversation with you. You begin to relax. Others are seated nearby the two of you. The alcove that you are in has room for four tables. You have glanced around as the other tables fill with well-dressed men and women. She leans toward you and you look intently at her.  
  
"Are you a virgin?"  
  
You look at her in shock. A fancy restaurant is no place for such a question you think. Before you can respond she speaks once more.  
  
"I asked you a question. I expect an answer, a truthful answer."  
  
"N-n-n-no, I am not."  
  
"How many men have you had?"  
  
You lower your face to your hands and hide behind them. Your face is scarlet once more.  
  
"If you do not answer, I will think that you would prefer a penalty."  
  
You lift your eyes and see hers with the steely look that makes you so afraid. Before you can choke out your answer she speaks once more.  
  
"You have earned a penalty, which will be paid after I hear your answer."  
  
"T-t-two."  
  
"Now that wasn't so bad, was it?"  
  
"Y-y-you are humiliating me."  
  
"Perhaps, perhaps it is just you, little one. These are not unheard of questions for me."  
  
You sit tensely, waiting. She smiles again, the smile of a crocodile. You are thinking of the penalty that you have been told you will pay. You don't want to know what it is but you also want to get it over with. She will not forget. You watch her as she looks around the alcove that you are in, seeing that all the tables are full. Then she turns to you and leans forward.  
  
"What do you think your penalty should be?"  
  
"I-I-I-I don't know."  
  
"Then I must choose for you, yes?"  
  
You muffle your soft sob with a hand and nod. She leans closer. Her eyes move around bringing yours with hers. You both see the people in the alcove with the two of you.  
  
"Give me your panties."  
  
A shocked gasp escapes from your mouth and you immediately look down as some of the other diners glance towards your table. You look up and see her, waiting and grab your wineglass. You take a large swallow and set the glass down. You look mournfully at her. She cannot mean what she has said, not here, with all these people here. She has leaned back and looks at you. You can sense that she will not accept anything less from you. Your face has gone pale and you sit woodenly. As you look at her still, you realize that she is waiting and refusal may result in another penalty. When that thought clicks into your mind, you lower your hands to your hips and begin to pull your dress higher on your legs. You squirm to lift it higher so you can get at your underpants. Your dress has to come higher than you had thought and as you tug it higher and higher, you glance across the room. You see a man and woman watching you squirm with curious expressions that do not leave your face. With a moan you look down and scrabble under your dress. Your fingers touch a piece of the fabric and tug down. You lift your bottom, your ass from the chair and feel your panties slipping down. With a whimper you tug harder and the panties slide below your ass. Now you sit back down and lift one thigh, pulling your panties down on that side, then lift the other leg and do the same. As you squirm back and forth, you are looking around and see that the couple that was watching you before are looking at you curiously. With a choked sob you get them to your knees and move your legs until they fall around your ankles.   
  
You squirm your feet until you have felt them come off completely. The man and woman are still looking at you. You are trembling. Taking a deep breath, you bend over and reach for them. Your fingers scrabble on the floor, searching, and find them. You sit back up and hold them on your lap, scrunching them into as tight a ball as you can. Throughout this entire production she has been watching you and smiling as she sees the contortions you have gone through to try and keep what you are doing unknown. She leans forward and holds out one hand. Blushing deeply you lift your clenched fist and very carefully lower the ball of fabric into her palm. She lets it sit there, in the open. You blush harder and glance toward the man and woman. They are still looking. She smiles, her crocodile smile and lets the panties, your panties almost fall from her hand, catching the waistband on a finger. You look in shock as you see your underwear dangling from her finger in plain sight. Now you hear a loud laugh and your head jerks toward the sound. The man and woman are laughing and you turn scarlet. Then he lifts his glass and toasts you while you sit humiliated. You turn your head to look at her and you cannot keep your mouth shut.  
  
"Please put them away. Please."  
  
She frowns at you.  
  
"Did you ask for permission to speak?"  
  
You groan, as you know she has done this to catch you. Your stomach clenches.  
  
"No Madam, I did not. I am truly sorry. Will you please forgive me?"  
  
"Certainly little girl. I am most forgiving this evening. I will forgive you once you show me your lovely breast again."  
  
She smiles that smile, that hateful smile. You sit, frozen, looking to her and to the two who are still watching you. You look down and take a deep breath. Then, looking back up, directly at her, you slip your shoulder strap down and pull the front of your dress down. You are angry and the pull bares your teat completely and most of the other teat also. You hear a chuckle from the other table. Defiantly you sit, one teat bared for her. Your anger cannot hide the embarrassment you feel. Your nipples are both hard and poking out from your teats. She sits and sips her wine, gazing at you. She smiles once more.  
  
"You may put it away, little girl. You are angry, no?"  
  
"Yes Madam, I am angry. You humiliated me again."  
  
"Did you not enjoy it? Wasn't it thrilling to bare your breast here?"  
  
"It was humiliating. Others saw me."  
  
