

First Night

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Their first time alone and in private

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First night – Part 1 We met for the first time this evening. I heard her firm knock on my door and my knees shook. Oh, we'd met many times before but tonight was the first time alone in private and we both knew its significance. Our emails had been clearly explicit. We both knew the other well enough – we had trust and fondness. Preparing for her visit was exquisite anticipation. I had shaved myself smooth as I knew she wanted. I had taken an enema. She demanded cleanliness. New silk stockings held up with suspenders attached to a tight, black satin, laced corset which had been the devil to get right. It constricted my waist and lifted my breasts, exposed above it. She had not indicated whether I should wear knickers or not so I decided I'd wear black, silk French knickers that allowed access and felt so, so sexy. A black, silk almost transparent blouse with long sleeves and a high collar and a dark blue silk skirt – only silk would do for her. The skirt is long and buttoned to the knee then open from there to my ankles. High heels supported black leather shoes. I wanted her to be able to touch whatever she wanted to touch, however she wanted to touch it. Chilled wine waited for her. I had lit candles, prepared some food. I wanted perfection for her. I had laid things out for her as she had said. Three clamps on a Y shaped chain lay beside the three plugs and something to smooth their entry. A cane, long and thin hanging from the back of a chair scared me every time I looked at it but each time I passed it I caressed its curved handle. I actually kissed it once. At her knock I was startled. Nerves jangled. I composed myself, breathing deeply and went to the door, opened it. Her smile took all my fears and nerves, wrapped them in paper and discarded them. I stepped aside and she came into the warm, stopping to kiss me gently, demurely, not giving passersby or neighbours anything to gossip about. I closed the door and then she pushed me gently against the wall and kissed me properly, her tongue pushing into my mouth, her hand squeezing mine. She wore a long black leather skirt and a white silk blouse. Her hair shone and caressed her shoulders. She carried a small bag and I asked her where her overnight things were. 'In the car baby. You can get them later.' Her soft American tone warmed me. She walked into my sitting room and looked around, inspecting, nodded as if satisfied and sat in a large armchair, mine normally. I smiled to myself – she owns the place. 'May I get you some wine?' 'Thank you,' - always polite. I poured us a glass each and carried them through to her, setting hers on a small table beside her and stood by the fire to watch her. We raised glasses and smiled at each other, the tension in me all but gone. She told me to sit at her feet.

She read me poetry, from a small leather bound book, poetry she had written, some I had read before but all new with her voice, and her hand stroking my hair as I listened and she read. I rested my head on her knee. Her poems are dark, opening my mind to both her desires and my own. As she read my knickers became wet, that delicious wet that only silk can give. My nipples hardened and pushed, brushed against the silk of my blouse. She noticed, I know she did. She finished reading and closed the book. 'Are you wet?' 'I am, Miss.' She kissed me. 'Good girl.' Part 2 Her hand ran over my hair and smoothed, she curled it around her hand and then pulled my head back suddenly and hard. Her mouth descended onto mine and her free hand cupped my breast. She rolled the nipple between her thumb and finger, the pressure increasing as she pulled it. Her tongue forced its way into my mouth and probed me, I sucked it. Pulling me up by my hair as we kissed, she bit my bottom lip. The pressure on my nipple increased dramatically then suddenly stopped. I was now kneeling, my belly touching her knees and she pulled my head close to the silk of her blouse. 'Open it.' My hands moved to open the buttons and spread the warm silk to expose naked breasts beneath. My head was forced to her nipple and I suckled, loving the hardness of it. I raked it with my teeth and bit it gently. I was rewarded with a small sigh. She pulled me again by my hair and I had to half-stand as our mouths met again. The tension on my hair stopped and I was able to stand completely in front of her. 'Take off your blouse.' I undid the buttons and watched as she stood and walked to the altar-like presentation of clamps and plugs. Her skirt swayed as she moved. Her body concealed her actions and she returned to stand behind me, stroking my naked shoulders. A strip of soft cloth was placed over my eyes and tightened behind my head. 'Where did she get that from,' I asked myself as the darkness enveloped me. She whispered softly into my ear, 'Are you ready to feel?' I was ready, she knew it. Her hands stroked around me and came to my breasts, lifting them and pulling my nipples. I felt the sharp embrace of a clamp on my left nipple, then again on my right. I gasped and my head arched back onto her shoulder. Her lips touched my neck in a vampire's kiss. She let the chain fall so that the third clamp was hanging at my crotch and I knew it was there, ready to burn me. Her nipples were hard against the bare flesh above my corset. Hair caressed my shoulders, then she moved away from me and I was standing, blind and alone. Heat rose between my legs. I felt her hand again, covering a clamped nipple, pulling it so the fire burned. I felt the weight lighten as she lifted the third clamp and then she pulled so that I had to bend forward. She must have fixed the clamp to something, because the tension remained but she moved to stand behind me again and I felt her hands roaming over my buttocks, tracing the line of my suspenders and stroking the backs of my legs. She said nothing and moved away again, leaving me bent over, scared to move. Part 3 From behind, she lifted my skirt slowly, tracing my stockings with her fingers. Those fingers ran over my buttocks and up the leg of my knickers. She pulled my knickers down to my knees, my skirt thrown over my head. I felt a sudden cool, wet sensation as jelly touched between my buttocks then felt the intrusion as her finger pushed the lubricant deep inside me. Left with the wet feeling, I waited for the touch of the head of the plug which I knew was to follow. It felt unusual, not like one of mine. It was pointed and, at first, felt delicious but as its girth increased so came the stretching pain. She worked it in and out, each time a little further in until I was whimpering. The final onslaught pushed past my

sphincter and I closed around it. My knickers were pulled back up and the skirt thrown down to cover me. My Mistress came to stand in front of me and I felt her release the third clamp and allow me to stand. She told me to stick my tongue out and she pinched the third clamp onto it. 'That'll do for now – you said something about food?' She removed the blindfold and smiling at me, sent me to finish the supper. I went through to the kitchen, feeling deliciously full and with nipples aching dully. Each movement was a riot of feeling. The weight in my rear constantly teasing me. I laid a tray and carried through to find her sitting, her blouse still open, reading from her book again. I fed her as she read. Olives, small meatballs in chipotle sauce, pieces of chicken covered in a rich satay sauce. She ate delicately and sipped her wine. She removed the clamp from my tongue so I could eat too.