Trusting Rebekka - Ch 1

By Julie_Julia

Published on Lush Stories on 05 Nov 2012

All work published under the LushStories login Julie_Julia is copyright me as the real life author under my real name. If you wish me to grant rights please contact me via a LushStories private message.

Julia puts her trust in an exciting stranger

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/trusting-rebekka-ch-1.aspx

On a warm afternoon in early May, fresh from the hair salon where I'd swapped my usual straw-blonde for a rich, exciting glossy raven black, I sat in the corner of my favourite traditional coffee shop and typed. I was working on the article that was certain to confirm my position as one of Europe's foremost lesbian-feminist social commentary journalists when I noticed a very attractive woman walk into the café.

How could I not have noticed her? Slim, very elegant and exuding self-confidence and whilst not exactly a 'regular' I'd seen her here several times before. At a guess I'd say she was 5 feet 9, about 2 inches taller than me, and probably 3 years older than my 31. As always, she was dressed in sumptuous fashion labels and her long auburn hair cascaded down her narrow back. Her high spike heels meant she had to stoop slightly as she air-kissed several equally-stunning women at the bar. She stirred two sugars into her espresso and swallowed it down in one well-practised flourish, then ordered a second.

She'd glanced across at me a couple of times as she chatted animatedly with her friends, but when her second shot of brown nectar was ready she picked up the tiny cup, made her apologies and strode directly and purposefully towards my table.

Reaching out a well-manicured hand she introduced herself. "I'm Rebekka: R-e-b-e-double-k-a, do you mind if I ..." and she sat down beside me before I could even start to reply. She already knew the answer. Her accent was well-educated English with a hint of West-Coast USA but her perfume was unmistakably French.

"I've seen you in here before, tapping away, and couldn't resist ..." she paused and looked me straight in the eye " ... well, the opportunity to meet you."

Her eyes were dark and fascinating, her make-up was immaculate and her body language was unequivocal. We chatted animatedly about each other, our tastes in literature, art and music, about politics, education and religion. Everything. Time was measured by the growing assortment of cups and glasses on our table and by how often Rebekka brushed my hair away from my face, grabbed my hand to emphasise a point and put her hand on my leg.

She excited me and the effect appeared to be mutual. She was a very demonstrative woman and as the conversation moved on to sex and sexuality, her touches grew more intimate and lingering. Oblivious to the people around us, we discussed the erotic thrill associated with risk-taking, trust, and exploring the unknown. By now my nipples were tingling and I could feel a damp patch forming on my white cotton thong panties.

Then Rebekka caught me by surprise as she hooked a finger under my chin, pulled my face close to hers and planted a long, hot passionate kiss full on my lips. She leaned closer and whispered in my ear "Come with me Julia, I want you to go somewhere with me. Will you trust me, and do anything I say?"

I was so aroused by now, as well as tantalised and inquisitive to know what she had in mind, I replied 'Yes' without really thinking of the potential magnitude of my instinctive reaction.

I gathered all my stuff whilst Rebekka paid the bill. She led me outside into the cooler early-evening air and opened the rear door of a luxury car waiting outside. The driver knew Rebecca's name and needed no instruction as to where we were going. As we sped down unfamiliar side streets, Rebekka kissed me affectionately a couple of times and asked me if I was OK, then reached in her bag and pulled out a black silk blindfold.

I looked at her and nodded 'yes' to her unasked question and she secured the mask behind my head. I could see nothing at all. "Trust me," she whispered. I had no choice now. She knew that. I wondered who was more excited at that moment.

The car stopped and Rebekka whispered 'wait' to me, then some inaudible instructions to the driver. She got out and opened the door, guiding me by the arm. I reached to pick up my bag but she said "No, leave that."

My heart raced. I was not so sure now. My computer with all my work on it, my phone, money, cards, keys ... And I was to leave them in a stranger's car? What was I doing? Was I mad?

"Trust me, Julia."

I stepped into the street, blindfolded, not knowing where I was, in just the jersey stretch tube-dress I was wearing, my shoes and underwear, and no other possessions at all. Vulnerable didn't even begin to describe how I felt.

The car door clicked shut behind me and I swallowed hard.

