

# Swim Coach (Chap 11)

By MindSparks

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*Matt takes me out for a night on the town.*

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I drove myself to Matt's house that night wearing a ratty pair of sweats and an old Tee after telling my parents that I'd be spending the night at Beth's again. I'm sure they wouldn't have been too surprised to hear that I'd become a lesbian given the number of nights I'd spent at her house recently. I'd had to put my 'evening wear' and makeup into a duffle. My hair had grown out considerably since we three girls had had our spa day in the city. It was now longer and looked a bit like Molly Ringwald's hair in the movie '16 Candles', only I was still my natural, much-darker-than-Molly's auburn color and it was just a bit longer and curlier. I arrived at Matt's place looking like I was going to be scrubbing floors, not going out. He looked a bit shocked when he opened the door, the questioning look on his face betraying his opinion of my current state. "Ummm, I couldn't very well wear my dress and heels over here after I'd told my parents I was sleeping over at Beth's, right?" I asked as I pressed in past him. "Nope, I guess you couldn't. I'd love to say you look great Amy..." Matt laughed at his little cut-down. "Errr, how long do you think it'll take you to get ready? Our reservations are in the city and it'll take a while to get in there." I smiled impishly at him as I walked up the stairs to the master bath. "Don't rush a lady, sir." Remembering our conversation from the last time we'd been together did motivate me, however, to prepare myself quickly. I remember looking at myself in the full-length mirror as I went through the various stages of dressing. I saw myself fully nude for the first time in a while and noticed that I'd gained a bit of weight as I'd stopped training so much after the season had ended. The weight appeared to have settled in my breasts and to a lesser degree in my hips giving me just a little bit more curve than I'd had the first time Matt had seen me in the showers. Then after squeezing myself in the the corset and g-string I very carefully rolled the stockings up my legs, never appreciating how good my legs looked and how difficult it would be to maintain that shape as I aged. I heeded Giselle's advice carefully, sliding the garters under the thin strings of the g-string. I looked up and was a bit shocked at just how... mature I looked in the elaborate get-up. This was not the stuff of girls at all. I slid the dress over my lingerie surprised by how well much more innocent I appeared once it covered my black lace. I slipped into my heels and felt the weight in my body shift, my ass and chest pushed out subtly and a new higher perspective of the world around me. A few minutes in the mirror spent drawing on my eyeliner and some lipstick to match my nails and I was done. I dropped the lipstick, a compact, and \$20 in a small matching clutch and left. I tried to move gracefully in the heels, kicking

myself for not having practiced a bit more in them. I figured I managed to do pretty well when Matt not only didn't laugh, but actually looked a bit awe-struck when I slowly appeared walking down the stairs. "Well, I suppose I... you... perfect, Amy, perfect!" Matt's words were barely a whisper. I did my best to maintain my poise, though I'm sure I blushed a bit. "Thank you, Matt." He was wearing a black suit, skinny black tie, nice leather shoes and looked so very dapper. It was only then that I noticed that he'd shaved his mustache off. "Oh my god, you shaved!" I might have actually squealed. He looked younger without the facial hair and the softness of his freshly-shaved face looked so inviting. "You look so hot." Matt seemed to take the compliment much better than I'd taken mine. "Thank you." He walked over to me, gently brushed my hair back, and teased me with his proximity, his cologne twisting me this way and that. Then, leaving me a bit out of sorts, he said, "Let's go, I think we are going to have a very interesting evening." He placed his hand on my back, just at the top of my ass where the 'T' of my g-string sat and pressed me towards the door. We drove in a kind of awkward silence for about 1/2 an hour to a restaurant north of the loop in Downtown Chicago. The silence, intermittently broken by my attempts at starting a conversation, brought with it the beginning of a realization that there might be something more to a relationship than just sex. But by the time I'd started to actually think that thought we'd arrived at the restaurant. I'd expected to go somewhere nice and a bit fancy, but Matt had really chosen a to take me to a very nice place indeed. We pulled up to a well-known, upper-end hotel. I started to get really excited and anxious all at the same time, realizing that he was really setting things up for us with his choice. One of the valet attendants opened my door for me (another first in a night of many) and I managed to exit the car without looking too goofy. Matt quickly came around as they parked the car and escorted me to the hotel's 4-star dining. We'd managed to arrive early