

Swim Coach

by Mindsparks

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Chapter 9

I honestly don't remember much more about that wonderful day. I do remember being really sore for a few days and I do remember phoning Beth to talk about what had happened. She was as curious about my first experience as I had been about hers. She was, and is to this day, such an amazing friend. She never questioned my judgment about being with Matt and only offered support to me during this time. In fact her acceptance of our relationship and my deep longing to be with Matt led me to want to tell others about our new found love.

Yes, love. I was so very sure that I'd fallen in love with Matt, the emotions I felt then were so completely overwhelming that I didn't really think it could have been anything else. Thankfully, I never did tell anyone. But my love or puppy love or infatuation or whatever would get me into trouble in other ways.

My feelings for Matt were the strongest emotions I'd felt in my life to that point. He'd awakened in me not only an emotional response but a physical one as well. I realized after our first encounter that I was craving sex. To this day I'm not sure that this was normal for a girl of my age, nor am I absolutely sure if it was sex or being with and pleasing Matt. Regardless of the reasons for what was happening the result was an incredible learning experience for both of us.

School was ending soon and with end of the year parties and other commitments I wasn't able to see much of Matt beyond stopping by his office a few times. These meetings weren't exactly what I'd hoped for - Matt wouldn't open up to me, let alone display any physical affection. He told me that he couldn't risk any displays at school, emotional or physical. While I understood his reasons I would still walk out of his office disappointed every time. To his credit Matt did write me a couple of letters that he'd slip in to my backpack when I visited him. The letters weren't too revealing - I think he was worried that somebody might find them, although he didn't sign them with anything but an 'M'. The thing I remember most about those letters was the longing for my touch that he'd write about and a promise to spend as much time as he could with me during the summer.

I realized that letters would probably be the best way to communicate until we could get together in the summer. I ended up writing several letters to Matt, each grew progressively more intimate and revealing as I built up our relationship in my head while it pretty much stayed still in the real world. The last letter I wrote to Matt before the summer began was really something special for me - I revealed a lot of myself to Matt. I went through several drafts of the letter and actually kept one of them all of these years. Given how much I've revealed

about this time in my life I see no reason why I shouldn't place a copy of it in this story of mine.

Dear Matt,

How are you? It was good to see you the other day. When I walked into your office I wanted to sit in your lap and kiss you, then have you kiss me back like you did before. I guess you know how hard its been to not be able to be together. At least I hope you think its been hard.

I was thinking about that Sunday morning, how good it felt to be able to be with you and not feel embarrassed or like I was hiding something. You've always been so honest and fair with me - I guess it just makes me trust you more and more. I know that you are in a vulnerable spot with me and I want you to trust me too. I'm not the kind of person who would try to hurt you. I really respect you and hope that if you decide to break things off with me that you'll do so respectfully and be fair. ughhh... I'm sorry, I'm not trying to tell you to break up with me. Please don't. :-) I guess I'm just trying to let you know that I know that there are a million reasons for us to not be together and only a few really good ones for us to stay together.

I wanted to ask you something and I really hope that it doesn't sound too corny. You know that I'm not very experienced - you were my first and I haven't had any others in the weeks since then, ha ha. Anyway, I really liked what we did and want to learn more. I don't know if you are an expert in that like you are in swimming but you sure do know more than me! I guess I really trust you too so I'd like it if would be really open and honest with me regarding sex. If I do something wrong would you let me know? If I do something really I guess I'd like to know that too. I liked seeing you be happy so much that I really want to do anything I can for you to be that happy again.

I suppose I should let you know that I told Beth about us. Not everything, but she knows enough. Please don't freak out about me telling her. I totally trust her and know that she would never do anything to hurt me so she will keep our secret safe. I just needed somebody to talk about all of this with and she's been my best friend for forever.

Anyway, let me know when I can see you again. I miss you.

XoXoXoX

Amy

I left the note on his desk, taped closed and hoped that it would encourage Matt to set up a date for us. Luckily it did - he called me into his office on the last day of school getting me out of 'desk cleaning' day in my english class. I walked into his office and immediately noticed a bit of a change in Matt. He was more relaxed and looked at me differently than he had at any other time except for when I'd been with him in his bedroom. I loved that look, the way it made me feel, the tingle that I felt zip through my blood, the memory it evoked of feeling his powerful body between my thighs.

