Shadow of a Doubt Ch. 07

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Chapter 07

A few hours later we were sitting in the Mustang outside Ernie's strip joint and preparing to leave. Johan had just told me I was sexier than any of the three girls we watched strip, even *without* taking off my clothes. He fired up the rumbling engine and I relaxed into the leather seat with a big grin on my face. As he backed up, he said, "Baby, you were *so* good. You could easily have been a stripper." I giggled, bringing my sunglasses down over my eyes as we took off on our way back home. I think it was around three-thirty as we retraced our steps, heading back up the coast before turning inland to the highway, but I wasn't really paying attention. I was thinking about what an incredibly exciting day I'd had. A little smile curled the corners of my mouth as I remembered Johan mentioning another surprise in store. Looking across at him, I bit my lip. I wondered what it might be and opened my mouth to ask, but Johan glanced my way and I changed my mind. *He would never tell me in a million years.* He was enjoying the surprises just as much as I was.

God, I had so much fun. I'd never seen anyone strip before and found myself squirming on Johan's lap while blushing at the brazen antics of the 'professionals.' Barely able to tear my eyes from them, I convinced myself it was because I wanted to strip for Johan one day, and had to get some ideas. But it might have been because the girls were so sexy. Watching them strip was *much* more exciting than I had imagined it would be, particularly as they were sitting at our table and chatting with us between acts. Even though we didn't get to know them *that* well, the whole scene seemed much more personal, and with Johan's big cock three-quarters hard under my ass, it was a whole lot more stimulating too.

Ernie turned out to be such a fatherly guy. He smashed all of the stereotypes I had in my brain about black men. Well, all but one. One of the girls could hardly keep her hands off him, and when he stood to get a round of drinks after she'd been teasing him, my eyes grew big at the huge bulge in his tight jeans. It took me about five minutes to regain my composure and talk myself into not looking again to check. After the day I'd had, it was getting pretty difficult keeping lurid thoughts out of my mind, especially while sitting on Johan's lap. I was soaked and hoping I wasn't staining his shorts!

But when Ernie returned, he soon had us laughing again, at least until the lights went down and one of the girls got up on the stage. In between shows he was charming and earthy and adorable. He always praised 'his girls' and they all seemed to like him a lot. He even said I was great, *really* great, and that I could come back anytime! I blushed and shook my head, but it was so cute the way he apologised to Johan for saying so. For the next couple of hours I was caught between feeling pretty