so Matt suggest we wait at the bar. "Ummm, the bar" I said unsure of myself. "Yes, Amy. The bar." He gave me a raised eyebrow and a sly, knowing grin as he gently pressed that spot on my back again, leading us into the dimly lit space. He ordered drinks for us, a white wine for me and a gin on the rocks for himself. Now, in the new environment of the bar conversation came more easily to us. We talked a lot about what it was like to be a coach - I was really curious to see if Matt had ever seduced another girl on his team. He said that he hadn't when I got up the nerve to ask him directly, though he did say that he'd wanted to on several occasions. Even though I believed that he hadn't been with other girls I still felt a flush of jealousy. Soon after he had laughingly confessed his lust for other girls on the team we were seated in the dining room. The meal ended up being quite spectacular. We were treated like royalty and I found myself laughing at some of Matt's jokes and getting just a little bit buzzed on the bottle of wine that we drank during the meal. I asked Matt at some point why he had decided that it would be a good idea to sleep with me. After quipping that he wasn't really sure quite yet whether or not it was a good idea, he sat back in his chair and just simply gazed at me for a long beat. I felt like his eyes were seeing through the fabric of my dress, viewing me as though I was sitting across from him naked and exposed. His answer was wholly unexpected, "I knew that you would give me what I wanted. I knew that I would give you what you wanted. Its as simple as that really." I'd been expecting something like 'you have a nice body', or 'I liked your smile'... I didn't know what to say to that. I just looked at him totally consumed by his

masculine energy. At that point I'd probably have stripped off all my clothes and danced for the man right then and there had he asked me too. I was completely under his powerful spell, much as he had thought I would be. I loved it too, I loved knowing that he had that power over me because I knew so strongly that he wouldn't abuse his power over me. He broke the silence and the tension, at least to a degree, with his version of the same question. "Why did you kiss me that day in the pool, why did you give yourself to me?" I'd long been contemplating the answer to that question and was as sure of it as ever. "At first it was just a crush, like I've had a hundred other times. You are cute. But then I started to see how good you are in what you do, how strong your spirit is, how honest and straight and in touch with yourself you are." Actually, I probably wasn't nearly that eloquent, but that's at least what I'd meant to say. My answer left him smiling. "So tonight will be a night of many firsts for you Amy. After dinner we are going to go to dancing for awhile. After dancing I'm going to take you to a different kind of dance . It is actually somewhat of a new environment for me as well so we'll both learn from it. Then we'll return here, I've got a room for tonight." He paused letting the plan sink in. I must have been beaming. "Tonight you will learn things about me and yourself as well. Tomorrow morning a friend of mine is going to take us sailing on the lake. Sound like fun?" I'm sure that I looked like a total dork sitting there, my mouth agape at the plan and its perfection. "I can't wait.... but, ummm, Matt?" "Yes?" "I want you." And I did too. Sure, I was physically aroused but that's not why I wanted him. I just wanted to be connected to him. To get a dose of his energy. It was as though I could drink the energy into my body directly from the thrusts of his pelvis into mine that I was picturing in my mind's eye. "Soon enough Amy, soon enough." We finished our magnificent meal. I'd never eaten in such opulence and culture. I found myself thinking that I'd love to live a life that had a lot of this type of dining in it. Matt escorted me to our room after dinner, it was a very ornate room with all the little touches that I'd never seen when our family had stayed at a Holiday Inn on a family road trip. Matt stood at the foot of the bed and with a nod brought me to him. His voice was almost imperceptibly quite when he whispered "kneel" to me. Unlike the last time there was little or no hesitation this time. I found myself on my knees and toes looking up at my lover and wondering what to expect next. He moved to a suitcase in the room, he must have had it in the car and had them put it in the room, as I hadn't seen Matt carrying one. He opened it up out of my sight and pulled out a small, wrapped package. He walked back over to me and sat in a chair against the wall, facing me. "You are a magnificent woman Amy. I'm very happy. I'd like you to wear this." He handed me the package and I found myself looking at him, the unasked question of whether I should open it in my eyes, but not on my lips. He nodded and I gently tore open the purple paper and revealed what looked to be a thin, flat, leather choker with a beautifully fashioned silver hasp locked by an ornate, and oddly feminine lock. I looked at the leather more closely and saw that it had been engraved, ' Amy, with admiration and adoration. M ' on the inside surface of the leather. On the outside of the black leather I noticed that a pattern of flowers had been stamped into the choker. All in all it gave the impression of being a very intimate, very personal, very sensual gift. I looked up at Matt, a tear in my eye as a wave of emotion swept over and through me. I began to open it up then realized that I didn't have the lock's key. I looked back at Matt. He slowly rocked forward and shook out his right wrist. An identical leather