"Hi coach, you wanted to see me?" I straightened the miniskirt I was wearing, wanting to feel his hands under it, but always was on my guard to keep any hint of our relationship out of conversations with Matt at school.

"Did I ever." He stood and much to my surprise pushed the door closed then pulled me into him and kissed me. I mean he really kissed me, with a passion that I'd not even considered he might have here in his school office. This kiss lingered and I felt myself flush as his hands pressed into my lower back. As the kiss progressed and his tongue began to explore my lips and mouth I actually felt my knees go weak and felt myself go slightly limp in his arms. His hands slipped under the skirt, those hands of his cupping my ass.

After what seemed like five minutes he stopped the kiss and loosened his hug, allowing me to come up for air that I hadn't really noticed needing at the time. "Did you ever, huh coach? And I thought you were going to discuss locker assignments for next year." I smiled at him, kinda amazed that I felt at ease enough with him to joke around.

His eyes lingered on me - we were so close I could see the variations of color in his blue eyes. Sometimes he could smile without moving his lips at all and this was one of those times and it was at those times, feeling beautiful and wanted by this man that I was so drawn to, that I would have done almost anything for him.

His lingering gaze continued for a beat longer, his arms wrapped around my waist, his hands on my ass. "Well I do have an assignment for you, Amy. But it doesn't have anything to do with school, is that ok?" He looked at me like he already knew it was ok, but wanted me to be cool with it.

"Nothing to do with school Coach? I'm sure that would be ok as this is the last day. But something tells me that I am going to learn something doing this little assignment." I raised a brow questioning him.

"I think it's safe to say that you'll learn something." He stepped back and sat in his wooden office chair, leaning back and kicking his feet up onto the desk while I stood there tingling and longing. He looked up at me, a look of lust and something I hadn't seen before. Something I wouldn't have expected from Matt, being as naïve as I was then I didn't even consider that any man would have that look of power that was mixing with the lust on his face and sending a shiver down my back. This was the first time I ever had a doubt about being with Matt. I felt naked before his gaze, a bit intimidated and vulnerable.

He waited for a long time before saying anything. He just sat there, motionless, his eyes scanning me, savoring me, wanting me. If you had asked me a month before if I'd have wanted him to look at me like that I'd have practically begged for it. It did feel good now that it was happening, but it also left me feeling distant from Matt, like a possession or an object. He leaned forward, just an inch or so and looked into my eyes. "Take off your panties." The slow sensuousness of his voice made my heart ache even as surprise at his order registered in my head.

I paused for a moment, unsure about what to do - were we going to make love in his office or did he have something else in mind? I remained frozen for a few moments longer until I heard him almost bark out my name, like he would sometimes when we were practicing and somebody had made a mistake, "Amy. Now."

This time I reacted without thinking, as though he was controlling my body. I reached under the mini and wiggled out of the very unsexy pink cotton that I'd worn. I let them drop to the floor then bent over to pick them up. I looked up at Matt as I stood, the panties in my hand, my heart in my throat. Was he mad?

Apparently he was at least a bit crazy today. He pushed back from his desk and nodded me to stand in front of him. I moved to stand between him and his desk, awkward and nervous. "Why don't you have a seat on the desk Amy."

I sat on his desk, my knees pressed tightly together and my panties still in my hand. He rolled forward, placed his hands on my knees and put just enough pressure on me to know that he wanted me to open up. I spread my legs for him not remembering where we were and frankly not really caring. He looked up at my face, his handsome cheeks and delicious lips filling my vision. His rough hands massaged their way up my thighs and I squirmed a bit under his touch. I felt my skirt hike up as his hands got closer to their destination. "You know Amy, I really loved to watch you come. I don't think I've ever seen anything more beautiful than that."

His fingers were combing through the my thatchy hair. My heart began to beat more rapidly, my breath quickened as I anticipated the next few moments with Matt. His finger now danced along the sensitive edges of my lips. I grew wet. I began to grow dizzy looking into his eyes. "You'll do what I tell you to do. You'll be safe. Happy. You'll learn." I nodded, breathless.