"Ah, but I think you enjoy this very much. And you have such pretty little breasts. You should be proud of them and want to show them to me."  
  
As you sit, angry and embarrassed, you begin to think that she is right. That you enjoy and want her to see you, but you are not sure if you really want to here. As you think this, you see the waiter coming and realize in your anger that your breast is still exposed. You hunch over and hurriedly lift your dress to cover it, hoping that he did not see you also. You sit back up as calmly as you can, blushing deeply and do not look at him. You don't want to know if he had seen you also. She orders for the two of you, not asking what you want. She is very much in control of the evening. You sit quietly and she does also, but she is smiling at you. Not the hateful smile, but one of appreciation. She knows that it is hard for you. She is proud of your compliance. You begin to relax as much as you can. Your eyes flick to the man and woman as she talks to you. They smile at your table; they cannot tell you are looking at them. Her words are inconsequential, just filling up time until your meal arrives.  
  
The waiter comes and serves the two of you and you both eat, letting the silence fill your table. You appreciate the silence since it gives you time to compose yourself. Soon the meal is over and she gives her credit card to the waiter. Before long he is back and you are ready to leave.  
  
She stands and you do also. You slip the wrap over your shoulders once more and she fastens the chain, holding it in place. Then with a nod to the man and woman that had seen you, she strides out of the alcove and you follow her with as much dignity as you can. Through the restaurant and to the sidewalk you go, her leading. The limousine appears like magic and she waits for the driver to open the door. She enters it first and motions for you to sit across from her. She smiles again, lifts the phone for the driver and gives him directions. You sit, nervous again. Your mind is asking what will she have me do now. But, for once, she only looks at you and smiles. The drive is long and the limousine turns into a long driveway. There is a large house at the end. You are wondering who lives here.  
  
"Now, my pet, you will be a good girl here. I do not want any hesitation or whining tonight. Understand?"  
  
Your stomach clenches. You pale once more. Your breathing becomes shallower.  
  
"Y-y-yes Madam."  
  
"Good. Be sure you remember that."  
  
The limousine stops and the driver opens the door. She is out and waiting for you. You step out and wait for her to move. You both walk to the front door. A servant, you think, opens it and you are led inside. She stops you and from her handbag removes a mask. She puts it on you. Most of your face is covered, but you can still see. You shudder. You know that she is going to make you do something you will not want to do.  
  
She leads you to a set of double doors and through them. There are many people, men and women standing and talking, drinks in their hands. She easily moves through the group, stopping and talking with several. You follow her and find that you are ignored once they take in your body, your dress, and your mask. No one talks to you, but they ask her about you. You discover that you are a find, a treasure. The compliments do not make you feel any better. You are still uneasy. You have been thinking that you only have your dress to cover you and you remember the last evening with her. Even with your unease, you have glanced about and noticed that all the people seem to have money. Their clothes show that and how they carry themselves.

Before long a man separates himself from the crowd and taps a glass for silence. He speaks.  
  
"Tonight we have the pleasure of a young woman who will be a large part of our game. She is here of her own free will and will not be paid for this evening's entertainment."  
  
He gestures to you. You look down, wondering. What is this game, the entertainment. She leads you out to the buzz of conversation. Now people are looking at you more. You are trembling as you follow her to another room. There are chairs and couches spread around this room, but the main piece of furniture is something that looks like parallel bars, but much lower. She leads you to this thing, this object. You find that the closest bar is at your waist. She moves you until you are against it, facing away from her. She strokes your arms, your back. You cannot stop trembling.   
  
"Just be still and be good. You will not be hurt. Trust me, I will not allow you to be hurt."  
  
You begin to breath quicker. What is she going to do to you now? Her hands reach up to your shoulders and slip the straps of your dress down to your arms. She slips each arm out of the strap so your breasts are the only things holding the dress up. You whimper softly. She gently presses on your back and you have to bend over the bar at your stomach. Each of your arms is taken and fastened to the farther bar. You are restrained, not able to stand up. You feel so vulnerable. She leaves you and you feel so alone. Time again is so long. Even with sight available to you, your best sense now is your hearing and you strain your ears for any sound.  
  
After what seems to be forever you hear the sound of heels and the buzz of conversation. You sense many people behind you. Your breathing is shallow. What is going to happen? A man speaks.  
  
Ladies and gentlemen, our friend has brought this treasure to us. We will be playing a game with her. She has an aversion to having her bottom used, so we will be using that for part of the game. Each man and woman will pair up and draw numbers. Then, starting with number one, the woman will insert one of these devices in her bottom. As long as she allows this to be done to her, each couple will pass to the other side of the room. But, if she wishes that to stop, she must only ask for it and we will stop. The remaining men, who are partnered with a woman who has not had the chance to test her anus, will be allowed to fuck her. Let me get the devices here and we will proceed."  
  
Your head is spinning; you cannot believe what you have just heard. She slips up beside you. You are quietly sobbing. She leans down to your ear.  
  
