Blind Date

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Cassie finds pleasure in her dreams, could it be real?

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/blind-date.aspx

Cassie stood and once again went into the kitchen to check the clock. It showed the time to be a quarter after nine, only ten minutes from when she last checked. She sighed and went back out to join her family in the conclusion of the movie. She smiled at her husband trying unsuccessfully to assuage his anger at her for interrupting the movie once again. Cassie couldn't help herself. She was dying to get to bed, to bed and with Paul.

It had first started about 3 months ago. Cassie and her husband had grown passionless in their marriage. She had wondered why, working too hard, interrupted by the kids, simply overwhelmed by the sameness of it all, the reason didn't matter. One night as Cassie slept she was caught in the grip of the most realistic dream. She was amazed at the clarity and the colors, the single uninterrupted play of it. Never had she known dreams to seem so very real. It was as if she were truly living in the fabrication of her mind, yet each morning she would awaken, remembering fully everything that had taken place. The true drug of it all was what took place in her dream. The things that Paul made her do or feel were deliciously wicked, things beyond the imaginings of a strong independent and successful woman.

The movie finally came to a conclusion. Cassie jumped up with a strange haste and began rushing the kids to bed. Her husband wondered if maybe he could get a little of her enthusiasm as they made their way to bed. He was certainly in the mood for it tonight. It had been many nights since they had made love, yet she had almost attacked him on several mornings recently.

As Cassie slipped into bed, he moved closer, placing his hand on her hip and nudging between her legs with his knee. It was the signal for what he wanted. Cassie looked directly into his eyes, her desire was aflame within her and he was encouraged. Just as he reached up to cup her breast she turned, rolling over, she closed her eyes in search of Paul. Her guilt a brief fleeting emotion as she simply told herself that Paul would have taken her, she would not have been able to roll away. Until

her husband learned this, he would run a close second to her dreams.

The night swirls into her mind. Cassie is adrift in that warm darkness of her dreams. The picture comes into focus and she sees herself, she sits at her desk watching the agonizing progress of her clock. The dream Cassie looks up, and she is pulled inside the apparition until she lives the dream, looking out through the eyes of her dream.

She has patiently waited all week for this rather strange date to begin. She waits for the mysterious trade rep to take her on her blind date. "Just what does he mean "blind date"? I have known him for months, and what is with that odd agreement I signed," she thinks to herself "requiring my full participation in the date at all times or it ends instantly? If he wasn't so damned... erotic, yes that's it. He just oozes sensuality, making me feel... so... "mmmmm," she moans to herself, as she once again feels the warmth and wetness gather at her pussy. Cassie, a very sexy 30 something woman just can't deny passion, her husband has lost what interest he first showed and only feeds her passion when he needs a little. "Well fuck him," she thinks to herself. Reaching inside her blouse she snaps the rubber band secured to her nipple as Paul requested. The rubber striking the nipple, made erect by the tight band, shoots straight down to her pussy. The slow fade of the sting, like the tingling after orgasm, seeps through her nerves abating slowly. God, she never realized what she was missing by exploiting her sensitive breast this way. She had never realized a lot of things until Paul. The door opens and Paul steps inside, only he can come in unannounced. She flashes him one of her best smiles carefully cultivated to arouse and confuse men in business situations, it has no affect on him. She knew it wouldn't, he never loses control.

He closes the door "Are we ready?" he asks.

"Yes Paul I..."

"Stand," he interrupts. She stands and his eyes take in her beauty. Her breasts, a respectable c cup, poke gently against the silk blouse. Her long sexy legs stretch out of a mid thigh skirt encased in the silk thigh high stockings she was requested to wear. "Panties?" he inquires, watching as she almost imperceptibly nods. "Take them off please." he instructs her. Cassie hesitates momentarily, then pulling her skirt up on the sides, hooks her thumbs in and slides them down. "Leave them." he orders as she begins to pick them up. She straightens, thinking that the cleaning staff is sure to find them. The thought makes her hot.

Paul reaches into his suit pocket and produces a small jelly plug about 2 inches around and 5 inches long, bullet shaped with a flat base. "Bend over the desk." he commands. She stands in place, her eyes transfixed by the anal plug, "What the hell is going on?" she thinks to herself. He pulls out the contract she signed, hesitates, and turns to leave. "Wait!" she yells, a little to loudly. She turns to the

desk and leans across it reaching back to pull her skirt up over her shapely ass. She looks at the frosted glass panel next to her door and swears it is transparent, certain that the whole office can see her lewdly displayed. He steps up and strokes her ass, as he nudges her feet wider. She feels the cold jelly plug as it contacts her wet pussy. He begins to rub it up and down her silky slit, coating it with her juices. Cassie feels it pull away, and then it presses against her tight ass.