His fingers found my clit, expertly they moved in a rhythm. My head began to spin. I spread my legs apart further, inviting him in for more. He quickly slipped his hands around my ass and pulled me forward to edge of his desk. He propped my feet up the arms of his chair, then pointed a finger into my chest, between my breasts, and pushed me back so that my arms were now grasping the far edge of his desk and propping me up at an angle, open to him. In an instant his hands were back on my sex.

As I felt his finger slip into me he quietly said "Not a peep. Understood?" I nodded biting my lip in an attempt to comply with his command. He leaned forward and took his eyes off me for the first time since we'd started. His finger worked its way inside me, its slippery wiggle making me tingle and contract. Matt combed back my hair and pressed his lips to my now completely wet pussy. His tongue quickly found my clit and began circling and flicking across me faster than I could have ever imagined. I began to whimper softly, felt my nipples grow almost painfully hard against the fabric of my bra. I didn't last long. Within a couple minutes I felt the wave of tingling ecstasy that proceeded my orgasm. When I came I reflexively clamped Matt's head between my thighs as I sat up and grasped his head, pulling it into my sex.

I expected that he would stop. He didn't. Instead he pushed another finger into my sex, and began to work my clit even more thoroughly than he had been. I spread my legs and eased up the pressure on his head so that he could breathe. I briefly wondered what he was doing - after all I'd already come - but before I could really contemplate the reasons for his continued efforts I realized that I didn't stop feeling good after my orgasm. In fact as I was mentally beginning to come down from the high of my orgasm my body was continuing to respond to Matt's touch. My breasts were tingling, the skin of my thighs was exquisitely sensitive, and needless to say my pussy felt unlike it had ever felt before. Matt was creating the most wonderful state of pleasure in me.

Within a another minute or so I felt another orgasm beginning. This time the sensations rolled through me much more softly than the the first orgasm. The second time I came the pleasure didn't peak quite as high or abruptly but it felt even better than the first time. It was warmer, more complex, more tender than anything I'd felt. I learned that day that I could come many times in one encounter and that after my first orgasms each subsequent climax would be progressively more gentle and more intense in a different way.

Matt stopped after I came a second time. I looked down and was surprised by how wet I'd become. My pubic hair was a damp mess and there was a large wet spot on the edge of the desk. My labia were dark dark red and very swollen. I could smell my scent on Matts face as I kissed him. I tried to hug him but he pushed himself away from the desk.

He leaned back in the chair, a playful smile on his face. "Give 'em to me." I tossed him my undies, as confused as ever. He caught them in the air, then held them out as if he were considering buying them. "Very nice, but a little girly Amy. You are a woman now, my woman. From now on if there is any chance that you're going to see me you will not wear this kinda girly stuff. Do you understand?"

I got the feeling that he was serious, but wasn't so serious that I felt uncomfortable. I wanted so much to please him. "Ok. Did ummmm, you have anything in mind Coach?" I smiled at him suddenly aware of the draft I felt under my skirt.

"Oh, I don't know... dark colors, lacy or satiny. I'm sure you'll do well. If you want these back you'll need to come over to my place tonight."

"Tonight, huh coach? I think I can get away for a few hours, no homework for awhile." I tried to look calm but inside everything was racing. I was thinking about him wanting me, holding me, the warmth of his skin, the urgency in his thrusts. I tried to draw my attention away from the memories that were pushing into my mind.

"Good. I'll be around and I'll even make us some dinner. Now why don't you run along before somebody wonders why my door is closed? And don't forget Amy, you aren't wearing any panties." He winked at me.

I giggled as I opened the door. I looked out into the hall and seeing nobody I flipped the back of my skirt up, mooning coach as I walked off to class. During the rest of the day I was constantly distracted - constantly aware of my less-than-appropriately dressed state, and constantly aware of how it made me long for him.

I showed up at his house around 6 that evening. I didn't change or anything, thinking that he wanted to see me show up in that mini without my panties. I must have been right.

Matt was a complete gentleman during dinner. He'd grilled some nice steaks and served them with baked potatoes and a green salad. He opened a bottle of red wine and while I didn't really like it that much it made me feel so mature to be drinking it with him at dinner. After we were done eating I helped him put

away the dishes then he opened another bottle of wine and we moved into the living room.

We sat on the couch next to each other, me working to make sure my skirt didn't ride up too high, Matt seeming very relaxed and at ease with the situation. I immediately wanted to reach out and touch him, kiss him, hold him. But Matt didn't respond to the signals that I thought I was sending. Instead he began to talk.