bracelet slid down to his hand, and on the bracelet dangled the key that I was sure would open the lock. He reached forward and took the choker from my hands. Stood. Opened the lock with his key, which he then shook back up his arm and under his shirt sleeve. Opening the hasp he then leaned down and kissed me as he gently looped the choker around my neck. It was perhaps just the slightest bit tight on me. Not uncomfortably so, but I was completely aware of its presence on me. I heard a click and knew that the choker was now locked around me. I felt the lock dangle against my throat and wondered what I looked like in it. I knew, even without looking, that I felt incredibly sexy in it. "Thank you Matt." I wanted him to kiss me again but he just stood over me, looking. "I'd like you to call me ' Sir ' tonight. Do you understand that Amy?" "Yes" a brief pause "Sir." It felt right to me. He reached out a hand for me that I took and he helped me off the floor. "Lets go dancing." We took a cab to a club that wasn't too far away. The club was very nice, not a disco at all, but more of an ornate ballroom with a long brass bar and about one hundred or more small tables surrounding a large dance floor where a swing band was playing. On the way there Matt told me that he'd been very jealous of Pete when he'd found out he was taking me to the prom. He said that he'd been planning this for quite some time and was very happy that he would finally get to dance a slow dance with me. I, of course, got all tingly inside when he said that. Neither of us knew how to swing dance so as it turns out we only ended up dancing to the slow songs, not that either of us cared about it though. It was a lot of fun just to watch the more knowledgeable dancers do their thing on the floor - some of the moves they performed were almost beyond belief. What I really remember though is the slow dances that I spent in Matt's arms. Earlier in the night we started dancing with a bit of space between us, my left hand in Matt's right, my right on his shoulder, and his left on my hip - a more formal arrangement than I was used to. The boys at school dances always made sure that I could feel their stiff cocks pressing into my belly in case I wasn't really sure what they wanted. Matt's more gentlemanly take on slow dancing just made me feel even more right about being with him as it seemed so respectful. During the faster songs we'd sit and shared a bottle of champagne. Though the night was still young I'd already had more to drink than just about any other time in my life. I wasn't by any means drunk but I do remember feeling quite... loose would be the best way to describe it. As I got looser and as the lights seemed to dim a bit and the band got louder Matt and I started to dance closer and closer to each other. I enjoyed being able to rest my head on his shoulder, my lips pressed against the rough skin of his neck which I gently kiss as we danced. Despite his best efforts Matt's body betrayed him, just as the boys at high school dances bodies betrayed them. After about two hours of dancing I started to feel Matt's turgid cock pressing against me during our dances, which of course just made me grow wet in anticipation. I started trying to provoke him a bit - I'd gently rub myself against his bulge while we danced, or run my hand across him as we turned to leave the dance floor. I would sway my hips a bit more when walking in front of him, glancing back into his beautiful eyes. The subtlety of the entire experience had both of us desperate for more contact. We finished the champagne and Matt ordered a round of shots which seemed out of place for the mood we'd been building to that point. When the provocatively clad waitress left, I looked at Matt and the question as to why we were going to do shots must have been quite apparent on my face. "This is the

right way to transition into the next part of our evening. I want you to know, Amy, that you'll be safe at all times during the rest of tonight. We are going to go to a different kind of club now, an adult club." His gaze was burning with its intensity. "You are to do exactly as I tell you all the time we are there. Will you be able to this Amy?" I thought about his request. It didn't seem that difficult to do, but I wondered what was so different about the club that required Matt to be in such total control. At the same time I was thinking these thoughts I also realized that I wanted nothing more than to please him. My curiosity needed to be satisfied though and I had the feeling that if I didn't fully participate in Matt's plan that there was a chance that I might not find out