She feels herself begin to open and she pushes against the object forcing her to open wider. As her ass reaches the widest portion of the plug, it is almost too much. Slipping down to tighten on the narrow part by the base, the plug wedges firmly in her ass. Paul pulls her to her feet and places a hand on her cheek kissing her ever so gently on the lips. They turn and go out the door. Everyone in the office it seems steals a glance at Cassie and the man that consumes her. He purposefully takes longer strides pressing her slightly on the lower back encouraging her to go faster.

He does it not out of concern for the watching eyes, but for what it does to his sweet submissive. Cassie struggles to keep up. From that first step, the plug has begun to move back and forth with the sway of her hips, causing an explosion of pleasure through her body. It is hard to walk normal as your getting ass fucked with everyone looking. As they reach the elevator her knees buckle, he quickly catches and supports her as her orgasm subsides. They enter the elevator and she leans her head against his chest.

"Do you like my gift, my sweet?" He inquires gently. A barely audible yes whispers from her lips as she struggles to recover. He reaches down and gathers the evidence of her pleasure on his fingers. Just before reaching the bottom floor, he withdraws his hand and wipes a glistening sheen on her lips. He kisses her, tasting, then breaks it as the door opens. They walk out and into his waiting car.

As they begin to move through the city streets Paul produces a blindfold. "This is what I meant by blind date love, please put it on" he asks.

"Paul, I ..."she begins and he quickly cuts her off. I asked you to put it on, if you choose not to then I will drop you off and be gone. Cassie lowers her head and slips the padded blindfold over her head. She feels slightly overwhelmed as the darkness sweeps over her. It has a tangible feel, slightly claustrophobic in nature.

Her level of awareness grows steadily though until each and every sense that is still free is super aware. She can smell the light scent of his cologne as well as her own arousal. Under all, there is the scent of the leather seats. Thinking of the seats leads her to how they feel on her ass. The smooth leather gripping, molding itself to her ass, each bump transitioned directly into the plug wedged deep inside. She can almost feel the slickness where her pussy drips onto the kidskin. Cassie can hear everything, from the faint traffic sounds coming through the well-insulated doors, to the slow

measured breathing of her lover. She listens carefully to the air, almost visualizing it curling among his lips slowly in and out.

"Cassie?" He says, startling her out of her fixation. "Yes sir" she whispers quietly. "Lay back and show me your rubber bands, show me what you do with them" He requests. Finally able to embrace something familiar she lays back into the seat. Unbuttoning her blouse she opens it to either side. She quickly grasps the band snug around her nipple with one hand and the free end with the other. She stretches it a little further in person caught up in the moment. SNAP! It crashes against her tender nipple, a gasp escapes her lips as a flash goes off behind the blindfold.

"Again" he commands. She pulls it away from the nipple already redder, larger from the first time Snap! It crashes again. A low moan slips out. "The other one now" he commands again. Cassie grabs the other one, starts to pull the elastic away and his hands close over hers. He takes hold of the elastic and she drops her own hand. He holds it poised. She is tensed waiting for it to fall, it doesn't. Her nipple, erect filling with pressure as the elastic constricts, begins to throb. It seems like hours go by then SNAP it lands on her super sensitive tit. Ungggggggghhhh! A small orgasm slips out of her, every twinge bittersweet in intensity due to the blindfold. She lies there recovering; absently her fingers stroke her breasts.

"We have arrived." He whispers. "I want no more doubts from you Cassie. Your going to experience things far beyond what you have already, you can stop now, if not you are to finish the evening. Shall we continue?" Far beyond!, what can he possibly have in store, shouldn't I just quit? She thinks to herself. But god he makes me feel so fucking good. Slowly she nods her head. "That isn't good enough Cassie, tell me"

"Yes sir, you may do what you will with me tonight" She answers, surprised at the submission that seems so natural in her voice. She starts to button her blouse and he quickly stops her "Leave it Cassie, it is alright" he soothes. He gets out and gently helps her from the car. An annoying buzz shatters the vision. Harsh morning sun slips into her barely cracked eyelids as Cassie realizes she has awakened. Sleepily she slaps the alarm clock rolling to her side, her legs wrapped intently around her hand as she struggles to deal with your unsatisfied desire.