pleased with myself and thinking about actually stripping in front of a room full of men.
We had left the coast and were heading to the highway as Johan's words played over in my mind. '*You could easily have been a stripper*.' The smile on my face turned into a little frown as I thought about those words, and a nervous queasy feeling coiled itself around my stomach. Maybe it was my old insecurities coming back, but surely he didn't mean anything by that. It was just 'a turn of phrase', right? While trying to convince myself it was a compliment, I could feel myself breathing harder. *Surely he didn't REALLY think I might have ended up as a stripper?* I swallowed and felt my face get hot as my imagination ran wild.
I guessed it *might* have been true. I *might* have ended up stripping. I was very young when I met Johan. At that age, working at Dougherty's Drug Store was pretty cool, but I wasn't planning on staying in *Hellsville* all my life. I wasn't sure if I wanted to go to college, and I certainly didn't have any grand plans. I just wanted to get out of there. I've often wondered what might have happened to me if I hadn't bought that new bikini with my birthday money all those years ago. I might never have caught Johan's eye. But a stripper? Sighing, I had to agree I found the idea pretty exciting.
Oh, c'mon. You loved it, I thought, slumping further down in my seat. Closing my eyes, I tilted my hips a little so the plug felt better. The Ben Wahs started clicking again almost immediately and I sat up straighter to stop them. I wasn't sure if I was in the mood any more. We were almost to the freeway on-ramp when Johan interrupted my thoughts.
"I'll stop up here at the gas station and you can remove that plug, okay baby?"
I turned towards him and was a little short. "It would be better at home. I can wait till then."
We pulled in anyway and stopped next to a pump. Johan leaned over kissed me warmly, lingering. It was one of those melty kisses and I felt bad for thinking naughty thoughts. I also felt his warm palm against my breast, then his thumb caressing my nipple. It hardened instantly and I pressed into his hand, whispering against his lips, but it kind of came out wrong. "I've been a naughty girl."
Johan pulled back and stared open-mouthed. "Really?" he teased.
I blushed all over again. I really hate how I do that. Well, kind of. It's just... I don't know, *embarrassing* . It's like I can't hide what's on my mind. "No, I meant..."
"Well, naughty girl," he continued, with a mischievous look in his eye. "I like the idea of you looking into a mirror in a public bathroom as you slide that butt plug out of your ass. So, I want you to do it."
I swallowed. "Y... Yes, Sir." Despite the fact that the plug was getting uncomfortable, I wasn't too keen on taking it out in the ladies restroom. Yet, the thought of actually doing it was getting me excited all over again. Mind you, one nipple was swollen, throbbing and poking through my top already, so it wasn't hard to tell.
"Hey. I'll let you take the beach bag. That way you don't have to walk back to the car with it in your hand," he said, feeling generous.
I giggled and looked around. It was pretty quiet and there were only a couple of other cars there. "Might be fun!" I said, suddenly feeling adventurous. The tingles in my pussy were turning into sparks of pleasure.
"No. I want you to be discrete, little one. But I *do* want you to wash the plug in the basin. And don't

stop, even if someone comes in."
God, I thought. *That could be embarrassing*. My nipples tightened even more at the thought of someone catching me. Then I started to get *real* nervous. What if someone walked in while I was sliding it out of my ass? "You're bad," I whispered, blushing scarlet.
"I'm just having fun. Aren't you? No? Lucky that doesn't actually matter, isn't it!"
I rolled my eyes at him. "Meanie."
"Go on, I'll fill up."
"A... All right." I grabbed the beach bag and headed for the Ladies, taking deep breaths as I walked around the side of the building.
I dreaded sliding out the plug. Especially since it had been in so long. It always made me feel weird when I removed it. Like, 'shuddery', as my asshole stretched open and the plug popped free. I'd have to support myself on the basin in case my knees buckled. It's so intense I often lie down afterwards.
Pushing open the heavy, hydraulic door, I entered the bathroom and put down the beach bag. I looked at myself in the mirror, then down at the basin in front of me. The door creaked as it slowly closed. In the mirror I noticed there were two cubicles behind me.
"Hellooo?" I inquired, making sure I was alone. No one answered and I looked back at myself in the mirror. I ran water and made sure I was happy with the temperature. Soap was handy. I was ready.
As I looked in the mirror, I shook my head, hardly believing where I was. Grasping the hem of my skirt in my fingers, I thought, *No one come in, no one come in!*
I took a deep breath and bunched my skirt up high enough to rest on top of my ass. Closing my eyes, I held my naked ass cheek with one of my hands and moistened my top lip with my tongue. God my mouth was dry. Reaching back with my other hand, I slid two fingers under the edge of the plug. I set my feet apart and bent forward a little.
I hesitated and listened as hard as I could, in case someone was about to come in. I couldn't hear a thing and resolved to go through with it. Spreading my feet a little further, I bent right over, leaning on my left elbow and making a fist with my fingers. My hair dangled down into the sink, making a wavy curtain around my face. I tightened my grip on the plug and took another deep breath, pressing my fist into my mouth to muffle any sounds. Perspiration broke out on my forehead. *I'd certainly be a sight if someone walked in right now.* I closed my eyes and started to pull. Jesus, it was like being turned inside out. My poor little asshole stretched and stretched and I held my breath. Then suddenly the plug slipped free.
"Ohhhhh..." I moaned, as the air whooshed out of me. I shuddered as I inhaled, my breath catching in my chest. Taking four or five heaving breaths, I started to calm down and deal with the burning pain in my butt. I looked up into the mirror. *I look like I've just been brutally fucked up the ass.* I giggled and in seconds I'd regained enough composure to drop the plug in the sink. Leaning back up again, I quickly started washing it. I was about to laugh, thinking I got away with it.
Just then the door pushed open and a young girl stood in the doorway, watching me from less than three feet away. For someone so young, I was amazed by all her facial piercings. She was a Goth and wore a black shapeless tunic and plaid skirt, with black stockings and what looked like black work

