**Erin's Decision To Play In The Club**

by Linemstr814

*Erin decides to go all out and play in the BDSM club.*

I met Erin online at a BDSM dating site. She lived Dallas, and we agreed to meet in near the junction of I-35 "W" and "E" at a restaurant. The meeting went very well. We were instantly attracted to one another and our likes and dislikes regarding BDSM play were compatible, or, at least what she thought she would and wouldn't like. She was a complete novice, but had looked at sites online, and read a lot! She was very willing and extremely curious, although severely lacking in experience, and wanted to have her horizons widened. I noticed she had followed my instructions and wors a single shift dress with a bandeau top, and told me she had worn nothing underneath, also as I instructed. She had brought some other clothes just in case and wound up following me home!

We played at my home over the next two days of the weekend, I first tied her up standing, her legs tied at the knees and hands behind her back, pulled down her dress to find she, indeed, had worn nothing under it! Her body wasn't voluptuous, but nicely proportioned, and as was the custom for submissives, her pussy was shaved bald and smooth. I blindfolded her, walked her over to a large closet, and made her stand alone naked in the dark for a while, as I made some preparations in the bedroom, and for her mind to go wild about what was to come, how she got into this situation, etc. Then I took her out, tied her to the bed spread-eagle, tormented her relentlessly, made her cum way beyond what she had previously considered her abilities, and fucked her silly.

My house had multiple landings going downhill toward the lake and was shielded from the property on the south by a large, tall row of oleander and a fence, and the property on the north was vacant. In broad daylight, I took her down to the first landing which also had a slatted roof which also helped shield it from the southern neighbors. However, she was in full view of any boaters down below! I tied her to the roof, stripped her naked, and gagged her. I didn't blindfold her because I wanted her to see any boaters below who might be watching her, although I knew they would be too far away to really tell what was going on. I gave her a cat toy with a bell to hold as a safe toy to drop if she REALLY needed me to stop whatever I was doing to her and whipped her naked body all over lightly with a single-tailed quirt. I didn't do it hard enough to draw blood, but it left light red marks and stung like hell. No part of her naked body was left untouched, including her breasts, back, ass, legs, and up between her spread legs from behind! She took it all willingly, and seemingly never got tired of any of it!! After that, we saw each other frequently and had a great time each time.

I knew about a BDSM club in Dallas. It was Saturday and asked if she wanted to try it. She consented to be a plaything for me in the club that night. She'd never done anything like that...playing in front of others... before...until tonight! We drove to Dallas where the club was and got a hotel room for the night at a Radisson near Love Field, and near the club.

(Incidentally, I found out quickly that this hotel was also "kink-friendly,' and at one point I answered the door to find a scantily-dressed girl on her knees holding a tray of food up to me. She was terribly embarrassed to realize she had the wrong room, but I told her it was OK, that I was a Dom and understood. I sternly commanded her to get up and go find her Master's or Domme's room!)

This would be Erin's first foray into the night world of public bondage...at least 'public' in the sense that other people would be watching her, albeit in the protected confines of a 'club' environment.

Nervous didn't come close to describing what she felt as she allowed herself to be led gently into the club from the parking lot, but I knew regret was beginning to creep into her psyche. I also knew she'd never go back on her agreement, so she had to proceed, out of curiosity, if for no other reason! Club rules required her to be covered outside the club, so she wore a long light black coat over her bondage attire. We entered, paid the fee, and went into the anteroom where refreshments were available. When she removed her coat, her bondage attire was revealed. She was a short-haired trim blonde, about 5'4" with a trim figure and long legs. Her breasts were 34-C...more than ample for her size. She wore a black bandeau top which barely covered her breasts which swayed and bounced enticingly as she walked briskly behind me. Her short skirt extended about four inches past her butt cheeks and zipped up the front from hem to waist. Although they weren't visible as she walked, she also was allowed to wear skimpy, Very transparent, black thong panties which snapped at either side. She wore no nylons, and her black heels on her nude legs made her look and feel even sexier. Along with her gently swinging breasts, her hips swayed to and fro as she walked. The stares of the men and women alike as they watched Erin were not lost on me, and I knew that Erin would be a welcome center of attention in the club when the time came!

