

Rigger

I stared in the mirror and wondered what someone else would see. My hair was tied into two severe braids, draped over each shoulder, and my makeup was heavier than usual, eyeliner outlining both eyes, glittering silver on the lids. I was wearing a long-sleeved, black net top that cut in a deep V and ended in a tight band just under my breasts, my nipples clearly visible through the weave, and then there was a long expanse of stomach before my black lace underwear. Stockings completed the look.

Sexy, yes.

Submissive or dominant? I guessed that was more about the expression on my face. Right now, I looked like I meant business. I did, but I was excited too.

I gave my reflection one more approving look, then walked into the bedroom. She was there, sitting on the bed, waiting for me, though she stood up when I came in. She was younger than me, and thinner than me, her body lithe and willowy where mine was all curves. Long, reddish brown hair cascaded over a simple pale blue t-shirt that she'd matched with jeans. The look on her face was definitely nervous, but excited too.

Good.

"You're still dressed," I commented.

She flushed. "I was waiting for you."

"Well, I'm here now."

I could have started getting things ready, but instead I took a seat in the armchair in the corner of the room, crossed my legs, and watched her as she shimmied out of her jeans, tugged her t-shirt over her head. She unhooked her bra in a quick, business-like motion, but then caught and held my stare as she drew it slowly down her arms. I quirked my lips in a small smile but waited until she'd slid her tiny excuse for a thong down her legs and kicked it away, to see what she'd revealed.

Her breasts were small, sitting high and perky on her chest, nipples larger than mine and already erect, waiting to be kissed or sucked or nibbled. Her legs were as long and lean as the rest of her, a thin strip of hair just visible between her legs. She was trying to look unaffected, standing in the middle of the floor space, totally naked, but there were twin flags of colour on her cheeks and the longer I sat there, perusing her, the more she was fidgeting, fingers playing with themselves, toes digging into my carpet.

“You’re beautiful,” I told her.

She was. She had the body I’d always dreamed of, and now it was all mine to play with.

I got up and left her lingering there while I started arranging my accoutrements on the edge of the bed. Ropes, lots of them. A mix of nylon and cotton in bright colours that were going to look gorgeous on her creamy skin. Then the toys. A bullet vibe. A shiny metal plug, a large dildo made of soft silicone and molded to resemble a cock, with veins and a bulbous head and even a pair of balls, drawn tight up at the base. A flogger and a crop. I dropped a set of nipple clamps onto the covers, allowing the chain to tinkle slightly as it landed, then placed the final toy right next to it. A wand.

“Are you ready?” I asked.

She gave a quick, nervous jerk of her head, eyes flicking between me and the bed.

“I want words,” I told her. “Are you ready?”

“Yes.” It came out slightly croaky, so she cleared her throat and tried again. “Yes, I’m ready.”

“Good.” I snagged one more thing from my dresser and then approached her, the long thin strip of fabric draped across my hands. She glanced down at it, then took a half step back.

“I want to see,” she objected.

“And I want you to feel.”

I stopped, then pointed to the floor at my feet, telling her where I wanted her. It took a moment, but she crossed the small space on dainty feet with coral pink painted on the nails. I rewarded her with a smile then placed the blindfold over her eyes. I tied it tightly at the back of her head then adjusted the section over her eyes, made sure she couldn’t see anything. Then I walked slowly

around her, taking her in one more time. My treads were slightly heavier than hers and she turned her head, trying to follow my movements.

“Face front,” I told her, and her head snapped back.

I stopped directly behind her and gathered up her thick mane of hair. It was gorgeous, shiny with a slight wave, reaching halfway down her back, but it was going to get in my way. She gave a little shudder as I ran my hands through it, fingertips brushing against the sensitive skin at her neck. With deft fingers, I wound it into a braid then let it drop. It hit with a soft thwack that had her jumping like I’d stung her with the crop.

“You’re all right,” I told her, running my fingers across her shoulders and down her arms, then up the centre of her spine, getting her used to my touch, because I was going to be touching her all over.

I moved to the bed and picked up a length of shining rose pink nylon. Tilting my head slightly, I considered her. I’d thought to do a tit-tie, like I did on myself, but that wasn’t going to work. Returning to her side, I trailed my fingertips around the curve of one breast. She twitched, ticklish, then pushed into my touch, tongue darting out to lick at her lower lip when I captured a nipple between my thumb and forefinger and rolled it slightly. They were lovely tits, small and delicate, just like her. I wanted to show them off, make them look pretty.