"Well done, Julia," she purred, and kissed my earlobe. I shuddered. She noticed, and led me away.

"15 steps up," she advised. I hesitated.

"Trust me."

I stepped up, counting ... 13, 14, 15, then level ground.

"See?"

I tried to smile.

Rebekka led me by the hand into a building. First into a large lofty space; I guessed a hotel lobby, but I soon became disorientated as we turned left and right on carpeted surfaces before stopping somewhere with a hard floor. I didn't have a clue.

"You look fabulous, Julia, totally delicious." Rebekka complimented me in her normal voice, no longer whispering, and I took this as reassurance that finally we were alone.

I reached behind my head to loosen the mask, but Rebekka pulled my hands away, holding my wrists firmly as she kissed me passionately. "No no no, not yet my sweet darling."

I felt my nipples harden as my mind filled with so many possibilities, each more exiting than the last. Then my first instruction, which came as no surprise:

"Take off your dress."

Unquestioningly I took hold of the hem and eased the tight dress up my thighs and over my hips. I rolled it up over my boobs and eased it over my head, taking care not to disturb my blindfold.

Rebekka took the dress from me. No doubt she was now looking me up and down, admiring her catch. My sheer white strapless bandeau bra covered my firm 34C boobs but would have done little

to hide my dark and very erect nipples.

Rebekka grasped my bare shoulders with both hands, kissed me on the cheek then ran a trail of wet kisses down my neck, all the time telling me how sexy and attractive I looked.

Anticipating my next instruction I reached behind my back to unclip my bra but again Rebekka stopped me: "No, no, keep it on." Puzzled, I dropped my arms to my sides but flinched and moaned as she brushed the palms of her hands across my hard, sensitive nipples.

Rebekka caressed my back with her exploring, soft hands, running them down to the small of my back then around my waist and onto my tummy. It was too much to hope that she would hook her fingers inside my thong panties and pull them down, or even just brush her fingers over my protruding pussy mound and sure enough, even though I tilted my pelvis forward provocatively, she skipped straight down to my thighs.

I could feel my pussy moistening and opening. "Please, Rebekka, please!" I cried, half begging her, but had to accept her promise: "Later. Trust me," followed by my next thrilling instruction:

"Undress me, Julia."

In my enforced darkness I had to try to remember what she had been wearing. I reached forward and she guided my hands to the first button on the front of her designer jacket. I undid 7 in all before she allowed me to slip it off her shoulders.

Fumbling my shaking hands over her tight fitted top, Rebekka made encouraging noises to help me find the zipper down the back. Although she could have turned her back to me to make it easier, she didn't, so I had to press my body against hers and reach behind her. It felt fabulous and sensed her pleasure too.

I pulled her unzippered top over her arms and again she took it from me, then guided my hands to the bra-straps on her shoulders.

"Don't take it off, just explore ... and imagine."

I ran my fingers along and through a fascinating, complex maze of narrow, interwoven, criss-crossing smooth satin straps that made up what could only loosely be described as a bra. Across her narrow back, over her shoulders, under her arms, then tentatively brushing only the smallest of crescents of fabric that seemed to cover her nipples and little more.

Expecting to be instructed at any moment not to touch, instead I heard Rebekka let out a sigh then "Mmm, yes, that feels good." She let me trace all along the web of straps (could she tell how much this was turning me on?) then moaned as I cupped my hands over her small, firm, barely-protected boobs, guessing at size 32B. They needed no support and the riot of her 'bra' served no practical purpose other than to drive me wild with desire and to force me to imagine what she looked like.

The only help I got was a single word: "Black." I nearly melted.

Focussing on the small patches of material, I traced small circles over Rebekka's nipples with the fingers of my right hand, putting my left hand against her bare back as a point of reference, and to keep my balance. I felt her arch her back and push her boobs forwards; I teased her small nipples by scraping across them with my fingernails, loving the feeling as they hardened into tiny bullets under the taut semi-circles of thin fabric and matched by Rebekka's encouraging noises.

I slid my hand down to the top of Rebekka's skirt and she spoke the only two words I needed to hear: "Yes" and "Kneel."