boots on her feet. In her hands she held a bucket and mop. For a second she just looked at me until she realised what I was doing. I blushed fiercely.
"Ahh... some big guy just told me someone threw up in here," she said.
"That was probably Johan, trying to embarrass me."
"Aw, girl. Your boyfriend is evil."
"He's my husband."
"Husband then. Is that a butt plug?"
"Yep, and I can't stop until I'm done, so..."
"Is that what he told you?"
"Yeah."
"Do you always do as you're told?"
I glanced over at her. She was smiling cheekily, like she'd won the lottery. She had nice big teeth.
"Only if my husband tells me."
She hesitated a little. "That's cool. Um, I've never seen a real butt plug before."
I was done so I dried it off and held it up in front of her. "Nothing special," I winked.
"You're crazy."
I tossed the plug in the beach bag and washed my hands and dried them. "I'm just me," I said quietly.
She shook her head and backed out of the restroom, the door creaking again as it closed behind her.
Adrenaline hit me like a train and my heart pounded in my chest.
Fuck! It was absolutely unbelievable what I could do when I was doing as I was told. No responsibility. Just do it. Like 'Nike'! And God... such fun! The small town girl in me would *never* have done that. Never! I giggled and fixed my hair. *Hello? What are you doing? You're in a goddamned convertible for goodness sakes!* Feeling a bit light-headed, I laughed out loud. Leaning down and grabbing the handle of the beach bag, I took one last look in the mirror. God, I felt so... *alive!* I shook my head and smiled, heading back out to the car.
I slipped into my seat and Johan grinned at me like a Cheshire cat. "You!" I said, laughing and smiling.
"Having fun?"
"Oh yeah, sure," I replied, rolling my eyes, giggling, and pinching his arm. In minutes we were roaring up the highway. The sun was creeping lower and it was getting cooler. Thankfully Johan had put the top up on the Mustang. I figured I must have been getting used to the Ben Wahs, because the constant clicking wasn't revving me up so much. It was almost pleasant and relaxing. I laid my head back and hummed along to Johan's favourite Doobie Brothers CD.
"Baby?"
I turned toward him. "Mhmmm?"
"Suck my cock." A shiver ran through me as I glanced down at Johan's lap. "Show me your eyes. Take off your sunglasses." I perched them on my head then thought better of it and opened the glove box to toss them in. Before I'd had a chance to close it, Johan ordered, "Take out the dildo and give it to me." I retrieved the long, thick blue dildo and placed it in his hand. "Good girl," he said, watching

the road and holding up the dildo between us. I checked around us for other cars but there were none nearby. He slowly moved the tip in a circle and I swallowed. I'm such a sucker for him being like this and was almost automatically horny again. I wondered what he wanted. *Does he want me to suck his cock or tease me some more?* I found out straight away. "This is what you fuck yourself with, isn't it?" he asked with a wry smile.

"Y... Yes," I whispered, watching him drive.

"Kneel up on the seat and face me." Glancing around again, I noticed people were starting to turn on their headlights as I climbed to my knees. It must have been later than I thought. It was just beginning to get dark and I figured whatever I did, it would be pretty hard to see me. "Slowly slide out the Ben Wahs. No hands." *Oh, God*. The one other time I tried to do this, I almost made myself cum without touching. I moved my knees a little apart and held on by wrapping one arm around the headrest of my seat. "Pull up your skirt," he said. "Watch yourself."

