

Slave Shadow Part 2

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It was loud, crowded and the booths were not very private, but that didn't keep mistress from having some fun.

She ordered big for herself and ordered the kids plate for me. Fish sticks, mac & cheese and green gelatin. While we were waiting for our food, Mistress took a frumpy housedress out over her bag and told me to put it on. I stood and put it on right there in front of everyone. No one seemed to really notice, and i sat back down.

"Now wouldn't you like some release after all that pussy play? you obviously love to finger yourself in public places."

"No Mistress, not here. PLEASE - i am begging you! i will get on my hands and KNEES Mistress, please don't make me cum here."

"You are insolent and disobedient and will be punished severely. In the meantime, pull your left arm in through the sleeve of the housedress and reach down and pull the skirt of your other dress up."

I did this with tears in my eyes and looked coyly around. I saw a couple of people give me embarrassed looks, but none lingered.

"Now assume the position you last held in the store we were in just before we came here."

I inserted my middle finger into my pussy so that it was driven in to the hilt and i could feel my thumb against my clit.

"FUCK YOURSELF," Mistress said, loud enough for anyone near us to hear. I began pulling out my middle finger and plunging it back in, but shallowly, hoping no one could see that action under my dress.

"Harder."

I did it harder, feeling my thumb against my clit with each thrust, feeling my nipples straining against the cones taped to my breasts.

"Faster."

I did it faster, breathing heavily, looking with a furrowed brow at the floor past my dress, trying not to realize where i was and what i was doing.

"The waiter is coming, don't stop."

Blood rushed in my ears and my cunt, as i continued my movements, near cumming, but afraid to in front of whoever might be watching me. Or in front of the approaching waiter.

Our plates were set down in front of us. The waiter paused and watched me appreciatively...i continued on my journey...looking at the floor...obeying my Mistress! Mistress smiled at the waiter and took his wrist, "Shall I let her cum?" she asked.

"OH yeah!"

I heard the waiters deep, but throaty voice just before my Mistress said, "you may cum, slut."

Immediately my cunt began grasping at my plunging finger as i bucked against my hand, panting hard and moaning. The waiter was visibly turned on, and i was being stared at by the business men having lunch at the next table. I stopped when i was spent and let my chin rest against my chest.

"Thank You Mistress," i whispered.

"Thank YOU Mistress, the waiter said, and walked away.

Mistress ordered me to take off the frumpy dress and eat my lunch, which i did in silence and shame. The cones were making my nipples unbelievably sore and sensitive, and just eating caused waves of pain and pleasure to wash over me.

When were done eating, Mistress ordered me to clean up using napkins and ice water at the table. i did so as discreetly as i could, and we made our way back out into the world.

