**A Night Guided by a Lock**

As she looked in the mirror pushing her hands down her sides and over her hips, a slight flash worry could be seen in her eyes. It’s not that she didn’t like the dress, on the contrary she loved it, it was a dark red silk with the inkiest black embroidering of a dragon coiling around her torso. The dress was completely stunning, a soft corset cut low to show of her soft pale sternum, and collar bone, with layered skirt that fell to her left knee but only upper-mid thigh on the right showing off her beautiful, smooth legs. The dress made her look amazing, the corset supported her breasts in a what that no other strapless dress could, and skirt hugged her legs and hips accentuating her hour glass figure; but is was a bit on the tight side, and the short side, and the low-cut side, for a formal dinner.

“Well darling? What do you think? Absolutely enchanting, that’s what I think” says an elegantly tall woman, as she strides into the room. The new women is dressed in an equally stunning and equally short and tight dress as well as 6 inch heels. She stops just behind the first women almost toucher her they were so close, she run her hand along to women’s body, starting on her left hip and around the curves of her rear, then tracing a finger along the lacing of the corset, before moving over her shoulder and down across the top of her breasts. The women’s right hand come up presenting a velvet case,

“And this is something I thought you could wear with your new dress tonight, dear. It should match exquisitely” she emphasized the last word by snapping open the box to revel a red and black Australian opal neckless.

“I… I really can’t… that coasts more than my life” The women in the black dress says staring wide eyed at the neckless. She slightly backs away from it bumping into the women behind her.

“Your favorite colours are red and black are they not? And it would go so beautifully with that dress Becca,” the women says looking down, “And on that note, “ She says spinning out from behind Becca and moving in front of her “How do you like that lovely dress?”

“I love the dress ma’am, it’s just I’m not sure how it will suit tonight? It being a formal event and all” Becca said looking at the women she addressed as ma’am.

“For god’s sake how many times do I have to tell you? Call me Ora in public, it is my name” Ora said almost in a growl as see stepped close, looking down and glaring at Becca.

“I’m sorry Ora, it won’t happen again” Becca said and for the first time her square powerful shoulders dipped slightly as her knees bent as well.

‘Since you insist on calling me ma’am in public I guess I’ll make the most of it’ Ora says under her breath as she walk back towards the door from which she came. “Take the dress off and let’s go,” she says over her should as she exits the room, leaving the door open.

Shortly after Ora left the room a man came in, most likely to collect the dress; Becca who was half naked and still taking the dress off simply looked up at him and said, “When I’m done box up this dress, that other women is buying it,” and continued changing, much to the shock of the man.

Back at the small mansion Ora calls her vacation home up in the master bed room, Becca sat on the edge of a, unsuitable small bed for the room, the furniture also was rather un-fitting, saw horses, boards on angled frames, areas with chains falling from the ceiling. In all it was rather clear Ora used this room for, entertainment, rather than sleeping in.

Becca looked down at a felt box in her hands, a box she knew contained a red and black opal, one that coast more then most luxury cars. She slowly opened the box and picked up the beautiful neckless, she always loved opal, and one in her favorite colours? How could she turn it down? She delicately clasped it around her neck, letting the pendant fall to the center of her pale exposed skin; it framed the jewel perfectly.

At that same moment a door on the other side of the room opened and Ora strode out. She was dressed in a long, silk, jet black mermaid dress, with a slit on the right side that almost ran up to her hip, it also had a sweetheart neckline, showing off her own beautiful smooth skin, collar bone, and shoulders.

“Oh, good, you finally decide to wear the neckless,” Ora said stopping in the middle of the room with her hand on her hip, legs spread apart slightly.

“Yes ma’am, it really is a beautiful neckless,” Becca said standing, looking up to meeting her gaze. Even In heels Becca was a good 5 inches shorter then Ora.

“I’m glad to hear it, I also have one other thing for you to wear, or, I should rather say carry, since you seem to want to continue the relationship dynamic in public” Ora said as she walked over to on of the few dressers in the room. “That isn’t a bad thing, just not what I was expecting form you” She opened a draw to silence. Becca either agreed with what Ora said or was too afraid to do anything about it.

Ora picked something up with the distinct sound of metal on wood, and closed the door. What she was holding in her hand was rather curious. It was metal butt plug, and a rather big one. However, what made in weird was the keys attached and the strip of leather.

“This is something I have yet to show you correct?” Ora said looking at Becca. The only response was nodding. “Good the way it works is when you un-lock in and twist the base it fans out and gets wider.” Ora demonstrated this, twisting the base and four sections of the once whole plug started folding outwards. “And when its locked again it holds that shape. This means that once it’s in and opened you can’t get it back out again without the key, meaning,” and with this Ora dropped the plug holding onto the leather strip and keys, “You’re on a leash. One that Only I can get you off” Ora looked a Becca who only looked back, shoulder square gaze unwavering.

“It would be a pleasure to be controlled like you in such a way ma’am,” Becca said in response.

Ora nodded her head in response “You not wearing panties, are you? You know how much I hate it when you do that.”

“No ma’am” Becca answered looking at the plug still hanging by Ora’s side.

“Good,” Ora moved to pick the locking plug up, “No put this in.” she said handing the plug to Becca.

Becca, seeing that nothing else was provided moved to kneel on the bed her back to Ora. She started sucking on the plug, hoping that it was cleaned form its last use. Once she was kneeling on the bed she spread her legs apart, knowing without a doubt that she was showing Ora everything she had to offer in her incredibly short dress. She then took the plug out of her mouth and moved to slowly push it in her rear. As she did Ora breathed “Yes, just like that.”

