

Theatre Visit

We walk down the stairs descending into the body of the theatre. The lampshades cast a red glow from the wall lights, rows and rows of deep purple seating facing the stage give off 1960's vibes, I look in awe at the beautifully adorned high ceiling before continuing my path in Sir's wake.

Sir is dressed in a well-fitting tuxedo, and I am wearing a particularly daring black number with a plunging neckline and no panties or bra, as Sir instructed, stating a firm tone, that "we dress up for the occasion."

Sir has his tickets in hand and a clutch of envelopes and finds the row where we are seated. I have no idea what we are going to see and surprisingly there were no posters in the foyer or outside, but the ticket guy let us in, and there are a few people already beginning to take their seats, all equally dressed in formal albeit very sensual outfits.

Our seats are towards the middle of the row about 10 rows from the front, we have an excellent view of the stage. I look gleefully towards the stage and Sir takes a seat and bids me to take mine. Looking at his watch he says there is 10 mins until it starts and that I should go to the Ladies now, so I don't miss anything. I do as instructed and find the ladies, luckily there is no queue, I use the facilities, wash my hands, check myself out in the mirror, make sure my outfit is still hiding my modesty, add a touch of lip gloss and return to my seat.

There are more people here now, there is a big dude in the seat next to me, his hands are large, in them I can see a red envelope, much like the one Sir was carrying. He looks towards me and smiles a salacious grin. Sir likes to make sure I dress in a way that makes men smile at me like that. Knowing, I am both turned on and disgusted by it at the same time. I smile nervously at him as I take my seat.

"No queue!" I say to Sir, he nods, turning his head towards me. He pats his lap and I react quickly and take a seat in his embrace; I have spent a long time learning his unspoken gestures and commands. I sit across his lap, and he strokes his hand up my arm and into the nape of my neck and pulls my head towards him. He whispers in my ear.

"When the lights dim for the start of the show, I want you to sit on your hands and face the stage. Under no circumstances are you to look away from the stage. Do you understand?"

"Yes Sir"

"Good girl" he says and kisses me on the forehead and then double taps my seat, signaling it's time for me to return to the chair beside him. Jesus, I wonder what we are going to be watching that I would want to look away from the stage. I am slightly worried it is going to be scary, but Sir wouldn't have brought me if he didn't think I would enjoy it.

The music starts to play and the stagehand's start to bring out some props on the stage and a good-looking man walks towards Sir and takes a seat next to him. They start chatting for a time and Sir gets something out of his pocket.

As the lights start to go down, I sit on my hands as instructed and look at the stage, the music has started playing and I sense movement in Sir's seat. I am not allowed to turn and look to see what is going on, but I am quickly distracted by the music getting louder and the stage curtain beginning to lift. The Stage display is beautiful, in the center of the stage is a large bed and what I can only describe as a large structure in the middle of the stage. A stunning lady in a barely there, white kimono comes on stage and starts a monologue, I can hardly hear her words, my mind has wandered to the shape of her curves and the hint of a nipple and the dark triangle at the top of her legs. The lady starts to dance, her sensuous movement drawing me in, her body moving in perfect rhythm to the phrasing of the music.

Something touches my left leg, I fight every instinct to look down at what it is, it's too big to be anything other than a hand, then I can feel the fingers squeeze my thigh. Sir, Sir, someone is touching me, I scream in my head. The hand gently pulls my thigh towards the edge of the seat. This makes my dress ride up higher, but whilst sitting on my hands I can do little about it. His hand makes its way slowly up my thigh.

There is a rustling close to my ears and then arms are either side of my head, reaching, searching their way down my neckline until they reach my breasts. "Nice tits" comes a comment from a voice I do not recognize behind me.

My heart is in my throat, my stomach lurches, as the hands find my nipples and squeeze goose pimples cover my body and clit begins to tingle.

The hand on my left leg grips the inside of my thigh and pulls my legs further apart. Another hand is now on my right leg pulling that knee closer to the opposite edge of the seat. This hand is softer and less clammy as the material covering my boobs is pulled open, I look down, without moving my head. There are 4 hands on my body, one big and clammy, one tanned with a silver band, looks like a wedding ring and two with red nail varnish needing and massaging my boobs. My skin glows white in the dim light cast from the stage.

The hand with the wedding ring vanishes from sight and there is shuffling in the seat next to me, I can feel rough hair against my skin, as my nipple is directed into a warm mouth. My body reacts pushing my chest forward to present my tits for sucking. I can feel warm delicate kisses on the left side of my neck and the unknown voice tells me I smell amazing. I'm wearing the perfume Sir picked out for me.

My left nipple is sucked into a larger mouth, and I can feel fingers fumbling at my pussy lips and a fat digit slips inside, the fingers pump in and out of me and I can hear my wetness loudly, to me its louder than the music and I dart my eyes to the people in front facing the stage and no one turns. I am suddenly reminded that I am in a room with hundreds of people and a wave of humiliation crashes through me, what if someone sees? What if they turn around? What if they see what is happening to me? What if they can see that I love it?

The fingers inside me are removed and my knees are pulled towards the end of my seat and my legs are hooked over the arm rests. My legs are open wide and there is no hiding the entrances to my body, I have never been more exposed.

The fat fingers penetrate me again and find their way to my arsehole and enter without resistance. The sucking of my nipples gets more intense, and a moan escapes my body. The tanned hand finds its way to my pussy and delves inside feeling my wetness and moves to my clit, stimulating all my senses. Red manicured fingered breach the entrance to my mouth, whilst I'm mid moan, past my teeth. "Suck my fingers you good little whore," the unknown voice says in hushed tones.

