

# Leading Lady - The Book

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Published on Lush Stories on 10 Jul 2014

*Emily shows me the book*

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Sunday I moped about the flat. I did some perfunctory cleaning then decided, fuck it, I'd go to the pub and see some friends. My mobile rang around 1pm just as I was buying a couple of glasses of wine. 'Look, I'm sorry about this weekend.' 'It's fine, really. I know how busy you are.' She must have detected something in my voice. 'Look. I am busy. My work matters to me too. If you cant deal with that then we'll just say goodbye.' 'I don't know if I can deal with it or not.' 'Then you need to decide. If you'd like supper with me this evening come round about 7.' I bought a bottle of wine from the supermarket on my way back to my flat although I had decided not to go to see her but I might need a drink later. I changed into the pale blue dress and matching silk knickers but I was buggered if I'd go. I mean. Ask yourself. I was only trying the sandals on to see if they went ok, which they did. I got to her place around 7.30 because two could play the keep the other waiting and guessing game and I was good at it. When she opened the door, she said, 'Shit, I thought we'd said 8.' Okay – so I wasn't as good at it as she was but there you go. Emily invited me in and kissed me on the cheek. She was wearing a pair of shabby jeans and white silk blouse and I had a feeling that she'd known what time and that this was a deliberate thing. 'I need to get changed. Can you get a drink?' 'Don't change on my account.' Emily had started to mount the stairs but she stopped and turned. Looking down at me from the third step she seemed incredibly tall. She smiled. She seemed to be considering. Then she said OK and came back down. Her hand reached out and she cupped my face. 'Do you like rules?' What the hell did she mean? I said I had no idea what she meant. She continued to study my eyes as her hand slid down across my breasts and over my tummy, stopping just below my waist. I couldn't hold her eyes and lowered mine. I wanted to tell her to keep her hands to herself, that I was not merely to be groped and played with but the words stayed locked behind my lips. She seemed to come to a decision and, taking my arm, led me through to her large kitchen where a meal was laid out on the table. There were salads, cold meats, pastas and cheeses. We drank wine and talked and, with the food and drink and, of course, her, my mood improved and I relaxed. She led me out into her garden, huge by comparison with mine, and I sat at a small table where she had placed a brandy bottle and two glasses. 'You were cross with me.' A statement. 'I was disappointed. Sorry, I must have come across like a spoiled child.' 'Oh, you weren't just disappointed, you were angry. You gave off heat, even over the 'phone.' I smiled at that, remembering how a previous girlfriend, Anne, had

told me that when I was angry I was like an incendiary. 'Someone else has told you that, haven't they?' Bloody mind reading now. 'Yes.' 'Excuse me for a few moments.' With that she went back indoors and I sat, enjoying the garden, the brandy, the heat of the late evening and the rare opportunity to sit outdoors with someone so attractive. I was lost in thought when I felt a hand on my shoulder and I turned to look at her. 'This is what I was intending to change into but you sort of said 'never mind that' so I didn't.' She was wearing a long, floaty dress that was open just below her crotch and buttoned up from there to just between her tits. It was a mix of yellows, gold and blues. It was sleeveless and so transparent that I could see the dark of her nipples and the unmistakable outline of her trimmed triangle. I don't think I gasped but I might have done. Her eyebrow lifted. 'You like?' 'Me and my big mouth.' She leant her long, slender frame down so she could kiss me then; a proper kiss that engulfed my mouth and her hands slid down into my dress to caress my breasts. She squeezed my nipples between her fingers almost, but not quite too hard. Emily resumed her seat opposite me and across the table. She held her hand out and I reached to place mine in it. 'You didn't answer me. Do you like rules?' 'I don't understand.' 'Oh? I love rules. I think they are the firm base of a relationship. You broke one of my rules but, since you didn't know what it was, it isn't important.' 'Which rule did I break?' 'The rule about sulking.' Her hand rose to stay my denial. 'I work very, very hard at everything I do. If I commit to something I have to see it through. If that means that sometimes I have to drop out of an engagement in order to deal with work, then I do. Anyone who wants a relationship with me has to understand that it is on my terms. 'I'd like our relationship to develop but I need you to understand. Sometimes, if I make a commitment to you then you would come first and other things would have to wait. But you'd also have to understand that I expect my rules to be followed.' 'And if they are not?' 'Ah, well, that all depends on how our relationship develops. Do you remember that night when I told you to take your knickers off and you did?' How could I not? 'You wore a dress to that party because I told you to. Rules are like standing instructions. They don't need restating. So for example, I like a lover to wear a skirt or dress unless I tell her otherwise. I think you have worked that out and that you're wearing a dress tonight because you know I like that?' The question was in her intonation. I was not really believing what I was hearing. Rules? Standing instructions? Of course, this was all bollocks. I tried to work out how much she'd had to drink. Had she started drinking before I got there? I smiled. 'And if rules are broken I suppose it's spanking time?' I am good at sarcasm. 'An option, certainly.' Her gaze was direct, unwavering and I knew in that moment that she was as sober as I was not. Now, any sensible woman would have just said goodnight, picked up her bag and headed for the hills or the local cop shop. But there was that gaze. You have to understand. Emily was stunningly gorgeous. I may have mentioned that before. The mere sight of her made bits of me get a bit engorged. More, though, was that unnerving quality of command. I had felt that when she told me to wear a dress and, looking back, I do know it was telling me not asking. When she told me to give her my knickers it was, it is true, one of the sexiest things that anyone had ever said to me but, well, but. 'You are serious, aren't you?' Emily looked surprised. 'Serious? Of course I am.' Something seemed to dawn on her. 'Do you remember the party after the play, the garden? I asked you if you understood and you said "not even remotely"?' I