I had remembered two rows of jewelled buttons down the front of her full, knee-length designer skirt but soon discovered that one set were dummies. Deliberately unfastening the others one-by-one I wondered what I looked like, semi-naked and kneeling at the feet of a woman I hardly knew yet already adored.

Rebekka wiggled her hips; the skirt slid to the floor and she stepped out of it. She was so close to me I could feel the warmth of her body in front of my face and I could smell the delectable scent of her arousal. Our conversation was simple and almost unnecessary.

"Guess"

"Matching?"

"Imagine"

"May I?"

"Yes"

Rebekka guided my shaking hands to her hips and my fingers became lost in a half-familiar mass of intermeshing straps. I explored all over her tight small bum and almost up to her narrow waist, lost in a fantasy of narrow strips of satin and tiny bows.

I searched out her navel then moved downwards through several horizontal strands, expecting to be stopped at any moment.

"Don't be shy," she joked.

I swallowed hard and slid my right hand down to the rising mound below her abdomen. Rebekka thrust out to meet my hand, putting her own hands on my head to steady herself. I searched lower, finding a tiny triangle of fabric that led my fingers deeper between her upper thighs. I moved my fingertips in small circles and Rebekka let out a long low moan of pleasure and approval.

The narrow scrap of fabric barely covered her pussy lips and the exposed flesh either side was warm, smooth and deliciously swollen. I teased and explored every part of Rebekka's aroused pussy, acutely aware that mine was at least as hot, wet and swollen as hers and aching for attention.

Suddenly Rebekka stepped back and spoke.

"Stand up Julia, and take a few steps backwards."

I felt vulnerable again, sightless and in unfamiliar surroundings. I wobbled on my high heels and gingerly stepped back.

"Two more steps, left a bit, OK. Stop there. Now, put your arms out in front of you and sit down."

I took a deep, sobering breath and thought about this simple command. How could I know what was behind me? If there were no chair or bed I would fall backwards. That would be humiliating, painful or both.

Or worse still. My mind raced, gripped by irrational fear and my imagination ran away with me. A steep drop? A pit of poisonous snakes? A bath full of acid? No-one knows I am here. My whole body shook, but Rebekka's reassuring voice spoke those two crucial words again:

"Trust me."

I recalled our earlier conversation on the erotic thrill of risk-taking and realised I was actually more aroused and more excited than I could ever recall feeling before.

"Sit down Julia."

How could such a simple act be so highly charged? Answer? Because I had become so infatuated with and so totally dependant on the woman who spoke those words.

"Trust me."

I clenched my teeth and sat down, and found a soft, secure seat right behind me. I sank down onto it and fought back tears. Instinctively I called out Rebekka's name.

"I'm here darling," she reassured me, "It's OK. Lie down and try to relax."

She helped me to swivel around and lay full length on what seemed to be a long low padded bench seat about the width of my shoulders. I tried to relax and breathe normally.

Lying on my back, I felt Rebekka's hair brush my face, then she kissed me full and passionately on my lips. I felt so incredibly horny; my whole body was alive. My nipples ached and I knew my pussy was open, wet and swollen. I could feel my tiny cotton panties sticking to my pouting cunt lips and my clit was throbbing, desperate for climax and release.

Rebekka spoke again.

"Julia, do you want me?"

I nodded.

"Answer me, Julia."

"Yes, I want you."

"Do you need me, Julia?"

"Oh Rebekka, I can't tell you how much I need you," I blurted.

She leaned over me and I felt a warm body against mine, and a nipple against my mouth.

"Suck it, Julia."

I ran my tongue over her hard nipple, sucking at it through the fabric and wishing it was warm and bare and pink against my lips. Rebekka offered her other nipple and I nibbled at it, eliciting a moan of pleasure from its owner. I would have done anything to please her.

I could feel an orgasm building inside me and my mind was swimming. Rebekka spoke again and I almost screamed my reply:

"Julia, do you want to cum?"

"Yes, yes, yes please Rebekka. Oh fuck yes."

My emotions were in shreds.

Rebekka placed her and on my tummy and pressed; I reacted unconsciously by tilting my pelvis upwards.

"Good girl; now, open your legs."

I dropped my feet down either side of the bench, spreading my thighs and feeling totally wanton, exposed and, yes, vulnerable again. She moved her hand down to cover my mound and exclaimed "Oh wow Julia, you're so wet!"

