

Masterful Surprises

By MsQuote

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Patrice is confused excited about discovering her submissive side.

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I got an email from George as soon as I got home. He said he had a wonderful time. He even admitted to be smitten, which I thought was an odd word to use considering that our first date went way beyond either one of us had intended. What was I thinking in agreeing to let him tie me up in his dungeon and get off in front of him in the way that I did? And why didn't I get pissed off when he left the room right at the moment I was about to come? Why didn't I get scared and totally freaked out when he didn't come back right away? Why wasn't I disappointed that I didn't get to come? If anything I was hornier than ever and couldn't wait to get off, but no matter how long and how high I turned up my vibrator and no matter how hard I pressed it on my pussy, it just wasn't enough. The butterfly vibrator the G-spot bend at the tip? Not even close. I came like crazy but just couldn't climax. None of those things could compare to the way the softness and texture of that rope slid back and forth along my slit and being watched by him in the way that he did. I just couldn't get his mischievous, subversive smile out of my head. And, yes, there was something that was weird about being physically disconnected from him, but yet we were so mentally in touch and engaged. I went back, still unfulfilled, to read the rest of his email. He wanted to know if I was free for breakfast and for a trip to the Sunday flea market in town. Absolutely. I showed up promptly at 7:30 wearing a white denim mini skirt that I hadn't unpacked from my box of summer clothes for a couple of years. I decided to tone it down a bit with a cotton floral short-sleeved blouse and a pair of jute sandal wedges. I wanted to look casual and sexy but not like a hussy. There was a Post-It Note on the door that read, "Went back to bed." Was I supposed to come in or come back later? I thought it was odd, but I decided to go upstairs to wake him or wait for him to wake. I sat on the edge of his bed. He looked quite restful breathing softly and wrapped up in his sheet. After a few minutes, he woke up with a gentle smile on his face. "Good morning," he said, yawning and smiling at the same time. "This is a lovely way to wake up in the morning." I smiled. I thought that was a sweet sentiment, especially considering I was fully dressed. But not for long. He got up and told me to take my shoes off and lay on my back on his bed. "Open your legs," he said. His voice changed from groggy and sweet to stern and demanding. I complied, letting my skirt hike up past my hips. "Wider. Legs up high," he barked. I did what he said. It wasn't my idea of how I wanted him to see me exposed for the first time — my pussy open wide and

splayed in front of his face — but I had the feeling that little would be my idea with him. He looked deeply into my wide open hole. Thank goodness I shaved before I came over. “Let this grow out a week or two,” he said. “I’ll want you to get a Brazilian. And get your manicure, pedicure and whatever else you get done at the salon, too. Make the appointment and I’ll pay for it. I’ll expect you to look polished and perfected for me.” Wow. What an offer, especially with me laying on his bed holding my legs up spread eagle. I was stunned. “What do you say?” he asked. “Thank you, sir.” I replied. “Nice girl,” he said. “Actually, bad girl. You’re being such a bad girl.” “I’m only doing what I’ve been told, sir,” I said. “What kind of girl shows off her cunt like that?” he asked. “Her shaved, wet cunt?” “I do, sir,” I said. “Because you told me.” “I did,” he said. “I thought you’d be more of a challenge and not as wet. A girl with a wet pussy is a bad girl.” I was confused. I knew this was all about me trusting him to let go of my inhibitions, and exposing myself to him wasn’t an easy choice to make. And how could he expect me not to be wet? He was hot, he was attractive, he was sexy, and I was so into the way the way his mind works. He pulled a rope out of his nightstand and trussed me like a Thanksgiving turkey ... He prodded a finger deep inside of me swirled it around, massaging and tickling my inner walls and getting them rather wet. Then pulled his fingers out completely. I looked at him and begged for more with my eyes. He pulled his boxers down and pulled out his thick, large and fully erect cock. It looked almost bigger than life for the moment just before he shoved it in my mouth without warning. I was concerned with fitting him into my mouth width-wise without my cheeks pinching and hurting as they puckered, but I really didn’t have time to think about it. I figured he’d want it sucked hard by the way he forced it in and out of my mouth. Luckily, I knew enough to take him in slightly off to the side so he wouldn’t set off my gag reflex when he hit the back of my throat. I liked that he was vocal with his grunts and groans. Obviously, I was doing a good job if he couldn’t speak. He just kept going at it non-stop. I really needed a break. The moment I let up on my tight grip and couldn’t take him in as deeply as I could, he reached for a short wooden paddle and swatted my ass cheek hard. I jolted and felt a surge inside of me before I felt the hurt. My cheeks pulled in again harder, even if it was hard for me to suck him with this kind of intensity. He smiled the moment he felt my effort. “Nice, better,” he said. “Now remember what will happen if you let up again.” It wasn’t going to be easy. He was relentless and it was starting to get difficult to keep my arms and legs tied up in the air the way they were. His breathing became shorter and more clipped and the forceful thrusts became shorter and deeper right before he was ready to cum. I knew I wouldn’t have a choice but to swallow the moment he shot his wad in the back of my throat, I mean shot. It was forceful and almost endless as his cum continued to drain down my throat. He pulled out and stroked himself until he finally went limp. The smile warmed on his face as he went flaccid in his hand. I couldn’t help but smile back. He turned me onto my side, sat down next to me on the side of his bed, and kissed me appreciatively. “How would you have liked it if I came on you instead?” he asked. “If I wasn’t dressed or had something else to change into, that would be hot,” I said. He grinned and said something about underestimating his instincts about me. I’d have to ask him about that sometime when he wasn’t preoccupied with untying me. He gave me a nice rub-down on my lower back, which was starting to feel strained. He seemed to know just the right spots to hit. It was all so nice, even though he left me totally unfulfilled. He got

