

# Our New Sub

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*My sub gets to meet my new toy - a female sub*

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I know how I want to introduce you to our new sub. I'll know her of course, but when you meet her for the first time I want it to be in public. She'll already know what I expect of her. We'll go down to the local pub, you dressed in jeans and boots to cover the shiny satin and sheer stockings you're wearing underneath. I'm sure you'll be nervous, but hopefully you'll be excited. You'll just have to try and hide it. There are booths there, and I'll get you sit with your back to the room. I'll be next to you and she can slide in opposite. Without saying a word her first task is to lift and her short skirt, slide off her red satin knickers and pass them to you. So the first time you touch it will be over damp lingerie, still warm from her body heat. I'd want you to lean back and unzip your fly. Then I want her foot slide up and your leg, alternatively having contact with denim and the silkiness of your stockings. Until finally her foot is resting on you, caressing you. All of this is in public, in plain view of anyone who walks past and looks twice. She is a total stranger who has never spoken to you. And yet here she is intimately caressing you without never having spoken to you before. She'll no doubt be getting turned on by this, by the feel of your heat beneath her stockinged feet and by knowing she's being watched by her Mistress, but she's sitting on a bench with no knickers on to catch her wetness. As the smooth nylon brushes over the now straining satin of your female knicker the myriad of emotions that you are feeling parade across your face. At a word from her Mistress she suddenly stops, and I lean forward to tell you to go into the Gents and replace the panties you are currently wearing with the ones she gave you. As a good sub you immediately obey, though your control is sorely tested when you put them on and your heat is surrounded by red satin that is still damp from the excitement of the stranger. You return to the table and hide your disappointment well at the fact she has gone, and you slide in opposite me. A small smile is playing over my lips, and you realise why when you feel a hand snaking up your left leg. She's not gone, she's been told to hide under the table. Her hand slides up and rubs you through your jeans, having trouble unzipping them due to your hardness. She grabs you and pulls you forward in your seat so you are slouching and you feel her warm breath on you. A waitress stops and delivers two drinks, unaware of the turmoil you are feeling, and you can't say a word to her. She starts a conversation with me, and I can tell the exact moment you feel a warm tongue on you for the first time as the pleasure is too much for you to keep from your face. The waitress leaves, and you continue to sit there, hands flat on the table, not able to move, wondering if

she noticed as well. The girl under the table is teasing the hell out of you, licking and sucking on you through the panties she used to wear, and with every lick of her tongue she is also tasting the juice she herself put on them. She hasn't unleashed you, and you know that she isn't allowed to. My hand slips from the table and suddenly you hear a low moan and the smooth sucking stops and starts, it keeps going but it's no longer in rhythm, something is distracting her. You realise that I am playing with her under the table, my fingers touching her wetness, sliding in and out. After a few moments my hand returns to the table top, my fingers glistening and sticky and as she takes your red satin covered balls gently into her mouth I look you in the eye and put my fingers into my mouth, sucking them clean, tasting her on my tongue.