We lingered a short time in the anteroom munching on the refreshments. I had let her know that this evening, I was totally in charge of everything that would happen to her, everywhere! We both knew that there was no penis-vaginal fucking, even among partners, and the two of us had an agreement not to do or allow things to be done to her which would bruise, draw blood, or cause severe pain.

If a soft touch didn't sexually arouse her, it tickled her, and she couldn't stand to be tickled! But, she knew that if that were what I wanted...or I wanted others to do to her...she would have to stand it for as long as I desired! The distinction between tickling and sexual arousal depended largely on the pressure of the stimulation, and the type of stimulation. Of course, a whip was just that...not very tickling, but it certainly could be sexually arousing! Licking and stroking could be either, depending on what was being touched and licked, and the pressure applied! She was so much fun for me to watch as she responded to the massive variety of stimulations she had endured at my hands during our private play and would endure again tonight! But, tonight, she would be forced to perform for others for the first time!

When I decided it was time, I pointed out the ladies' room to her so she could freshen up. She went into the ladies' room with her bag. When she emerged a few moments later, she was simply stunning to watch as she glided back into the room! She was aware of the eyes on her, but totally unaware of exactly what I had planned for her! In our private life, I had tied her, fondled her, stripped her naked, had put clips on her nipples, taken away her breath, iced her, tickled her mercilessly, cropped and whipped her everywhere, and made her cum numerous times in a row with vibrators, butt plugs, and dildos far beyond her previous comfort zone! Last, but certainly not least, I'd fucked her mercilessly in numerous tied and helpless exposed positions. But, I'd never done any of that in front of others, and had promised her that I'd never let anyone else fuck with his dick in any hole! She knew I intended to expand her experience to greater heights tonight, and knew I'd respect our limits, but she had no idea which other things I intended to include in her torment tonight. Would she be totally naked? Would I let others toy with her tits and sex? Make her cum for the crowd? Fuck her with toys? To say her emotions were in turmoil would be a vast understatement! She felt a mixture of excitement, embarrassment, shame, dread, and humiliation as she fantasized about just what might happen to her! What kept her going was the excitement part of what she felt, and the knowledge that she really had no choice at this point! It was time. She had assumed a submissive stance, and indicated she was ready to be taken into the dungeon for...whatever I wished!

As soon as we had entered the dungeon, I was impressed with the array of devices available for use, and ample spray bottles and clean cloths for wiping down each one after use. I put her collar on her with an attached leash, cuffed her hands behind her back and led her through the dungeon area. Many others were already there, and several of the participants who had been ogling her in the anteroom followed us out to the dungeon as well, in anticipation of what they were going to get to watch!

She whispered to me, "Please, Sir! I know you'll respect our limits, but won't you give me some idea of what you have planned for me tonight? This is so new, and I'm soo nervous!"

I replied, "No. I want you nervous, but realizing you have no choices now, except those I make for you. You know it'll be far more arousing if you don't know anything in advance!"

She swallowed hard, lowered her head, and nodded, accepting what I'd said.

First, I picked out a St. Andrew's Cross. It is basically a Vertical "X" which is fixed to the wall and floor for stability. I put on her wrist and ankle cuffs and attached them to all 4 corners of the cross. She was standing spread-eagle with only her bandeau top, short-short skirt, and skimpy panties to cover her. Because of her wide stance, her skirt had ridden way up and was barely covering her pussy and panties. I yanked down her bandeau top quickly in order NOT to give her mind time to get used to the idea of having her naked tits exposed to everyone in the room!! I got a riding crop out of the bag and used it on her tits for a bit. She yelped a few times, but mostly took it very stoically. Her breathing quickened and she moaned as she felt my fingers at the top of her skirt. She knew what was coming, but it was way too soon, in her mind!! I unzipped her skirt in one long, prolonged traverse from waist to hem, and then swiftly whisked it away from her body, leaving her naked and spread, except for the scanty panties and the bandeau top around her waist. I took a 4' single-tailed whip out, and used it a few times on her tits, upper thighs, waist, and pussy, even though it was covered by the very thin transparent panties!!

