

# Leather

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Published on Lush Stories on 27 Dec 2012



*lost entry in a diary tells a hot tale*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/leather.aspx>

It was just starting to drizzle as Todd made his way across the street. The wind was picking up, signalling an approaching storm. As he neared the curb on the opposite side of the street he noticed what appeared to be a small diary or notebook lying on one of the metal rungs of the street drain. Picking it up, he quickly realized that most of the contents had been blown away, along with the front cover. He scanned a few of the remaining pages but found no name or any thing to identify the owner. He stuffed it into his jacket pocket intending to throw it away, but the deteriorating weather had him racing to the parking garage for his car. Later that evening as he sat in the comfort of his living room, he remembered the contents and retrieved them from his jacket. Returning to his recliner he poured himself a sip of blended whiskey and began reading: \*\*\*\*\* Leather I walk the city streets in search of something. A submissive female with no Master or Mistress is an incident looking for a place to happen. After hours of aimless window shopping I stand in front of an ornate brick building. Is it fate, karma, or sheer dumb luck that has brought me to this place that I had no knowledge of? "The Tannery." The sign says. "Specialized Leather Goods for Every Occasion." Leather. My lord, the mere mention of it drives me insane. The smell of fresh leather is an aphrodisiac of intense pleasure, and an icon of endless delights. I take a deep breath and venture inside. The aroma is overpowering. I can feel my cunt getting wet from just the fragrance. This is old world stuff. Rich, elegant, charming. The hardwood floors remind me of the old hardware stores with the pot bellied stoves and old men sitting by them playing checkers. Boots, shoes, sandals, belts. You name it, this place has it. No cheap knock off, imitation leather here. This is the real deal. The price tags confirm it. At the counter two distinguished males in suit and ties wait on a handful of customers. One of them sees me and heads my way. I must keep my wits about me. "Good afternoon Madame, How may I be of assistance?" the man spoke with an air of charm and sophistication. I remarked that I was just browsing, and I was. But what I was looking for did not seem to be here. He was good, he sensed my dilemma as if he were a mind reader. He offered to escort me to another room with more personalized items. I must be emitting some sort of radar to him. I nervously follow him through a door and into a sizable room. Four men and two women are quietly browsing the items. My eyes are glued immediately to the real object of my quest. Leather crops!! Dozens upon dozens of them in every

shape and size. My damn pussy is drooling now. I can feel the wetness in my crotch as I walk toward them. Like a moth drawn to a flame I stare at them with the wide eyed wander of a child on Christmas morning. "Does Madame see one that she fancies?" he asks. She sees many of them. I fight to stay calm now. First, the right crop must be chosen, then I must find someone skilled enough to use it on me. It has been so long now. Biting my lip I point to a fine one hanging on the wall just before me. "Excellent choice Madame. Imported you know." He remarks with a sly smile as he hands it to me. My hands seem to tremble as I grasp it. "Virgin leather in a the hand of a whore." What an irony my mind comes up with as I run my fingers up and down the firm shaft as if it were my Master's cock. I hold the flat leather tip against my nostrils and inhale. Like a connoisseur of fine wine, the intoxicating scent of new leather invades my senses. In my mind I visualize my bare ass bent over welcoming its first strikes. His words shock me from my little fantasy as he asks me if I wish to test it further. I stand frozen, unable to speak. It is then that one of the females in the room approaches the counter on my right side. She rests her arms on the counter and whispers into my ear. "I am a Dom, and I can sense a submissive a mile away. We all know why you are here. Now put your hands on the table palms down, and stick that pretty little ass out so he can test the crop properly!" Her words cut like a knife. I have no defense, nor will to fight. "Yes Mistress," I reply, more out of old habits than willingness. Her voice resonates with control and power and I melt like butter. I place my hands and bend over as instructed. My ass is sticking straight out. The skin tight riding pants I have worn leave littledoubtto anyone in the room that I have no panties underneath. This, of course, is by design. The male picks up the crop and strolls to my rear. The place is deadly quiet as he prepares the first strike. It lands with breath-taking precision. The feeling is like finding a lost love. The stinging fire shooting across my back side, like a passionate kiss. My breathing is labored and my chest heaving as I reel from the impact. Another and another and I am on fire. A visiblewetnessnow forming in my crotch and I don't care. The woman's voice brings me back to reality. "Now take off your shoes, pull down your pants and step out of them. Return your hands to the counter palm down and spread your legs slightly further. As he strikes your bare ass I want you to take your right hand and play with yourself. Rub that cunt until you cum. Show us what a wanton whore you really are!" I could kiss this unknown bitch. "Yes Mistress, I breathlessly remark. As this unknown master of the riding crop strikes my exposed ass, my hand feverishly rubs my pussy. I am masturbating in front of total strangers in a public shop and don't give a good damn. I am to be controlled and dominated. I am no good any other way. The room spins and the lights fade in and out as one orgasm after another overtakes me. I am an exhausted heap as I lean on the counter. My cunt is dripping wet, confirmed by the drops of ejaculate that have formed on the hardwood floor beneath me. My hair is disheveled and my hand covered in my own pussy juice. My inner thighs are soaked and the smell of my aroused sex mixes with the smell of leather. The two scents were made for each other. The male voices brings me back around. "Shall I wrap it for you?" I nod my approval and inform him I will be paying by cash as I bend down and pull my pants back up and step back into my shoes. A few strokes of my hair and I am presentable again. "\$250.00" Hmm. Pricey, but worth it. I give him three One hundred dollar bills and stick the change into my purse. As I turn to leave I face the mystery woman who has dominated

me for the last hour. We speak not a word as we look into each others eyes. I smile and walk proudly out the door with my prize crop in hand. Was it fate, Karma, or plain ole dumb luck that brought me here today? If only I could find a Master or Mistress who knew how to apply the new found toy to me properly. Surely in a city this size, there has to be one out there somewhere. Maybe they will find me lurking outside this place, waiting to be taken. \*\*\*\*\* Todd laid the worn pages down, mesmerized by the contents. The thoughts of having this unknown female under his thumb were his only thoughts as he paced back and forth. For all he knew this could be some male writing a lesbian fantasy, or some teenage girl penning down an erotic dream, yet he had to find her if she really existed. He opened the dresser drawer and retrieved the local phone book. Turning the pages he anxiously scanned the contents. "The Tannery. 2600 Center Ave." The place was real. He knew only one thing now. There would be no sleep tonight.