

# Culture Shock Ch. 21

By SirNathan

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*From online to real-life in 23 chapters.*

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Elaine trotted to the bathroom, her anxiety mounting. Quickly she used the toilet, cleaned thoroughly and washed her hands and her new plug. Her excitement was evident in the reflection above the sink. Her nipples were so hard. She couldn't believe she was going to do this now. Looking at her watch, Elaine noted she was down to twenty-five minutes. She had second thoughts.

Maybe I shouldn't do this... What if someone comes home?

She sighed and dried everything off. In two minds, she trudged from the bathroom back to her bedroom. Passing the front door, she stopped for a moment, staring at the lock.

Should I? God. Do I have the nerve?

She bit her lip and reached up to engage the double lock. Click!

I'll say I didn't realise I'd done it. It was a lame excuse, but it'd work. With a huge smile, she laughed out loud and bounded to her bedroom.

I must be nuts!

Stripping off her jeans, she laid them carefully on the floor so they'd be quick and easy to put back on. After grabbing a damp towel from her Laundry Basket and keeping it handy, she lubed the toy while getting to her knees on the floor. The first time she'd tried it this way had been successful, so the thought of doing it differently hadn't occurred to her. The idea of beginning with the smaller plug had , but after glancing at the clock she discarded it due to the lack of time.

If I can't manage the larger one , I'll start with the smaller one next time, she decided, thinking it was a good back-up plan. She hoped she didn't need a next time. She didn't know if there'd be a next time before Friday night. That's why she was there. She really wanted to be ready. She needed to try this. She needed to know.

She spread her knees widely and bowed her back, resting her upper body on her bed. It was the perfect height. She smeared a generous dollop of cool lube all over her puckered ass and, wasting no time, gasped as she sawed one and then two fingers in and out of the grasping heated flesh.

Relax, relax, relax, she kept saying to herself, fucking her fingers slowly. She moaned softly as she twisted them back and forth. Her tummy was fluttering and her nipples were like flint. Gathering more lube, she pushed it inside herself and all around, hoping it would help with her 'chore'. That's how she was defining what she was doing. It was something she had to do to prepare herself for Gary. She wasn't playing . She was doing a chore. She looked at the plug in her hand.

And it's NOT going to be easy!

When she was done lubing her butt, she took the toy in her soiled hand and reached behind herself. Centring the tip of it in the middle of her anus, she gently pressed on it, slowly wedging her ass open. It didn't feel comfortable and she backed off, adjusting her knees wider and arching her back to its maximum. She swallowed.

I can do this...

Resting her forehead on the back of her bent free arm and trying to breathe normally, she pushed on the plug again, even slower this time. Gradually she opened, further and further until the muscle decided it had had enough and wanted to close. She whined with the discomfort and slid it out.

Her chest was heaving.

Slow down. Slow down. Breathe. Relax.

Once more she began as sparkles of perspiration broke out on her back. She had to admit it felt kind of good at the beginning. Then as more of the plug entered, she seemed to run up against a brick wall.

Like now .

Gritting her teeth, she pressed a little harder and the wide plug slid a sudden, breathtaking half-inch.

'Ahhhh!' Elaine cried out, more loudly than she'd intended. Her body shuddered as she quickly withdrew the half-embedded plug. Pursing her lips and blowing hard, she willed away the shot of pain that had stabbed into her. Once she'd calmed, she held her breath and listened for anyone beating on the front door.

Nothing.

She could try again.

Dammit. What did that lady say? 'Bear down like you're doing a number two'. I'll... I'll try that...

I can do this... I can do it...

Elaine was surprised that her pussy wasn't wet. Nothing. Not even warm. Maybe it's mind over matter, she wondered. It was strange, as her nipples were as hard as diamonds. She'd been consumed with the desire to please Gary. She wanted to be good and she'd promised not to play. Now that she was thinking about it, her pussy awoke. Tingles of heat radiated over her sex, shooting down the back of her legs, then back up over her ass and up her spine.

Elaine reasoned that it was easier last time, not because the plug was so much smaller, but because she'd distracted herself by playing with her clit. As if it agreed entirely, her clit pulsed, shooting out more tingles of pleasure. It'll be all right, she assured herself, reaching between her legs with her licked index finger. Gary would understand.

It's only to make it easier.

"Mmmmm," Elaine groaned as she manipulated the bud in small, liquid circles. Positioning the butt plug again and gritting her teeth, she decided it was now or never. She fucked it into herself, small

strokes, deeper and deeper.

