

Playing

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A night at home with my master.

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This Story is dedicated to my Master, protection is off, who had taken me out of my shell and lets me be the true slut I am. I come home to what I think is an empty apartment, the lights are off and when I call out there is no answer. As I walk into our room to change I feel a strange tingle, but ignore it. I have just finished stripping out of my work clothing and am just in a matching bra and panty set, black and lacy, you told me to wear this morning. It's a full cup bra to hold in my huge breasts but sheer so you can see my nipples through the lacy fabric. My nipple are still sore from the clamp you used last night and the lace pattern aggravates them more but you said you want me to feel your presence all day long, even as I worked, to remind myself that I belong to you, that you control me. As I walk past the open bathroom door you slip out behind me, wrapping one hand around my mouth to smother the scream and the other around me waist, catching and pinning my arms to me side. You whisper softly that it was you. I relax my body, relieved it is not a stranger, but you laugh and tell me that I shouldn't be so relieved; you have a special night planned for me. My breath catches in arousal and fear. The hand that had clamped over my mouth is removed as you reach behind your back and grab the blindfold you had tucked into your belt. Slipping it over me you remind me that you are my master and I belong at your feet, doing your will and that my body is not truly my own but your to do with as you please. Whether or not it pleases me, whether or not I like it, but that you know that I do. You tell me how you know I'm such a dirty little whore, and you love it. You slowly lower the panties, hands just grazing my hips, and direct me to step out and to move me in the direction of the bed. I make a move to lie on the bed but you chastise me, tell me to trust in you and move only when and as you tell me. You then spin me around in circles until I am disorientated, the mental plan of the bedroom is lost and I really must now trust in you to guide me. You lead me until I softly hit something. In the corner of the room is an old fashioned high backed leather chair. I assume that this is where I am now. You lean me over the arm of the chair, ass now in the air, and spread my leg, giving you a view of your pussy and ass. I listen for some sound as to what might happen but it is silent. The sound of leather moving over fabric grabs my attention and I realised you are removing your belt. I half hope it is only so you can then remove your pants but a small part of me likes the pain you bring me, and the pleasure you get from that pain. The pleasure of knowing you are leaving a mark on me that I will feel for hours afterwards, sometimes days if it is a punishment. The first swat is hard and fast the sound barely

hitting my ears as the pain bloomed in from my ass. Over and over you wield your control over me, hit after hit until the tears are falling freely and I am whimpering in pain and yet begging you, to stop, to continue, to help me focus on something other than the pain by using a toy on my now dripping pussy, just begging for something. You tell me to roll over and sink into the chair, so now one arm supports my knees and my back rest against the other. You tilt my head back so my neck is resting on the arm, hair draped to the floor. I can feel you standing by my head and am a little surprised when I feel your cock nudge against my lips as I didn't hear you remove them. You're holding your cock, allowing me to just lick at the tip, having to stretch my tongue out; I try hard to taste more of you. I am so focused on your cock that a sharp pain makes me squeak, the pain is more solid so I assume you have double your belt up as you hit at my tender breasts. Each strike hurts but the nipple hits send fire through me. You tell me to keep licking at your tip, like the bitch I am. The first nipple strike had caused me to stop. You tell me I am not to stop unless you tell me to and each time I do I will be punished with an extra hard hit to the nipple. I am crying now, breath hitching, but still licking as much of your cock as you allow me. You force open my mouth with your hand and adjust my head as you slowly inch your cock into my mouth and down my throat. You slide in and out of me, still whipping my bright red tits, my throat massaging you as I try to swallow and scream. When you are about to cum you pull out and cum on your whipped and abused tits. You ask me to rise and lead me back to the bed, forcing me to sit on the sore red ass you have just whipping. You position me on the empty bed asking me to stretch my arms up until and try to grab the cast iron bars on the head board. From where I am I can just touch one with my fingertips, you tie my wrists together then run the rope around the bar and tie it there too. You grab one foot and kiss the instep before harshly yanking it towards the corner of the bed where you tie it, and repeating the process with the other. Then you tighten the ropes until I am stretched as far as I can go, arms covering my ears, thrusting your tits out, and pussy spread wide. I cannot move even a little bit, already my joints are protesting and I am slightly scared, but knowing you are there comforts me. I hear you moving around opening doors and draws and I think of the thing you might do. I know I'm not in the right position for you to be using your cock, even though my mind is begging for it, so I know you will be playing with me, teasing me and drawing your cum out of me with something else. I also know you will make me beg for each release. You tell me that you will not be giving me the pleasure of your cock in my aching pussy instead you will be playing with it how you choose. I wonder if you will whip my pussy too, as you run your palms over my mound and down my thighs. You sit between my stretched out legs giving you the perfect view of everything you will be doing to your pussy. You lower your mouth to the binding on my ankle and start a trail of soft kisses up my leg. Slowly you work each finger into me, adding more until you are fisting me. I am wriggling for you, in pleasure and pain. You mention how you have been avoiding your slut's poor clit, and you I like you to play with it. In my blackness I am relieved, hoping you will make me cum and stop the throbbing but if I could have seen you I would have noticed the clip you held. I scream as you apply it, then you return to stretching out your whore, you ask me if I think I could be more full and I reply I couldn't you tell me I am wrong and you use both hands to try to open me up further. You tell me you have an interesting idea you would like to try with your pussy and you

push something inside me while explaining it is a tennis ball, covered in oil, on a string. I can not help be scream louder as the large ball is pushed inside, its rough exterior hurting. You remove the clamp and lick at my clit til I come screaming your name around ball. You then you untie each ankle, placing my feet beside my ass. You move the rope, threading it through and hooking it around my knee and then pulling it tight and attach it to the headboard, at each corner, spreading me wider and opening my ass up for you. You work your fingers in my ass like you had done to my pussy until you are satisfied and then your push yourself balls deep inside my ass. Each pump I beg you, to take me harder, faster, to own me, to let me cum, for your cum inside me. You don't listen. Keeping it slow you pull at the string from the ball still inside me. The feelings are intense as I beg to be able to come. You make me beg until I am scared I won't be able to hold it anymore and then grant me your permission to cum for you. Picking up speed, I cum over and over again. You grip my hips hard and pound as hard as you can into me as you unleash your load into my ass.