

A TASTE OF *Submission*

The **VERY** Good Indian Girl



THE SECRET SUBMISSIVE

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Enjoy & relish as many 'first times' you can squeeze in
for we only have one life.

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The **VERY** Good Indian Girl

By THE SECRET SUBMISSIVE

A free sequel to A Taste of Submission: The Good Indian Girl

A Note from the Author

There's nothing quite like the thrill and excitement of a first-time experience and my very first BDSM session was nothing short of mind-blowing! It was this very journey, with Sir, that led me to write my very first novel, [A Taste of Submission: The Good Indian Girl](#).

Written from the genuine perspective of an inexperienced Submissive - Leena Kumar - this inspired retelling documents every ounce of heady passion and nervous angst that I felt that day. However, where Leni's first-time tale ended, a delicious host of other 'firsts' soon followed; my adoration for Sir and my addiction to everything he gave me quickly began to bloom and grow, wildly and uncontrollably!

In this exclusive, set nearly two-years after our [Good Indian Girl](#) started her BDSM training and enjoyed her first Taste of Submission, Leni is back to share another first-time experience that she shared with her Dom. I hope you thoroughly enjoy this sexy and playful summer-time sequel.

Another Taste of Submission: The Very Good Indian Girl

As I pulled into the service station and parked up opposite the Travel Inn, my heart pounded and my clit trembled with excitement. I loved arriving before Sir because it usually meant that he'd ring me whilst driving and let me play with my cunt on speakerphone, so I was a dripping-wet mess by the time he walked through the door. My clit twitched in anticipation, begging to be touched.

I pushed the driver's seat back a few inches and slipped on a pair of strappy sandals before applying another coat of lipstick. Grabbing my bag, I made my way across to the car park toward the entrance, enjoying the way the warm August breeze whipped under my thin summer dress, lifting the dangerously short hem which barely covered my modesty. I shared a smirk with a stranger who was exiting the hotel and I wondered if his reason for being here was the same as mine; probably. I scrolled through my favourites for Sir's number.

Leena Kumar: Just arrived, Sir. Going to check-in. So fucking wet for you x

He replied immediately before I had even reached the front desk.

Matt Jameson: Mmm so I can see. You look gorgeous in that pink dress.

I couldn't wipe the smile from my face; I glanced around the car park and although I couldn't see him, knowing he was watching me made me so incredibly giddy.

Matt Jameson: Go up and fit your glass plug, then meet me outside reception. You've got 7 minutes, Sub x

I bounded down the narrow corridor as fast as my heels would allow. The familiar scent of cheap pine-scented bleach or air freshener hung in the air, reminding me of all the fun and debauchery that was only minutes away from being mine, all over again! The hairs on the back of my neck stood to attention and my knees shook gently as I swiped the key-card and entered the room. I emptied the contents of my holdall onto the desk, searching for the glass plug and lube. Keeping a close eye on the time, I crawled into the centre of the king-sized bed and slipped my black lace knickers down to my ankles, spreading my legs wide. I squirted a little lube onto my fingertips and ordered myself to relax, finally wondering why Sir hadn't come straight up with me, like usual. He definitely had something up his sleeve.

The room was warm and stuffy and I welcomed the cool sensation of the crisp white sheets against my skin and the silky lube as I rubbed it against my tightest hole. A breathy moan exited my mouth as I slid my index finger inside and felt that first stretch. Picking up the plug, I coated the bulbous end of the cold glass with a thin layer of cherry-scented lube and pressed it against myself. Raising my hips and spreading my cheeks, I pushed slowly and firmly, feeling my body's resistance waning. Conscious of the time, I started pushing in and out, twisting with gentle vigour until the plug started to enter my hole. Wincing in

discomfort, I couldn't help but smile, knowing that Sir's seven-minute limit was indeed the start of my punishment! With a final push and a long, exasperated groan, I swallowed every inch of the plug; my arse hole immediately tightened around the stem.

It took everything to keep my fingers from wandering to my wet, sticky cunt. My sweet scent swirled through the thick, humid air around me, tempting and teasing the needy brat within. With less than a minute to spare, I pulled my knickers back up and ran my fingers through my mussed hair. Grabbing the key-card, I set off for reception, knowing that Sir was not in the mood for lenience and that any tardiness would be dealt with, firmly and thoroughly! I could feel the lube and my juices wetting my knickers as I skipped down the final few steps and pushed open the door to the foyer. There he was, standing just outside in the sunshine, wearing dark jeans, a white shirt and my favourite leather belt.

"Hi, Sir!" I tiptoed and kissed him lightly, feeling my heart drum against my chest as he pulled my body against his, squeezing my waist.

"You're on time, good girl," he smirked, sliding his hand down my back and over my arse, feeling for the plug. Gripping it through my dress, he gave it a firm push, forcing a gasp from my lips. "And you're appropriately dressed," he patted my arse, guiding me around the back of the hotel.

"Thank you, Sir," I giggled. As soon as we turned the corner and disappeared into seclusion, I felt the familiar comfort of Sir's strength as he pressed me against the brick wall and pinned my hands above my head. "Oh, fuck..." I gasped, writhing against his powerful frame. I looked up at him, innocently, as he relentlessly groped my body through my dress and kissed down my neck.

"I'm going to take you for a drink, Sub..." squeezing my wrists, he bit my cleavage. My bare flesh grazed the brickwork as I struggled but to no avail. "Are you going to be a good girl and do as you're told? Everything and anything, Sub?"