where he wanted to take me next. When I said "Yes Sir. I'll do anything you ask of me. I trust you Matt." As I said his name there was a flash of something dark and angry in his face that lasted only a moment and then was gone. He stood and then gave me his hand as we left, "We will not use our names at this club. You will only refer to me as Sir. I may address you in any number of ways but I want you to know that even if they seem rude or callus I only am using them in the context of the moment. Only because the situation calls for their use." He was holding my hand, the warm strength enveloping my own much daintier hand like a rubber vice grip. "I understand Sir." I was surprised by how easily I had started using 'Sir' with Matt. "Why do you want me to address you as 'Sir'?" I asked a bit timidly as we got into another Taxi. "It has to do with control. I'm what many people would call very Dominant. I feel best when people acknowledge me with respect. This is particularly true of my lovers. I tend to be with submissive women who just know that they need a dominant man in their life to unlock their true potential." "Am I submissive, Sir." And even as I asked the question I realized that only a submissive could even ask such a question. But he smiled at me anyway, "I believe you are in the context of a romantic relationship. But we shall see, after all you are new to this right?" The cab pulled over and deposited us in front of a large, plain brownstone house on the corner. Down one street was a row of bars, restaurants, and other little shops. Down the other street it appeared to be a fairly quiet residential area. Matt paid the driver and took my hand as we walked to the door. "Speak only when I talk to you. Speak to nobody else unless I tell you to. Don't forget anything else I've told you tonight." He leaned in and kissed me, his hands holding my face, I swooned a bit dizzy with the excitement of tonight. He knocked. I whispered "Thank you Sir." just a moment before the peep hole in the door briefly darkened followed by the opening of the door. "Ahhh, Mister Stanley, we've been expecting you. Please, won't you come in." An older gentleman dressed in what appeared to be a red smoking jacket and what I thought must be black silk pajamas opened the door for us. We stepped in to a small, dimly-lit reception area. There were some very nice tropical plants in the space and a small, delicate love seat. There was a closed door on the opposite side of the room, and an open door to a small bath on the wall to my left. "Would you or your companion like to change Sir?" "No, I think not tonight. Some changing is likely to be in store but I think we'll move on as we are Lawrence." Matt reached out to shake Lawrence's hand and I saw a roll of bills pass from Matt to Lawrence. "Very well then Sir. I trust that you will enjoy yourself quite thoroughly while you are here tonight" said Lawrence as he knocked on the inner door. "I always do, Lawrence. I always do." I could not have expected what was behind that door any less had I been Alice falling into a rabbit hole. The door was opened by a large

black man who was dressed in nothing but a codpiece. He was obviously a body builder and his skin glistened in a fine sheen of oil. He nodded to us as we walked through the door but didn't say anything. We walked down a dimly lit hallway, its walls adorned with Roman-style frescos depicting scenes from an orgy. The hallway ended, opening up into a large room and what I saw in this room changed me. The entire room was lit in soft pools of yellow light. Jazz music was being played over speakers set on the walls. There were couches and settees scattered throughout the room. A bar of dark wood and brass accents took up one end of the room. At the bar a tall, elderly bartender was making drinks for two men, dressed similarly to Matt, who were talking to each other at the bar. I watched as the barman handed them the drinks and they walked over to a long settee where there where two women were seated. The women were the shocking part of this scene. One of the woman, a blonde, was dressed in what looked to be nothing more than a dark blue teddy and a tall pair of black heels. The other woman, a brunette, seemed to be dressed in nothing more than a black bra, panties, and a garter belt and stockings. Matt pressed his hand into my back and we moved towards the two other couples. As we approached I noticed that both of the women wore collars that were considerably wider and more... formidable than the thinner, more delicate choker I was wearing. I also noticed that attached to each of the women's collars were black-leather leashes that were being picked up by the two men. As we got closer I noticed that the brunette's attire was not lace or satin but black leather. As Matt neared the men he reached out and shook their hands, greeting them warmly and by name. He didn't even take notice of the women on the settee who similarly didn't say anything to Matt. I couldn't help but notice the women. They were both beautiful women, the brunette was the older of the two, probably in her mid 30s. The blonde woman was younger, I guessed that she was in her