Now, all I have to do is bear down...

“Ooooooh ...” she hissed, reaching the widest part.

And...

“AaaaaahhhhHHHH!!!” Elaine screamed, biting down on the blanket. As soon as the toy slid in and locked, her ass tightened down like crazy!

Oooh! Oh. Oh, fuck. Dammit! The curses rolled around her head as she groaned in discomfort, her skewered behind waving in the air. She'd stopped the gentle caresses on her clit. Quickly resuming them, the pain rapidly retreated and her ass began a slow grinding motion against her fingertips. Her pussy certainly wasn't asleep now. She reached lower and could feel how hot and wet she'd become.

C'mon. Relax. Relax...

Breathe. It'll be okay. Just wait...

“Mmmmm,” she whimpered, wet fingers entering her mouth. Sucking softly, comfortingly, she closed her eyes.

Bear down... Bear down...

It had taken a couple of minutes to will the muscles to relax again. Once she'd managed it, another minute passed before Elaine gingerly lifted her head. The fullness was incredible. It didn't hurt at all. In another minute there was no pain even when she tightened on purpose.

It better be easier next time , she thought, shaking her head.

Ever so slowly, she eased back, raising her body while keeping her hips at the same angle until her ass cheeks rested on the back of her heels. She found herself kneeling with her legs widely spread, back arched impossibly. Resting her hands on her thighs, she realised she'd done it.

She glanced at the clock.

Her eyes closed again and she smiled, breathing evenly.

Five more minutes. That's all. Just five more minutes .

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Thankfully taking the butt plug out hadn't been as hard as putting it in. It wasn't like being turned inside out or anything, but Elaine thought it was pretty close. Her eyes had watered and it completely

took her breath away. Still, in just a few minutes she was cleaned up and ready for school. Mission accomplished!

The smile she wore stayed with her most of the day, but the unnerving feeling that her ass was wide open took a couple of classes to wane. Of course, she knew it wasn't, and she was able to stop herself from finding an empty cubicle in the toilets and checking, just to make sure.

Her tender butt wasn't the only thing distracting her. Elaine had printed out her contract before leaving and folded it into one of her textbooks. During the afternoon she'd looked at it a few times, but instead of finding something she didn't like, all she seemed to do was daydream.

It's pretty standard, I guess. It's the symbolism that's important.

She smiled to herself.

Maybe we really are on the same wavelength, she mused, pen in her mouth and staring out the window. At last the bell sounded, signalling the end of her final lecture of the day. Accounting bored her to tears. She rolled her eyes when she remembered she had 'a double' the next day.

She'd slung her backpack over her shoulder and barely stepped into the corridor before her roommates accosted her. It was rare to run into them on campus and she was quite surprised to see them.

"Elaine!" they squealed.

“What are you guys doing here?”

Chelsea answered. Kendra was too busy watching a bunch of pretty girls walk by. “We’re going to the Rat for a few drinks. Come with us!”

Elaine couldn’t think of a good excuse not to go. “Okay, maybe just for one or two.”

“Cool,” said Kendra, rejoining them as they started walking toward the bar. “We can get pizza later. I’m buying.”

With a wink, Elaine asked Chelsea, “Did someone win the lottery or something?”

Chelsea looked at Kendra and asked, “Shall I tell her, or do you want to?”

Kendra grinned. “I got a job.”

“Did you? Cool!” Elaine remembered Kendra saying her parents wanted her to concentrate on college if she insisted on going. Elaine thought it was a good idea for Kendra to start making her own decisions.

“Yes! I’m so psyched. I have to wean myself off my parent’s money. At the moment I feel beholden to

them.”

“Well, congratulations,” said Elaine. “It’s a good plan. So where are you working?”

“Chelsea got me a job at the same place she’s at. I start tomorrow night.”

Elaine stopped in her tracks.

Chelsea asked, “What is it?”

“Yeah, what’s wrong?” chimed in Kendra.

“Tomorrow is Friday . I um, I hate to remind you guys, but in an emergency, I might need one of you tomorrow night.”

Chelsea smiled. “I already thought of that. I’ll check with my manager, but I’m sure it’ll be fine to leave if need be. He’s pretty relaxed.”

“I need to know if you are going to be able to get away.”

“I guess I’ll call him then.”

“If you don’t, I can’t go, Chelsea.”

