

A Different Night Out

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A Different Night Out. A sudden movement to my right caused me to tear my eyes from the spinning reels which had been mesmerising me for the last half hour. The sight which greeted me was much more interesting. Blonde and very attractive, about 30'ish, she was making herself comfortable in front of the machine next to mine. What was really nice about this, was the view I was getting as she lent forward to pull the stool closer – her blouse gaped open to reveal her right breast, smallish, (the way I like them), her nipple was erect and quite long, at least 3/4" long, and, to really light my fire, she had a platinum barbell piercing her nipple, the dumb end of which sparkled in the light, a diamond perhaps? The view shut down as she wriggled her butt onto the stool and put a fifty dollar note in the slot. Without even turning her head, "Like what you saw?" I looked round to make sure that she was talking to me, and sure enough the nearest other player was at least 5 machines away and couldn't hear her over the bells and whistles of the machines. "The other one is just the same, although, for some reason, it's more sensitive, funny hey?" I was a tad dumbfounded, not being used to a lady being so forward, so I tore my gaze from her chest and nodded dumbly. "What? Pussy got your tongue?" she giggled. We lapsed into silence as we began to play the machines, I sat, eyes glued to the spinning reels in front of me, I really don't remember if I won anything in that little space of time, my mind was reeling, the pierced nipple kept popping into my mind like a video shot on auto replay. Suddenly, "Dam, so close!!!" I stole a look at her screen, yes she had been close to a major jackpot, she pressed the button and the reels spun again. I stole a look at her chest, she was sitting angled toward me the buttons of her blouse now undone to her midriff, with her hand hovering over the buttons, her breast was totally exposed to my view once again. I licked my lips nervously, "Mmmmm, that would be nice," she said quietly at my side. Once again I tore my eyes from the delightful sight and then heard her laugh quietly, "I don't mind really, I have beautiful tits and sexy nipples, I really don't mind you looking at them." She lapsed into silence once again and continued to play her machine. This went on for a good 15 minutes, both of us playing our machines, with me glancing every few seconds at her glorious tits, as she, kept them in motion as she moved around in her seat. Suddenly, a loud "YES!!!!, Jackpot," she cried. I looked at her screen and sure enough the reels lined up for a major jackpot, fifteen hundred dollars and change. I found my voice at last, "Well done." She turned to face me. "Thank you, I felt lucky tonight, perhaps in more ways than one, my name is Clare," she said offering her hand, "can I buy the gentleman a drink with my little win?" "Devlin, and yes that would be nice," I said indicating my empty glass. I looked at her left hand, and sure enough

there was the wedding band, engagement ring etc, my quiet hopes died. "What would you like" she enquired. "Just a Schooner of Super, thanks," a note of disappointment creeping into my voice. She noted where I was looking, smiled and said, "Would you watch my machine while I get our drinks in case the Payout person comes?" I nodded as she slid off her stool, her breast visibly moving beneath her blouse. "back in a tic." I watched as she moved off toward the bar, the lines of her g-string clearly visible beneath her tight skirt. I went back to playing machine, and dam me if, bang, the reels lined up for another jackpot, not as big as hers, not quite a grand, my luck had changed, money wise anyway. She returned accompanied by the person paying out the Jackpots, who was also aware, thanks to technology, that I had also won. As we went through the process, she said, "So your luck has changed too, must be our lucky night." With our wallets considerably fatter we found a table over by the bay window of the club overlooking the beach. Taking the bull by the horns, I looked pointedly at her left hand and then at her as I asked, "So where's your other half tonight?" She laughed, "So that's what's been bothering you? He's been naughty, so he's been grounded and my daughter is ensuring that he's behaving. May I ask you a very serious and personal question?" Her expression was suddenly very serious. I shrugged and looked at her, she wriggled in her chair and looked down at her knees, I followed her gaze and was rewarded by a view straight up her skirt, the slit now that she was sitting exposed the crotch of her white lace panties. I felt a stirring in my own crotch as she crossed her knees to hide the view. "Do the words sub and Dom mean anything to you?" she asked quietly from beneath lowered eyes. My breath quickened, my luck had definitely changed, now I knew exactly what was going on. Sternly but quietly, I replied, "Yes, as a matter of fact I do, and you can fucking well uncross your legs again, your'e very much a sub aren't you?" She nodded submissively, dropping her gaze to her lap where she had neatly folded her hands, again a very submissive gesture. I could not believe my luck, a submissive couple, my absolute fantasy come true, as, not only am I of a dominant nature I am also bi-sexual. I decided to test her obedience at once. "Clare." She looked up at me. "Go to the rest room and remove you panties, bring them back to me in plain sight in your hand," I instructed. I enjoyed the look of panic that crossed her face as she looked around, and then the look of resolve that settled on her prettily smiling face. She dipped her head in obeisance, "Yes Master." She stood and walked off to the restrooms, her hips moving seductively. In truth, it was not such a big deal, as there were not many patrons around at this time of day, and they appeared too engrossed in whatever they were doing and she would probably have to wear her panties on her head to be even noticed. I looked up to see Clare returning to the table, a huge smile on her face and her panties swinging gaily in her left hand. "Master," she smiled holding them out to me in full view of anyone who cared to look. I took them from her, smelling her perfume emanate from them, she had applied fresh perfume to herself as well as her panties while she was in the rest room. She sat primly, with her knees together, but at a stern glance from me she quickly opened to legs to display a full view of her smooth hair free pubis and the beginnings of the slit of her cunt, she slipped down a little in her chair opening her legs wider as she went until I could see the platinum bar bell holding the head of her clit outside the smooth lips. There appeared to be a little clip holding her lips together and assisting in the stretching of her clit. "Clare, sit up!! Don't be a slut unless I tell you. Out