early 20s. She was built movie star with large, firm breasts, a narrow waist and perfect hips. The blonde wore only a hint of makeup, while the brunette who was more curvy than either of us wore considerably more makeup and wore her hair long and big. They both sat very upright and kept their attention on the men. The blonde watched the older of the two men attentively. He seemed to be about 50 and wore what seemed to be a very expensive suit. The younger of the two men appeared to be in his mid-30s, but actually had more gray showing in his conservatively cut hair. He was a good deal heavier than anybody else here. I was wrapped up in my assessment of the other people and trying to figure out who these people were when I heard Matt's voice directed at me. "Down, on your knees." He was looking directly at me. And now the other men were looking at me as well. I remembered what he'd said and sank to my knees as gracefully as my somewhat tight dress would allow. I looked up at him feeling a very nervous feeling flitter through me as I wondered what was going on. Matt moved to stand directly in front of me, the women on the settee were now behind me. The other two men stood to either side of Matt. The older man spoke up first, "She's a lovely lovely girl Mr. Stanley. You've done well for yourself. I love the collar you've given her. May I take a closer look?" "Of course Mr. Lincoln, of course you may." Matt's eyes never left mine. I felt like I was under a spell when he looked at me like that. The other man then spoke up, "You know that the club requires a lead on all subs, Mr. Stanley. Will you be complying with the clubs policies?" I saw a brief flash of concern appear and then quickly vanish from Matt's face. I don't think he had been expecting that. He

replied quickly and decisively “Yes Mr. Lark, I had intended to but wanted to move slowly. She is just beginning her training with me. Perhaps I can borrow a loaner from the club.” “Of course, of course Mr. Stanley.” The fat man motioned to the bar keep who approached quickly. “A lead for Mr. Stanley.” The barman nodded and quickly returned to the bar, reaching under it and returning with a black leather leash that was neatly coiled. He handed it to Matt who took it, gave it a cursory inspection and then took the clasp of the leash and leaned down to me as I stood silently trying to keep still in my uncomfortable position on the floor. His eyes seemed to flash a message of his strength and power to me as he attached the lead to my collar. “Well done Mr. Stanley” said the older man, patting Matt on the back and leering at me as though I was a steak. “I’m hoping that your little pet won’t remain so formal all evening.” He sounded like a lecherous old man might sound when talking to a little girl. It sent a shiver of disgust up my spine. I started to become quite nervous there on the floor. I really began to think that I was out of my league, and that either Matt was as well, or that perhaps Matt wasn’t really looking out for me. At the same time that these doubts arose my continued desire to please Matt, to be the woman he wanted me to be, felt so strong that I couldn’t even consider disobeying him. So I just focused my attention on him; I looked at him and kept looking at him. Matt talked to the men for about five minutes or so. My knees began to ache so I tried to relieve the pressure by sitting back and shifting the weight to my feet. I also found that it was easier on me if I spread my legs a bit though my dress restricted this to some degree. The older man, who had also spent some time leering at me then interrupted Matt mid sentence. “Why look Mr. Stanley, she’s set herself into nadu , and you said she was untrained. Why she is an absolute natural. What a splendid find!” I had no idea what they were talking about, but Matt was looking down at me with the most intense expression of... pride (at least I think it was pride) on his face. Despite the pain in my knees and the completely alien surroundings I felt my body react ever so strongly to Matt’s gaze. My nipples hardened against the coarse, stiff material of my corset. I felt my panties grow damp. Felt my pulse quicken and my breath catch in my throat. I think Matt could sense the longing I was feeling. He thanked the older man for the complement, “Yes, she is a splendid find. I’m quite taken by her really.” He shook hands with the men, “But I think it is perhaps time for us to explore a little bit.” He tugged on the leash gently and mouthed “stand up” to me. I did so immediately, feeling somewhat unsteady on the tall heels and my nearly numb legs. When I turned around I noticed that several other couples had entered the room while I had been kneeling. They all seemed to be similar to the two couples we had already met, with the exception that two of the couples were clearly vice-versa: the women were clearly in charge and the men that they were with were wearing collars and leashes. I would have just stood there taking it all in, but Matt’s tug on the collar alerted me to his desire to move on. He led us to another door in the room which led to a short hall. Two bead-covered doorways led to rooms off the hall and a staircase at the end of the hall provided the opportunity to climb or descend. We walked to the first doorway and looked into a room lit in blue light. Inside the blue room we saw a large round platform, it may have been a bed. It was slowly rotating and as it did a couple was.... performing on it. A tall, fit man was standing nude in the center of the bed. A very-large-breasted blonde, wearing her collar and leash, had her mouth wrapped around the man’s cock. He looked like

