

# Playing It Forward

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*Nora's master takes her to a play party*

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The car came to a stop in front of their destination. Nora was seated in the passenger seat, fidgeting nervously. Master put the car in "park" and turned off the engine. He turned to Nora. She was illuminated through the windshield by the moonlight, but he was shrouded in darkness. The moonlight shining on her did nothing to reduce her nervousness. She was wearing a stunning red corset that propped her breasts up - almost presenting them - but they were otherwise uncovered. Beneath the corset, she wore a black leather skirt that only went half-way down her thighs. She wore no panties underneath. On her feet she wore stiletto heels, a full four inches tall. Around her neck was a collar which had a 3 foot thin cable leash attached to it. She looked back at Master, who was far more conservatively dressed - khaki pants and a black collar shirt with long sleeves and onyx and gold cufflinks. "Here we are, Nora. You know what will be happening this evening, don't you?" Nora gulped and replied, "Yes, sir." "Tell me, Nora." "I will do whatever you tell me to do, Sir, with anyone you tell me." "That's right, Nora. Now, what is your safe word, and what happens if you say it?" "It is 'Mercy,' and you will stop everything and take me home immediately." "Exactly. Now, Nora, I want you to know that I will not allow anyone to do anything to you that is going to harm you in any way. You believe that, don't you?" "Yes, sir." Nora did, in fact, trust Master completely. She loved to let her inner slut loose sometimes, and she knew she could count on him to watch out for her. On occasions like this, she knew she was going to be used as much as she could possibly stand... but not the tiniest bit more. "Then tell me that you are ready and we will go in." Nora's pussy had been on a slow boil for days thinking about the approach of this evening. And now that it was time, it was as if someone turned the knob up a couple of notches on it. She blushed and swallowed hard, turned to Master and said, "I am ready, Sir." Master turned away and opened the driver's door and stepped out. Nora waited for him to walk around the car and open her door for her and give her his hand to help her out of the car. She knew it would be the last chivalrous gesture he would be giving her for the rest of the evening. When she was on her feet, he took hold of the end of her leash and began to lead her up the driveway towards the house. The house was a large, white, two story mansion. It belonged to a rather wealthy attorney who Nora and Master had met at a munch some time ago. He invited them

to his monthly play party and had not failed to return for each since. At the top of the driveway there was a brick walkway, and at the end of that was the front door. There was a beefy looking man in a tuxedo at the door. He recognized the couple and opened the front door for them and invited them in, shutting the door behind them. The room they stepped into was brightly lit and crowded with people of all descriptions. Some were alone, some in pairs. All of them were rather easily divided into dominants and submissives - the dominants wearing far more than the submissives. Almost all of the subs had collars on, most of those with leashes, and most of the doms were holding on to the other end. Over on the side of the room were several couches arranged with large pillows on the floor in front. Doms sat on the couches, while their subs sat or knelt on the floor at their feet. Some of the doms were talking with their neighbors, exchanging jokes, while their submissives sat in respectful silence, watching the spectacle unfold before them. Master led Nora over to the couch and received a warm welcome from his fellows, while Nora took her place at his feet. She faced away from Master as he began a conversation. Her attention was drawn over to a group in the corner. As she watched, a woman seated on the couch grabbed the hair of a muscular man sitting by her feet. He wore a Speedo barely capable of hiding his erection and nothing more. The woman dragged him over to another man standing next to her. The man standing unzipped his fly and brought out his own erection, and the kneeling man promptly sucking it. While he was doing so, a nude woman crawled over from the opposite side towards the kneeling one. She worked the Speedo down and began sucking his cock while he serviced the standing man. Nora's mouth dropped open and her pussy tingled strongly as she watched the scene unfold before her. The dominant woman who seemed to have choreographed things watched with a look of undisguised lust in her eyes. A moment later, Nora felt a tugging at her leash, followed by Master's slightly annoyed sounding voice, "Nora! I said come here!" Nora quickly turned around. The man next to Master was lowering the zipper on his pants. Master produced a foil packet and handed it to Nora. Nora watched the man working to free his cock for her. He was larger than Master, and had a beard. He wore black leather pants and a black shirt. Nora tore open the packet and removed the condom inside and deftly enveloped the man's cock with it, and then shortly after enveloped it with her mouth. Nora didn't really appreciate the taste of latex, but Master insisted on protection whenever she played with others, and she appreciated that he cared enough about her safety to care. As she began bobbing her head up and down on the man's cock, he started to moan and run his fingers through her hair. She knew she was giving him pleasure, and that drove her own lust. Her pussy tingled strongly while she sucked and she sped up her tempo, using her hand to stroke the base of his cock while she sucked. As she worked, his moans grew more and more urgent until his entire body stiffened and he held his breath for just a moment before his cock spasmed and the tip of the condom inflated, filled quickly with his hot seed. Nora pulled her face up out of his crotch and the man abruptly stood and walked away. Nora looked over at Master. He smiled back and said, "Well done, Nora. Now, come with me." He stood up and Nora scrambled to her feet. They walked out of the main room, walking past several groups of people. Nora couldn't help but note how easy it was to tell the dominants from the submissives. Other than to walk from one place to another, all of the submissives were either on their knees or seated on the floor. She thought