dressed and asked me where I wanted to go for breakfast. After what I did for him, I made it someplace nice, and not some greasy spoon. Besides, I was in the mood for a Chicken Marie Frittata and mimosa, and I figured he'd appreciate the place. He did, especially the toast and mushrooms. It was something I never heard of before, but he told me it was a traditional English dish that his mother his mother makes with homemade brioche. "She's British?" I asked. "Very," he said. "She'll fall in love with you when she meets you." I was surprised to hear he already had me meeting his parents in mind. Actually, for as intense as our morning started out, I was surprised our conversation shifted this way — like two proper adults quite taken with each other talking about food, stuff going on in the news, work, music, and all kind of other things besides a quickly evolving relationship that was as confusing as it was alluring. It was all so natural and familiar to him and I was had all kind of wonderment about how I could be so scared and secure with it. One moment he was rough and harsh and the next moment I never felt as pampered and cherished. I had lots of questions, but breakfast in a small, intimate and well-appointed café was not the place to ask the questions I had. But that didn't stop him from asking me to do something rather embarrassing and inappropriate. After he paid the check and before we left the table, he said, "When you get up, push your seat back and spread your legs until you know I've gotten a chance to see your pussy before you stand up." "Here? In front of all these people?" I asked. "I'm sure they won't be paying attention," he said. "Besides, I'm the only person facing this wall. No one else will see that delicious cunt of yours. Now what do you say?" "Yes, sir," I said. I slid my chair back and quickly looked around to make sure no one was looking our way. Seeing the coast was clear, I spread my legs and looked at him to make sure he got his quick glance. He was fidgeting with his wallet, looked up quickly at me, and said matter-of-factly, "OK, let's go." Not even a smile? Not even a lecherous leer? "I thought you'd get your kicks out of this," I said. "I did. Immensely," he said, giving me an affectionate peck on my cheek. The flea market was an unusual spot. It wasn't junk, but rather a lot of high-end antiques and collectibles. He said he often came down just to people watch even if he had no intention to buy anything. I could see why. The people that wandered around the building, which was also the farmers market on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, were a mixture of well-heeled suburban types mixed in with the younger hipsters and older more eccentric disheveled types. He stopped in his tracks when we passed a stall with vintage dresses. Most of them mod styles from the '60s. He was transfixed on one in particular. It was a sleeveless A-line mod mini dress with loud and colorful concentric dots on a black background that shimmered in metallic threads that wove through the fabric. "Here, try this on," he said. I slipped behind the curtain of a makeshift fitting room and slipped it on. It fit like a gem and looked great on me. The only think I didn't like was the abrasive fabric. It rubbed against my skin like a Brillo pad. I came out anyway and showed it off to him. He stared at me in awe and couldn't stop smiling. "Perfect," he said. "What are you doing Friday night?" "I could be free," I said. "What did you have in mind?" "It's a surprise," he said. "Trust me?" Trust. There was that word again, and one I was learning was a big part of a Dominant/submissive relationship, even more so than in an ordinary, run-of-the-mill relationship. I was already getting the idea why. It was essential to everything that happened Friday night and this morning, even though I didn't realize it at the time. At first I thought his kindness