My body is on sensory overload, every part of my body is being handled, the slight stinging sensation in the back, the throbbing want from my swollen nub and the desperate need to grip onto the heads that are sucking my nipples at the front. My drool drops cold onto my chest from my oral penetration.

I try to focus on the stage, I can see two naked bodies inter twinned, I try to focus on their movements but the sensations across my body bring me back into the very real here and now.

The noises coming from my body are ones I have never heard before, not a polite cute moan or a scream in pain but a growl, a wanton grown from deep in my stomach. I want to thrust my hips, I want to pump the fingers into me harder, but sat on my hands I am helpless to increase satisfaction. My ass stings as another finger is inserted, followed by another, my ass is full of clammy sausage fingers. I take another glance and the fingers on my clit are a blur, they are moving so fast, one mouth leaves my nipple and squeeze it so hard, the other nipple is released and received that same action.

"Ooooo, ahhhh, can I cum?" I ask with a mouth full of fingers, the fingers are removed, "Can I cum, please, please, I need to cum?" I plead again loudly.

"What do you think boys?" says the unknown voice.

"Not until I have." says the tanned man says to my right.

"Sounds like it's a no my dear!"

The fingers keep going for a half minute more before they stop. My breath is ragged and slow to still, I wasn't sure I was going to hold out for much longer. There appears to be a discussion happening between the left side fingers and the right-side fingers.

The left-hand fingers say, "Stand up, I'm going to enjoy double teaming you."

Say what now?!? I have never been with two people, never had 2 cocks, Holy Shit. I stand as requested, keep my hands on my butt, I can feel the big man slide behind me, there is a pause before he sits down. He smacks my arse and I lower into the sitting position, hovering, so I can be directed into the right location. His hands are on my hips until I can feel the bulge of a bell end against my rose. I prepare to decent and use my hands to spread my cheeks wider. I take his cock with ease; he is smaller than Sir's which I am grateful for, given the lack of lube! He leans me back against his body and holding onto my hips tells me to spread my legs wide.

The tanned fingers appear in front of me, the good-looking man who took a seat next to Sir, he smiles at me as he runs his fingers slowly over my lips, gliding ever so gently over my sensitive clit, before thrusting his cock into me and wiping his fingers over my parted lips and chin.

He moans when he is balls deep inside me. I feel so full, so stretched, so satisfied. He kisses me. His lips and his cock are hard, devouring me. He thrusts hard and deep, and the clammy cock is hammering fast but there isn't much room under there. I can feel hands on my nipples which can only belong to the manicured fingers, they pull and tug and twist with all hint of gentleness vanished.

The clammy guy holds my hips down the tanned guy holds my knees open as they fuck my holes, they use me for their pleasure, the speeds, the rhythm, the sounds of panting and moans fill my brain. The guy underneath blows first, filling my insides with hot pumping semen. He quivers and keeps hold of my hips until the guy above holds my throat and pumps me hard. He pulls out his cock, looks deep into my eyes and erupts his cums all over my stomach. I take a warm gooey splash to the face- impressive shot. He withdraws quickly and descends to his knees.

He sucks in my clit; he sucks and licks with vigor. The clammy fingers hold my throat, in a powerful choke and the manicured fingers squeeze my now sensitive and throbbing nipples.

Within seconds I am there, I need to cum so hard, "Please," I gasp, "Please can I cum now, please?" The tanned man swaps his mouth for his fingers, and he slides them so fast over my clit.

Leaning towards me, he whispers "Cum for me my beauty," in my ear and kneels back down to suck the last of my resolve. My body is hot, my insides tense and my senses crash into the hardest, longest leg juddering orgasm.

All the fingers slow down and stop, the flaccid clammy penis slides out on my ass. I open my eyes from my epic climax and the tanned guy vanished from view.

The manicured fingers contain my boobs back in my dress. The big guy starts to stand, forcing me to rise, I correct my skirt as I do. He slips into his seat stretching to zip his fly in his chair as I take a seat back in mine.

The crowd starts to clap, the performers leave the stage, and the lights come back on.

My face and my body are flush, hot, sticky, sore and satisfied. After people leave to visit the toilet or get ice cream and visit the bar a familiar voice says. "You can look around now"

I turn towards Sir, and he smiles, "Did you enjoy the show?"

"There is a show?" I question. Sir laughs and double taps his knee. I climb stiffly into his lap, and he cuddles me close. "You did wonderfully, the star performer." I look up, seeking further validation. He nods, "Really, you did so well, two cocks, I'm proud of you."

I relax into Sir's arms, safe in his embrace. I hear something behind me, Sir looks up and nods. The tanned guy offers me ice cream.

"I got you strawberry and chocolate, I guessed vanilla wasn't your thing!" He joked, whilst glancing at Sir to make sure it was okay. He reaches inside his pocket and hands me a business card; I look to Sir for permission. He says, "Do you like him my pet?"

I look at the tanned guy again, I drink in his features, with his cum still drying on my face, his grey eyes and greying beard are mesmerizing. I turn back to Sir and nod, nod a lot.

Sir takes the card and looks at it, looks back at the gent and says, "We will be in touch to discuss boundaries and get something in the diary," Sir looks at the card, "Anthony?!"

The tanned guy nods, "excellent, I look forward to it."

"Can I call you Anthony?" I ask, looking up at him. He looks at Sir, for permission, understanding the respect required between tops. Sir nods, giving consent.

He kneels, so he is in my eye line, he takes a pot of ice cream from my hand, he removes the lid off the strawberry pot, hands me the pot in one hand and the spoon in the other. Looking at me, watching me intensely, he licks the ice cream off the lid, my clit tingles with muscle memory of his tongue.

He licks his lips slowly, winks and says, "No, you can call me Master."