“All right, already. I’ll call him. Jeez, Elaine. Look, I doubt whether you would have agreed to stay for the weekend at the guy’s place without making pretty certain you knew what you were getting into. I mean, what are the odds of things going wrong, anyway?”

Elaine knew Chelsea was right. Everything should be okay. She sighed. “About a hundred to one.”

“See? Now, stop worrying. Everything will be fine.”

“Yeah,” agreed Kendra. “Let’s get that drink.”

“Oh, all right,” said Elaine, failing to mask her disappointment.

Chelsea rolled her eyes and Kendra giggled.

“What?” Elaine whined as the girls slipped their arms through hers and started walking down the hallway.

“You’re just being so careful,” said Chelsea. “It’s adorable.”

Kendra leaned into Elaine and whispered, "You're nervous about getting boned for the first time, aren't you?"

Elaine's jaw dropped. She hadn't told Kendra she was a virgin, had she? Her mind went blank and she couldn't remember! A couple of girls walking in the opposite direction giggled. Elaine was sure Kendra hadn't spoken that loudly. She blushed.

"What are you guys talking about?" asked Chelsea, her heels clicking on the floor.

"I was just saying," said Kendra with a gleam in her eye. "That Elaine must be wetting herself. Gary is pretty cute."

At least Chelsea had some sense of decorum. She held her hand in front of her mouth as she quietly joined in. "And he's hung like a horse ."

Kendra glanced down at Elaine's chest and chuckled.

"Gimme a break, you guys," Elaine said, sounding more confident than she felt. She knew her roommates were just teasing and didn't mean any harm. They seemed to get a charge out of revving her up. As they entered the bar Elaine took a deep breath, determined to give as good as she got.

Chelsea ordered a pitcher of beer and Elaine screwed up her nose. She wasn't fond of beer. It was

too bitter and it always went straight to her head. A bit like champagne.

Oh well , she thought. I'm only staying for a couple.

They made for one of the high circular tables that luckily a couple of guys were vacating. After getting situated, they sat on stools facing each other while Chelsea poured. Around them, fellow students chatted loudly over the piped music. On the low stage in one corner of the large room, a couple of roadies were working without haste, perhaps for a band later on.

“ To Elaine ,” Chelsea said, holding up her glass and urging Elaine and Kendra to do likewise. “May she slay the one-eyed trouser snake!”

“I'll drink to that!” cried Kendra gleefully.

“Good Lord,” said Elaine, chuckling and sipping her beer.

“Oh, c'mon,” said Chelsea. “We're both really pleased for you. And we'll give you lots of sympathy when you get home on Sunday aching all over.”

“Yeah,” agreed Kendra. “Alllll over.”

Elaine knew Chelsea was commenting on the size of Gary's dick again. God, is the woman obsessed? She also knew Kendra was referring to her ass. But she couldn't help joining them in their

laughter.

Neither of them knew just how right they might be.

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An hour later Elaine was making her way up the stairs to her apartment. She'd paid for the second pitcher, but decided not to stay and drink it with them. Kendra gave her a twenty to get pizza and Elaine had left them at the Rat on the promise that they'd follow within the hour. She figured it would be two, but that was okay.

She had wanted to get a bit more of her damned Metaphysics essay done, and while she was pleased to be almost halfway through the expected twenty-five pages, she was resigned to taking her books to Gary's. After working steadily for half an hour, she ordered the pizza and returned to her room, conscientiously continuing her studies. When the pizza guy turned up, and with no sign of the girls, Elaine put the pie on the kitchen table and returned to her room to keep going.

As seven-thirty ticked by, Elaine closed up her essay and stretched. She logged onto the net and clicked open email, ready to write up her daily journal. She had mail from Gary ominously titled, 'Apologies'. She swallowed nervously as she opened it, her head swimming.

Please don't cancel! Please don't cancel!

A huge sigh of relief was coupled with disappointment as she read that Gary would be late that evening. He had a meeting to attend and wouldn't be home until ten-thirty. He said he'd see her then and was looking forward to it. Elaine sent an acknowledgement, concurring with him. It was okay. She'd be seeing him tomorrow.

Gosh. Tomorrow.