he was enjoying himself quite thoroughly. He would occasionally run his hands through her hair and pull her face into his crotch while his well-oiled skin rippled over flexed muscles. Several couples were standing in the room, watching, and also starting to play. I watched as one of the men told his companion to strip out of her long, lacy red nightgown. She did without hesitation, never letting her gaze wander from his face as the thin material cascaded into a pool at her feet. Another tug. We looked into the other room. The room had a tropical feel with many green plants, green light, some fake palms. There was a little sand box in there too, but there when Matt saw that there was nobody in there he suggested we explore some more. He followed me as we walked up the stairs. I asked him what was downstairs and he just smiled and said something about not being ready for that and patted my ass. At the top of the stairs Matt pointed to a door. He told me to go into that room and to remove my dress (actually I think he said my 'very sexy little dress') and to come back out into the hall wearing everything I had on except the dress. His command (it did sound like a command) stopped me in my tracks. I had realized that this might be coming when we'd first arrived here, but hadn't contemplated that I'd feel so nervous and reluctant to do it. I guess that I really hadn't contemplated any feelings I might have at all. So now as I found myself walking in to what appeared to be a dressing room one might find at a department store in the mall I wondered if I was going to be able to give Matt what he wanted. I walked into one of the curtained alcoves and stood in front of a full-length mirror there. I looked at myself. In the dress and the makeup and heels I looked more mature, more feminine, more womanly than I'd ever looked or felt before. I wanted nothing more than to please Matt. I had my reservations about the situation I was in now, but not about Matt. I trusted him and believed that he would keep me safe. As I reached behind me and pulled down the zipper to my new dress I felt the cool air flow across my skin, though in truth it seemed like the corset and stockings covered enough to keep me from revealing too much. Reaching in to my clutch I removed the lipstick and reapplied it, then hung the clutch on a hook next to the mirror, and my dress on top of the clutch. I looked at myself in the mirror again. I wouldn't have recognized me had I not known that this was a mirror. I didn't know whether I looked like a Playboy model, a movie starlet, or a hooker. I had a strong feeling, however, that I did look very hot. The corset had the effect of maximizing my minimal cleavage and accentuating my narrow waist. My hips had a wonderful curve to them and my legs, of course, were in near perfect shape from all the swimming I'd been doing. Turning a bit let me see my ass, which really was the only completely exposed bit as the g-string provided no coverage. But I really wasn't unhappy with what I saw. I think guys would have called it heart-shaped. I just knew that it wouldn't disappoint. I stepped back out into the hall looking for Matt. He'd wandered down to the other end of the hall and was watching some activity in the room that opened off the hall quite intently. I walked down the hall, my heels clicking loudly on the floor and my heart beating more and more rapidly in my chest. Matt heard the clicks and turned to look when I was about half way to him. His initial response was a look of stunned surprise, which he really didn't do a very good job of covering when he held out a hand telling me to stop. He then motioned for me to go down and I took the cue to kneel in middle of the hall despite the fact that I heard some people behind me finish their ascent of the stairway and walk into the hall. I tried to kneel like I had before, spreading my legs

slightly and trying to push my boobs out a bit. Matt walked up to me and just stood in front of me, about two steps away. I looked up into his face and grew happy the expression of lust and joy in it as his eyes roamed over my body like his hands hopefully would do so. "Do you like what you see, Sir"? He smiled and approached closer holding his hand out for me. I took it and he helped me stand next to him as the couple passed by us. I was watching a bald man's gaze looking at me with intense lust as he led a short, fat woman on a lead to the room at the end of the hall. Matt ran a hand over my naked ass and whispered into my ear "Speak only when spoken to . I wouldn't want to have to punish you." There was just the faintest note of anger in his voice and it made me grow a bit cold and ashamed. And