

Surprise, Part 3

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Friday night had come fast. I'm uneasy, but excited for what's going to happen. I glance in the mirror, grab my keys and head out to my car. I leave thirty minutes early to beat the crowd, and to get a look at what's in store for me. I arrive at the club, and park in the back so I can go in unnoticed. I walk through the side door by the alley, and weave my way down the narrow halls to the main part of the building where the parties were held. People are already starting to trickle in, in hopes to find the best seat for the show tonight. I look up at the stage and everything has been moved around. Most of the toys and items are gone for the exception of two, the turntable and the stocks. "You certainly have a thing for the stocks, don't you," I say quietly to myself with a grin. They weren't my favorite, but they weren't horrible either. I look back at the room and it is about half full already, voices are overlapping. It's starting to get loud with laughter and chatter. I sit back watching, waiting for any sign of you. But what I don't know, is that you spotted me the moment I came in, and have been watching me the entire time. You pop out of nowhere, and I jump with surprise. "OHH, I didn't see you come in, you startled me!" "I saw you come in, I have been watching you. What were you thinking when you were looking at the stage with that big grin?" "Ahem." Blushing, I clear my throat. "I was just noting that you like to use the stocks a lot is all." "Why would that make you grin?" you say trying to hide your amusement at the question. "I was thinking about something else when I grinned, it didn't mean anything like that." I'm saying anything in hopes you will leave the question alone. "Ok, if you say so," you say with a smile. "So how was your week?" "It was good, went by really fast. How about you?" "It was boring, but it should start to pick up in a few minutes." And with that, you flash me a grin and make your way up to the stage. I look into the room, in those couple of minutes it has filled up completely. I don't think I have ever seen it this full, and they are all here for me. My heart starts to quicken, and my legs start to shake in anticipation. I stay out of sight, and listen for my cue. I think you are going to give me a cue, I am not sure since we didn't talk about this part. Just then I hear your voice over the mic greeting the audience, thanking everyone for coming out tonight. You tell them that this will be a night to remember. You glance in my direction, and nod for me to come up. I glance out at the crowd whose eyes are now on me. I smooth my skirt down, push my hair out of my face, and step out into the light, making my way up to the stage. You just smile, and watch me. Everything seems to be in slow motion, I can't get up there fast enough. I make it to center stage where you are standing and stare at the floor awaiting your words. "C'mon, don't be shy! Give the audience a big smile and wave. After all, they are here for you." My face gets red. I look at you, and then to the

audience and do a quick wave and look back down at the wooden floor. I never noticed how many cracks were in this old floor, it has seen a lot of use over the years. Your voice snaps me back out of my thoughts. "Are you ready to get started?" you ask in a firm voice. "I think so." "Now what kind of answer is that? I think so?" you say raising your eyebrows at me. "Ahem, yes sir, I am ready to get started." I look around the stage and wonder what's going to happen next. "That's better! Now what shall we do first? Have you been a good girl this week?" I stand there blank faced, not sure what to say. Should I lie? Or should I play the game and say I was a bad girl? What would I say I did that was bad if he asks? Hmm. "Well?!" you snap, grabbing my attention. "Yes? I think I was good." I'm kinda questioning myself, leaving it open for you to decide. It's probably better that way. "You think you were a good girl? That kind of answer makes it sound like you are guilty!" Oh no, here we go. I knew leaving the answer open like that had the possibility of leading to this, but I left it open for this reason. After all, everyone here is here for a show right? So I might as well play along like last time, and give them a good one.. You walk across the stage, grab a chair, and bring it back to where I am still standing. You sit down and pat your legs, nodding at me to lay across your lap. "Don't want to start without warming up now do we?" The audience is staring intently at me as I make my way to lay across his lap. My legs are weak, but I hold my composure and lay across your lap. "Good girl," you praise. You go about business, and start to massage my bottom. Nice slow circles on each cheek over my skirt. It feels good, but I know it won't last long. You start to kneed, tenderizing the area, trying to relax me. A few minutes go by and I let out a sigh, and that tells you I am ready. "Well, ladies and gentleman, should we get this party started?" The audience lets out a cheer, and you lift up my skirt. I think I surprised you by not wearing any underwear, you stare at my ass for a second and then grin. "My, what a naughty girl you are! You are not even wearing any panties." I feel all the blood from my body move to my face, but I can't help smiling. You rub each cheek one more time and crack me a hard one. I yelp, but stay still. You are not starting off gentle tonight! Your hand comes down again on the same spot, and again I yelp. Three more times your hand comes down, but alternating cheeks. You rub my now warm bottom and smile. "A nice shade of pink, but I like the color red." You chuckle. I gasp at your words, but know this is what the audience wants. I stay still and grit my teeth. Your hand comes down like fire over and over again, fast and hard. You don't give any time to react between the blows. I am kicking, screaming, moaning in both pleasure and pain at the same time. My body doesn't know what to think. You are holding my legs down with your leg, and have your free hand on my upper back to keep me from coming up off your lap. "Calm, little one," you say in a soothing voice. "We are only just getting started." The audience can't take their eyes off me, wondering what's going to happen next. Heck, I'm wondering the same thing. My breathing begins to slow a little, and you stand me up off your lap and lead me by the hand over to the turn table which was only ten feet away. You have yet to use this on me, so I'm not sure what to expect. The table is upright to where I will be standing up to get on it, but it's slightly slanted so I won't slide off of it.. You tell me to undress, and when I am finished you help me onto the table and give me a small smile, letting me know it's ok. I'm too nervous to smile back, but nod to let you know I'm fine. It's those little things that give a person comfort. You finish strapping my wrists and ankles to the table, and walk over to the peg board and