I'm sure she knew that already.

I lay back and wallowed in the delicious sensations that swamped my mind and body.

Rebekka was an expert and drove me wild. Slowly she built up my arousal then, sensing I was close, held me on the plateau until the feelings subsided slightly then began to build my orgasm again deep inside me.

The pathetic covering of my skimpy panties had all but disappeared into my cunt crack as Rebekka worked me with her fingers. My body was shaking and I was crying out for her to make me cum. She moved her hand inside my panties and slipped her fingers into my gaping pussy. Sliding her hand back out and bringing a trail of my juices with it, she rested one finger on my throbbing aching hard clit and worked it in tiny circles. I was so close and she knew it, but she dragged me out until I thought I would pass out. I begged her again and again to finish me but I was totally at her mercy. If I bucked and writhed against her hand, she just pulled away. I was desperate, under her control, and loving it.

A crescendo of tease and torment filled my body with an unbearable passion and a desperate need until, finally, she released my climax and a massive, frighteningly-powerful orgasm engulfed me. I screamed and writhed. I cried, and I bucked my exploding cunt against Rebekka's hand. Clutching her arm, I bit my lip and savoured wave after wave of ecstasy that ripped through me.

Finally I lay still. I may even have blacked out for a moment. Rebekka's hand had gone. I could neither see no hear anything except the hum of an air-conditioner and maybe some distant whispered voices.

I lay back, waiting for a touch, or an instruction. Nothing. I felt totally drained, hardly able to move. I rested for a while, puzzled that my tormentor had not spoken.

I sat up and reached behind my head to unfasten the eye-mask, fully expecting a rebuke. Nothing. I slipped the knot, pulling the mask away from my blinking, sensitive eyes, and looked around me.

I was sitting in the middle of a very large room, washed in the glow of several bright floodlights. I was surrounded by about 100 people of both genders and various ethnicities; they looked at me from a safe distance and whispered behind their hands. Some turned and walked away.

Looking around the room I concluded that I was in a large public building, such as a municipal hall or more likely an art gallery.

I looked down on the seat next to me, totally bewildered. My dress was there, neatly folded, and so was my bag. Frantically I rifled through it but everything seemed to be there: computer, phone, purse, credit cards, keys.

But no sign of Rebekka, nor her clothes.

I slipped on my dress and rubbed my eyes. As they became more accustomed to the light I was able to read a large banner on the opposite wall:

'The Human Body and Mind as Art - this is not a performance but a free expression of the way our thoughts influence our behaviour'

'Members of the public who wish to occupy the "Total Freedom of Expression" Area may book a 60 minute time allocation in advance. Please ask at the desk'

RULES FOR PARTICIPANTS AND OBSERVERS

No illegal acts

No alcohol or drugs

No nudity

No cameras or videophones

Please do not applaud the artists

So, that was 'Freedom of Expression', and I had been an Artist for an hour.

I picked up my bag and found a note slipped underneath. It was from Rebekka:

'If you hate me, I understand. I am sorry and you need never see me or hear from me again. If you don't hate me, I am waiting outside the front entrance to the main gallery in my car'.

'Trust me, Julia.

Love, Rebekka.'

I slung my bag over my shoulder and brushed past the remaining 'observers'. I followed the signs to the main entrance and strode unhesitatingly out into the cool evening air, clattered down the 15 steps and opened the rear door of the waiting car. Rebekka patted the seat next to her.

"Not yet. I need to know something first. How many other women have you 'Acted' with like that? Am I just another conquest, another tick on the to-do list of life?"

Rebekka protested and shook her head. "No, no, Julia, I've never done anything like that with any other woman; honestly."

I must have looked sceptical, as Rebekka saw the need to justify her position.

"Julia, I tell you this. One; I have never wanted to fuck a woman as much as I wanted to fuck you from the moment I first saw you. And two; no woman has ever trusted me the way you trusted me today."

I climbed in and closed the car door. Rebekka squeezed my hand and tapped the driver on her shoulder. As the car sped away I swallowed hard, wondering where this would all lead, and putting my trust in the most exciting woman I'd ever met.