"Always, Sir," I grinned, eager to push his buttons! Filthy thoughts were already spinning like crazy – what did he have in store for me? "I'll be such a good girl... I've missed it, Sir," I moaned and whimpered, revealing my desperation.

"Good girl. Now, turn around and lift your dress." I looked around, seeing rows of Lorries parked up, not too far away. We had never done anything like this and I wondered whether we'd get caught. The words were on the tip of my tongue – what if someone was watching? But the dangerous excitement brewing within made it clear to me that I didn't need to ask; I knew that I trusted Sir and I definitely didn't want him to stop. Nodding, as he released my wrists, I turned and placed my palms against the wall and pushed out my arse, goading him to decorate my skin. I smirked in satisfaction as the familiar tinkle of his metal buckle and the swish of his belt filtered into my ears. "You need to be quiet, Sub; control yourself," he said, tapping the thick leather against my eager cheeks.

“If you’re using your belt, there’s no chance, Sir,” I stirred.

“You will if you know what’s good for you.” Without a second’s hesitation, he brought the belt down hard, leaving a red print across the centre of both cheeks! Unwittingly, a high-pitched yelp jumped from my lungs and I couldn’t help but break my form. “Mmm, stay still,” he whispered, grabbing me by the nape of my neck and awarding me with strike after stinging strike until my arse blushed red and my legs began to quiver! As I approached my utmost limit and squirmed with vigour, Sir released me from his grip and smoothed my dress back in place. I rubbed my arse, feeling the heat through the fabric, as Sir put his belt back on and kissed my forehead. “I think you’re ready for that drink now,” he smiled.

As we entered the beer garden with a double G&T for me and a pint for Sir, I couldn’t help but notice how many people there were. Sir led the way, guiding us to a table under the shade of some leafy branches. “Sit on my lap,” he ordered, taking a long, cool sip.

“Are you sure, Sir?” I blushed, looking at the group sat opposite us.

“Are you going to make me tell you twice, Sub?” I shook my head as Sir pulled me onto his knee. As my arse smarted, I squirmed and squeezed tightly around the plug; but the tighter I squeezed, the more it made me squirm! “If you’re trying to get me hard, Sub, it’s working.”

“No, Sir, my arse is sore,” I giggled, trying to ignore any gazing eyes. I turned to my drink, sucking a third of the zesty, bitterness in one go. “But I do like feeling your cock against me...” I added, boldly.

“How do you think teasing little sluts should be punished, Sub?” With every word and every sip, the bubbles floated to my head, swirling and swishing. As Sir’s hand crept down my back and moved to my smooth, naked thigh, my urges grew stronger and stronger.

“They need fucking, Sir!” I pressed my body against Sir’s chest and spread my thighs a little wider. Feeling his hands on my body seemed to drown out any reservation and the tables around us seemed to drift further and further away from us.

“Nice try,” he chuckled, gripping my soft flesh and slowly drawing his fingers closer and closer to my soaking wet gusset. I bit down on the straw and filled my mouth with more alcohol to suppress my moans and ice my lewd thoughts. With every sip and every second, I felt myself losing control and giving myself over to Sir. “You have two minutes to go and remove your knickers, Sub. When you return, I want to taste your juices on your fingers and they better be fucking wet.” He rubbed his thumb against my clit, reminding me of how short my dress was. I opened my mouth, ready to protest, but I stopped myself before any regretful words could exit.

“Yes Sir,” I swallowed hard, finishing my drink so that he might watch my mouth in action around the straw and know exactly what I wanted to do to him. I walked towards the entrance slowly, hips swaying and clit throbbing. I could feel Sir’s eyes watching my burning arse; I loved knowing I was making his cock swell, mercilessly.

As I made my way to the bathroom, I felt the heaviness of the plug with every step. I knew better than to remove it but the ache was growing stronger and the heat of the sun, together with the booze, had me hot and exasperated. Bolting the stall, I slid my hand up my dress and pressed my knickers between my lips, making sure the crotch was slick and soaked. My fingers pushed inside my cunt with absolute ease and felt so good against the rigidity of the glass plug. With my back pressed against the door, I rubbed and fingered fervently, stroking my swollen clit in a way that only made me wetter. Half of me wanted to return to Sir, to be a good girl... whereas, the other half just needed to cum. No matter what I wanted though, Sir would always win; he had my body, my heart and my mind. I stepped out of my knickers and rolled them up so they fit in my palm before heading back towards the beer garden and back to Sir.

The ravenous look in Sir’s eyes as I returned to him made it more than worthwhile. Deliciously tipsy and foolishly brave, I handed over my soaking-wet knickers less than discreetly, without a care for those who may see. “Taste my fingers, Sir,” I took my rightful place on his lap again, feeling how wet my inner thighs now were. Sir took my wrist and locked eyes with me as he tasted my sweet cunt. “Take me back to the room, Sir, please.” I kissed him fully as he pushed his hand under my dress and between my lips.

“You are so fucking wet, Sub,” he growled in approval, pushing my knickers into his pocket. “I’m going to gag you with those knickers as soon as we get into that room. Are you ready for the fucking of your life?”

“Yes Sir! I’m more than ready...”

Dear Reader,

I hope you thoroughly enjoyed this naughty little sequel! If you enjoyed Leni's sexy, summertime shenanigans, why not read [A Taste of Submission: The Good Indian Girl](#) for just 0.99 and see how it all began!

You can explore more kinky content by visiting my website at thesecretsubmissive.com and browse my complete library of BDSM erotica at books2read.com/rl/thesecretsubmissive

Love from, Secret x