Once Becca had gotten, what was for her a rather large plug, completely in Ora stepped forward, placing her left hand on Becca ass and she grabbed the base of the plug with the other, which she slowly started to twist. “How does that feel dear; can you feel it growing inside you?” Ora said in an incredibly seductive voice as she moved left had around on Becca’s rear. Becca let out a slight moan, her back arching as she did, “Yes, ma…” Becca shuddered mid-sentence, “Ma’am I can. I can feel it”

“Good. So, tell me when to stop,” Ora replayed quietly as she moved her had down the outside of Becca’s thigh and back up along the inside. She then slowly slid a finger through Becca’s pussy, which was, already quite wet.

“Now ma’am. Please, I can’t take any more.” Becca said tensing and pointing her toes out strait.

Ora didn’t stop immediately but rather continued to slowly turn the plug for another short second, before stopping. Saying “That will do I think,” She picked up the key that she had set on the bed, placing it into the plug, locking it in place. Ora stood, giving the leash a tug, only for Becca to let out a soft cry. “Stand.” The word galvanized Becca to get her hands under her and step off the bed, standing legs spread apart, back still to Ora. Her face showed, not true discomfort, or pain, but that she could definitely feel the plug pushing at her insides.

“Walk to the door,” Ora said, gesturing, not at the door she came through, but what was most likely the master door to the room, based on its size. Becca turned, should square, arms at her said, eye forward, and walk with confidant, if not smaller, strides towards the door. Her progress was swiftly stopped as the leash became taught. Ora had not moved, she only watched as Becca walked. Becca once feeling this let out another slight cry and took a step back. The leash had made Becca skirt ride up a little when it pulled tight, but she made no effort to fix it.

“Good it works, take this,” Ora said handing the leash over “Go stand by the front door and wait for me. With that Ora turned around and started walking back into the room she can from. “And fix your dress,” she commanded over her shoulder.

As Becca walked out of the room and down the sweeping stair case towards the front door she pulled at the hems of her dress trying to straighten it out. She also traced a hand down the leash, reaching up and felt the edge of the plug; she almost couldn’t believe what she was getting into. She had a plug inside her in public, that not new, but this one has a fucking leash! And she could take it out herself, what if Ora lost the key?

“How does it feel?” Ora asked form the top of the stairs. Becca stood up strait moving her hand to her side the instant she hear Ora’s voice.

“Good ma’am, I’m… excited to try it,” Becca swallowed as she spoke,

“There’s no reason to be nervous, you love being the center of attention, and with that dress on, no one will notice the leash.” Ora spoke with a dismissive voice as she started walking down the stairs. “You should just be glad you choose to wear the neckless, otherwise I was going to put you in a collar.

“Thank you, Ma’am,” Becca said as she reached the end of the stairs, turning for the first time to face forward, back to the wall, next to the massive double doors.

“Oh, your very welcome dear,” Ora said walking past Becca taking the leash from her hand. “Come”

Becca start to walk behind Ora keeping a modest distance behind her. Ora then swung her arm out, pulling Becca forward, much like you would walking a dog.

“Ahh,” Becca cried out taking several fast steps to catch up with Ora.

“Keep up, you don’t want me to keep tugging on you like that do you?” Ora said smiling back at Becca,

“No Ma’am,” Becca replied quickly,

“Good then keep up,” Ora gave a gentler tug on the leash this time, to the result of Becca walking faster, marked by her heels clicking on the floor alongside Ora’s.

After walking to pick up Ora’s purse and watch, they turned back around and headed out the massive double doors. As they did a soft fall breeze blew by, Becca felt the wind in places she didn’t think that she ever had before.

“A great day for a short dress don’t you think?” Ora almost sang with delight as the breeze hit them.

“Yes Ora,” Becca said switching her style of address now that they where in public. “But I wouldn’t want to stay out too long,”

“True, but your young, the cold won’t bother you for a while,” Ora said dipping down, passing the leash between Becca’s legs so it arose from behind her.

The walk to the restaurant was fairly short by city standards, but to Becca it felt like the longest walk she had ever been on. She was constantly looking around at people to see if they noticed the fact that she was on a leash. Plenty of people stared at her and Ora as they walked past, but that was no surprise; both where in short tight dresses that left little for the imagination and heels that made them tower over most others. Becca herself stood close to 6 feet three and Ora was over half a head taller than that. Becca knew the attention wasn’t out of the place for her cloths, it was something she was used to, and that she liked. But it still seamed like every single one was staring right though her at the leash that Ora held at her side, with her purse, it made the attention all that more intense, and arousing.

As they where crossing the square that lead to the restaurant Ora started speaking, not loud, but as if she did not care if others heard. “We are meeting Jillian and Dante, they are both switch so I have no idea what is going to be going on with them, If Jillian is in charge expect her to be in a dress like yours, and him to be in a suit and vest. If Dante is in charge it’s a flip of a coin for Victorian era cloths, or latex and leather.” Ora said as if this was a common thing for her. “Also, if Jillian is able to talk expect her to go completely soft for you. She loves your type and your dress is going to melt her,” Ora glanced down at Becca who was looking back at her listening “You can chase any advance you like, I’ll make my rules on the fly” And With that Ora rolled her shoulders, as if to say she was ready for whatever the other couple could through at them.

“Oh,” Ora said not looking at Becca as the walked into the restaurant, “I’m going to be playing with you all night, try and act normal.”