Shaking her head, she composed her journal, blushing fiercely as she typed up a couple of paragraphs outlining her butt plug adventure beginning yesterday with Kendra's bold suggestion, Elaine's strange arrival at the adult shop, and her success with her new plug today. Poor Elaine was starting to find it difficult to control her bodily reactions. Writing it all down had rekindled the pleasure she'd felt as she kneeled and relaxed on the floor next to her bed. Doing it was easier than telling Gary about it. But she'd done it. She had to tell him. She hoped he'd be pleased. Closing her journal with a promise that she had completed her 'chore' without playing, she sent it off and sat back in her chair. Her body was buzzing. She needed to get changed.

And I need a shower...

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Elaine had preheated the oven only ten minutes before the girls finally stumbled in. She was getting ravenous and had given up waiting for them. She was about to reheat a couple of slices when she had to stop and add the rest of the pie. Her roommates made their noisy arrival with heavy clicking heels and raucous laughter. They were banging into walls and something crashed in the background and she heard Kendra laughing and singing out, ' It's okay! It was only a picture of my dog!' At the same time Chelsea started cackling like a madwoman, asking, ' You have a picture of your dog?' Elaine laughed too when Kendra said, ' Not any more!'

They sounded really trashed and Elaine went to investigate. This could be fun , she thought. "Are you

guys up for pizza?" Elaine asked, standing between their opposite and open doors. Both girls were going through their clothes and tossing things on their beds.

"I so need to eat something," giggled Kendra.

"I know what I'm hungry for," said Chelsea, waiting for Elaine and Kendra to look before moaning and obscenely sucking her index finger as it plunged in and out of her mouth. Kendra went into fits of drunken laughter as Chelsea made a big gulping sound and in her sexiest voice said, "Ahhhh, that was so good, baby. Can I have some more?"

Elaine couldn't help but laugh too.

When Chelsea winked at Elaine and went back to what she was doing, she opened her lingerie drawer and began choosing what to wear. The sight reminded Elaine of Gary's request, and before she knew it, out of her mouth came, "Have you guys heard of Tanga-style panties?"

Chelsea looked up from what she was doing as Kendra yelled out, "Chelsea has some!"

"Really?" Elaine asked, looking back at Chelsea, her eyebrow cocking.

Chelsea laughed. "Kendra is the underwear expert. Haven't you seen her poring over the Victoria's Secret site? It's about the only reason she has a computer!"

Elaine had never seen Kendra's computer turned on , let alone seen her roommate sitting in front of it. Suddenly over her shoulder she felt Kendra's presence. Elaine tensed as Kendra's arms loosely wrapped themselves around her waist from behind and she leaned her chin on Elaine's shoulder.

"Model them for her," Kendra said to Chelsea, who was holding up a slip of lacy, diaphanous material between her fingers.

"Okay," Chelsea laughed, wriggling out of her denim skirt and slipping off her brief bikini knickers without hesitation. "You've gotta be careful though, these are pretty flimsy."

Elaine blinked at Chelsea's sudden nudity. Well, half-nudity. Bottom half. At least Kendra had let go. She'd slipped her arms from around Elaine's waist and was gently massaging her shoulders. If she hadn't been breathing in Elaine's ear it would have felt quite nice.

Warily Chelsea stepped into the panties and slid them up her calves and thighs, then snapped them into place, making Elaine shake her head. They were gorgeous. They were light pink and see-through between the lace. The sides were wide, creating a kind of sexy, tight 'micro-shorts' kind of look.

Kendra said, "Those ones are typical of the cut, mostly the style is low on the hips, wide on the sides, and cut high into the ass, exposing a lot of it."

Chelsea giggled and did a pirouette, wiggling her ass as it passed by. Elaine heard Kendra breathe, 'Mmmmm, ' but she was sure Chelsea hadn't heard.

In the background the oven timer went off and Elaine was relieved that she could announce that pizza

was ready and get the hell out of there. She was starting to feel warm. Everything was driving her mad!

In miniskirts that were practically scandalous, Elaine's roommates joined her in the kitchen. The three of them settled into some serious pizza munching, and for the time being were each consumed by the need to feed. In between mouthfuls, Elaine gathered that Kendra and Chelsea were going out but weren't planning to stay out late, as they wanted to make sure they weren't wrecked for Kendra's first day at work. They were apparently quite committed to coming home after a couple of hours dancing and to be in bed by midnight. Elaine thought in their half-drunken state that they were being ambitious, but they seemed to sober up a bit by the time the pizza was demolished.

