

The next day, after my first naughty night with Noura (AHMT #136), we were enjoying an intimate dinner for just the two of us. Both of us wore elegant dresses; I couldn't speak for Noura, but I opted not to wear undergarments with mine!

"Well, Aly, what did you think of last night?" Noura asked as she refilled my glass of wine.

"I had a lovely time, Noura" I said, feeling a blush creep over my cheeks. "It was so nice to be with you again...your body felt so good...I hope I made you feel good, too."

"You certainly did, Aly. How did it feel to be the dominant one in charge?"

"It was a lot of fun...but something about it did not feel right. I don't think I'm cut out to be a dominant."

"I think you did very well, little one. You seemed to have fun using all those toys on me."

"I just tried to picture what you would do to me in that situation, and tried to think of what you would want me to do to you."

"Well, that's the idea, sweetie. Being the one in charge means figuring out what your partner wants and needs, and giving it to them. It doesn't just mean doing what you want to do...at least not *all* the time."

"You *always* seem to know what I want, Noura." I looked down at my plate with a little smile, memories flashing through my mind of how good Noura always made me feel.

"I DO know what you need, Aly," Noura said in a soft seductive voice. "You have a need to please others, don't you?"

"Yes, I do..." I kept looking down at my plate.

"You need someone else to make decisions and tell you what to do."

"Yes..." My voice was barely a whisper.

"Do you want me to tie you up and take control of you tonight?"

"Yes, Noura." As I said this, I could feel the top of Noura's bare foot slowly sliding up the inside of my leg, sneaking under the hem of my dress. I tried not to react.

"Put a collar on you and lead you around on a leash?"

"Yes...Mistress." Noura's foot pressed between my knees, gently nudging them apart.

“Do you want me to spank you, and use some more of my toys on you?”

I blushed intensely now. “Yes, you know that I do...” Now her bare toes were gliding gently up my inner thigh, tickling my smooth skin and raising goose bumps on my flesh.

“And what if I make you dress up in a humiliating little outfit for my pleasure?”

I looked up at Noura, my eyes suddenly wide, my jaw dropping. “Yes...yes I would like that, please!” I gasped as her toes made contact with the warm flesh between my legs, felt her prod against the dampness her words had brought forth. If she was surprised at not finding any panties in the way, she didn’t show it.

“And what if I took makeup and drew on you? Call you naughty names and write them on you in bright red lipstick?”

“Oh...you would do that?” My breath was beginning to come in ragged gasps. Her toe slid upward and began to tease against the sensitive nub there. I gritted my teeth trying to be still.

“Yes, little one. I might even parade you all around on your leash so everyone can see how proud I am of my little pet. Everyone will see what a good little girl you are.”

“Oh Holy One!” I cried out softly. I don’t know if it was the thought of Noura putting me on public display, or the wonderful sensations she was creating in me under the table, but I was becoming desperate with arousal. My fingertips gripped the table and my body shuddered.

“I haven’t had a chance to show you my playroom yet...would you like to go there tonight?”

“Yes! Yes please, Mistress Noura.”

“Well, finish up your wine and lets go have some fun.”

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A short time later, Noura had brought me back to her bedroom and was preparing me for an evening of fun. As she promised, Noura had dressed me in a costume that left little to the imagination.

First my body was harnessed by a set of thin leather straps, which she expertly fitted and snugged around me, gripping me tightly and making my body feel gripped in her embrace. The way the straps fit around my breasts, thighs, and waist seemed to accent my body even more.

Then she had put me in a sheer black body stocking that was completely see thru! I might as well have not been wearing anything at all, for it exposed all of my body, and fitted itself around

my curves that the harness was holding in place. It made me feel anxious to be so exposed, yet it also made me feel sexy, and Noura's looks of approval made me all the more confident.

Noura had always been fond of my kitty Aly costume. So she had me wear my collar, and my kitty ears and tail. She put a little bell on my collar that jingled every time I moved. And then she kept her other promise...she took makeup and drew whiskers and a black kitten's nose on mine!

Looking at myself in the mirror of her bedroom, I was caught off guard by just how sexy she had made me look. The black body stocking looked more like a feline coat than female skin. With the whiskers and nose painted on, I looked like a cute image of a pet cat. I could see how she had turned me into her pet, her Aly kitty.

"Almost complete," Noura said. She showed me some balls of red yarn, and bound my wrists behind my back with the loose ends. Then she placed the remaining rolls of yarn in my palms. "Don't drop those," she warned with a grin.

Then Noura clipped a leash to my collar and gave it a playful tug. "Are we ready to walk downstairs to my playroom?"

"Yes, Mistress Noura." I didn't even try to keep the excitement out of my voice.

"Let's go, then." Suddenly her comment about parading me around came back to mind. 'Downstairs?' I thought. That meant going through the main part of the house, where her servants and other guests were. Everyone would see me like this!

I followed along behind Noura, focusing on her swaying hips before me and the sinuous way she moved. I tried to be quiet and small, but every step caused the bell at my collar to jingle, especially when going down the stairs. It was as if I was announcing myself as we entered the main living area. Sure enough, Noura's other guests and servants looked up to see us pass.

I flushed red hot at the embarrassment and felt a little humiliated at my revealing costume. But I could see how proud Noura was to show me off, and that made me proud, too. I knew that my behavior would reflect upon her...so I did my best to smile and match her sinuous movements.

Noura led me into a reddish colored room in a lower level of her home. There I saw all manner of devices for kinky fun, and more sexy toys than I'd ever seen in one place. Along the walls hung rack upon rack of restraints, tools and toys. And I could see other costumes hanging on the racks, too--I wondered how many of them I might be wearing tonight.

Noura turned to face me and saw the excitement and arousal on my face, my proud stance. "Oh my, Aly," Noura purred. "You seem to like being led around on a leash. So tell me, little pet..."

*"Who's been a bad kitty?"*