I don't know how or why I sensed it but I also got a feeling that he wanted to punish me, that whatever punishment he might meet out would likely be satisfying to him in some way. The possibility that Matt might actually enjoy punishing me occupied my mind as we walked down the hall into the room. This room, like the large room downstairs, also had a bar and similar furnishings but was decorated in dark blue tones with dim blue lighting. A small band was playing softly in one corner of the room and a black woman was singing a Billie Holiday song. This room seemed to be much less inhibited than the room downstairs. One couple on a settee in a corner appeared to be fucking; a collared red head with a flat chest was straddling a tall guy who would occasionally yank on her leash has his hips pushed into hers. Another couple sat next to them, watching intently. I watched as the man whispered to his submissive as he turned and assess Matt and I. There were two couples sitting next to each other on a round couch in the middle of the room. They both seemed to be female-dominant couples as both men were kneeling on the floor and the women were dressed in rather opulent dresses. The men looked very similar to each other with the exception that one was a very dark skinned black man, and the other a very pale, almost albino, white man. They both wore leather ... stuff (I had no idea of what any of it was at the time) and were built like professional bodybuilders. Their skin was oiled and glistening in the blue light. The women that they were kneeling in front of were older than the men, perhaps in their late 40s or early 50s. They looked like they had money given the dresses they were wearing, the sparkling jewelry, and their perfectly coifed hair. Given the number of other couples in the room it surprised me a bit when Matt made for the two older women. Before we got to them Matt whispered into my ear "Kneel when I start talking to them. Keep your eyes off of them." I nodded silently and when Matt and I had reached them Matt gave the two ladies this little bow and said "Ms Black, Ms White, ladies, how pleasant it is to see you both here and looking so well." As Matt had instructed me I kneeled down in to the nadu position, just slightly behind his left leg and only about a couple feet away from the black bodybuilder who was the closer of the two men in leather. I tried to look away from the women and just listened to their conversation. One of the women said, "Ahhh, Mr. Stanley! How lovely to see you as well." The other jumped in, cutting her off, "Ohhh, my and with such an absolutely ravishing little toy . My my, Mr. Stanley where on earth did you find her?" "Let's just say I found her in her natural element. And since that time I've found that she is a natural at many things. In fact this is her first time here at the club. And I haven't taught her anything - somehow she just seems to have a natural ability to use her body in all the right ways." He patted my head gently. "You don't say. Her first time? Well look at her, I would have thought she'd been in

lessons for quite some time.” She stood and approached me, Matt stepping aside. There was something about his voice and the way he was acting that led me to believe that somehow these women were important in some way. I watched her shoes as she walked around me, and I’m not sure why, but as she did I began to grow a bit nervous. I felt her hand run across my bare shoulder then through my hair. As she did this I noticed that the albino man was looking from me to the woman now standing behind me with some anxiety. I wondered why he seemed so anxious for a moment before my question was answered. “I’d love to try her out some Day Mr. Stanley. She’s so delightfully fresh. Such a Cherry Oh... I would just love to see her sandwiched between our little toys here.” Both of the leather-clad men look up at her, seemingly eager for this as well. “What do you say, could we all find a space and play?” I couldn’t see Matt’s face, but heard a distinct note of nervousness in his tone when he answered, “Well, Ms White, I think that would be absolutely fantastic. I’ve heard that your ... toys ... here are quite good at what they do and loaded for bear as well. But I think that my little pet will need some training before we can go that route. I trust you don’t mind?” Ms White replied, her hand grabbing a fistful of my hair and turning my head up and to the left so she could look me in the face. “Not at all Mr. Stanley, not at all. A pet this delicate and beautiful is worth a wait. Do you think that we could arrange for something soon ? Perhaps a month from now?” She grasped my chin between her thumb and forefinger. I looked into her eyes and what I saw there, or I guess, what I didn’t see there frightened me. Her eyes were cold and seemed to focus on me as though I was a lamb chop she might have been eyeing at the butchers shop. So it didn’t surprise me at all when her hand let go of my chin and slipped lightly down my neck to the thin lacy material covering my breast. Her cold, rough hand slipped under the lacy cup and cradled my breast. My nipple, grasped between two fingers, tingled