Twenty minutes later Chelsea and Kendra were heading down to meet the taxi they'd called, leaving Elaine all alone in the apartment with an hour and a half to kill before Gary arrived. She would have sold her grandmother to be able to masturbate, but instead she thought of a constructive way to ignore her smouldering sexuality. She decided to visit the BDSM chat room online.

She hadn't been there in a while, but was sure it hadn't been more than a week. The idea was a good one and she thought it would help her get in the right frame of mind. Elaine was smiling to herself as she logged on as *kurious* and entered the chat room. Most of the regulars were there.

"Greetings *kurious*," came from ten different directions.

"Huggggggs sis, long time no see," was the general comment from the subs she knew. Elaine settled in and acknowledged them all individually. Someone asked how she was and when she replied, 'Dreamy', everyone was onto her, asking for details. She couldn't really tell them much, other than she was very happy, had met MasterServant once for coffee, and was anxiously awaiting their first weekend together.

Various celebrations and congratulations rolled around the room as Elaine looked on somewhat bewildered. She didn't think she'd really done anything yet. Someone asked her to please come back and tell them all about it as soon as possible. Then others joined in to implore her to please do it, as they'd love to hear her impressions of her first time.

Elaine swallowed and looked at her hands. Her fingers were shaking a little as needles of trepidation raised goose bumps on her arms. She typed that she would surely return and let people know as soon as she could. More celebrations and good luck messages followed. Simone entered the room in the middle of it and Elaine smiled. Elaine hadn't seen Simone since the fateful day she introduced Elaine to Gary. Elaine was glad for the chance to thank her.

They hugged and Elaine caught her up in private messages while also answering random questions in the chat room. A general discussion of 'how to go about planning and meeting with someone' ensued, covering lots of stuff that was very familiar to Elaine, which made her smile. As Simone babbled on about how amazing the weekend was going to be, Elaine began to feel a strange swelling of her self-confidence.

She really had done everything right.

Time passed easily before Elaine found herself yawning. On checking the clock, she was pleasantly surprised to see that Gary was due to arrive at any moment. Perking up, she courteously sent everyone in the chat room her farewell. Amid another outpouring of good luck and congratulations messages, she smiled and waved and assured them she'd be back, before clicking out of the room.

It crossed her mind that Gary hadn't once let her down. Though he'd been late a couple of times, both times he'd managed to inform her about it. She understood that occasionally an inaccurate guess might have to be taken regarding someone's, or her own, estimated time of arrival. But she never agreed with the concept of being 'fashionably late'. First of all one had to assume they were entitled

to inconvenience another person on the basis of it being fashionable , or, as was more likely, someone was basically saying, ‘ I’m so busy with other commitments that I couldn’t possibly be here any earlier .’

Unless it was to a really big party where one’s absence wouldn’t be missed, to Elaine’s mind, being ‘fashionably late’ was a put down, particularly in ‘one on one’ situations.

It’s sad when people have to put others down in order to feel better about themselves , she thought wistfully.

“Hello, Elaine,” popped up on the screen.

A big grin covered Elaine’s face as she typed, “Hello, Sir.”

“I see by your journal you’ve had a fun- filled day.” He winked.

“You’re mean, Sir.” She sent the face with the tongue poking out.

“Oh, c’mon. You’re lucky I’m not mad at you for playing with your clit while you worked that big fat butt plug up your ass, little one.”

Now Elaine knew he was teasing her. “Oh, Sir!” she sent, quickly followed by the blushing face. She couldn’t help but giggle.

God, there go my nipples again!

“Bring your toys with you tomorrow, okay? All of them. We’ll see what you’ve got and I might add a few things to your collection, if you’re good.”

More toys? Elaine bit her lip as ripples of pleasure zigzagged across her skin. “Thank you, Sir.”

“Anyway, I am pleased by your bravery, Elaine. Not to mention your audacity. How are you feeling?”

“Um,” she typed. A wicked thought came to mind. Quickly assessing the feelings tumbling about her stimulated yet frustrated body, her cheeks burned as she honestly typed, “Ready to fuck at the drop of a hat!” She squealed and covered her mouth with her hand as she witnessed her words on the screen in front of her. She doubled over in fits of giggles, fuelled in equal parts by the trembling mortification of her brazenness, and the unbridled joy of being completely and utterly honest.

“ Chuckles ,” Gary typed. “I must remember to wear a hat then.”