Her husband walks from the shower snickering something about her gasping in her sleep. Cassie yanks his towel free and pulls him to the bed, the smell of the shower fresh upon his skin. Pushing him over Cassie throws her leg across, straddling him facing his feet.

Her drenched pussy slips easily over him before he is even ready. Cassie feels him growing quickly inside her but shakes it off, concentrating on herself and the dream. Cassie's nipples still throb remembering the slap of the rubber bands and the delicious way they'd tighten when pulled. Cassie

cups her breast as she begins sliding her hips back and forth over her husband. She pinches her nipples and yelps at how tender they are, glancing down she notices little red loop shaped marks. Cassie explodes. The fear and excitement prove too much and orgasm rips through her.

Once again Cassie is a slave to the clock. Since dinner she had constantly watched it this time filled with the same excitement, but also a little fear at the reality of these dreams. People shouldn't bear the marks of their dreams should they? She thought to herself. She had semi rationalized that it was psychosomatic, that her body had just produced what her mind had instructed it too. But it was still weird and a little frightening.

Cassie's husband still was angry with her. She had climbed off him just as he had cum, capturing the first shot but leaving the rest to splash upon his just and legs, his little prick looked like a small comical fire hose becoming a dribble as his orgasm was interrupted.

He had been forced to re shower, making him late, which in turn drew an ass chewing from his boss. He would probably stay mad for a few days. Oh well, she sighs. Taking advantage of his anger, Cassie quickly goes to bed early in the evening. Closing her eyes and controlling her breathing, she drifts off. A swirl of sunlight and reflection dance before her eyes, Cassie stumbles a bit as she syncs into the dream and becomes aware that she is partially undressed on a sidewalk in front of a building.

He wraps his arm around her waist and steers her as she walks, calmly telling her when to step up or down. They ascend a small set of steps obviously the entrance to a building. They pass through a door and Cassie first hears music, then the quiet background noise of a crowded restaurant. "Don't, it is alright" he cautions as she goes to close her shirt. "Your usual table Mister Paul" the Maitre de gushes and quickly receives a nod. "The dressing room is right this way" Cassie feels him walk past as she receives a nudge from Paul.

He guides her into a room and she hears the man depart. Cassie catches the odor of clothing in large quantities and figures it must be the coatroom. Paul steps behind her and wraps her in his arms, "Are you OK love?" he whispers. She nods her head, although the image of the host looking at her breasts rest firmly in her mind. She feels Paul pull the blouse over her shoulders and slide down her arms. He then reaches around and begins to undo her skirt, Her pussy aches with the nearness of his hands. Moving in front of her Paul loosens the rubber bands and removes them from her stiff nipples, Cassie feels a ring placed around her right nipple and starts to ask what it is when she feels pressure against it. Paul squeezes the rubber cylinder forcing the air out around her nipple, letting go the rubber expands creating great suction. Cassie's mind explodes, as the suction is concentrated right on her nipple. It fills with blood growing as large as it can and throbbing. Paul pulls the cylinder until the suction breaks and deftly grabs the nipple with the clip in his hand. OOOOOh! Cassie gasps, as he

begins to do the other, once done her nipples feel like they will burst, the pinching seems to travel a single nerve straight down to her tailbone. Her wetness, she swears, begins to leak down her thighs. She feels the coldness of a fine chain connecting the clips resting on her midriff.

"This is a very special club, my sweet. It is a membership only place and of course those they choose to bring. Aside from that is a regular restaurant. You needn't be concerned about the legalities of what goes on, nudity is normal, so enjoy."

"But, Paul..."

"Hush dear one, you mustn't speak unless asked too or given permission.

Cassie next feels some kind of collar circle her neck. The implications rush through her mind as he fastens it. "Am I an animal?"

"Should I be degraded!" He senses her confusion and quickly reassures her. "It means you are mine love, you will do as I desire, and it is placed there with the greatest respect that I choose you. The warmth of his words flow through her. He finishes fastening wrist and ankle cuffs to her then stands and asks "Are you ready?." She answers as humbly as she can, "Yes sir." Paul smiles and tugs on her leash, again surprising her.

The leash attached to the chain on her nipples gets instant results. Cassie shoots forward as the exquisite flash of feeling fades into her breasts. Pulled by the leash she stumbles forward following, the whoosh as a door opens and suddenly the wave of crowd noise washes over her. The sexual energy from the nipple stimulation and anal plug, the excitement of become a servant of the man she loves, and the erotic sense of being exhibited in front of so many people crash together in Cassie's mind. The result is a massive orgasm. Paul feels the chain go taut, He turns to find something he didn't expect, There Cassie, dropping to her knees as the first guttural moan tumbles from her lips. Her hands cup her pussy as if she's afraid it will exploded, the chorus of her pleasure reaches the furthest corner and echo's back silencing the crowd.