grab a few items from it. You walk back to the table and set down what looks to be a flogger, whip and a cane. You flick a small lever on the side of the table and give it a spin. Oh my, that's what this does! I think to myself. "Round and round the little lady goes, where she stops nobody knows," you say. The audience laughs, I just roll my eyes and scoff at your corny comment. You grab the side of the table and jerk it to a stop so I am upside down. What the hell? comes to my head.. You flick the switch again into the locked position and grab the flogger off the floor. You begin at my feet and work your way up to my thighs, and then pause at my pussy. Oh no you don't! I think. You just grin and aim right for it. I let out a gasp. You do it again and again, making me squeal. I start to get lightheaded being upside down, and thankfully you turn me back upright. But the relief is short lived, because you start in again with the flogger. Aiming for my breasts this time, making sure to hit each nipple a few times. Up and down my belly the blows just keep coming, then they stop suddenly. You unstrap my ankles and wrists and flip me over. Things start to move faster, and my mind can't keep up with what is happening. You change from the flogger to the whip, and don't waste any time. You start at my calves, and work up to my ass. You suddenly stop and shove a gag into my mouth, knowing that I will only get louder. I have been trying to keep it down, but my body is out of control. Just as quickly as you stop you start up again, and are relentless. My body is writhing, and I am pulling at the straps. I am screaming into the gag, my hair is a mess, and my face is streaked with tears. Crack, crack, crack. You just don't give up! The audience is having a ball. You didn't lie when you said you were going to give them a good show. You stop for a moment and let me catch my breath, if that is possible at this point. I feel your hand trail down my back and onto my flaming rear. You don't stop there, and make your way to my pussy. I feel your fingers probe, they slide in easy. You chuckle and lift your hand to the audience. "This bad little girl is enjoying this! I think she wants more. Do you think I should give her more?" you ask. The crowd yells and screams, they are obviously having a good time and want more. I am not sure how much I can handle. I secretly am enjoying it, in a way no one can fully understand unless they themselves have been through it. I hate it, and love it at the same time. I want it to stop, but will beg for more. Your sharp voice pulls me out of my thoughts. "Have you learned your lesson little girl?" you ask me. I am not able to answer, but I nod up and down in good measure. I hear you chuckle. "I disagree, and I think everyone else here does as well. What shall I do with you? You are enjoying what is suppose to be punishment. I think I have something that will teach you a lesson." I gasp, and throw my head back in protest, but what can I do? I mean really, I am strapped to this thing. I feel you next to me, brushing up against me on purpose. You flash a look, asking if I am ok to go on. I hesitate, but nod slightly. I am in deep, and can't stop now. I need to know what else you have in store for me. I am helpless, and will do anything at this point. You turn your attention back to the crowd. "Bad little girls need to be taught a lesson!" And with that you pick up the cane. You haven't used the cane on me yet, and to be honest I'm a little nervous. It couldn't hurt much more than the whip, right? I was wrong. The first blow comes like fire, if I was not strapped to this table I would have been on the floor. "OWWEEEEEE!!" You can hear partly muffled through the gag. You let the cane bite me again, but slightly higher. I arch my back, bite the gag and howl. Tears are flowing, and I lose all control. I can't hear the audience anymore, and can barely focus on anything but the

pain. I hear you shushing me, telling me it's going to be ok. I didn't even notice you stop and remove the gag, until I feel you come up behind me and put the head of your cock on my pussy. All the pain goes away in that instant, and I am in desperate need for release now. I push back on your cock, but you remain still. You whisper in my ear, and tell me to beg you to fuck me. To beg for everyone to hear, to thank you for the lesson, and that you will be a good girl. I hesitate, but need to cum. I will do anything for release. "Please Sir Rob, Please fuck my pussy! I am sorry for being such a bad girl, thank you for teaching me a lesson!" I spout all the words at once. "Are you sure you learned your lesson?" you tease, putting off entering me. "Yes Sir, I learned my lesson! Just please fuck me, fuck me hard, PLEASE!" I beg and plead.. You ram your cock into my pussy, using the table for leverage. I try pushing back to meet your cock, but only have so much room to move. You are pounding me hard and fast. You tell me to beg for release. "Please Sir, Please let me cum!" I scream out. "Again! You can do better than that." Your speed quickens, and I am bouncing up and down in the binds. My head is going from side to side, I can barely catch my breath. I need to cum so bad. "Please, Please Sir. Please let me cum. I need to cum! Please let me cum for you!" With those words you grab my hair, bite my neck and tell me to cum. I let out a howl like an animal, and arch my back into you. Both of us cum simultaneously, out of control and wild. We are both still panting as you pull out and start to unstrap me. I am too weak to stand up on my own, and you have to help me walk. We get to the center of the stage where we started, and the crowd cheers. You grab the mic and thank everyone again for coming. "I hope everyone had a great time tonight, I know I did," you say with a grin. I am dazed, and don't even care anymore, I have a silly smile plastered on my face, and my eyes are glazed over. I am happy. "Everyone drive safe, and we hope to see you here again next Friday." I look at you, not sure what to think. I am not sure if I can go through another night like tonight. But would I want to miss it? You help me dress and then ask me if I need a ride home. I think you notice I am out of sorts, and not safe to drive myself home. I nod. "Yes Thank you." I know I am in no state to drive, and can't risk it. I have to give in, and let you drive me home this time. We do not say much on the way, still winding down from the night. But you give me your cell number, and your email address, and tell me to call you in the morning so we can arrange next week. I think to myself as I close the door. Next week? Can I really do another night like tonight? **** I hope to get another part out sooner than I did with this one. Thank you for reading!