nodded. 'Well, I think you did understand, at least partially. Do you read much?' Perhaps the wine and brandy were conspiring to fuddle my brain. I was finding hard to keep up with the turns of her conversation. 'I do, yes.' 'Come with me.' I followed her, watching her arse move so deliciously under that diaphanous dress. She led me into a room I had not been in before. Her study, I thought. It was like a clubroom, with a partner desk and a couple of deep leather chairs as well as a desk chair. All the lights were at waist level and her nipples were far more obvious in that light. She went to a bookcase and searched briefly before finding what she was looking for. 'It's late, Trish and we both have work tomorrow. Take this and read it when you can. Email me tomorrow and we'll make a date if you still want to.' Saying this she took me in her arms and, with my neck arched back for her, she kissed my mouth deeply. 'You will see, I think, what I am like.' I wanted so much at that point to stay, to make love to her, to open her dress and devour her gorgeous body. She knew. 'Not tonight,' she smiled, 'but soon, I promise.' As I left she patted my bottom and I felt like a schoolgirl being sent home. The Book It was called, "The Submissive Woman." Elizabeth Tenant was its author and it was not professionally printed. It was, however, incredible. One passage particularly hit me as, late into the night, I devoured the book. I was tired, needed to sleep but this book touched me. It touched something deep inside me. I read and read and read. 'She gives, not because she wants to but because she needs to. She gives herself and it is more than the giving of love, it is the giving of herself, her whole self. She doesn't always like it but it is what she is.' And more. 'She does not have to call her lover, 'Mistress' for that to be the case. They both know it. The rules of one are the leading lights for the other.' 'A rule, once set, can only be changed if the dominant partner so wishes.' 'She does not allow herself to be controlled, she needs and craves it. She accepts all the consequences, knowing that the woman who controls her loves her, cares for her and will allow her to be fulfilled.' It was a manifesto. It covered discipline, reward, forgiveness, learning and guidance. Some of the discipline was emotional, some corporal, some very corporal. I didn't go to work in the morning, mainly because I had not finished reading until 7am. The problem was that in all I had read I had seen me. Not Trish, but me. It was like a light on my soul and, until that night, I had never really known me. I emailed her. Friday She had told me to come to her house at 8. I waited on the street until 8 then rang her doorbell. I had brought the book with me and offered it to her as she opened the door. Emily stood in the doorway and took it from me. 'Come on in.' She closed the door behind me and kissed me warmly. She was wearing that dress again. She led me through to the kitchen where, once again, a meal awaited me. 'You must spend hours preparing.' 'Don't be silly. I have a woman who does all my domestic stuff. I simply don't have the time.' 'Where is she?' 'She goes home at 6. Now, sit and enjoy your dinner with me.' She poured me a glass of a very dry white wine and then sat facing me. She questioned me about the book. In my email I had said how it had touched me, how deeply it resonated with me and that, although I did not understand myself or the book completely, I had sensed something almost spiritual. As we ate she explored this with me and I felt as if I were back at University, presenting an essay to my tutor. We moved into the sitting room with coffee and brandy and sat facing each other in deep, soft armchairs. Her legs were apart and I could see her pussy hair more clearly. 'Look at my face, please.' I lifted my eyes and felt almost ashamed. 'Don't be