in public you will be decorous at all times unless I say otherwise, understand?" Once again her head dropped and she whispered, "Yes Master." She looked up at me and smiled before lowering her head once again. She sat up and brought her knees together, sitting quite primly. "Hmmm, what shall we do now, do you think Clare?" I asked. "We could visit my home and see that Clark is behaving himself," she replied. "we don't live far away and I or Clark or Sam can drive you back later." "Sam?" I enquired, as we walked toward her car and got in. She explained as we drove out of the club grounds and headed north. "My daughter, Clark's stepdaughter, I lost my first husband in a boating accident, it took both Sam and myself a long time to get over it, he was also dominant, and I adored him as did Sam, although not to the same extent," she giggled I smiled as well, and asked, "What about Clark, where does he come into it?" "Oh my poor Clark, he has always been there, he loved me desperately right back to school days, I never saw it of course, I was too much in love with Gordon. He and Clark were best friends and we were a threesome except for, well, you know. "After Gordon died he was a pillar of strength, always there for both Sam and me, pulling us from the depths and showed us that life was still worth living. I was a bitch and became quite demanding as did Sam, and slowly without even noticing it he and I slipped into the Dom/sub thing, and we began to experiment, finding that we both enjoyed being sub preferably, but together I was Dom and took control, most of the time." At this last comment, she smiled slightly, as if there was more to it than that, but she was not going to explain. I let it pass. "We cursed ourselves, Clark and I, the fun we could have had, the three of us, Gordon as our master, we would have had so much fun, all those years wasted. Now maybe we can make up for it," she continued. "Here we are," she said as she turned into a driveway, auto-gates responding to some signal opened before us, and we drove up the gravelled driveway to a large lowset bungalow. "Master," she said as we stopped and got out of her car, "our home is totally secluded, do you wish me to disrobe here or do you have other instructions?" I stopped and handed her the g-string. "Put these back on, you must always have sexy panties on until I tell you otherwise, and that goes for Clark as well," I smiled. "He will be pleased," she replied, "he loves wearing my panties and Sam's as well," she confided smiling. "Clare, all fun aside and quite seriously, what are yours and Clark's limits and what is/ are your safe words?" I needed to know these things, though I am not a sadist by any stretch, I did like to apply light pain as well as receive a little, but if they're thresholds were different I needed to know, hence the "safe word", also, I did not wish to push them beyond the things they felt comfortable doing, as I am quite kinky. "Master, how kind of you to ask, you are indeed a thoughtful Master. Clark and I enjoy some pain, the raising of a welt or two, anywhere on our bodies is quite acceptable – perhaps as painful as you would administer to a naughty child. Limits? No blood, scat or anything once we have cried SUBMIT, which is our word to stop, is that acceptable to Master?" she asked bowing her head once again. "Well said, Clare, and while we're on the subject, do you both like to be called nasty names when we are playing, slut, bitch, cum sucker, that sort of things?" I further enquired. "Oh yes Master, we both love to be humiliated in that manner, are we always to address you as Master or Sir, or will you at times allow us to address you by name?" She had pulled her g-string on and was straightening her skirt as I replied, "In private, and when we are playing, you will both, always address me as Master or Sir, in public as Peter,