All Elaine managed to respond with was, “Imaoofkjldlfgk...” The succession of hilarious images of Gary wearing ridiculous hats paraded themselves through her mind. Elaine howled with laughter for what seemed like minutes. At some point she realised how good it felt to let go. A good laugh was just what she needed. When she finally managed to dry her eyes and focus on the screen again, her heart started pounding.

“I would like to speak to you as if you had signed the contract tomorrow night. May I assume you will be signing it and accompanying me on the weekend, Elaine?”

Sitting up straighter, she took a deep breath and typed, “I will be there, Sir.”

With bells on , she thought, giggling a little and trying to control herself.

For the next hour, Gary talked about their schedule, beginning with meeting her at Déchaînée, which was, according to Gary, ‘the best French restaurant in town’. Elaine had never eaten French before, and hoped she could avoid the snails. She smiled softly to herself. Gary’s enthusiasm was infectious, and she soon found herself looking forward to it. She hoped she wouldn’t be too nervous to eat.

“So after dinner we’ll be heading home and I wouldn’t be surprised if I teased you all the way there.”

“ Shakes my head .”

“Which of course calls into question your dress. I know it’s ‘late in the day’, but have you chosen what you are going to wear?”

“I’ve had a few ideas, but I haven’t decided. No, Sir.”

“I’ll be wearing the one decent suit I own, with a mauve shirt and a black tie. I’d love to see you in

something elegant, but if you really want to knock my socks off, you'll wear a floor length dress and no underwear."

"No underwear?"

"I will regularly require that you are nude under your outer layer of clothes. While we are together, I plan to enjoy everything your body has to offer. That includes admiring it and/or taking advantage of it at moments you may or may not be prepared for, Elaine."

She swallowed. "I'm sorry, Sir. I didn't mean to question whether or not I'd go without underwear. Of course I will. I was just surprised, that's all."

"Because it's our first time together?"

"Well," she said, hesitating. "Yes."

"Okay. Two things. Firstly, from the moment we sign our contract, you will be my submissive, and I will be your Dominant, in mind, body and soul. As soon as we are seated at the restaurant, and the waiter or waitress has left with our drink's orders, I will be placing the contract in front of us for our signatures. From then onward, you and I are bound by its words. Turning back means taking you home. Make sure you understand that."

Elaine trembled. "Yes, Sir."

“Secondly, I was giving you an opportunity to be pleasing. I told you how to dress to do it. It won’t be the last time I tell you how to please me. Think about it.”

“I’m going to have to get used to this, aren’t I?”

“Mhmmm.”

“How? I mean, do I have to think of whether something pleases you first? And try to ignore how it makes me feel?”

“Only if you trust me and want to please me.”

“I do want to do those things. You just... You make it sound so easy. I’m worried that my inexperience is going to get me into trouble.”

“ Chuckles . It probably will. Don’t worry, Elaine. I’ll always explain things to you, point things out, and give you chances to change your mind. I’m going to be gentle with you. But I am going to dominate you. Just concentrate on me when I speak to you. You’ve done it before. Remember coffee?”

She sure did. The feelings that overwhelmed her the first time she’d met Gary rushed over her skin like wildfire. Had she been so self-absorbed that she’d forgotten how much she liked him? She was going to be a mess! She giggled. “Just concentrate on you. I’ve got it.” She sent the smiling face.

“You are adorable. You do know that, don’t you?”

“You’re making me blush.” She sent the blushing face.

“That’s what I want you to be wearing when I meet you. A blush and a beautiful dress. And that’s all.”

“Then that’s what you’ll get.”

“I can’t wait to be alone with you.”

“Me either.”

A moment passed. Elaine was wondering if they’d ever get to ‘the specifics’. Gosh , she thought. Maybe that’s what they HAD been talking about . She had to know, so she typed, “Sir?”

“Yes, Elaine.”

“Are you going to tell me what else I should expect?”

“Yes, I was planning to do just that.” He sent a smile. “After our meal I’ll be taking you home. I doubt

whether you will be a virgin by the time we get there. Depending on the weather of course.”

“Of course.” Elaine blushed harder.

“Unless you have a particular aversion to being fucked on the hood of a car.”

She squirmed. “Um, no. That would be fine.”

“Good. So after getting home I’ll offer you brandy or something else in the house. Do you have a preference?”

“ Cointreau ?”

“ Cointreau it is then.”

“ Grins . And then what?”