i had grown weary of the game when we walked into yet another clothing store. It was acutally a lingerie store and the sale clerk was a man, to my surprise. The scene unfolded as it had before, but when i was caught by the sales clerk, he entered the dressing room and closed the curtain behind him. Mistress ordered me firmly not to move and began fast-talking the sales clerk. "This is not as bad as it looks. Really. It's just a little innocent fun. And to prove it we could let you join in..." The look of disapproval turned into a gleem of sexual hunger as he looked me over. "Carry on," he said. i looked at Mistress and she nodded. With my hand shaking, i brought my finger back to my clit and began circling it, occasionally dipping into my cunt, as instructed, for some lubrication. The salesclerk was visibly turned on, and started rubbing his cock through his pants. "Would you like a bite of that," Mistress asked. "Does a bear shit in the woods??" "Go ahead, she is yours for five minutes." As he dropped to his knees in front of me, Mistress instructed me i was not to climax. I nodded, and looked at the ceiling as he began eagerly. His tongue was incredibly skilled - and long - and it wasn't long before i was bracing, holding onto the chair, and using everything i had not to climax. He licked, flicked, plunged and carressed. He reached up to carress my breasts and encountered the sound of the tape crinkling under my dress. "Nevermind that," said Mistress. And he carried on, flattening my breasts mercilessly with the palm of his hand, digging the cones into my nipples in a pain that was ready to push me to outside my limits! i surely would have come if it were not for the pain. It was a pain which added to my pleasure, but the constant renewal of it as he flattened my breast with his palm again and again shocked me out of the build of the orgasm he was inspiring with his tongue. "Your five minutes are up," informed Mistress. The man stopped, breathless, my juices running down his chin. He stood up and dropped his pants, a raging hard on scaring me just a little. I did prefer women, but had been with men before. Yet his huge member looked like a monster to me - one i wanted nothing to do with. "Rise and turn that chair around." i did so. "Now hike your skirt to your waist, bend over the back of the chair, and grab the front legs." i did this too, with my heart pounding and cunt dripping. i heard some whispering, and then the touch of my Mistress's hand on my ass. She carressed only for a moment, and then SLAPPED my bare cheeks hard. This was almost too much to bare, i was being used, punished and humiliated in front of a stranger. A stranger who wasn't even into "the scene" - my humiliation was renewed when Mistress slapped me again, even harder, and then again - repeatedly until i was begging for her to stop. She finally stopped and almost immediately i heard the eager man's footsteps as he approached me from behind. "Oh gawd - you hear about things like this, but you never think it REALLY happens!" i felt his fingers explore my box briefly and then i felt his huge cock at my cunt. He moved it around a little, teasing my enlarged, tingling, throbbing, clit. "Why are you trying to impress her with technique? she's a fuckbox - don't worry about her - just fuck to your heart's content." After hearing my Mistress's words, the man planted the head of his huge cock at the entrance to my hole and groaned. With a shove he was in. My walls were stretched tight, and i bit my lip as my nipples grew hard again, and strained against the cones. With another shove he was in to the hilt. The base of his cock was so huge, i could feel the vein against my clit. The weight of his balls pressed against me and the whole sensation was dizzying. He moved his cock around inside me in circles, groaning and gripping my hips hard. My knees nearly buckled, but felt a slap from my Mistress on the middle of my back and stood firm! This huge man pulled out and thrust back in, hard, fast, with intensity! My cunt was stretched - I was in pain -

my nipples were sore, but my clit was stimulated beyond belief!
He pulled out again and shoved back in with more intensity. I lost all track of time and place as he started fucking me harder and faster - my cervix stopping his cock, my pussy walls grasping his cock, and my clit feeling the power of his thrust over and over. I started bucking my hips back against him in order to assert my own rhythm, but his hands held my hips steady.
He fucked me until i came 3 or 4 times. Each time i came, my Mistress spanked the middle of my back - the most sensitive area she could reach - and added to my torment. i felt like my nipples would push the cones out through the tape and that every nerve in every area of my body was so overloaded that it would surely shut down.
When i finally felt i was beyond taking any more, he pulled out, grabbed my hair, forced me to my knees, and came ALL...OVER...MY FACE! Loads and loads of cum on my lips, my nose, my cheeks - his cock rubbing all over my face - using my hair to pull me to him.
Then he used my hair to push me away from him and towards the floor.
i couldn't look up. i was afraid. i heard nothing for a long time and wondered what was going on.
i finally looked up and saw my Mistress in a full french-kiss with this man.
"I'll see you tonight."
"Ok. See you then."
And the man pulled up his pants and walked out.
That is how i learned my Mistress was seeing someone else regularly besides me. He was a part of a plan. A Dom who wanted to co-own me with my Mistress.
}EPILOGUE{
My jealousy and bitterness has not yet found it's depth. i supposed i realize that my Mistress would eventually need someone smarter than me to relate to. But that doesn't change my broken heart.
i love her so much that i am willing to stay with her even though she is seeing this man. Maybe someday it will just be Her and me again.
In the meantime, i love her for taking me to new depths of submission and testing my limits as only she can.
THE END