"O... Okay," I breathed, feeling my face growing hotter still. Wrapping my fingers around the hem of my skirt at the front, I lifted it up above my pubic bone. I licked my lips and glanced at Johan. Lights from cars coming in the opposite direction lit his face. He was regularly looking over at me. Alternately I started tightening down on the balls and releasing again, concentrating on squeezing them out of my body. In no time I felt the first errant droplet of my pussy juice as it tickled its way down the inside of my thigh. I clenched my jaw, preparing to try harder.

"Baby?" Johan asked.

"Y... Yesss?" I hissed, through gritted teeth.

"I want you to hold the dildo in your hand. Hold it up so everyone can see."

Still holding up the hem of my skirt, I hugged the headrest tightly with my other forearm and took the dildo in my free hand. Still squeezing the balls, I tried to imagine feeling them slowly sliding down the hot wet channel of my cunt. My mouth fell slowly open and my breathing became ragged. I watched with glazed eyes as Johan dragged his hard cock out through the opening in his pants. He started stroking it and it got even bigger. I could hardly tear my eyes from it. God, it was so nice and big. I wanted it in my mouth. I wanted a mouthful of his hot cum.

"It's been a long time since I've had someone suck me off while I was driving," he said. "Suck my cock, baby." My skin tingled and my hard clit pulsed. I licked around the inside of my dry mouth before he continued. "Keep trying to squeeze out the Ben Wahs. If you succeed, cram that dildo up your cunt and fuck it hard. I'll even let you cum. *If* you can squeeze the balls out." Suddenly determined to try extra hard, I moaned softly and swooped under his arm, bringing my mouth down to his pulsing cock. I locked my lips around it and swabbed it with my moist tongue. Closing my eyes, I sucked hard and moaned from deep in my chest as his cock slid deeper and deeper into my mouth. I squeezed and squeezed those fucking balls as I slid my mouth back up to the head of his cock and then forced it back down again. "Yeah, baby. That's it. Fuck your mouth with my cock."

Taking a quick breath at the top of each lunge, I squeezed down hard on the Ben Wahs as I plunged downward. The combined effect of tightening my pussy and practically gagging on Johan's iron hard cock was insane. Over and over I sucked and licked as my head bobbed up and down. At the bottom

of the next trip down his rigid throbbing flesh, I swallowed hard and the head pushed into my throat. I moaned and tightened my cunt as hard as I could, his hand on the back of my head. I was squeezing and squeezing and was sure I could feel the balls getting closer and closer to the entrance of my pussy. Just a little further and I could ram the dildo into myself!

Johan held me down and my eyes rolled back into my head as I felt his cock swelling and throbbing. He was about to cum! *Noooooo!* I squeezed as hard as I could, instinctively sucking harder. As he spoke he gripped the hair at the back of my head, sliding my lips up his cock until only the head of his cock was in my mouth. "Oohh, b... baby! Gonna... Gonna cum... don't sw... swallow... don't... ahhhhhOOOHHHH!!! Oohhhhh!!!! Ooooohhhhhhh!!!!"

I trembled and moaned loudly as he erupted in my mouth. Hot cum shot out over and over, coating my tongue and pooling behind my bottom teeth. Johan's groans were music to my ears and I could feel my thighs trembling and my pussy twitching around the balls. By now my thighs were slick with my wetness and the car smelled of hot pussy. I hoped I wasn't too late as I tried one more time to dislodge the Ben Wahs and incredibly, felt one drop out of me.

"Mmmmmmm!" I moaned, feeling it dangle and swing back and forth on the string of latex connecting the two balls. I was in two minds as I continued sucking softly, enjoying the cum-coated head of Johan's cock in my mouth. It was delicious and so nasty to swirl it around with my tongue while keeping a nice tight seal. At the same time I almost whimpered when I realised I could hardly find the strength to keep squeezing and pushing at the remaining ball.