After about ten minutes of this 'introduction,' I released her, recuffed her hands behind her back, and walked her, still naked except for her scanty panties, over to a spreader-chair, which consisted of a back which was an 10"-wide piece of wood just high enough that her head could be strapped to it if she were seated, and which formed one of three legs of the "chair." There was an adjustable cross-piece about neck-high to which wrists and elbows could be bound. There was no seat as such, but there were two wide horizontal planks attached to the back and which had vertical legs in front. The horizontal planks were fixed at a wide angle to each other, causing the seated person's legs to be widely spread with her crotch widely exposed below. The possibilities were not lost on Erin! I pulled down her bandeau top to the floor, removed it, and slowly led her to the contraption.

To her surprise, I seated her on the chair backwards, her pussy facing the back of the chair, and her chin rested on the cross-piece as it crossed her front just above her breasts. Her arms were spread out and bound tightly to the crosspiece, with her breasts on either side of the back and just below the crosspiece. I brought her ankles under the planks on which she sat and, after putting on her ankle cuffs, I attached them to eyehooks under the planks, and pulled off her shoes. Now, her soles were available to me, as well as virtually everything else...or soon would be.

To her rising consternation, the size of the interested crowd continued to grow at that end of the dungeon to watch her. Her sense of fear and humiliation was also growing by the second, but there was nothing she could do now, except to watch their leers and stares, and sit in mute silence to wonder what I had in store for her!

I whispered, "I'm going to remove your panties, now!!"

Erin moaned into her gag. She realized that her pussy was obscured by the chair back in front of her but would still be visible to those on each side and could be an easy target of torment from behind!!

With those words, I turned away from her, and she knew it was about to begin! No one touched her...yet! She was simply there...fixed...helplessly ready...arms and legs held wide, leaving asshole, sex, back, and tits totally unprotected, except for her skimpy panties, which would also soon be gone!!!! Her naked breasts were jutting out on either side of the back of the 'chair! She could only watch her watchers, and scream and beg. She knew I wouldn't stop unless she said a safe word.

There was a constant murmuring of faceless voices. Virtually the entire club was in front of her, waiting and watching. She could hear the occasional comment about what they'd like to see me do to her, or what they'd like to do to her if given the opportunity! She realized again that they just might have that opportunity tonight! She simply didn't know...and couldn't stop them if I wanted it to happen! All she could do at this point was wait, and worry, and let her apprehension grow! Her fantasies had her in a near panic before I finally moved.

Her breath quickened and a soft moan escaped her lips as she felt my fingers at unsnap one, and then the other side of her panties, and then the rush of the cool air of the room on her naked, spread pussy! She tested her bonds by trying to bring down her arms and close her legs, but, as she knew it would be, all such attempts were fruitless! All she could do was watch how the interest in her nudity increased among the observers surrounding her!

I picked up a single-tailed quirt and began quick, short strikes on her butt, working my way up her back, stopping at her shoulders. Occasionally, I'd whip her sides, letting the quirt swing around across one breast or the other, often striking across the nipple. It had to hurt like hell- but left only mild marks on her skin. She yelped a few times, but never screamed. Her struggles were magnificent, however, and I wondered if her bonds would hold her...but they did!

After a few minutes of this, I went to work on her pussy! First, I swung down into both sides of her crotch where she was seated, letting the tip of the quirt land down across her clit and directly into her pussy!! Now she screamed!! The Dungeon Master did nothing because there was no hint of anything resembling a safe word! After a few minutes of this, I changed directions, and brought the quirt up under her ass, between her legs, and struck her widely-spread pussy, once again letting the tip of the quirt land directly on her clit!! She screamed almost continually with these strokes, although not loudly enough to cause the Dungeon Master any concern! I asked two guys, one on either side to tickle her feet while I was whipping her pussy!! She went nuts!! The twin sensations were almost equally intolerable, but she had no choice but to tolerate both for as long as I wanted!! She shook her head, begged me to stop, and struggled more violently than before, but all to no avail. Still no safe word!! After a few minutes, I stopped the action, and released her, re-cuffing her hands behind her back. I stood her up, replaced her skirt and walked her toward her next torment!!