unless of course I advise differently, is that clear? Do you have any other questions or things to tell me?" "Very clear Sir, I have no other questions, as to other things to tell you Master, may a subservient little slut have at least one surprise for our handsome Master," she asked sweetly, her head bowed. "Oh, very well," I answered gruffly, pretending to be slightly miffed about it, "But only one mind." Once again she looked me in the eye and smiled seductively, "Shall we go around the back Master, Clark is on the deck doing penance." We walked down the side of their home, which was built alarming close to the cliff, with, I could see as we neared the corner of the house, a full length deck some 15 meters wide and 5 meters of which extended out over the gorge. I could see a safety net system was installed and as I rounded the corner a large pool had been installed into the deck as well. But, it was when I had fully turned the corner and could see the entire expanse of the deck and into the house that I was stopped in my tracks to the sound of suppressed giggles behind me. I now knew what Clark's penance was. He was manacled almost naked to a section of timbered wall, the only section of this part of the house that was not glassed in. He was manacled wrists and ankles in a star-shaped pose, a magnificent erection, stretched the sheer silk and lace of his pale green boy leg panties as a scantily clad young woman, her back to me applied a multi thronged whip almost laconically across his nipples. He allowed a satisfied sigh to escape each time the thongs heavily caressed his flesh. Kneeling in front of him was a younger man slowly licking the pantie-covered package. "That's Sam's boyfriend Peter, he's such a little slut," whispered Clare, "but a lot of fun, there's not a lot he won't do, I don't know where she found him, but he fits right in, don't you think?" I nodded dumbly watching as he pulled the front of Clarke's panties down under his balls. Clarke also had 8 steel rings between the base of his cock and his balls, stretching his ball sac nicely. There was a wide steel band around the base of his cock and balls, 3 smaller ones around the base of his straining cock and to finish the spectacle, 4 black rings just behind the purplish head of his cock, constricting it even further and no doubt painfully and attached to something that appeared to be inserted into his urethra. As Peter began to pull the black rings from Clarke's cock, Sam dropped her whip and cuddled up against Peter's back. She began to caress his cock which while hard and erect was unadorned. Peter took the last ring from the hard cock in his hand, red circles imprinted into the turgid flesh, then he slowly began to extract a knobby steel rod from Clarke's piss hole, it pulled free, the rod had to almost a foot long with a curved and flattened end that had evidently been probing in his bladder, a thin stream of pre-cum glistened between the end of the rod and the end of Clarke's rock like cock. Sam knelt between the two men and licked away the gossamer like thread. Slowly caressing her father's cock she began sucking Peter's, cupping his dangling balls in her hand and twisting and pulling them until he gave an involuntary gasp. She let his cock slip from between her lips and from somewhere produced another stainless steel rod, again quite knobby about 4" long. I often use sounds when playing and I thrilled at the feeling I knew Peter was feeling as she pushed half the rod into his urethra, wanting it in my own cock. Quietly from behind me, came a whispered, "Watch this. It is so fucking hot." Holding both cocks in her hands, Sam pulled Peter closer to Clarke and then as the rod protruding from the end of Peter's cock bumped against Clarke's she aligned the rod and Peter once again lent forward, the rod sliding into his cock-hole until the two cock heads met,