ashamed but there is a time and a place.' Her hand unbuttoned her dress so that her breasts were exposed and I knew I was being tested. It was almost midnight when she asked me, 'Do you think you can accept a relationship on my terms?' 'I don't know for sure, Emily. I do know that I want to explore with you and learn. I know I will try to be what you need and what I need to be. But, I have to admit I am afraid.' 'Only a fool would not be. I was owned by my boss in London until she decided I was following the wrong path. She led me to understand myself as a dominant woman and that only by being me would I succeed in life. She was right. Stand up.' I stood. 'Take off your dress.' I let it fall and she smiled to see that I was completely naked apart from my sandals. I had known that was how I should be. I had come to her with nothing but the dress and my handbag. I had no spare clothes, nothing. 'Some women like collars and overt signs of ownership. I prefer more subtlety. If you submit to me then you will not need a collar although I might like you to wear one sometimes.' Her eyebrows were lifting. 'I will expect a lot from you. Patience will be vital, acceptance, moreso.' Emily patted her thigh and I knew precisely what that meant. I moved to stand astride her leg and once more I lowered my now wet pussy onto the soft skin of her thigh and began to rub myself wantonly on her. Her hands roamed freely over my breasts and flanks as I felt myself wetting her. I pressed forward so my thigh was in contact with her and I felt her hips begin to rise as mine were moving against her. I leaned forward to kiss her and she allowed that, her tongue entering me and her hands folding behind my neck but the action, the force, was between our legs. I began to grunt, not with effort but with pleasure. Her fingers squeezed my nipple and I knew it was imminent. Emily pushed me gently away and down between her legs. 'Clean my leg.' I looked up at her eyes and then, slowly, licked myself from her thigh. I took my time, enjoying her little noises and other indications of pleasure, like her hands in my hair. I started to lick upward from the wet on her but she pushed me down. Suddenly she stood up and I almost fell backwards. 'Come.' I got to my feet and once again followed that shapely arse as she walked up the stairs. Every now and then she'd turn to look at me, her hand dangling on the bannister rail. She led me into her bedroom. She sat in a chair to one side of the bed and told me to sit on the bed. 'Get right up on it, facing me.' I did that. 'Spread your legs, darling, be open to me.' I was naked, my legs wide apart. She studied me. She undid the last of the buttons holding her dress together and like me she opened her thighs. The light was not bright but enough for me to see the sparkle of damp in her dark pubic hair. 'Did you nearly cum?' 'You know I did.' 'When I ask a question, please answer it.' 'Yes, Emily, I was very close.' 'Better. Where you disappointed when I stopped you?' 'A little, yes but I hoped it was a delay rather than a denial.' She smiled at that. Her hand was gently caressing her thigh but I kept my eyes on hers even though they were half shut. 'Did the book shock you?' I nodded and admitted that some of it had, some of the more extreme, taboo bits and told her so. She nodded, her hand now describing circles around her pussy. 'But it aroused you too?' 'Yes.' I watched as her finger disappeared into her. I wasn't, I suspected supposed to watch but the sight of her was captivating. She told me to do as she was doing and no one was ever more willing than I at that point. 'I wrote the book. It's never been published, in fact you are the only person who has ever read it. It might have been written for you. In fact I wrote it for myself. To try to make sense of myself and the woman I need. Did you feel close to the submissive woman?' If only she

knew how much it had resonated but, perhaps, she did know. She stood, shed her dress and came to me. She knelt at the side of the bed and pulled me to her. Her mouth closed over my pussy, her tongue slowly loving me. Her hands caressed my thighs and her tongue lavished love on my clitoris. She sucked me there too. I was groaning now and wanted or needed release. She looked up at me. 'I want you to count to one hundred. Then, let go. Let it out. Give it to me.' I counted and found it amazingly hard to remember which number followed which. I was abandoned, overwhelmed by desire. I held her hair in my hand and stroked her head as she worked delicately, then less delicately between my lips. Her finger curled into me as I was saying '80' and it was as if she were directing the scene. At 95 she stopped momentarily than pressed her face hard against me, her tongue extended. My head went back and as I said '99' it started. I felt as if in a trance. I erupted then, eyes closed, a howl that started as a grunt and became louder and louder as I shook the orgasm out of me like an exorcism. I have no idea what the time was. We were covered by the sheets of her bed and she was spooned behind me, her mouth on my shoulder, close to my ear. She had let me bring her the same pleasure in almost exactly the same way and now we were in that half life between wake and sleep. 'I know you're afraid but I will look after you.' Feeling safe does not always mean not being scared, I thought to myself as I drifted into an exhausted oblivion.