"So Amy, I've been thinking a lot about you. I really like you and it was really cool when you wrote me that last letter. So I wanted to tell you something more about me, to make sure that you are happy with things and know where I'm coming from." He seemed really serious which kinda killed the buzz from the wine and my desire to be held.

"Matt, are you breaking up with me?" I blurted it out, not even aware that I was worried about it until it was out.

"No... hell no." He reached out and grasped my hand. "I want to be with you Amy. But I need to be honest with you, so just let me finish." I nodded, expectant, wondering, a bit frightened. "Amy I know what I want from a woman when she is my girl. I guess that I'm a coach for a reason - I really like to be in charge of things in my life. When I'm not in control, I'm really not happy. That's true for my personal life too. I only date women who understand that I'm the boss and that what I say goes." He looked so serious now, so sure of himself.

"Umm... ok." I paused for a moment, contemplating this. "I guess I maybe don't really understand what you are saying Matt."

"If we continue on, and I want to be with you Amy, you would need to understand that what I say goes. When I ask you to do something you *will* do it. You've got to trust that I'll never hurt you, or do anything to embarrass you. In fact I want you to be happy and satisfied. If you don't do what you are told to do I'll be unhappy with you, and I know you don't want that. I'll be good to you, but expect you to be completely obedient to me. Do you understand?"

I thought about this for awhile. Since I'd never really had a boyfriend before I really had no idea about whether or not I could do what I thought Matt was asking me to do. In all honesty I've never had a very forceful personality and even before I'd met Matt had always found that pleasing others always left me feeling much better than pleasing myself.

"Matt, I'm ... I guess I'm really new to this... you know an adult relationship. You know? I guess I don't know much about what I want, or what I can do. But I do

know that I really want to be with you and if you tell me what it is you want I'll try really hard to do it." He was so confident, I couldn't believe that he wanted to spend time with me.

"I'm really glad to hear that Amy. I think that we can be really happy together. Why don't you come over here?" He had that grin on his face again and even chains couldn't have held me back. I leaned into his body and felt his hands grasp my arms as we kissed. I was more aware than ever of his power. I'd felt the strength in his body the first time I kissed him in the pool, now I was becoming more aware of the power of his personality, of his being. Moreover I was beginning to realize just how much I was responding to his power and how it made me feel sexy and wanted.

He broke off the kiss. "Stand up." I was caught off guard by his sudden switch from kissing to talking. It took me a moment to process the request. "AMY, stand up now." Again, before I could think any more about what was happening I found myself on my feet.

"Good girl. Take off your shirt." I looked deep into his eyes and again felt my pussy tingle. I reached down and began to unbutton the blouse I was wearing. His eyes left mine and looked down as I unfastened each button. I dropped the shirt to the floor, standing in front of him in my pink cotton bra that perfectly matched the unsexy panties I'd worn earlier in the day.

"Did you miss your panties today?" He smiled at me playfully.

Despite myself I giggled. "You know, Coach, I actually did for a little while after I left your office. I was worried that I might leave a spot on my skirt." I grasped my hands together, as I talked, nervous but in a good way. I unconsciously danced about a bit on my feet, and then blushed a bit when I finished.

"Is that so. Do you think anybody noticed? And... take off your skirt." This time I was expecting it and my hands went to the zipper even as he was telling me to strip.

"I don't think that anybody noticed, but this guy, Chuck, was trying to flirt with me after school as we walked home." The skirt fell to the floor and the tingle of the fabric across my electrified skin seemed to turn on a slow drip of moisture in my sex.

"Oh yeah, I've seen that guy before. You are still a bit over dressed I think." His eyes now didn't even glance at my face... they just kept looking up and down my body. He shifted on the couch, his legs spreading a bit, revealing the thick shape of his cock in the crotch of his pants. I reached behind me and unfas-

tened the bra, letting it fall to the floor on top of my skirt. My nipples could have cut glass they felt so hard. I stepped out of my shoes to complete his request. I didn't know what to do and actually began to feel a bit feisty as he continued to ogle me. I cocked a narrow hip to one side and placed my hand on it, attitude expressed.

