

All Business - Part I

By fantasygal

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She was exposed and at his mercy as they travelled down the highway.

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It had been a long erotic drive to the hotel. Attending business functions had always seemed dull and tedious until I had begun travelling with him. He had graciously offered to drive the 5 hour journey and I had certainly not objected. As my suitcase was loaded into the trunk, I eased into the front seat, very aware of how hot the leather had become during the heat of the day and that it filtered through my thin dress quickly. It burned a little, almost like I had chosen to sit in a puddle of hot wax. My pussy began to tingle at the thought of hot wax dripping down my ass...perhaps the sting of a hand as well. As he settled into the driver's seat, he turned to me and smiled, "Are you ready?" Such a loaded question, but I answered in the affirmative. The highway was close and traffic was typical of a late Thursday afternoon, not crushed with those leaving work, but busy with those who had left just a few minutes early. Without saying a word, he reached his hand over, pushing apart my legs with his fingers, gently working his way up my thighs to confirm that there was nothing to impede his progress underneath my dress. A deeper smile crossed his lips, "Very well done...just as instructed. Now, take off the dress." I looked at the surrounding traffic, and although not heavy, there certainly was no doubt that I would be seen, by someone. I hesitated. Then I felt a single finger begin to gently stroke the outer edges of my pussy, exploring just how wet I had already become. I could feel my pussy tingle and swell in response to the rhythmic stroking, becoming more intense as his finger began to circle and tease my hard clit. "Now," he said firmly, and I knew I had to obey. All thoughts of modesty aside, I pulled the dress over my head, feeling my dark silky hair fall gently back to my shoulders, but offering no protection from the wandering eyes of fellow motorists. My petite frame was now fully exposed. My firm breasts and hard nipples now clearly visible to anyone looking into the car. I could feel my cheeks flush as I fully realized just how exposed I was, but any thoughts of embarrassment were set aside as he continued to circle my clit with his finger, sending a building wave of pleasure through my body that was becoming more difficult to fight. "Very good, my little fucktoy." I wasn't sure if it was the sound of his deep commanding voice, or the thick finger that he was now sliding in and out of my wet swollen pussy, but I was becoming desperate to cum. His finger was sliding deep inside, playing with my inner spot that he had known to send me into an almost catatonic orgasmic state. My breathing quickened and I began to moan softly. "No....not yet...fight it," he instructed, and I whimpered as he pulled his finger from grasping pussy. He reached up and pinched my left nipple hard, making me cry

out from the sudden rush of pain mixed with pleasure, but it had the desired effect of delaying my building orgasm. "Good girl. Now open the box." Completely oblivious to the shocked and interested onlookers, I reached into the backseat where an unassuming box had been sitting, unnoticed until now. I was already dripping all over myself and the seat and couldn't imagine what else was in store for me. A little nervous, but extremely excited, I opened the box and discovered nipple clamps connected by a metal chain, an approximately 10 inch long and thick blue dildo, a small green vibrator - curved at the end, a plug with the ability to inflate and vibrate, several candles, restraints, and a paddle. My pussy felt more swollen than ever and my juices were streaming out of me in anticipation of sampling each toy. "Clamps first." I obediently pulled them out of the box. I had always liked the feeling of having my nipples pinched, pulled, and twisted until they were hard and so sensitive. I struggled to fight the building sensation of wanting to cum again as I put the first clamp on my right nipple. It pinched even harder than I had anticipated, making it so difficult not to cum, but I managed to fight it off again. On the second clamp went, shooting waves of pleasure all the way down to my soaking pussy. I spread my legs even wider so he could see just how sopping wet I had become, hoping he would again finger my pussy, but as I looked over to see his ever widening smile, he reached over and pulled hard on the chain, making me cry out. "Now...get blue. Ten long, slow, and deep strokes. No more." I reached into the box and pulled the thick dildo out. It seemed almost too big to even consider using, but I had been instructed. I put the tip to my pussy, so swollen at this point that I wasn't sure I could handle it, but I pushed hard, feeling every inch stretching me to the edge of my abilities. I counted each stroke out loud, making sure that each stroke was as deep as it could go and that it was as slow as I could make it, my pussy savoring each moment of feeling full and stretched. Each stroke felt better than the last and by stroke ten, I wanted to cum more desperately than ever. I started to beg, "Please let me have ten more....please." "No," and he reached over and pulled the dildo out of my throbbing pussy. He held it up to my mouth for me to lick clean, which I eagerly did, enjoying the taste of my own juices. He set it back in the box and turned the car off. I hadn't even noticed he had pulled into a convenience store parking lot....