and romantic side was just part of the seduction, but I was beginning to see that he really was taken with me ... and had a very dark side, as well. It was times like this that I saw that he valued and respected me as a woman and a person, and I was sure he was only getting started with how he treated me in the dungeon and in the bedroom. Of course I trusted him. So far. "Good, because I trust you, too," he said. I was glad he did. As a partner in an architectural firm that was internationally renowned since the days his grandfather founded it, he had a lot at stake to keep a very straight and narrow reputation, and I appreciated that he took this leap of faith in me. Then again, no one needed to know the private side of me that I was just beginning to uncover and discover. If word got out about the kinkier side of our relationship, it would be a career killer for me, too. It drove me nuts not knowing what he had planned for Friday night. I felt like I was a little kid wondering what I was getting for Christmas and Friday night was Christmas morning. I kept trying to pry what he had planned through the week but he was resolute in not dropping any hints until Thursday morning. "What time do you get home from work tomorrow?" he asked. "Around five o'clock," I said. "OK," he said. "I'll have someone come to your house to do your hair and makeup at 5:15. That should give us enough time to get you ready when I pick you up at six-thirty. And don't wear a bra." Someone was going to come to my house to do my hair and makeup? How cool. A young wild-looking girl came to my door promptly at 5:15. Katherine, I assumed was in her early to mid-twenties, had long, black dyed hair that looked like she slept on it for three days and was covered in tattoos and equally dark and loud makeup. I was supposed to trust her to do me up for the night? But Katherine was a doll. She told me my gentleman friend must be an absolute sweetheart for setting her up to come to my house to work on me. I couldn't argue with that. She asked what our plans were and I had to tell her that I didn't have a clue. "Ooh ..." she said. "A man of surprises. Gotta love that!" Indeed I did, even if he confused me at times. However, I wasn't about to mention that to a stranger. That would only lead to some very probing questions I just couldn't answer. It was a conversation that just couldn't go in that direction. I had to protect not only my reputation, but George's, as well. By the time she was done with me, she had me looking like a '60s socialite. She had my normally wavy shoulder-length dark hair pulled up in an elegant up-do. My makeup was fashionably understated. She did a great job with the eyeliner and fake lashes without making me look like a caricature or a clown. George came in when Katherine was putting the finishing touches on me. He looked fresh and polished in a very well-tailored dark grey suit, fitted white shirt, and a lightly patterned purple tie that set off a sparkle in his eyes. He looked gorgeous in a very proper way. He looked pleasantly stunned and was at a loss for words until he gave me a beautifully wrapped gift box. It was light and almost weightless. I unwrapped it and tried not to pull out what was inside in front of Katherine — a black silk G-string. I smiled back at George and didn't say anything except "Thank you," although I wanted to ask him why he was breaking his no-underwear rule. He was grinning like an impish kid knowing that he made me uncomfortable in front of Katherine. Then he gave me another small gift wrapped box. This one seemed to have something small and solid with a bit of weight to it inside. I opened this box a little more discreetly. I really didn't know what he was up to. It was a good thing I did. It was a small insertable vibrator. I knew this trick. Now only if I knew where we were going and what he had in mind. I couldn't ask him

now. I just smiled and said, "Thank you," again without any embellishment. "Aren't you going to show Katherine what you got?" he asked. "Um ..." I stuttered, not knowing how to complete my answer. "How about, 'Yes, sir?'" he said. He was pulling the "Yes, sir" thing in front of Katherine? I was totally unprepared and a definitely ill-at-ease. I pulled the contents out of both boxes and she smiled. She pulled the panties out of the box and stroked the expensive fabric as if she coveted them. She opened the box with the vibrator and started cackling loud. George stood back and chuckled before he said, "Miss Katherine, do me the favor and let me see that Ms. Patrice is not wearing a bra under her dress." "Umm .. Sir ... this is something I said I would consider," I said. "We never discussed this." "My little kitten, you're right," he said. "Miss Katherine, just pull up her dress so I can see that Miss Patrice has followed my directions." Katherine walked up to me with a wicked smile if she were all too happy to comply to George's request. She pulled the fabric up to my armpits and stepped aside so George could see me naked except for my strappy black dress sandals. He fell back on one heel, crossed his arms, and stared and leered at me for what seemed to be the longest time. "Nice, very nice," he finally said. "Miss Katherine, ask Miss Patrice if you can fit her vibrator in." Katherine gave me a wicked grin, waved the vibrator in front of me, and said, "Would you let me do the honors? " I didn't know what to say. If I had some warning, I would have considered it right away, even if I was ashamed to admit, even to myself, that I was quite turned on by this situation. I nodded silently. Katherine asked me to get my lube. I assumed that she would put it on the vibrator and slide it inside of me. Instead, she put a dollop of it on the tip of her finger and waved it in front of my face before sliding her finger all the way up my vagina, stroking it and circling it and searching for my G-spot. I stood straight and stiff, embarrassed and unsure about a woman I barely knew trying to pleasure me with her finger, especially in front of George who was just sitting back and watching with perverse pleasure. But I couldn't resist getting a thrill out of what I was feeling, too. She got in front of my face, lip-to-lip, and said, "You really didn't need that lube. " I tried to let out a sigh, but she kissed me first and wasted no time leading a very slow and seductive dance with her tongue. I was about to reach under Katherine's skirt to return the favor until George interrupted. "OK, ladies, as much as I hate to break up the fun, we have dinner reservations at seven o'clock, and we're already late." Honestly, I forgot he was there. I wondered what he was thinking, but he had quite the smile on his face as he watched Katherine slip the vibrator inside of me and pull my panties on for me. Before George let me into his car, he tilted my chin up toward his face, smiled, and looked directly into my eyes. "You look stunning, especially with that finishing glowing touch she put on you," he said as he gave the vibrator a quick buzz. I shifted my hips and legs. He gave me a warning that any tell-tale signs of him playing with his remote control toy would be rectified with a spanking. We had dinner at new world cuisine-inspired restaurant that recently opened and was getting a lot of buzz around town. It was urbane and rather sophisticated with menu prices to match. At no time in the car or in the restaurant did he flick on the vibrator until our waiter came to our table. He didn't order for me, but every time I was asked what I wanted — a cocktail, hors d'oeuvres, another glass of water ... anything — I felt that tickling buzz go off. The more often it went off, the more I wondered if I could hold it in. It was getting pretty slippery and was afraid it would slip out. The silk panties provided a little bit of protection, but not

