The Club

By 1936Storyguy

Published on Lush Stories on 02 Mar 2013

An adventure in a private BDSM club.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/the-club.aspx

The Club

I had discovered this unique club through a Black Rose meeting. It was an old warehouse that had been purchased by a Dom, modified to an extent, and then opened to memberships. A mere 100 a month gained a key and the use of the facilities at any time.There were meetings for everyone once a month, the announcement not necessary sinceword of mouth in the community was very sufficient. As a matter of fact, it was becoming such an event that the owner was contemplating an invitation only event. This might be needed but would also shut out any new novices. Luckily it hadn't happened yet.

I arrived with my satchel full of toys, and surveyed the crowd. Couples were beginning to pair off and retire to one of the many cubicles. These were outfitted in a myriad of décor, some with a bed, some with a table, and some with a makeshift exam table with attachable stirrups.

There were no alcohol drinks available, which was fine with me. I got a soft drink and settled back to observe. There was no hurry and I wanted to peruse the available subs. There were several young novices with exquisite bodies, but I was intrigued with an older experienced sub. There were several possibilities, but one in particular caught my eye.

She was nondescript, a mousy sort, somewhat slender but not pristine and older which was exactly what I was looking for.

I chose a corner that was somewhat semi-private that contained a table and chair. I opened my carryon and laid out some of the instruments of choice for this evening. The first was a bulb syringe with an extended tube nozzle. An insulated container was full of heated oil to be used by the syringe, which nobody realized. A plug with an attached ponytail, and a tube of lubricant completed the display.

My laying out the objects attracted some attention. Half dozen women were looking on, the mousy one being one of them. I sat down on the chair facing the group and waited. Slowly my first choice walked forward to stand in front of me, eyes cast down in a submissive stance. I lifted her chin and looked at her, then made a motion with my hand towards her clothing. She quickly removed what little she had on, and then stood with feet spread and hands behind her back for my inspection.

Her body was, as I imagined, nothing spectacular, yet pleasant. She had small breasts, a little pouch, shaved in accordance with normal submissive requirements. What I saw was more than I anticipated, now I would find out how much more she could meet my expectations.

I picked up the syringe and filled it from the container. The heat was obvious; I hoped it wasn't too much. Next, I began to lube the tube, starting at the tip and slowly working down, inch by inch, until the entire tube was covered. Some groans from the audience indicated they knew what was going to happen. My subject remained quiescent, committed to whatever I demanded. Again I was pleased with her response or maybe I should say lack of.

With that done, I motioned for her to turn around and back up to me. I guided her over my legs so a she was straddling them, and then pushed on her shoulders to indicate she should bend down with her head at my feet. Once this was done, I spread my legs forcing her legs apart in a grotesque display of her privates. The position accentuated her vaginal area, and hinted at the anal area I was interested in at the moment. I wasn't concerned by my ability to see, but the growing crowd was what I wanted to be able to observe.

My finger and thumb spreading the cheeks accomplished this. A squeeze of the lubricant on her anus, then a minor placement of a finger to insure contact, and I was ready to begin. I picked up the syringe and placed the tip of the tube on the opening, then slowly coaxed it inside. The first two inches slipped in, and then a resistance was felt, I knew this was the inner sphincter. Some gentle pressure and patience resulted in success. The tube was now unhindered. Slowly I pushed the remaining 10 inches into her, a small bit at a time, each action precipitating a groan from not only her but also the increasing audience.

It took some time, not because of the penetration, but my decision to prolong the event for the benefit of her and the audience. Finally, the bulb rested against the penetrated opening. I noticed some heavy breathing from the bent over form between my legs. I knew it was an indication of arousal. Now would be the test.

Looking out at the crowd in front of me, I grasped the bulb and squeezed. The feeling of the hot oil deep in her bowels resulted in a groan and a grasping tightly of my ankles. Her hips thrust upwards and legs clamped shut in response, and the groans of the crowd drowned out any uttering of my subject.

I still had half a bulb of oil remaining, but decided to wait. Her vagina was dilating at a rapid rate indicating arousal. The anal sphincter was rhythmically clamping down on the intruder. Her breathing was heavy and begging for release. I squeezed the remaining oil out of the syringe. The result was better than anticipated. Her legs gripped mine so violently I could barely keep them spread. Her hands on my ankles were vise grips seeking relief. With the bulb completely empty, I began the slow removal.

The slow withdrawal of the tube was probably more intense for her than the insertion. The hot oil deep in her bowels coupled with the tingling on her anus as the tube was withdrawn was very erotic. Little did she know that this would be repeated many tines.

Another quick filling of the bulb and we were ready to begin again. The audience was into this now, no sounds other than groans of pleasure. The tip slipped in unhindered and the tube descended easily.

Another squeeze, another jolt, another spastic clamping of the legs, and she was totally submitted now. There were several repeats of this scenario, and by the time I was finished, not only her, but also most of the audience was limp and aroused.

I picked up the plug and placed it in position with the tail draped over her back. Gentle pressure was applied and the tapered tip started penetrating. As the diameter increased, the penetration slowed but didn't stop. She was trying hard to expand her orifice to accept it. It took a little while, but finally the major portion was inside and when she clamped down again the rest was pulled in until the flange rested securely against her anus.

She was extremely aroused now, her vagina indicating that by the dilation and moisture. I slipped two fingers inside and pressed the wall to feel the plug. Another groan escaped her lips. I rotated the fingers around to press on the front wall, then placed my thumb on her clitoris and pinched. A single word, "Cum" resulted in her first orgasm. The effect was contagious, groans from the audience indicated either orgasms or intense arousal.

One older woman was so affected she was standing with eyes closed, one hand inside her dress on a breast, the other hand pressing through her dress into her crotch.

I helped the plugged subject up and off my lap, and led her to the table where I had her lay her head and shoulders on it in a bent over position. The tail was hanging down now and jiggled whenever she contracted her anus, most likely by the start of some cramping from the oil.

I walked over to the older woman, grabbed her hair, pulled her head back and thrust my tongue in her mouth. At the same time I reached inside her dress to find a bare breast. I squeezed her nipple hard, she responded by melting against me, obviously was aroused by pain. A release and she too dropped her dress for my inspection. Her breasts were sagging but not grotesque, body showing some wrinkles but well taken care of. Her breasts were perfect for zippering. I reached in the bag and took out the string of clothespins held together by a small chain. Another groan from the audience indicating they knew what was coming next.