"Listen pet, the devices are dildos. They are small at the start but get bigger each time. I will prepare you, but once the game starts I cannot interfere. I promise you that no harm will come to you. You only have to endure."  
  
You are crying as you hear her words. You see two men carrying in a table. On it is a tube of lubricant and a row of dildos. The closest to the lubricant are very small, but as your head turns to the other end of the table, they become grotesque, huge, frightening. You look down to the floor and bit your lip, trying to stop your tears. She steps to the table and lifts the lubricant. She moves behind you and you feel your dress lifted over your back. You cannot help jerking your body as your bottom, your ass is bared. You can feel her pulling your cheeks open and rubbing lubricant on your anus. You begin to whimper. You jerk once more as you feel her finger slip through the ring of muscle. She spreads it on your anus and inside. She is next to you again, bending over to whisper to you.  
  
"All you have to say is stop, no more. Then it will stop."  
  
You begin to cry once more. You cannot help yourself. Through teary eyes you see the first woman pick up the smallest dildo. She disappears behind you and you feel it at your tight anus. There is pressure and the dildo slips into your ass. You groan audibly. Your face turns to her.  
  
"Madam, may I speak?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
"How many are there?"  
  
"Oh my pet, there are twenty, I think."  
  
You grunt as the first dildo is pulled out of you. Another woman comes and picks up the next smallest dildo. In no time your cheeks are pulled open and the second dildo is inserted in your ass. It's removed and the third, fourth and fifth quickly follow. You are breathing in shallow gasps by then. You hear a voice announcing a break and you take several deep breaths. Soon another woman is in front of you, taking the sixth dildo. She disappears behind you and once again your cheeks are pulled apart and the dildo is thrust into your ass. When you reach the seventh, it begins to hurt and you start to pant. Sweat is beading on your forehead and running down your back. Each insertion and removal causes you to grunt audibly. The tenth is reached and this time you gasp, it feels so huge in you. This one is left protruding from your ass as another break is taken. You can only imagine how you must look and you flush deep red. Your ass is squirming and you can hear chuckles behind you. She is standing next to you, holding your hand.  
  
"M-m-madam?"  
  
"Yes my sweet?"  
  
H-h-how many are left?"  
  
"Eight. Just eight to go."  
  
"Oh god, oh my god."  
  
You feel the tenth removed, grunting as it pulls your ring out while it leave you. You clutch her hand tight and close your eyes. The eleventh, then the twelfth, then thirteen, fourteen and fifteen, each forcing a grunt from you as it enters and is pulled out of you. Your breath is nothing but panting now. Each one hurts going in and out. Your ass feels as though it will never close again. It feels so open. Another break is taken and you cannot stop panting. Your bottom hurts so much.  
  
"M-m-madam?"  
  
"Yes, my pet?"  
  
"W-w-will you be disappointed if I cannot do more?"  
  
"No, pet, you have done much more than anyone believed you could already."  
  
"B-b-but if I stop, they will, they will fuck me."  
  
"It is all right. I will not think less of you."  
  
"Oh madam, I hurt, god I hurt."  
  
"It will go away. Be as strong as you can. I am very proud of you, pet."  
  
The break is over and the fifteenth is removed forcing a gasp from your mouth. You whimper softly. You feel the pressure and groan out loud as the sixteenth dildo slides into your ass. It feels impossibly huge and your ring is burning. Panting hard, you feel it slide back out, pulling your ring with it. You grit your teeth and grunt as it pops out of your ass. Your ass feels as though it is gaping open. Through tear stained eyes you see the next woman pick up the next dildo. Whimpering louder you strain to be still and quiet, but when the tip touches your anus you cannot bear it.  
  
"S-s-stop, p-p-please s-s-stop."  
  
The dildo is removed. You hear excited murmurs behind you. She holds your hand tight and you stand on shaking legs. You know what is coming next. You feel hands on your dress and it is pulled down from your chest, over your ass and down your legs leaving you naked. Your feet are pushed apart and you wait. Before long you feel the prodding of a cock behind you and your vagina opens to take it. He thrusts into you and you moan softly. Your hips are grabbed and he fucks you, fucks you hard. His belly slaps against your ass. All you can do, all the energy you have only allows you to brace yourself for his thrusts. Thankfully he is soon at his crisis and you feel the jets of sperm splashing inside you. With his last jerk he pulls out and you immediately feel another cock poking at you and then inside you. He is no better than the first, fucking you hard and coming inside you very quickly.   
  
He pulls out and you must stand, bent, and let them look at you. At your abused ass and pussy. Sperm is trickling out of you and running down your thigh. You are humiliated again. Naked and humiliated. You hear the voices that were so excited leave the room and she is the only one there. She releases you from the bar and puts the wrap around you. Your fancy evening dress has disappeared. The chain is clasped and she takes your hand. The two of you walk out together. You are hobbling because your bottom is hurting. She leads you through the front door and to your limousine. This time when the door is opened, she helps you inside and sits next to you. You are taken in her arms and she holds you all the way home.