My Submissive Valentine

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I had dinner with a sub and took home a dom by mistake.

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I sat nervously at the table waiting for my date to arrive. I was angry with myself for being weak. I just couldnâ t decide which one I was angrier about. Breaking down and going out on a date just because it was Valentineâ s Day, or for being nervous.

Me nervous! I was supposed to be strong, always. I reached for my water playing with the drops cascading down the side of the glass.

â Sorry if I kept you waitingâ ¦â He slid into the booth across from me.

â No, I was early.â

Dom, I will call him that because it amuses me to do so, gave all the signs of a submissive.

He had furtive hands that twiddled with everything. He had downcast eyes and slightly hunched shoulders. He spoke quietly and his responses were carefully thought out.

We had a good meal in a quiet restaurant and drank a glass of wine. We were both attracted to one another. Inevitably our conversation moved closer and closer to intimacy.

â Do you think itâ s normal to have fantasies you donâ t want anyone to know about?â I opened the gambit.

After a few seconds he answered. â I donâ t know if itâ s normal. I know I have some.â He fidgeted, looking anywhere but at me.

â Good, then I donâ t feel so alone.â I chuckled self-deprecatingly.

â Yes, but what if your fantasies areâ ¦â I waited, holding my breath, â sort of dirty.â

I laughed. â Arenâ t they all?â

â Some more than others,â he said it quietly, still not looking at me.

I slipped my foot out of my sandal and ran it up his leg.

He jerked his leg back, banging it on the table sharply. Wincing, he took in two quick breaths that resemble panting. Was he excited?

â Why Dom, what kind of secrets are you hiding?â I sounded excited. â Dom, do you have control issues?â I couldnâ t help pushing a few buttons.

â Ummmmm,â again the fidgeting, â I guess you could say that.â

â Are you afraid youâ ll lose control?â

â No,â he stated clearly with a smile. â Losing control is not an issue.â

My heart fluttered. â Then what are you afraid to say out loud?â I lowered my voice. â No one can hear you but me.â I coaxed.

â I have a fascination with whips.â He looked relieved to say it. â And spanking.â

â And thatâ s a problemâ ¦ Why?â

He looked up at me hopefully? â Youâ re not disgusted?â

â Noooo,â I purred. Suddenly I was so happy Iâ d hooked up with him. This was going to be a Valentine Day to remember.

He ducked his head. In shame?

â Well,â I said. â Unlike you, I do have control issues. Maybe we could both have our fantasies fulfilled.â

â Really?â His breathing quickened and so did mine. Then he shook his head and looked away. Embarrassment?

â Whatâ s wrong?â

â Nothing.â

â Itâ s never nothing.â

â Itâ s just,â he sighed.

â Anything else I should know about?â I couldnâ t wait to run my hands over his skin.

â I like begging.â

â Wow.â I was about to break out in a sweat. Breathing was getting difficult. â That really turns me on.â

He looked up at me and I saw raw hunger before it disappeared.

â I think we better retire to somewhere private or Iâ m going to get arrested for doing something in public I shouldnâ t.â

â Check please,â his voice strangled.

The only thing notable about my home is that itâ s quiet. I donâ t have elaborate closets full of toys. I donâ t have a dungeon or even a secret room. I have stuff strategically placed throughout my home.

I like things simple.

He surprised me right off by removing his socks and shoes at the door, quickly followed by his shirt. A little thrill of apprehension trickled down my spine. He stood half expectantly behind me waiting. Not slouched as I had originally thought, but rather a studied casualness. Odd. I frowned trying to reason out my unease.

â Can I see-â

â See what?â

He ducked his head. â Your whip.â He didnâ t even look up. His eagerness restored balance.

â Which one?â

â Your favorite of course.â

I laughed. â That would be this one.â I walked over to the sofa and reached between the arm and the wall, pulling out a flogger. It was a lovely piece of work with 20â tails.

I stood up and backed into his hard muscled body and gasped.

He stepped back. â Sorry I didnâ t mean to be so eager.â

I studied him but couldnâ t find what I was looking for. I frowned slightly, â there is nothing wrong with eagerness.â

â Can I touch it? Hold it?â His voice held such longing how could I resist? â Itâ s beautiful.â

I couldnâ t agree with him more. I passed it over without hesitation.

He examined it; hefted it; ran his fingers through the tails like he was running them through a loverâ s hair. It was sensual as hell. I shuddered.

â Do you have any collars?â he licked his lips, â with a leash?â

I couldnâ t help myself. The way he asked, I went straight into the dining room and withdrew a box from the buffet. It was a simple assortment.

â Could I have a drink?â

â What would you like?â

â Vodka.â

â Neat?â

â Thatâ s fine.â

I poured his drink with my back to him and found myself almost pinned to the counter. The heat poured off his body and under my skin. He reached around me and gently took the glass drinking the fiery contents in one swallow.

My heart thudded so loudly that it was all I could hear. My breathing was ragged. It was a full minute before I realized I was standing alone; that he was behind me running his finger through the box.

I stared at the glass on the counter and the liquid pooling at the bottom. I hadnâ t imagined it.

When I turned, he was back to fondling the flogger I couldnâ t take my eyes off his fingers as they twined and curled and stroked their way through the leather.

I joined him beside the table.

â What fascinates you about spanking?â I asked, pushing buttonsâ ¦ always pushing.

His body gave a kind of jerk, and his hand tightened around the flogger, then relaxed.

â It is so wonderfully versatile. In one act you can punish, tantalize, humble, arouseâ ¦â While I was standing with my eyes closed being teased by the images he was conjuring with his sensuous voice, he moved behind me and slipped a collar around my throat caressing it softly.

â You can make someone beg for more or beg you to stop.â His hands lifted up to my hairline, his fingers drawing invisible patterns that sent erotic messages to my brain.

â You can make someone cry with longing or with pain.â His thumb stroked my jaw and traced lines down my throat.

â You can make someone tremble with fear, or tremble with desireâ ¦â His words sent desire coursing through me so strong I nearly doubled over. â And almost always you get satisfaction with that oneâ ¦ Simpleâ ¦ Act.â

I found myself trembling. For the first time in my life I had the collar around my neck. He had made me yearn for something I had never tasted â ¦ and I was so tired of keeping control.

â Just tell me where the leash is and I can make all your troubles disappear.â He whispered in my ear.

â Maybe this one time,â I opened my mouth to speak but the words would not form. I bowed my head in shame.

He seemed to understand. â Will you bring it to me?â He asked.

I nodded. Somehow performing the act was easier then saying the words. I handed over the leash without ceremony. I knew the proper way to act, but I couldnâ t bring myself to pretend. This wasnâ t my game anymore, I handed that responsibility to him.

As soon as the leash was in his hand his demeanor changed. He stood tall and proud shoulders squared, dominant. His chin raised and his voice lowered. â Turn around,â He said sharply.

I turned feeling vulnerable. Fear forced the tears down my cheeks. I can't remember the last time I cried. I heard a click as he fastened the leash to the collar and I trembledâ ¦

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