**The Subject**

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She stands alone on the stage, naked but for black heels. Her hands are secured behind her, tied to a post and the silk around her eyes only allows for pinpricks of light. She can hear his bare feet padding around her as he checks her bonds. Her world has shrunk to the sounds around her and the movement across the dots of light. He moves in front of her, the shadow of dots moving slowly left to right and she hears him move something closer, something tinkles, like the last few drops from a tap, again she is curious as to what he intends.

A new noise intrudes on her world, a shuffling and scrapping, a low murmur of voices. There are others here. A shiver runs the length of her spine, equal parts panic and exhilaration. What has he planned?

He stands in front of her, the darkening of her vision again giving away his position and he speaks for the first time. 'Good evening ladies and gentlemen thank you for joining me tonight' Again that shiver, how many people are here? 'My beautiful subject today is Emma and I ask that you remain silent during her performance please'. Performance? What does he mean? The only question he had to ask before this was 'Do you trust me?' and of course she does. But now she is bound, blindfolded and naked in front of who knows how many people and he expects her to perform?

She hears the tinkle again, this time she knows its water-she can hear him swirling it. Something warm and wet brushes her right leg and she startles. He works from her ankle to her knee, the warm liquid feels strange as if he is brushing it on and it sticks to her. Is he painting her? He stops the 'painting' and all is still and quiet until she hears a rhythmic swish, swish, swish before his voice, in a softer tone than he used earlier commands 'Stay still'.

Hard metal runs up her leg, leaving a slight tingling behind and in a flash, she knows what is happening, cannot believe she didn't pick up on the clues before. He is shaving her.

The badger hair brush, the shaving soap that smells faintly of mint, the leather strop and antique straight razor. Without her vision, her mind had imagined all sorts of things and ignored the obvious. She stills herself now, knowing the work he is carrying out, the viciously sharp edge removing all traces of hair from first one and then the other leg. His hands slide up her legs inspecting her, inspecting his work. He must be happy because he kisses her thigh and whispers 'ready'.

The water and soap mix has cooled a little as it makes contact with her pubic mound and what she feels isn't panic anymore but a building thrill, the water drops running though her pubic hair tickle before reaching her lips, joining her own growing wetness and dripping to the floor. His short expertly made movements make short work of the hair above her pussy and he begins to work methodically down either side of her lips, the pressure he uses to pull her skin taught a delightful distraction. His movements slow as he reaches her most intimate areas, in what is already a very personal and intimate act. She is again aware of that there are eyes on her, people who she has never seen. Or maybe she has, are those her friends and neighbours watching him shave her?

His hands work over her vulvar and between her legs, he is careful and she feels no pain, just little tingles of pleasure as his left hand slides tantalisingly close to entering her. She is wet and damn sure it's her own fluids now slicking her lips. 'Done' he announces and she again feels him checking his work, moaning in the back of her throat as a finger slides easily inside her as his thumb finds her clit. It's only a couple of seconds, a few pulses of his digits, but her body reacts and she is near orgasm, the whole experience building into one pent up feeling deep and low inside her. But suddenly his touch is gone, the nerves in her body all fire at the same time and she huffs in frustration.

'Ladies and gents, if you please, feel free to step up and inspect my work yourselves.' She hears his invitation and tries to remain silent and still, the perfect subject. The first hands that touch her are soft, the nails trailing the fingertips smooth and hard. A woman then. Her touch slides along her smooth legs from ankle to thigh and beyond, the nail gently grazing her clit on its way to her navel. Someone squeezes her left leg and roughly handles her sex at the same time, panic, pain, pleasure, a heady mix that she is used too. A moments confusion follows the next touch, there are too many fingers, too many hands. She concentrates on the feeling, its one hand being guided by another a calloused palm being directed by soft fingers. A couple maybe? Those soft fingers find their way inside her, the hardened skin on a thumb rubs her swollen clit, mimicking his earlier touch before this too stops. The next touch she recognises, it is him, he knows her every inch, every nerve ending, every erogenous zone she has.

He reaches behind her unbinding her hands before putting them on his shoulders. On his shoulders, there is skin there, is he topless? She pushes against him and no he is not topless-he is naked and very aroused. She feels his hard cock push into her belly before taking a leap of faith, literally. She jumps, knowing he will catch her. And he does. A little movement and he is inside, his thick cock easily parting her and sliding deeply into her wet pussy. It feels so good to have him fill her so completely, her body takes over whenever they are together, her mind overwhelmed by his aura, his confidence-his tenderness. She feels the post against her back as he begins to fuck, all thoughts of their audience lost, she shouts his name and pushes down wanting the release of a long overdue orgasm. His breathing shifts, both with the effort of the sex but also the tightening inside her, her orgasm almost always brings his faster. She screams, the vocal release intensifying her pleasure somehow and she cums, not a long drawn out affair, a short all-encompassing feeling that's all the more intense for its short lived nature. Still he pumps away at her, knowing she can orgasm again, normally a longer lasting more satiating feeling. His body is slick and she wants to remove her blindfold to see him, but she knows better, he will remove it when ready. It also stops her being distracted by the onlookers.

That feeling of satisfaction is almost overpowering her now and all it would take is a small clench of her muscles at the right time and she will squirt, but she holds for him. They will do this together as they have so many times before, the look in his eyes as he climaxes does something to her she cannot explain. 'Cum for me Emma' he groans, his way of telling her of his want, his need for release. She tenses her pelvic muscles and her whole body locks up in an ecstasy that goes on and on, he shakes as his orgasm joins her own, the mingled results pattering to the floor for all to see. He lifts her blindfold and kisses her gently as he always does at this moment, a reaffirmation of his love for her. She lifts her head to see who the people are, who their watchers are. But the room is empty. They are alone. She is once again his and his alone.