Every eye turns to regard the young slave in passions grip as she reaches the end. The only sound in the room is her breathing as she struggles back to her feet. The rest of the room is filled with silence. Slowly the measured smack of a single pair of hands ventures forth, a wave of applause follows as everyone stands to give appreciation for pleasure.

Cassie goes beat red. She hangs her head as Paul continues to the table. His own arousal peaked, makes walking difficult. He knew Cassie was a sexy woman but he didn't expect how much. He tells her to halt and wait, as he quickly prepares her chair. The chair is specially made; it holds the slave's

thighs apart at a 45-degree angle. It has no backrest rather a padded section in front in which the midriff rests against, this forces the ass back slightly off the seat and open. Paul removes the rubber cock that attaches to the seat figuring Cassie needs a little break. She feels a tug on her breasts and allows Paul to fit her into the chair. She feels so lewdly displayed with her ass spread showing everyone behind her wares, not to mention the plug.

The waitress arrives in a cute leather outfit that accentuates rather than hides her female charms. Paul orders, a fruit platter, oil and ice. He also whispers a quick request in the girl's ear and she answers "Of course sir." As she goes to leave she stops by Cassie. There is a slight pause then she quickly removes the plug. Cassie jumps at her touch and then swoons as her ass is once again stretched. It is over before she knows it and the girl is gone. Cassie feels Paul's hand on her face, he brushes her hair back and tells her how lovely she looks.

The moment is interrupted by the sharp sound of leather on flesh as another slave is spanked on the stage with a wide leather warmer. Cassie fixates on the sound, the sharp smack followed by the almost silent exhale, whimper, moan of the girl. Each time the sound louder than before as Cassie recalls the secret fantasies that no one knows, not even her husband.

He had been great when they first married, not at all like the passive indifference of today. She recalls one day when he put her over his knee and spanked her. She had protested as any normal good wife would yet, had yearned for it to continue. He had given up way to easy, not intuitively knowing like..."

Cassie, You like that sound do you?" Paul inquired gently. Her embarrassment flushed through her as she realized she'd been caught. "Yes sir" she mumbled quietly. "Maybe we can arrange something later my sweet." The tremor of excitement once again shoots through her.

"Ah here's our order." Cassie waits patiently as the shuffle of service goes on. Something bumps against her lips and she shies back, she hears Paul whisper "its ok." She allows it in and her mouth is filled with cantaloupe. She bites it and the juice runs down the side of her mouth and onto her breasts. After that comes a cherry and assorted other fruits. He teases her with them getting her to suck and lick then suggestively. She just started to do obvious things to the banana when the scent of jasmine reaches her nose; a second before she feels hands on her shoulders.

The magical fingers feel wonderful on her skin as the oil is rubbed deeply in. This perfect stranger is not shy rubbing her body and reaches around to cup her breasts. The food forgotten, she languishes in the effects of the warm oil and masterful fingers of the masseuse. Her body is completely pampered as the magical hands cover her thighs legs and ass. Cassie almost cums as the oil is rubbed all the way up onto the shaved outer surface of her pussy. The hands work back up onto her neck tipping her head back and Paul whispers, "Kiss her." She feels the lips lightly touch hers and

she pursues allowing her tongue to dance into this dainty tender mouth of a stranger. It suddenly occurs to her that the command was not to the masseuse but to Cassie her self, "kiss HER" he said. Oh mmmmmmmm! And she kisses wonderfully.

The female masseuse stands behind Cassie, she pulls Cassie back against her own breasts. Tilting Cassie's face to the side, she kisses her deeply, tongue dancing lightly like only a female knows how as she presses her lips to Cassie's soul. As the passion intensifies, that quick butterfly tongue sneaks out and down, nibbling teasing and sucking on Cassie's neck. Her hands encircle Cassie, cupping her breasts and playing with the tips of her engorged nipples as they peak out of the clips. Cassie squirms and wiggles to get away from the terrible, wonderful fingers that play with her overly sensitive buds.