"Turn around." I did so, slowly, looking away from him but trying to retain my little bit of defiance as I did so. "You've got the most perfect ass Amy. I can honestly say I've never seen anything quite so perfect." I glowed inside at his praise. Looking over my shoulder I looked at him.

"Judging by the little tent in your pants I guess you actually must like something you are seeing."

He cleared his throat... "Little tent, Amy?" He reached down, stroking himself thought the denim.

I almost lost it and would have laughed out loud had I not been standing there naked in front of him. "Oh... I'm sooo sorry. I meant the HUMONGUS, ummm... circus-sized tent in your pants." My best coy smile beating a path across my lips.

Matt actually did laugh. "Yes, that's exactly right Amy. Humongus. You look like you could use some desert. On your knees."

I had been thinking that he was going to do that. He'd been eyeing my lips earlier in the evening in much the same way he'd eyed me the first time I'd given him head. So I turned to face him and dropped to my knees in the middle of his living room. He quickly stood up, pulled off his shoes, then his pants, and finally his underwear, never looking away from me for a moment. As his shorts dropped his cock sprang out, the pinkish flesh jutting out from the flat plane of his belly like a warrior's spear. He grasped his cock as he walked the few steps to stand in front of me.

I looked up into his face, aware of my position on the floor in front of him, realizing that he was expressing his power over me again. I didn't mind it. He'd always been an authority figure for me, as any coach is to an athlete. I was also completely ignorant about how such power could be abused. I reached up and placed my hand over his, and just looked up at him. He began to stroke along his length and I just let me hand ride along for a moment. Then I decided to move closer, and positioned myself so that I could rub the spongy head across my lips and cheeks. I could feel the slick precum seep from his tip, the gel coating my lips and cheeks. He moaned a bit and released his grasp, leaving my hand at the base of his spear.

Matt grasped the sides of my head in his hands then whispered, "Suck me Amy." I opened my mouth to take him in and in a much more determined motion he simply pushed himself into my mouth. That panicky feeling that I'd experienced the first time I'd given Matt head returned and without thinking I placed my hands against the front of his hips trying to push him away from me. He reacted instantly. "Amy. Drop your hands. You are safe." And I did. And I was. He began to fuck my face, there is really no other way that I can think of to describe it. I felt his cock push into my throat, my nose pressed into the thatch of his pubic hair, a noseful of Matt's musk driving my libido. As much as the repeated thrusts, my inability to breath, and his control of my head and, in reality the entire situation, frightened me, his power over me and my adrenaline-fueled response to it left me wanting only more.

I felt his balls move against my chin at the end of each thrust. Felt the few rough hairs on the underside of his cock slide along my tongue. Felt my nipples brush against the tight, bundled muscles of his legs. Felt my heart racing at all the new sensations flooding into my awareness.

Matt pressed in as deep as he could go. I couldn't breathe, all stuffed full of his flesh. He just held me there like that for a few moments. I thought he was going to cum. I pushed down the panicky feeling, trusting him. I let my tongue move slowly, against the underside of his shaft, pressing up against the pulsing veins in the warm meaty slab. I heard him moan softly "Amy, that is so good." I looked up at Matt, feeling the need for air beginning to panic me. He looked down at me, "God, you are such a beautiful woman." He pulled his hips away from my face and I gasped in a deep breath of cool air. His hands, still on my head, pulled me gently up and into a hug, his cock pressed against my navel.

"You feel so good Matt. I liked that." His cheek was pressed to mine, his breathe coming fast and hot in my ear.

"I liked it too." He bit my neck a bit and I felt my knees go weak. He held me tighter in our hug. "I want you. Now. I want to feel your tight pussy on my cock."

"Yes." He could have told me that he wanted a cheese fondue and I'd have said yes. Before I realized it he had moved us over to the couch. He set me so I was on my knees, facing the back of the couch. He pushed me against the back of the couch so I was bent over the back of it, then I felt him push my legs apart enough to kneel between my legs. My ass and pussy were open to him and being bent over the couch like I was, with his hands on my hips, I felt very much under his control. My pussy, wet since the end of dinner, seemed to twitch in anticipation.

I didn't have to wait long. I felt Matt nudge my legs further apart with his knees, then felt him slide his head across my wet lips. His hands moved to my ass, kneading the muscles like dough. He pressed his cock in hard and sure in his movements. The angle was different from the other times we'd made love and the sensations were amazing. He pressed himself deep into me and once again stopped, allowing us to both enjoy the pressures placed on our sensitive organs. His hands still playing with my butt, I felt him run fingers across my ass, nobody had touched me there since I was a baby and it made me shiver and tingle.

