**Command Performance**

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She needed confidence. Everyone said so. Even her mother.  
  
Alone with him she was incredible. Passionate, beautiful, sexual in the deepest meaning of the word.  
  
In public her heart beat a little harder. Her lips felt dry. The feeling that others were always looking never left her.  
  
And they were.  
  
Tall and gorgeous she attracted the attention of both men and women. Some with envy. Some with lust. All with admiration. Her long, raven hair framed an exceptional face. Pale blue eyes flicked nervously from behind shyly demurring lashes. Full lips, compulsively moistened by the tip of her tiny pink tongue, would part briefly to show sparkling white teeth. A long graceful neck swooped down to an acre of creamy skin. Her dress was low in the top. Low enough to flirt with the valley of her breasts.  
  
Unease with the amount of cleavage she was showing was apparent by the way her hand played endlessly with her necklace. Similarly, she seemed disquieted by the shortness of her skirt.  
  
Long, beautiful, tanned legs, bare from ankle to mid thigh, emphasized the brevity of the garment. The soft, loose fitting material moved around as she walked. It jostled with every step, ebbing and flowing, clinging between her thighs. Covering, yet never ruling out the possibility of revealing more. More than she intended. But not more than Robert had planned.  
  
In the hallway, on the way to the washrooms he stopped her with a hand on her arm. "Your panties darling. Pull them off," he smiled.  
  
She could hear herself swallow and draw her breath. It was hardly a surprise. He had told her earlier. Still the reality of it actually being time sent a shiver through her stomach.  
  
"Take them off Eleanor," he demanded softly, holding out his hand. She scanned the hallway and found it empty. Quickly her trembling hands lowered the flimsy underwear and she stepped out of them. She pressed the panties into Robert's palm just as a fortyish, bald man entered the passage way. Certain that he hadn't seen, she leaned back against the wall waiting for him to pass. Silently she reassured herself. He hadn't seen. He couldn't have. Her face felt very warm. A strange feeling crept through her belly and settled between her legs. She felt incredibly vulnerable. Her skirt was so short. It was scary in a delicious sort of way.  
  
The man was only a few feet away when Robert dropped the panties on the floor near her feet. Not realizing what they were at first, the man stooped and picked them up. A wide, knowing smile creased his face as he held them out to her.  
  
"Are these yours ma'am?" he chortled, seeing her distress.  
  
Robert never took his eyes from her face. He was enjoying her embarrassment immensely. When she didn't answer he spoke for her, taking the panties from the man and thanking him. Eleanor's legs felt weak.  
  
He lead her into the lounge and they slid into a corner booth. A few feet away sat a middle-aged woman with her back to them. The empty chair across from her faced directly at Robert and Eleanor.  
  
Within a few minutes, that seat was filled by the chubby little man from the hallway. He spotted them immediately and put his hand over his mouth while he whispered to his companion. She, trying to be inconspicuous, stole a glance over her shoulder and then leaned in to whisper her own thoughts. He gawked at Eleanor with an open hunger. Each time she raised her head he was looking, peering where her neckline dipped, staring beneath the table where Robert's hand caressed her thigh.  
  
Eleanor watched them gossiping back and forth. She saw the woman subtly edge her chair around so that she could look without craning her neck. An envious lust beamed from the man. But facing the woman was worse. She had a judgmental look of disdainful superiority that made Eleanor very uncomfortable.  
  
Robert's other hand had moved in behind her, sliding her forward on the bench. He held her skirt at the back so that it moved higher on her thighs. She stiffened. Her legs clamped shut and her hand went instinctively to her lap. She felt the leather seat like a cool kiss of on her most private part. Robert's touch skimmed across her belly sending fingers of sensation rippling through. His lips brushed her neck and he whispered for her to take her hand away.  
  
"We're going to let them see your cunt." he casually announced.  
  
An almost imperceptible moan escaped her lips and she nodded faintly. The lewdness of what they were doing, at once, shamed and inflamed her. Once before Robert had allowed her to be seen when they were making love. Later, when he told her, he had laughed at her tears and called her childish. He often made her relive what they had done, stopping frequently to torture her with questions on how much she thought the onlooker would had seen. His meticulous recital of the event always flamed Eleanor's cheeks with humiliation, and started a disconcerting wetness at her core. Now those same sensations ricocheted riotously through her loins. Her glance flicked to the other table where both sets of eyes were slaves to Robert's hand. He'd moved the skirt well up out of the way. A two-inch wedge of neatly trimmed curls stood out boldly against the ivory satin of her skin. Abruptly, it stopped where her belly began to narrow. They had not yet seen that she was freshly shaven from there down. Not even a fringe of pubic hair remained to shield her from their covetous eyes.  
  
'A big cunt, Robert had chided her earlier, 'but tight ...and wet as a whore's dream.'  
  
The two of them were looking at her. The woman, red blotches on her cheeks, hands folded primly in her lap, could not look away. Smiling. Waiting. Not to be denied. Again the feeling. Like electricity circling her nipples, stiffening the tiny hairs on her belly and sending current to her mound. The hiss of Robert's breath, insistent, urging her compliance.  
  
'Now. Show them now.'  
  
Slowly, Eleanor's legs drifted apart. His hand pressured her forward to the very edge of the bench. It was wet where her passion had leaked onto the smooth leather. Her fingers stretched onto her thighs covering, then framing, the denuded double lips.   
  
Robert whispered again.  
  
She picked up her cocktail napkin from the table and pressed it to the moisture of her sex. She handed it to Robert who inhaled deeply, reveling in her scent before flipping it onto the other table. They took turns breathing in her smell, mesmerized by the rapid movement of Eleanor's self-indulgent fingers. She came quickly, trembling noticeably, biting her lip and whimpering softly. Robert guided her still damp fingers to her mouth and the couple smiled in awe as she licked her essence from them.  
  
Disappointed now that it was over, the watchers saw Robert leave enough currency on the table to cover his bill and a generous tip. Not knowing what to say, they smiled awkwardly when Eleanor, tugging demurely at the hem of her dress, shyly squeezed past. She glanced back anxiously, impatient to leave, but Robert had paused at their table. She turned her face away when she saw her panties pass into the smiling woman's hand. From just beyond the doors, the anonymity of the street beckoned enticingly.  
  
'Eleanor. Eleanor Boulton,' he was saying to them.'I'm sure she'd be glad to hear from you.'