a slim washer type ring being the only separation between flesh. “The rod is hollow, “whispered Clare into my ear, “Sam will stroke them till one of them cums. The cum will shoot into the others urethra and she will hold them and keep stroking till the other cums as well, shooting a mix of their cums back into the others cock. Then Sam and I have a COCK-tail,’ this last said loud and laughingly as she moved toward the other three, letting her dress slip from her shoulders, naked except for her tiny white thong, eager for her taste of mixed cum. I watched enthralled, knowing I would soon be visiting my favourite Adult store to purchase this new toy. Clare knelt between the two guys as Sam continued to wank them. Peter gave a slight whimper and then tensed. I knew he was cumming. I watched Clarke’s face as Peter’s cum pumped into his own cock, I moved quickly forward and pressed my finger on the underside of his cock and I could feel the cum pushing down the narrow tube of his urethra. Then I sensed Clarke tensing and I pushed Sam’s hands away as she slipped to her knees opposite her mother. I held the cocks lightly in my hand ensuring that their cockheads did not move apart. Then, I felt Clarke’s cock stiffen even more as his hips pushed forward involuntarily as he started to cum, I could feel the pulses of cum erupt down the length of his cock and then with my other fingers I could feel it as it pulsed into Peter’s straining cock. One look at his face told me that I had to experience this new game. The girls now pushed my hands away and took control of their man’s cock, the steel tube slipping from the tips of the softening cock as the girls quickly milked the cum from them, until they sucked the cocks into their mouths and sucked every trace of cum from the deflating cocks. Some cum had dribbled onto both Clare and Sam’s hard-nippled tits, and Clare cupped hers as Sam leant forward and licked away the trail of cum across her mother’s left breast and the globule of cum dangling from the pierced nipple of the same breast. Her breast now clean, Clare leant forward and began licking the trails of cum from Sam’s breasts. Sam’s breasts were somewhat larger than her mothers, but still nicely proportioned to her body and standing, without sag, proud from her chest. Her nipples to, were pierced, and she wore a silver chain linking her nipples with a diamond stud on the outer side of each piercing. I wondered if her clit and cunt lips were also pierced like her mother’s. Oh well, I guess I’d find out sooner rather than later. Peter, Clare and Sam were releasing Clarke from his restraints, and when he was free, he tucked his now flaccid tool back into his panties as Clare led them all over to me, my own hard – on still quite evident, straining against the material of my trousers. Clare looked at me and that at my crotch and asked quietly, “Would you have one, or all of us attend to that Master?” “No Clare, this can be my own little bit of punishment, the pain in my balls is quite exquisite, and as I told you I also enjoy pain, so this can wait until everyone is refreshed. Please introduce me to my new toys,” I said almost severely, letting them know that I was the dominant one here unless I said differently. “Yes Master, this is my darling husband and your newest toy Clarke, whom I love very much.” This last said as she gazed lovingly into his eyes, and this deep love was reflected plainly for all to see in Clarke’s eyes. Clarke tore his eyes from her nodded his head submissively, but shook my hand firmly. “Master”, he said respectfully. “And this is Samantha, Sam, my daughter, of whom I am so proud and is so like her Mummy that it is scary. Sam is a Physcologist with a PhD in Human Sexuality, and has even written a couple of books.” She took her daughter in her arms and they kissed full on the lips, their tits mashing

together and I knew that their mouths were full of swirling tongue. "Devlin," she acknowledged, and stretching on her tip toes she kissed me full on the lips, her tongue instantly in my mouth, I could taste the cum from her own and her mother's mouth. Her firm breasts pushing hard against my chest. I understood immediately that we were to be equals. I took her in her in my arms and kissed her back, she pushed her pelvis against mine and ground her mound against my still hard cock and sore balls. "Oh, this is going to be fun," she laughed mischievously as she stepped back. She took Peter by the hand and tugged him forward, "And this is MY man Peter, he will do anything you or I ask of him from now on, won't you P?" she asked whirling on him and slapping his still semi-hard cock hard, making him wince as he replied "Of course Mistress Sam." "And Devlin, I really think you should have Mother suck your cock dry before your balls burst and then she can share your lovely sperm with these other two sluts, don't you?" she asked, turning and pulling on Clare's pierced nipples, forcing her to her knees. "I think you're right Sam, Clare, undo my belt and let my pants drop, Clarke, remove my shirt," I ordered. In no time I stood there, my hard cock having escaped from the sheer pink thong that I wore was sticking out in front of me, and, as she took the head of my cock between her lips, she wrestled my balls free as well, none to gently twisting and pulling on them so as to increase the pain I was already feeling and to hasten the explosion of cum that was not far away. The other three looked on, Sam, was between Clarke and Peter, their arms draped over her shoulders tugging on the chains linking her nipples as she stroked their semi hard cocks. "Clare, I am going to shower your face with my cum so that these to slut boys can lick it from you, you can suck your share from their tongues," I looked at Sam, "and maybe you should save some for Sam." Sam nodded eagerly. I pulled my cock from her delicious mouth, "Wank my cock all over your face, slut, make sure none misses you face, you may have some in your cunt-mouth," I ordered shakily knowing I was almost there. I felt it deep in my balls, the pressure built, I knew this was going to be my biggest cum ever – the end result of what I'd witnessed, the pain and the magic Clare had worked on my cock-head. My head felt like it was spinning, my legs shook, I thrust my pelvis forward, trying to get my cock back into her hot welcoming mouth, I wanted my cock down her throat, gagging her as I pumped rope after rope of thick creamy cum down her gullet. But she resisted me, doing as I had ordered, stroking me firmly, my cock aimed firmly at her slightly opened lips. I lost it, my self-control evaporated, the first pulse of cum shot between her lips and then she moved my cock around splattering her face with rope after rope of white cock-slime, Her face was awash, in her eyes, her hair, the slut boys were on to her in a flash licking away my cum, their cum laden tongues pushing into her mouth to be sucked clean before they returned to their cleaning job, sucking every second drop down their own cum-greedy throats. Sam, now pushed her mother away and took my softening cock in her mouth sucking the last of my jism from me, twisting and pulling on my balls savagely, extracting the last ounce of pleasure for me. Finishing me of, she stood and kissed me, spitting some of my own cum into my mouth, I swallowed greedily as I sucked on her cummy tongue. Then we watched as, Clare sitting back on her heels was cleaned of cum, the 2 men licking every trace of my cum from her face neck and tits. Coughing quietly, I said, "Enough you cum-sluts, I think it is time for a rest and a drink, and perhaps a bit of a planning session, don't you agree?" I asked as I felt Sam snuggle up to my side. "YES Master," they