"Do you like that?"

"I don't know... it made me tingle." He pressed against the clenched opening. The pressure feels enticing, not at all unwanted. I moan a bit. He thrust into my pussy hard, his hands moving to my hips. He began to move faster, hammering his hips into my ass, driving his rod into me with complete ... authority. I held onto the couch, bracing myself to take his thrusts. My breasts flattened against the couch.

"Matt... oh... Matt..." It felt almost surreal to be in that moment with him. Have sex for only the second time, with my coach, in his house, bent over his couch, his hands on my ass. I focused my attention on the feeling of his shaft as it slid into me, the full feeling when he was all the way inside, the heat from the friction between us, the ways his balls would press up against my clit when he would pause.

I felt his fingers on my ass again, pressing, this time with more purpose. His thrusts slowed and I was able to relax a bit from the near assault he had been waging on me. "God you feel good." He croaked this out, it sounded like he was almost in pain. His cock was pulsing. His finger pressed harder and slipped its way inside me.

"Uhhh.... Matt!" I exclaimed, completely unsure about this. He pressed his finger in deeper. I felt full beyond belief, more than a bit uncomfortable, but still wanting only to please him. He withdrew it a bit, then pushed it in deeper, fucking me with it, keeping pace with the thrusts of his cock in pussy. I bit my lip - I was desperately trying not to freak out. It wasn't as though I was in pain with what he was doing, but I wasn't sure I liked it either. I guess I was overwhelmed.

His hips lurched forward and stopped, his cock tickling my cervix, his finger seemingly all the way in my ass. "Uhhhhh... God Damn...." I felt his cock twitching in me, and soon after felt his warm slick cum leak out and begin to slide down my thigh. He pulled his finger out, the relief I felt was real - I was beginning to think that I really hadn't enjoyed it there. He grabbed the hair on the back of my head, pulled me off the couch and up to him. Twisting my head around he

kissed me hard, his tongue fucking my mouth like his cock had fucked my pussy, like his finger had fucked my ass. I kissed him back, moaning in delight of his pleasure with me. I knew I was pleasing him.

"Did you like that?" I whispered to him, our bodies pressed together. His soft, slick cock pressed to my thigh now. I trembled in his arms, wanting so desperately to please him

"You know I did girl. God, you fuck like you've been doing it for years."

Chapter 10

I left Matt's house that night feeling more emotions that I'd ever felt in my life. After the first time we'd made love I left Matt feeling nothing but a simple euphoria. When I left that night I felt some of that elation, but also a confusing mix of worry, happiness, desire, anxiety, and self-doubt. I think I was beginning to worry that Matt's desires and the things he was asking of me were a bit too much for me. At the same time though it felt so wonderful to be wanted like that - to see Matt's beautiful eyes lust for me, to feel his body next to mine, to hear his laugh. My confusion would grow in the future, but at that point I think I was far too infatuated with him to dwell on my mixed set of feelings.

When I left that night Matt gave me a business card and told me to go to the store advertised on the card and to buy myself something pretty and sexy. He had set up an account there and all I had to do was find a few things that I liked and wear them the next time I saw him, which he had told me would be Sunday evening.

The next morning I drove down to the store listed on the card. I wasn't that surprised to find that it was a lingerie shop with a large selection of very sexy attire. I felt nervous entering the store - until that moment underwear shopping had always happened at places like Penny's or another department store where my choices were considerably more tame than they were in this store. When I walked in I just kinda stood there, looking around the store and trying to figure out what it was that Matt had wanted me to get, as well as trying to figure out what I wanted. In one corner of the store there were a variety of black leather garments, in another there appeared to be a of different costumes. One section of the store had a bunch of vibrators and other toys on display. I felt completely out of my league.