She feels the masseuse drop a hand back and wedge it between them, Cassie knows that she is playing with herself as she sucks on her neck. It's too much for Cassie, she has never loved a woman, yet that is all she wants at this moment. The hand returns and once again Cassie feels something bump her lips. She parts then instantly recognizes the banana. As it slides slowly in, the musky sweet essence of the masseuse bursts upon Cassie's tongue. Cassie revels in her first taste of another woman's pussy.

Paul interrupts her pleasure. He shoos the girl away and helps Cassie to her feet. He walks her forward before guiding her up two small steps. Cassie stops when something bumps into the tops of her thighs. Quickly, Paul leans her forward. Without realizing what has happened she is forced to lie across something, she starts to rise up only to realize the nipple chain is already firmly attached somewhere. She feels movement at each wrist cuff and they too are pulled toward the floor. Her ankle cuffs are soon drawn to the side and forward.

The blindfold is loosened just long enough for her to glimpse the full room staring at her so lewdly spread before them on stage. She also glimpses Paul with the wide leather warmer stepping behind her. The strands are few, only about six of them, and they are wide, apparently made of suede. The blindfold is retightened and she is forced to wait for the first blow. It seems an eternity but finally it comes. A nice solid "thwap!" as the leather wraps around her ass for the first time.

It is not as hard as she expected, an initial shock but really not much lingering pain of any kind. Again it falls upon her, Cassie can already feel heat in wide bands across her ass, it feels exquisite. The next blow comes a little quicker sooner and before long Paul has gotten into a solid rhythm. Cassie can hear music and the blows are perfectly timed to it. Cassie is really amazed that it doesn't sting like she thought it would. The heat has risen incredibly but the rhythmic slapping has become expected and constant, much like the thrusting of sex. Cassie begins to get overwhelmed by the sensation; she pushes her ass back to meet each slap. Her ass spreading as it submits to the

caresses of the wide suede flogger and Paul her master.

Cassie lies panting upon the cool leather bench she is attached too. A warm tingling holds her mind as awareness slowly return. Cassie feels as if she is floating, similar to coming of the laughing gas at her dentist. A cool cloth wipes her brow and the details come shaper into focus. She remembers the crowd and the stage, she sees her wrists still attached, she sees Paul briefly as he looks into her eyes watching the awareness return. Paul gives her a warm smile before disappearing behind her again.

The music stops and on comes an announcer. Cassie still drifts in and out a bit, not wanting to leave the wonderful sensations she is feeling. The announcer sounds funny almost like a game show host. His voice rises in excitement and the crowd reacts with cheers and applause. He begins to ramble quickly his voice rising and falling as he gets the responses he seeks. It all sound familiar when suddenly Cassie realizes it's an auction. Her excitement grows and her awareness returns as she focuses to hear what is going on. Cassie hears a final bid of $2000 being slowly counted out, "Once, twice, Sold!" The crowd erupts as the announcer tells the bidder that the warmed ass of the new sub is his for the taking.

Ice shoots through Cassie's veins as hears the unbuckling behind her. She moans into the leather bit that must have been placed on her as she swooned. Helpless, Cassie feels him step between her secured legs, unable to close them she slides her hips slightly to the side to avoid getting fucked by this stranger. The effort brings an appreciative roar from the crowd as a hand grabs her hip to steady her.

The head of his hardened cock presses to Cassie's tender ass. The plug and the lubricant have done their job as he slowly slides within her tight tender embrace. Cassie moans in spite of herself and feels that warm tingling sensation of her mind hovering just beyond reach. Her blindfold is removed and as her vision clears she sees before her a wall of mirrors. She sees herself bent over the padded leather bench. Nipples tugged to points by the chain. Behind her she sees her master as he takes her ass in front of the approving eyes of the other members of the club. Cassie moans low and long as her orgasm races in, with it comes the warm sensation to wrap and envelope her mind in the comfortable protection of its embrace.

Slowly Cassie awakens within her bed. The sun shines warmly through the window, filling the room with warm yellow light. Her husband breathes deeply still asleep on this Saturday morning. Cassie slowly gets out of bed, slightly muddled, still waking up. She shuffles toward the bathroom feeling slight aches in her legs and arms. She turn to sit and slides her pajamas down her legs, then freezes. On her right thigh is a wide red stripe. Knowing what she will find but needing to see it anyway Cassie straightens, and slowly turn to the full-length mirror on the wall. They are slowly revealed, wide red

stripes across her shapely ass, red but not overly sore. Flipping on the light, Cassie notices a thin clear trickle of fluid coming from between her cheeks to trail down her leg. Cassie smiles remembering, just as her husband comes through the door staring in shock at her red ass.