cried in unison. Besides I needed a rest and a very tall drink of something that wasn't from a cock or cunt. We all dressed, although, we all wore panties, the other two men seeming to share my little kink. Once we were all respectable again we sat around the pool, with everyone throwing ideas around, some very sexy and kinky ideas indeed, I could feel my self growing hard again. I held up my hand, and Sam who sat beside and looked sternly at our 3 sluts who sat on the tiled floor at our feet. We all nursed drinks, that Clare had poured and they took a sip each to still their busy tongues. "I think that we should all have a swim and relax, then you will go to your rooms and me to my home, as it is Friday tomorrow and I have several appointments I shan't be able to stay the night. THERE WILL BE NO SEX OF ANY KIND UNTIL I RETURN, IS THAT CLEAR?" I ordered. "Yes Master", they said, once again in unison, but I could hear the disappointment in their voices. I looked at Sam, whose face also reflected their feelings, but she said, "You heard the Master, now stop whining. "Tomorrow night we will go to dinner at Mano's, then a relaxing night here, that's if there is a bed available for me." Sam interrupted me, "We can all sleep in Mum and Clarke's bed, it sleeps about 10 comfortably and we have had four or more sleep there quite often, don't we Mummy?" she said looking at Clare who nodded happily. "Very well," I continued, "we will again abstain, but loosely plan what games we wish to play." "Yes Master," came the muted reply. I dismissed the two men and said, "Clare and Sam, I want a pair of your sexiest panties." Clare would do as she was told, I looked at Sam, "May I?" "Of course Peter. Mother, a pair of my sexiest, you know the ones I mean go and get them now and also a pair of yours," she looked at me and then her mother. "The sheer coral pink pair I think. Wrap them in a nice little present for your master and sprinkle them with our favourite perfume – GO!" she ordered. While we were waiting I asked, "Sam, is your pussy pierced as well? I never saw as you had your panties on all night." She sat up on the table spreading her knees and pulling her legs back to expose the sopping crotch of her thong, "Oh yes," she said pulling the crotch aside to display her glistening smooth pussy, her cunt lips slightly apart, a barbell pierced her clit, the upper end complete with a small ring and the other end had a small diamond mounted in a smooth leafed flower. "Do you like my little pussy? Can you guess what the flower may signify?" she asked, her head bowed demurely. My cock hardened as I looked at her, her pussy was beautiful, like a just opened rose-bud bathed in morning dew. "It's beautiful, and, no I can't imagine the significance of the flower, what does it mean?" I asked. What I really wanted to do was get on my knees and lick her dry, lick away the sweet taste of her cunt. I wanted to push my hard cock into her, drown her womb in my scalding cum and then lick her clean, suck our combined juices from her dribbling cunt, I was almost cumming just looking at her exposed womanhood. She looked up at me and smiled quite kittenishly, as she slid her forefinger between her glistening nether lips and pushed in then drew her finger up to her exposed and erect clit, moistening it further, then raising her wet digit to her mouth she licked away her dew. "It means that I'm still a virgin, but I think, maybe, that might change this weekend – think about it. See you tomorrow night, Peter" She turned on her heel and walked away as her Mother, now fully dressed in shorts and hater top, came toward me with a gift wrapped little parcel in her hand. "Here...." She started. "Mother!!!," Sam said loudly, "not another word, give the gentleman his present and drive him back to his car, not another word you little slut or you arse and cunt will burn red for days," she

commanded. Clare dropped her eyes and handed me the parcel, "Yes Mistress Sam, this way Master." Clare led me to her car and drove me in silence back to the club. As I got out of the car, I said, "Clare, tell Sam to arrange matching g strings, garter belts and stockings for you 3 sluts, black, red, and white, for tomorrow night, oh, and quarter cup bra for you, she will make her own choices I'm sure." She nodded and drove away. End of Chapter 1