about that, and about her own station in her life as she knew it - her Master's property. She had just sucked a stranger's cock until he came at Master's command. That simple thought made her pussy clench as she walked. Master lead her down a hallway. The hallway had a number of doorways leading off left and right into smaller rooms. Most of the doors were open, and Nora got a glimpse inside each as she walked. In the first room, a naked woman was on her hands and knees, head reaching up to suck the cock of the man standing above her, a multi-tailed whip in his hands, her back covered with angry red stripes. The next room had a man bent over a table. Standing behind him was a woman wearing black leather. She wore a strap-on and was vigorously pounding it into his ass while he whimpered, a hank of his hair held firmly in her grasp. They did not linger as they walked. Nora's leash insured that she kept up with Master, allowing her only the briefest glimpse into the rooms as they passed. But even those vignettes seemed to burn themselves into her brain. As soon as she realized what was going on in each, it was gone, but then the realization of what she saw made her pussy clench and send shockwaves of thrill through her body. Part of her marveled she was able to walk without falling, she was so distracted. They came to a door at the end of the hall. Master turned around before opening it and said, "Turn around. I want you help you out of that corset. I want you naked when you enter this room." Nora turned around and felt his hands work the knotted strings holding the corset tight. She felt it begin to loosen as he worked and presently he slipped it down over her thighs, past her skirt. He braced her while she stepped first one leg, then the other out of it. He leaned it flat against the side of the hallway. He then stood behind her again and she felt the zipper of her skirt come down, and then the skirt itself. As it fell to the floor at her feet, he knelt down to unbuckle her shoes. She stepped out of each in turn and he collected the skirt and shoes and placed them out of the way by the corset. He then stood in front of her. She was nude now, apart from her collar and leash, which he held in his hand. He looked down into her eyes and she looked into his. She wondered, but did not ask, what was next in store for her. He broke his gaze and turned and opened the door. Inside was a staircase leading down. Master turned and led Nora down it. The walls began as wood, but transitioned to the stone foundation of the house as they went down into what clearly was the basement. The room was colder than the space above, and Nora shivered, though not entirely from the temperature. At the bottom of the staircase, the space opened up into a room that gave every appearance of being a medieval dungeon. He walked towards a table in the center of the room, then turn and spoke. "Let's start with a traditional warm-up, Nora." He quickly took a step behind her and pushed her down over the table. The table was waist-high - the perfect height for her to rest her torso on, her feet comfortably able to reach the floor. The end of the table was just ahead of her face. She took her place and whimpered quietly once, knowing what was coming next, while she held on to the edge of the table by her head, her knuckles white. She kept her eyes forward and listened for him. She could hear him walk a few steps away and she heard the creak of a small door and then jingling and clunking. He was clearly going through some sort of collection. Nora shuddered as the realization washed over her. Presently, his footsteps returned and she felt his hand on the small of her back. It remained there for just a moment before she heard a noise behind her. A moment later she recognized that the noise was the whooshing noise of a heavy implement sailing