much. Plus, every time the vibrator would go off, my nipples got hard and would rub against the rough fabric. Even the slightest move to pick up a fork or my glass of wine scratched against the tender skin that was stretched over my hardened buds. I wanted to ask George what I should do in case my vibrator slipped out. I was tempted to comment about the sensations I was feeling, but not one bit of our conversation came close to sex, D/s, or even what happened earlier at my house. I tried to express my thanks for sending Katherine over to my house, to praise the job she did on my hair and my makeup. All he ever did was look dreamily at me and told me how stunning and beautiful I looked. We went to an opening of a photography show at a gallery after dinner where he knew a handful of people. Almost every time I opened my mouth to say anything to anyone, that silent buzz would set off boisterous wild tingles inside of me. If I had my way, I wouldn't have said a word, but I couldn't pretend to be shy or risk coming off as rude ... especially any time someone approached me to compliment me on my dress, hair or makeup, which seemed to be at least half of the people there. Sometimes he'd give the vibrator quick pulses as I responded. At other times, he'd wait until I was in mid-sentence and give that tiny invader inside of me a long blast. His insistence on keeping my drink full and fresh didn't help. The alcohol made me want to let loose. It got me horny as hell. So far, I managed to keep my composure until someone he knew said to me, "Based on the way you two have been holding hands and grinning at each other the whole time you've been here, I bet the two of you are going to have a hell of a night after you leave." I didn't think of that as being an inappropriate comment. I just laughed and responded by saying, "I never know what to expect from him." As the remark came out of my mouth, he turned off the vibrator abruptly and gave me a disappointing look. Obviously, I had too much to drink. When it came time for my third cocktail, I insisted on straight tonic and lime. George set the vibrator back on high and left it on. "Not funny," I said to him under my breath, on the verge of arching my back and letting out a very audible string of pants. He took me over to an empty and secluded corner of the gallery. He grabbed my wrists tight behind my back, pulled me in close to his side, and spoke in my ear with a stern, low and gravely whisper. He did it in a way that looked quite amorous to anyone that may have seen us. "You were doing so well, my pet," he said. "But that remark just earned you ten spankings on top of the slip you made earlier. And you have no idea what I can do with this hand. Or where." His threatening tone turned into a smile as he gave me a soft kiss on the cheek of the side of my face and let go of my wrists to grab one of my ass cheeks. I prayed no one saw that. My legs felt as if they were turning into a rubber jelly. It took everything inside of me to resist them from completely giving out on me. Finally, he shut off the vibrator and walked us out the door and into the parking lot. George turned me toward him, gave me a firm, moist kiss on the lips, and said, "This has been a wonderful evening. I wish it could go on ... I wish this evening didn't have to ... " The glow on his face went from a light pink glow to blistering shade of red that looked like a fresh sunburn. It was cute. It was charming. Even he laughed at himself. "Can you get away for the weekend?" he asked. "What did you have in mind?" I asked. "And let you in on my delightfully wicked plan?" he laughed. Another surprise adventure. I was up for it.