"Get it all baby, I'll help you up. Remember, don't swallow." Johan's fingers tightened in my hair and slowly raised me as I sucked his cum into the back of my mouth, using my tongue and lips to clean him. It hurts a bit when he holds me by the hair, but it's so primal. It just makes me so wet.

Just as I got to my knees and wrapped my arm around the back of the headrest again, we bumped up the driveway of a *7/11* and the other ball fell out of me and onto the seat. That was when I *did* whimper. I hadn't realised we were off the highway and minutes from home. "Awww," said Johan, noticing. "Poor baby. Not quite quick enough, were you?"

I slowly shook my head and pouted a little. My body was trembling with need. Swirling his warm creamy load in my mouth distracted me though. I love having a mouthful of hot cum, having proof of the pleasure I'd given. My tongue swam in it, and I couldn't help swallowing just a little when it slid to the back of my mouth. It wasn't very much that I lost, and I dipped my head forward to let it gather behind my teeth again. "C'mon, let's get an ice cream cone," he said after parking.

I shook my head harder and opened my eyes wide. Tipping my head back a little so I could talk, I opened my mouth and realised I wasn't going to be able to speak properly without losing some. "Cag I wallow ig irst?"

"No. C'mon. And if you spill, you *may not* clean up." I closed my mouth and sighed through my nose. Chuckling, Johan got out of the car and I meekly followed. God, this was insane! I quickened my step to catch up to him and he took my hand in his. We walked through the automatic doors into the store, and straight over to the ice cream bar. The guy behind the counter came over and asked what we'd like. Johan thankfully ordered for both of us. I was in a daze and couldn't exactly talk anyway, not

without spilling a big load of cum down my chin. We moved over to the cash register to pay and Johan picked up four packets of a dozen condoms and said something that made me blush scarlet. "Will four packets be enough, baby? There's a lot of guys at that party." I almost swallowed so I could scream at him! I just shook my head in utter embarrassment and looked down at the floor. My face had never felt hotter. God knows what was going through the mind of the young guy behind the counter as he spoke.

"There's a ah, jumbo pack of a hundred on the ah, next shelf down."

"What a good idea," said Johan, winking. "She's going to be very busy tonight." I almost died. I was trembling and my hand was gripping Johan's just to keep from falling to my knees. I glanced up at the cashier guy and he was about to put the huge packet of condoms into a paper bag. "No bag," said Johan. Then turning to me, he added, "you'll carry them, won't you, baby?" Mechanically I reached out and took hold of them as the guy slid the box across the counter to me. Johan was holding both ice creams in one of his hands as he asked me, "All set?" I nodded quickly at him and looked back down at the floor. I just wanted to get out of there! My pussy was dripping wet and my nipples were throbbing. I must have been a sight!

We turned to leave and the guy bade us farewell. "Happy fucking!"

All I could hear over the hissing in my ears was the young guy giggling and Johan laughing as we escaped into the night. Johan let go of my hand and opened the door of the car for me. Dropping the Ben Wahs in the centre console and climbing into the car, I was completely oblivious of the beaver I flashed him. I was just thankful I wasn't making a public spectacle of myself anymore. Tossing the useless condom pack onto the floor, I took my ice cream before Johan closed my door for me. He made his way around to his side and I watched him all the way, shaking my head. He hopped in apparently pleased with himself and I just sat there, with an ice cream and a mouthful of cum.

"Mmmmm... cum and chocolate ice cream, baby. Eat up!" I almost giggled. *God, I think I'm going nuts.* I sucked ice cream into my mouth and shivered as I swallowed the mixture down. He was right. It was fucking *yummy*.

"You bastard," I whispered, as soon as I'd taken a breath. My eyes flashed and I grinned while at the same time I fought the desire to punch him in the shoulder as hard as I could. "That was *so* mean."

"Uh huh," he agreed, crunching down on his cone and smiling at me as he chomped. "Exciting though, eh?"