I took her over to a spanking bench. It looks sort of like a picnic table, but the top is only about 1' wide and each of what would be seats on a picnic table were also about 1' wide. The entire contraption is heavily padded, and about 4' long.

I had her straddle the bench length-wise, with her ass at the edge of one end and her head handing down on the other end, and her kneeling on the 'picnic seat' on each side. I fastened each wrist at the front edge of each 'seat,' and her ankles at the ends of the same 'seats.' She was still topless, with each breast on either side of the 'table,' and her skirt was still covering her pussy and asshole...barely!!

I wanted to see how she handled true humiliation! "Erin, there are about eight guys and a couple of girls staring at your ass. I'm going to raise your skirt to your waist and let them have a good look at your spread pussy and asshole! Then, those who want to will be invited to grope and touch you anywhere, and whisper to you in your ear what they see, and what they'd like to do to you. They can use dildoes or finger your pussy, your clit, your asshole, your tits, spank you, tickle you, and make you cum if they wish!! There 's nothing you can to do stop any of it!! One has a vibrator he may want to use on your clit. The only thing I won't let them do to you is fuck you with a cock!! They may even make you suck a dildo...and all of this will be done to you simultaneously!!"

Erin hung her head in submission, knowing full well that there was no escaping her fate! She quickened her breathing and moaned audibly as she felt the hem of her skirt raise to her waist, and the cool air of the Dungeon on her sex once again!!

I quietly invited each onlooker to probe, stroke, flick, finger, use vibrators and dildoes, tickle and just grope her sex, ass, and tits, and intermittently to whisper into her ear what they were seeing and what they would do to her, and wanted to do to her!!

To my surprise, nothing got out of hand!! Over the next hour, Erin was in a constant state of frustration, excitement, excruciating humiliation, and arousal!! Unlike the tickling, which was intermittent, the assault of hands and fingers and toys on her sex and ass was never-ending! Because of the surprise resumption intermittently of the tickling somewhere...her sides, tits, soles of her feet, and armpits, she couldn't cum, even with the intense stimulation in her pussy, on her clit, and in her asshole until the tickling stopped. Once it did, however, it would not take her but seconds to have a shattering orgasm, each one seemingly harder than the last.

After about an hour, I could tell that Erin was exhausted and had had enough. I didn't want to ruin a good thing by overdoing it. I released her but kept her hands cuffed behind her back. I put her skirt and ankle cuffs in the bag, put her topcoat around her shoulders and buttoned it up, and took her to the exit and the car. As was my custom, I cuffed her wrists to the headrest behind her head, unbuttoned the coat, and opened it widely so anyone looking through the window could see her naked body. She didn't protest at all!

"So....between us, what do you think? Do you want to do it again??"

"Oh, yes! Definitely, but you'll have to think up something different each time. You know how bored I can get."

"Bored? Don't you worry. I'll see to it that you are never bored in bondage! Never ever! For example, we haven't even started playing with electricity yet, or water bondage, and we've just touched on breath play! God!! The possibilities are endless, and then there are so many other places in which to tie you up and torment you that are far more risky and far more public!! My mind is racing, but you'll never have to worry about boredom. Nope, never!! But, for now, Keep your legs apart, my dear! I want you to show yourself off to everyone! Stick out your chest so your tits are shown proudly!"

Erin complied. She had no choice. She had already agreed to this lifestyle with me, and secretly loved it!

Then, I drove off, leaving her that way for the drive back to the hotel! There were many, many stoplights and many trucks sharing the streets and highways along the drive back to the hotel. She could easily be seen many times by many people! She constantly looked around nervously, but realized she could do nothing if someone ogled at her! She could only imagine how I would get her through the hotel and into their room like she was...but then...given that the hotel was "kink-Friendly," she wondered if maybe I'd just march her through the lobby with her coat open, showing her naked body to everyone there!! Surely not! But then...?