through the air as it reached out for her ass, but that realization came after the searing, burning pain of the impact on her ass. In that instant she also heard the loud slapping noise that went along with the sting. She was astonished by the impact - it was stingy, but unlike most stingy instruments, the sting covered a large swath of her ass. She gave vent to her astonishment with a loud, anguished cry as her hands flew open in front of her, her fingers splaying out. Just as her first lungfull of air ran out and she sucked in another, the unseen implement struck her a second time, interrupting her breathing and making her cry out again. Her breathing now changed into full sobs. The third stroke was as wide as the others, but centered further down, licking at the tops of her thighs. She shrieked again at the pain in her sensitive thighs and sit-spot. The fourth stroke came faster and began a set with a rapid cadence. Strokes rained up and down from the top of her ass-crack half way down her thighs. Nora was quickly pushed past any conscious thought and reduced to hard crying. She didn't realize at first that he had stopped. She was astonished at how quickly and thoroughly she had been so reduced. As her crying calmed and her breathing returned to normal she realized she heard several murmuring voices behind her. She picked her head up and began to turn it, but then she heard Master's voice say, "No, Nora. Don't move." She stopped and turned her head to face the wall again. Master appeared in front of her and quickly covered her eyes with a blindfold, plunging her into darkness. She heard more footsteps approach from behind her and felt two hands on her burning ass-cheeks. The hands urged her thighs apart and then she felt the hardness at the entrance to her sex. She had only time enough to realize what was next when the cock pushed deep inside her. She moaned loudly as the cock began slow, methodical strokes in and out of her pussy. As it did, she became aware of an additional sensation, as a hand began methodically rubbing her pubic mound over her clit. Another moment went by and another pair of hands wrapped around her back from the side of the table and reached under her for her breasts. The fingers pinched at her nipples, drawing them to erectness while the hand further down sent waves of pleasure coursing through her emanating from her clit. All the while, the cock was drilling her pussy slowly, almost tormenting her with pleasure. The level of sensation was almost overwhelming. It only took moments for her first orgasm to wash over her, her moans morphing into cries of ecstasy that were not quite words. The pleasure didn't stop there, however. The sensations continued unabated, sending her towards another, and then shortly a third. After that, the cock that was fucking her pussy pulled out and then appeared at her asshole. It rubbed her own juices around on her rosebud before pushing slowly inside, making Nora gasp and moan anew. The hand that had been pleasuring her clitoris now had full access to her pussy and began working it fervently, while the hands on her breasts continued in their mission. Nora had another orgasm, but she was unable to count them anymore, as one eased into the next without enough of a boundary for her to notice. A hand tore her blindfold off and she saw Master standing over her. She could see the intensity in his eyes. He was doing everything to her. The last vestiges of her conscious mind wondered how he could be fucking her up the ass while he was standing in front of her, and then the next orgasm came. Nora began to feel almost as if she was watching this scene from afar. The waves of pleasure buffeted through her and became a warm pink downy blanket over her entire body. "Welcome back, Nora." She heard the words, but it took her a

long time to comprehend them. When she did, she felt puzzlement. What was he welcoming her back from? She tried to think of what he could have meant, and the memories started trickling back. She had been fucked last night, hadn't she? Oh, yes, she had. She opened her eyes. She was in a bed, wrapped up in soft wool blankets. Master was sitting in a chair next to the bed, watching her. When she opened her eyes, he reached over to a table for a glass with a straw and brought it to her. "Here," he said, "drink some of this." She took the straw in her mouth and drank. It was water, and it brought to her attention that she was, in fact, thirsty. She drank some more. She looked at Master and asked, "Where are we?" "We're still at the mansion. You went on a little trip, Nora, so I took you upstairs to a room to rest. Don't worry about anything, Nora. Everything is fine." She spoke, "Last night... That was indescribable, sir." Master smiled, "Thank you, Nora. I couldn't have said it better myself. Watching you have such pleasure... It was wonderful beyond words." Nora marveled at that. She knew Master well enough to know that he often said that he got more pleasure from choreographing her than he got from using her himself. She sometimes thought it was unfair that she had such overt physical pleasure at his hands while he sought so little. She spoke again, "Sir, may I ask a question?" "Certainly, Nora." "Last night... who were... who was..." Master nodded his head and answered the unfinished question, "There were six of us, including you and me, Nora. Mistress Tina and her pet Bruce. He was the one fucking you. He was under strict orders not to come himself. I don't think I've ever seen anyone fuck slower than he did, Nora." Master smiled, and then continued. "And then Linda and Mistress Susan... I don't know if you've met them, but Linda was under the table playing with your pussy while Susan worked on your breasts. Anyway, Bruce did manage to avoid coming while fucking you. After you drifted off, Tina took him upstairs for some sort of reward. I'm not sure what." Nora smiled, and her imagination began to run off on what that little scene might have entailed. Master continued, "Anyway, I made kind of a deal, tonight. Mistress Susan owed James a favor. James was the gentleman you sucked at the start of the evening. I made a deal with him to secure Linda's services in repayment of that favor, which is why I had you blow him. Susan... Well, I think she just wanted to join in because your nipples are so fun to pinch, Nora." Nora smiled and blushed at that. She was amazed at the chain of favors Master and the other doms set up amongst themselves for their slaves. The thought made her feel special beyond words. Master continued, "Anyway, if you're feeling up to it, let's get you home and have some breakfast." Nora nodded and moved to the edge of the bed. Master stood and walked to the corner of the room, returning with Nora's terrycloth bathrobe. She realized she was naked under the blankets, and as she stood up, he slipped the sleeves of the robe over her arms and wrapped her up in it, and then wrapped her in his arms and held her tight and kissed her. She kissed him back. Nora smiled, then looked into Master's eyes. He gazed back and said, "I'm very proud of you, Nora." Nora replied, "Thank you, sir."