An older woman, elegantly dressed and appearing as though she possessed all the sophistication available to a woman, approached me. She introduced herself as Giselle with a French accent and a smile. Something about her instantly made me want to be more like her, she was so poised. I think I mumbled my name out to her and held out the card that Matt had given me. She glanced at it and then looked me over a couple times as if she were fitting me with clothing. Of course I'd shown up at a store that sold such elegant clothing in a ratty pair of sweats and an old sweatshirt that revealed almost no information about my body. Giselle handed the card back to me and smiled, "Your lover has opened an account for you and provided me with several suggestions as to what he would like. He is certainly a man who knows what he wants. I see that his taste in women is just as good as his taste in clothing." It was clear to me that she knew that I was only 17, that I was almost completely inexperienced, and

utterly out of my element here. She gracefully led me back to an area of the store with bras, panties, and other mainstream garments.

She looked at my face and contemplated my coloring, and suggested that I look at dark greens and reds. We spent some time and I picked out several bra and panty sets that were all more lacy and sexy in their cuts than anything I'd ever had before, including a thong. When I'd tried that on and shown it to Giselle she'd sighed, and said "enjoy your beauty while you are young Amy. Now why don't we see to some of your lover's requests?"

I smiled sheepishly and went along with her. She took me to the hosiery section's back wall where a number of manikin torsos were adorned in various outfits. She scanned them briefly and glanced over at me again, and then gestured to a black, lacy corset with garters and a matching g-string panty. It was very feminine, very racy, and more than a bit intimidating. I looked at Giselle with what must have been a mixed expression of fear and innocence. She smiled back at me, "Don't worry my dear, you would have any man eating from your hand when you wear this. I think that a medium should work nicely for you. Here why don't you try the corset on and we'll see if it works for you?"

I took the garment from her, surprised by how light it was, and how surprisingly soft the lacy material felt. In the dressing room I slipped out of the sweats and my old, ratty cotton bra and slid my way into the corset. I looked at myself in the mirror and was really quite taken by the image of myself in the lingerie. I'd never before really thought of myself as sexy, or sexual. Never considered that I might be the object of a man's desire. Now wearing this lace which was designed for one purpose only I felt differently, even though it was matched with the old white cotton panties I'd worn that morning. I looked at the way the dark lace curved along the lines of my body, the way it accented my hips, breasts, and flat tummy. I continued to stare at myself letting my mind wander into thinking about what it would be like to stand in front of Matt in this, to feel this sexual and attractive under his powerful gaze.

"Amy, why don't you come out in to the fitting room so that we can see if it fits?" Giselle's request bumped me out of my reverie. I poked my head out the curtain of the dressing room, and bashfully looked around to make sure I was alone with Giselle. I stepped out for her, my hands and arms didn't know what to do



and began to try to cover me up. Giselle scanned me up and down, it was the first time she'd seen me without the sweats. "He is certainly a man of good tastes, wouldn't you say?" She stepped closer, adjusting the shoulder straps and pulling down on the garters that hung loosely from the garment. "Yes, this is perfect, just wonderful. I think he will enjoy it, no?"

"Err... ummm..." I didn't know what to say. I looked down at the garters, my hands fumbling for them and in desperation asked, "Ummm... how do these work? I've uhuh, never worn anything like this." I was so worried that somebody would walk into the changing area.

"These hold up your stockings. When you dress you will put on your corset and panties first, ok? Make sure you slide the garters under your panties or it will take too long to get out of things when you need to." She cupped her hand to my face when she said 'need' and smiled a very knowing smile at me. "Don't put on your stockings until the last minute - they run easily you know. They work like this." She took demonstrated how the garters grabbed onto the stockings and locked down. She adjusted the garters, "Well, I think he will be most pleased with this. You will need to get some nice heels and a dress for this. Mr. Matt..."she smiled again, "he has set up another account for you next door at the dress shop. Why don't you give me this, I'll put your things in a bag and you can go next door and finish your errands."

I left the shop excited about my new sexy underthings. I knew Matt would like them and I couldn't wait to show them off. I was looking forward to our date tomorrow night and was hoping that Matt would take me someplace nice. I wanted to be out with him... to show off my cute man and to see him look at me when others were around. I'd begun to realize that part of wanting to have a boyfriend was wanting to go out with him.

Things at the dress shop went well too. I got a very nice, dark blue dress that was simple and sexy, feminine and elegant. The woman at the dress store, who easily could have been Giselle's sister, helped me pick out a nice pair of 3-inch stiletto heels that matched the dress perfectly and still left me able to walk. I tried on a much taller pair while I was there but looked so off balance that she told me she wouldn't sell them to me, which was probably just as well as I didn't feel very sexy in them as I teetered along. Even in the shorter 3-inch heels I measured in over 6 feet tall - still shorter than Matt but at least a bit closer.