I slipped my tongue a little between my lips with a mind to giving Johan a taste of his own medicine. I let one corner of my mouth turn up in a sexy smile. I nodded slowly then licked at some imaginary ice cream.

Bringing the cone up in front of me with one hand, I stroked the bottom two-thirds of the cone with my fingertips, just like it was a cock. Glancing down at Johan's lap and noticing his cock was thickening all over again, I reached out to the ice cream and brushed the tip of my tongue over the top of the creamy treat.

Ice cream has always been one of my weaknesses, and one that Johan fortunately, or unfortunately, controls. I can have it whenever he buys me one or makes me some at home. I actually *asked* him to

make that rule. He thought it was silly but agreed. After two canings I didn't sneak any ever again. I'm proud of myself for that. Johan is proud of me too. Horses for courses, I guess.
I slid my tongue slowly round the 'head' of my ice cream, then closed my mouth, moaning softly, eyes sparkling. *God, I love ice cream.* Swirling the cold gooey sweetness around my mouth, I smiled as the rich taste of chocolate washed over my tongue and melted. I imagined I was mixing it with what was left of Johan's cum and I almost moaned out loud when I swallowed. He was reaching to start the car, but he was looking right at me and couldn't find the keyhole. *I love the way he looks at me,* I thought. With a flat tongue, I took a great big lick up to the top of the ice cream and swallowed it down.
"That guy in there must think I'm a complete whore," I whispered, before taking another lick.
"Not yet you're not," Johan said, winking and popping the last of his cone into his mouth. I'm always amazed at how fast he can eat. Finally starting the engine, he guided us back out onto the road in the direction of our home.
I finished my ice cream just before we pulled into our driveway. I grabbed the beach bag and hopped out before Johan took the car around the back of the house and into the garage. Bounding up the front steps two at a time, I thinking about how stunned I was by the day I'd had. I just wanted to rip my clothes off and get Johan to fuck me. Finding the key in the beach bag and turning it in the door, I started giggling. *I can hardly wait!* I thought, as I reached in and flicked on the light.
"Surprise!!!" screamed a hoard of female voices.
"Oh my God!" I shrieked. "You guys!!!"
They assaulted me with greetings, kisses on my cheek, and apologies, blaming Johan for letting them in. Looking around the smiling faces, I realised it was almost every woman from our munch group. All subbies, switches and Dommes, every one of them. Flanked on each side, I was bombarded with questions about my day as I was guided through the entranceway and into the lounge and bar area. A chilled marguerita was pushed into my hand, and someone took the beach bag from me and deposited it in the kitchen. I was guided into a big leather chair and sat down. Excited faces surrounded me.
There was Denise and Sandy, Fi and Sapphire, Olga and my bestest friend in the whole wide world, Leah. Andrea and Helen, Georgina, Martelle and Amy-Lee made up the rest of the crowd. "Okay, what gives?" I asked.
Just then, Johan strode into the room and we all turned and looked up at him. "I'm going out for a beer with some of the boys. I'll be back in about two hours." He looked straight at me with a stern face. "Be good," he said seriously.
"Oooooo!" chimed in a few of the girls.
"Martelle is in charge, baby. Do as you're told."
"OOOOOO!!!" they all shrieked like maniacs, drowning out my, *'Yes, Sir.'* I nodded my agreement so he knew I understood. Martelle just smiled and I blushed, wondering what was going on. Johan left to a chorus of 'byes' and 'be wells'. I heard the front door close, and everyone turned back to me.
"Okay, come on. What's this all about?" I insisted. Martelle stood up and all eyes turned to her. She's a strikingly tall redhead and is slim and busty. She's married and has kids, but is known to like having

a girl now and then. She leaned over towards me and put her hand on a suitcase that I hadn't even noticed lying on the coffee table. Everyone was really quiet, so when she whispered we could all hear her clearly.

"It's a lingerie and toy party," she said, grinning.

"YAYY!!!" everyone cheered.