“Then I’ll show you to the basement. I’ve been working hard down there, getting things ready. I hope you’re impressed. Lots of brickwork and stained and lacquered wood. Lots of leather too. Chains here and there. Right up your alley I imagine.” He winked.

Elaine could hardly believe this conversation. "I'm sure I'll love it."

"I hope so. We'll 'scene' and I'll take my time and be patient with you. I'm very mindful of my responsibility here. I want you to enjoy this. I'll be building sensations upon sensations, and I'll be relying on your reactions and your words to guide me. I'll be paying a lot of attention to you. You are going to love this. At various times during the weekend I will be doing the same. Scening with you, teaching you, explaining things to you, and maybe even disciplining you. I don't know. That will be up to you. It's going to be everything you expect and more."

"It's still a culture shock."

"It's everything you want and need, Elaine. It will be everything we've talked about, and everything you've imagined. When you leave my house on Sunday, you will be an experienced submissive. You'll know yourself better than ever, and you'll know that this is right for you."

Elaine nodded subconsciously. There was only one way to find out. "What time?"

"Seven-thirty."

"I'll be there."

"So will I. Don't be late. I'm not hanging around to be stood up."

“I’ll be early.”

“Good girl. Is that specific enough for you?”

“Um, will you be spanking me?”

“Yes.”

She swallowed. “Using a flogger?”

“Yes.”

“A crop?”

“Yes.”

Her heart was hammering. “A paddle?”

“Yes, but I’ll be gentle.”

“You won’t restrain me?”

“Not unless you want me to.”

“I might have to be.”

“Then we’ll play it by ear.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Any more questions?”

“Um... No, Sir. Smiles softly .”

“Okay. Then I’d like you to go to bed.”

“Must I?” She glanced at the clock.

“Try.”

It was getting late anyway. "All right. I will. Thank you again, Gary."

"If you are thanking me on Sunday, I'll be happy."

Elaine smiled.

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At breakfast she was on autopilot. After describing the dress Gary wanted, both Chelsea and Kendra had ideas on which store Elaine should visit. They both offered to come with her to the mall but she declined. She felt she knew what Gary wanted, and didn't want to be swayed in her opinion. Besides, she was going lingerie shopping too, and having Kendra there would have been too much.

School went slowly. She fell asleep during the damned two-hour Accounting lecture and her finals were just next week. She was going to have to cram, but she'd be glad when she was finally done with the stupid course. She didn't even care if she ended up with a B. Ugh . She did really.

She had Metaphysics last and she picked up a few pointers when others asked questions about the big essay due Monday. She was so relieved that she was on the right track with hers she almost peed herself. The sound of the bell made her jump out of her skin and her tutor even asked if she was all right. She said she was fine as she packed up her books mechanically and headed out.

Seconds and minutes seemed to melt together. One moment she was in a hallway at school, the next

she was keying open her front door. The next she was changed and on a bus, and before she knew it she was walking through the automatic doors at the mall.

There were only a few stores she needed to find and she was excited. She almost giggled aloud at the thought that her prospective purchases weren't even for her. Knowing Gary would be happy with what she was planning to buy made things much easier.

And she loved to shop.

Usually she felt guilty when she bought things for herself. But not today. Today she was on a mission but the first store had nothing in her size. The second store, Cargo, had a twenty percent storewide discount that made her drool. She crossed her fingers as she described the dress to the obviously gay guy serving her. The first one he brought her was what he wanted, but the second one made her eyes bug out. It was perfect .

Lying across his arm was the most exquisite purple silk dress that she had ever laid her eyes on. She was crying while she tried it on, and the stiff lace bodice was awesome. Elaine was a full B and it was a tight B, but was on the sassy side rather than trashy. And it was backless, advertising her lack of a bra. The fall of the skirt reminded her of Fifties dancers, though it wasn't nearly as full. She just shook her head as she dried her eyes and looked in the mirror.

I'm beautiful!

At Victoria's Secret her heart almost leapt out of her chest when the saleslady brought her exactly what she was after. She was then outfitted in a matching sexy little black bra and was railroaded into a sheer black teddy.

Elaine was quite stunned when she stepped into the bright sunlight outside the mall. With a couple of bags hanging from her hands, strangely she felt unsure of what to do with herself. Remembering she had a bus to catch, she looked around and figured out where she had to be.

After confirming with the driver that she was on the right one, she sat by the window with her bags beside her and stared as the streets rolled by.

My God , she thought.

It's Friday.