despite my fear of this woman, until I felt her twist it, quickly and painfully, while a smile gently broke across her lips. I gasped at the intensity and surprise at the pain, biting my lip. I’m not sure if Matt noticed, “I’m sure we can arrange something. I’ll be giving her some good coaching .” He gently tugged on my lead, and I stood quickly. I was at least a half a foot taller than Ms White as we both realized when I stood. Her hand found my ass, squeezing my bare skin like she’d pinched my breast. She stepped in a little closer and pitched her voice so only I could hear. “I’m going love fucking you Cherry.” I looked down, not knowing what else to do. Matt said his good byes and led me to the bar. “You’ve been very good tonight. You are such a natural; the way you move, your attitude... your tits, your ass.” I blushed in response. “Thank you, Matt.” I had barely finished with the t-sound in his name when I felt the lead go taught pulling my neck and head down. “KNEES!” It wasn’t yelled, if anything it was a whisper, a hoarse cold command. I found myself on my knees before I had time to process anything else. I looked up at him, worried at the fierceness I’d heard in his voice. His face was hard when I looked at him. “Sir” He said in a less angry tone. “Amy you are always to address me as Sir.” He was looking right through me, and it frightened me. “Do you understand that?” I paused before answering. I didn’t want to do anything else wrong. “Yes, Sir. I’m sorry Sir.” I felt myself on the verge of panicking at the realization that I’d disappointed him so much. “You need to remember everything I tell you Amy. Now you need to make up for your slip there. Stay on your knees. Good. Now open my fly.” Was that the hint of a grin on his lips? “Good girl. Now take out my

cock." I did. It was still soft and small. "Good girl. Now put your lips on me and don't you dare stop until I tell you to." It didn't occur to me that what I was doing I was doing in front of a room filled with strangers (though I suppose it is better than a room full of friends). I looked up at Matt in his black suit, looking confident and totally hot. "I'm sorry Mr. Stanley, I didn't mean to be a bad girl." I kissed the pink tip of his cock, then slipped the soft flesh into my mouth. He was warm and I felt him start to swell almost instantly. The tangible evidence of Matt's pleasure turned me on and got me into it more and more. Knowing that I and I alone was responsible for his pleasure made me more self-confident and more desirous of his pleasure. I was beginning to find my own pleasure in giving Matt pleasure. His cock was nearing its maximum size. I placed my hands on his hips and slid back on forth on his shaft, never letting him leave my mouth. He started to take control of the situation. Running his hands through my hair and grasping my head. He started to fuck my face only faster and harder than he had before. I didn't panic this time as he spent more time with his full length in my throat, my nose breathing in the essential smell of Matt. His musky, manly smell left me dripping in want for him. I cupped his balls softly in my hand, gently massaging them as they slowly shrank towards his body. His movements grew faster, almost desperate. I knew that he was close. I looked up at him, opening my mouth wide so he could see himself in my willing and wanting mouth. He smiled down at me in this goofy 'I'm just about to cum' kinda way. I was surprised when he said, "Such a good fucking girl! Now don't move." He pulled his length free from between my lips. "Keep looking at me." I looked up at him. His cock was aimed at my face and he was stroking the long heavy shaft. I glanced away for a moment and saw that we were surrounded by onlookers. His eyes seemed to roll back into his head and his cock gave a little twitch and a glistening white streak of his sperm jetted out and onto my face, landing on my cheek. I realized then that my punishment wasn't physical, it was social. He was showing me my place as punishment for forgetting it. Another splash of his warm seed landed across my lips. I wanted to taste him but remembered his order to not move. Several more spurts and he was done, his seed starting to run down my face, into my hair, down my neck, its scent overwhelming me and leaving my nipples hard and my pussy soft. "Lick up as much of that as you can." Were Matt's words to me afterwards. I did as he asked delighting in his taste and never feeling self-conscious despite the crowd (though it was thinning quickly now). He motioned for me to get up. "I hope I pleased you Sir" I said looking into Matt's eyes with my head slightly lowered. His face was soft and dreamy again, in some sort of post-orgasmic stupor. "Absolutely my little Cherry, absolutely." After that Matt allowed me to wash up and reapply makeup in the ladies room, where I got dressed as well. Matt told me it was late and that we had a fun day planned for tomorrow and that he wanted to get some sleep before we went out on the lake. Before we left he unclipped the lead from my collar and returned it to the club. We caught a taxi back to the hotel room where I pretty much passed out.