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Domination Dining



I have a favorite restaurant that I always take my "slaves" to. It started as a bit of a joke, but has grown into quite an experience. Whenever I drive past it, my panties get wet from all the fond memories there. And, for whatever the future holds.

The restaurant is called Jade, and it's similar to a Morton's or Chop House in quality and dining environment, but with absolutely exceptional service. It has long been a favorite place of mine, and it was a few years ago that I started turning it also into a favorite place of domination, believe it or not.

It happened when I was meeting a man named Marcus for dinner. He and I had played a few times and I was starting to become really attached to him. He was my age, sophisticated, a corporate type, very conservative and very charming. Sometimes, though, he was quite shy.

Since I had been dining at Jade regularly for awhile, I knew most of the help there. There was a waitress there named Sandy who was super hot. She was a college student, about 5'6 with shoulder length, dark brown hair and brown eyes. She was tanned and athletic, and always looked smashing in a short skirt and very high heels. She had amazing legs.

Sandy was also very easy going, vivacious, charming. Her smile was electric.

The games all started quite on accident. That night, I was intent on getting a booth in her section and did. Then, all night, I sort of embarrassed and humiliated Marcus in front of Sandy. First I did things like drop my knife and wait for Marcus to get it. When Sandy said, "Let me get that," and started to move for it, I stopped her by touching her arm and said, "No. Let HIM get it."

Then, when he crouched down and picked it up, I looked at Sandy, smiling, and said, "See, he looks GOOD on the floor."

That got a bit of a look and a cautious chuckle from Sandy, but all I needed to do is keep with the jokes and innuendo, and when she finally responded in kind and I laughed approvingly, she got the clue in that it was ok to pick on poor Marcus.

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Then, a huge tip at the end of the night sealed the deal. From then on, whenever I had gentlemen partners with me and she joined in my humiliation games, I tipped her 40% instead of my usual 25%, and she got the picture.

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Sandy never flat out asked me what was up, or why I would arrive with new dates and they would sit there with varying levels of desperation or humiliation on their face. She had enough instinct to make sure they designated a special table for me which had a little more privacy, as she soon could tell I was up to dirty deeds under the table cloth.

I think she knew I was masturbating my dates with my shoe off, using my stockinged toe to push and prod their privates through their fine trousers. I would give them a sudden PUSH when they were ordering their dinner, and Sandy gradually learned how to play along - humiliating them even more by saying, "Is everything alright?" or sometimes just laughing at them.

I think Sandy also knew I was doing things like making them take a shot glass into the bathroom and cum into it, then return and drink it. She would always act like maybe she saw, or maybe she didn't. I would give her a knowing smile, and she'd sometimes come over and ask where the shot glass went. Of course, he had hid it under the table because it had remnants of creamy white cum in it, and she would surely notice.

I laughed and said, "Oh, it will turn up, I'm sure!"

Sandy gave me date a long, curious stare, and then slowly walked away. It was then that I ordered him to take the shot glass and lick out every last drop until it was so clean it would not even need to go back into the dishwasher. Obediently, he did as told.

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There were a few times when I brought a man there and had him wearing panties and pantyhose instead of socks. I commanded him to keep his legs crossed in a manner that Sandy might see the color of the tan pantyhose over his hair legs as his ankle was sticking out. He was mortified.

Sandy nearly tripped over his leg and said, "Excuse me," and did a double-take, then looked at me, then slowly at him, and smiled. She shook her head as she served us our plates and said, "Akasha, you never cease to amaze me."

My date was mortified and embarrassed. Even more so when Sandy brought dessert, which he never heard me order so he knew it was an inside joke between she and I - it was two round balls of vanilla ice cream and a banana. Not a banana split at all, just a very clear depiction of a cock and balls. She said, "Thought

you might like this."

I was soaking wet from that, and was horny the rest of the night. He got quite an ass fucking when we got home.

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Sandy never questioned why my dates often spent long periods of time in the restroom, or walked slightly off balance, delicately, when they returned, their faces always flush with embarrassment.

She knew to only act like she maybe caught a glimpse when I handed the panties I had just stripped out of to my date and had him shuffling to stuff them into his pocket before it was noticed.

When I made my date wear a faint shade of lipstick, she did stare for a bit, act like she was going to ask a question, but then just turned to me, laughed a little, and asked what I would like to drink.

I think she started to look forward to my regular Saturday night ritual, and to this day she still beams when I come in the door with a man on my arm. She delights in participating in my torment of these men, and even she has started to push the envelop with me.

Sandy and I have never talked about it at all, or collaborated or planned. It is just something we both seem to know and understand. Of course, the huge tips don't hurt, but I am sure she knows that I appreciate her making my games more interesting.

It's a great rush knowing I could humiliate a man in so many ways in front of her, and he has no idea. He believes this stunning college student is just a random waitress at an elite restaurant, and he is terrified about what she might think.

If he only knew she was in on it, and in fact, she was enjoying it too. I look forward to seeing how far we can take it in the new year.

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