On a lark, I stopped by a nail place on my way home and got my nails done and got another waxing. This time when they asked what kind of waxing I'd like I went out on a limb... I asked for the Brazilian wax thinking that Matt would enjoy the sexy, racy look. I left the salon almost in tears after the unexpected pain of the that experience but proud of myself that I'd done something that Matt would love and not be expecting at all. My nails were a dark shade of red that matched the blue of my dress and I was as smooth as the silk of the g-string panties that I'd just bought. I walked around the downtown shopping area for a little while longer, just daydreaming mostly, thinking about Matt and how pleased he would be with me, and how nice it would be to have him hold me again. By the time I got home my panties were soaked with my daydream fantasies.

The rest of my weekend went by quickly. Beth and I swam on Sunday morning - though neither of our hearts were in it. We ended up gossiping more than swimming. Beth told me more about her adventures with Mike. She said that they were sleeping together often now and that she had told him that she loved him. It was a big step for her and I could tell by the joyous expression on her face that things had gone well for her when she'd told him. Beth told me that she'd just blurted it out to him, unexpectedly, one morning when they'd woken up at his place. She said he'd hesitated at first, then looked at her and told her that he felt the same way. She was positively beaming as she told me this.

I have to admit that I felt more than a little envious that Mike had told Beth that he loved her. I knew, at least at a very superficial level, that Matt and I hadn't been together long enough to be in love. At the deeper levels though, I desperately wanted him to love me and I wanted to love him. I'm not even sure that I didn't already think that I was in love with him - it was so hard for me to identify my feelings and separate love from adoration. I knew that I was far too unsure of myself (and perhaps a bit intimidated as well) to just come out and ask him about his feelings or even to tell him about mine.

So I just listened to Beth and was genuinely happy for her. I asked her some questions about their sex together and what they were doing. She told me that they pretty much just had sex in the missionary position and that they mostly did the same thing. She told me that they would start making out, then gradually they would start removing clothes. She said that she had given Mike head a few times but had never let him come in her mouth. When I asked her if he had gone down on her, Beth's face seemed almost shocked, as though she had never thought that such a thing could happen. As she went on I also realized that she had never had an orgasm with Mike. It basically sounded like he would rub her a bit and then whether she was ready or not he would climb on top and start. She said he would go for a minute or two and after he finished he'd roll off

and either fall asleep or start talking about swimming or something totally unrelated to what had just happened. Beth never seemed to think that she was missing out on anything, she talked about her experience like it was magical to her.

Thinking back I'm sure that it was magical for her, but it was also magical for me in a way - neither Beth nor I had any point of reference for our experiences together. So when I heard about Beth's experiences it really opened my eyes to how amazing things were with Matt and I.

When Beth asked me about my experiences with Matt, I initially balked. I wasn't at all sure that she would want to hear about what we had been doing (I wasn't even sure I wanted to tell her). So I quickly decided to give her a watered-down version of our experiences. I told her about the first time, about how I felt with him, about going down on him, and importantly about when he had gone down on me. I thought it was important for Beth to know that there were things that they could be doing beyond their seemingly limited experiences. Beth listened to me in awe at my story, commenting occasionally about this or that. By the time we finished she seemed quite impressed with my adventures, stating that she was going to be having a 'talk' with Mike. We finished our 'workout' and went to lunch. I spent the rest of the afternoon at home, napping before my big date that night.

Chapter 11

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.

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. "Ummmm, I couldn't very well wear my dress and heels over hear 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 squeezed 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 eye liner 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 sooo 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.

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. We'll make love several times 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 which 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 share 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. 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 callous 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 person could even ask it.

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. My hope 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 were two women seated. The women were the shocking part of this scene. One of the women, 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 flutter 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 you may 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 bee 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 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 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. 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 ex-

cept 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 mete 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 ma

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 hope 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. Tingled for a moment 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 by breast. She stepped in a little closer and pitched her voice so only I could hear. "I'm going to love fucking you Cherry."

I looked down, not knowing what else to do. Matt said his goodbyes 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 both seemingly 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 wad 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.