“Rope bra,” I murmured to myself.

I unwound the nylon and found the bite, hitching it around her ribcage, then brought it up and over one shoulder, letting it drape in a loose u-shape between her breasts before coming back over her opposite shoulder and down her back.

“Spread your legs,” I murmured, gathering the length of leftover rope. She complied, barely, shifting her feet a couple of inches wider. I didn’t bother asking again, I gave her a sharp rap on the inside of both thighs, and she hurried to give me the access that I wanted.

“Better,” I murmured, feeding the rope through her legs then up to hitch through the loose drape of rope. I tightened it until the U became a V, pulled neatly down from her shoulders, and the rope through her legs split her labia.

“Too tight?” I asked.

She shook her head, then remembered herself. “No.”

“Too loose?”

She hesitated, then shook her head. “No?”

I tightened it, just a hair. I wanted her to feel it, to know she was bound.

I brought the rope back down, splitting it so that it would sit neatly in the crease of her thighs as I passed it back through her legs and tied it off against my original hitch.

I stood back to admire the shape of the first rope, smiling in satisfaction. The line around her rib cage lifted her breasts ever so slightly, the diagonals framing their nascent roundness.

“That’s nice,” I told her, running my fingers over the line bisecting her stomach, just grazing her mound before I turned to choose the second colour. “Purple, I think.”

I wound a quick larks head to attach the new rope to the back, then drew it forwards under her arms. Using cow hitches, I zigzagged my way from the upper line to the rib line on both sides, creating cages for her breasts. I kept the tension tight, her flesh pushing at the rope bars, making sure to leave her nipples peeking out between the lines. When I reached the centre on both sides, I had enough length left to draw the ropes up towards her collar bones, creating a pretty diamond pattern and lifting her cleavage up a little more.

“How does that feel?” I asked.

She took a deep breath, felt the ropes bite slightly as they fought her expanding ribcage.

“Good,” she said.

Her hands started creeping up, itching to feel the ropes winding across her chest that she couldn’t see, but I stopped her with a sharp, “No.” She froze then dropped them back down. “Hands behind your back,” I told her.

She complied and I circled around to the back, snagging a length of teal rope as I did so. I took her wrists in a gentle hold and folded her arms behind her back, shaking out the teal rope and winding it a couple of times around her lower forearms and doing a column tie before winding the rope up and around her shoulders. It ruined the look of my rope bra, but at least the teal was

pretty. I hitched it and went back around again, trapping her arms in that position before knotting it off at the back.

I came around to the front to admire my handiwork. The back harness forced her shoulders back, thrusting her breasts forwards. I was right, the lines across the front did ruin the look slightly, but the colours went well.

“Chin up.”

She complied, holding still while I took a few quick snaps with my phone. I made sure the sound effect was on, let her know what I was doing. Rather than cringe shyly, she accentuated the pose, presenting herself for my pictures.

“You look incredible,” I told her, putting my phone away. I quirked a smile. “Now things are going to get interesting.”

Circling back around, I snagged her hand, taking it and leading her gently to the bed, supporting her as she stumbled, unbalanced with her eyes blindfolded and her arms trapped behind her. I snagged up a bright red rope and hitched it around her waist, winding the rope round once more to keep it in place. I let the rest of the length drape on the covers then encouraged her backwards until she was prone on her back on the bed, her arms encouraging her back to arch, offering up her tits like a gift. I hooked my hands under her knees and spread her legs moving in between them then pushing them back towards her chest until her core was fully exposed to me. I placed a hand on her sternum, so she'd know to stay right there, then ran my hand down the length of her body until I reached the strands running between her legs. The rope there was soaked, her excitement leaking out to darken the pink of the nylon.

“You're enjoying this,” I commented, separating the strands so that they lay tightly on either side of her cunt, the tension pulling the skin taught enough for her clit to peak out at me. I slid my fingers around the entrance to her hole, gathering up enough wetness to allow my fingers to glide around her clit. She gave a little moan and thrust up at me, demanding more pressure.

Well, we couldn't have that.

I spanked her pussy three times, the sound loud in the room, then paused, allowing the sting to bloom, before adding two more. She gasped and writhed, but a moment later she was back to tilting her hips, presenting herself to me for more.

I rewarded her with another shallow push of my fingers inside her, another glide around her clit.

“Time to put some things in here,” I suggested. I reached over and picked up the plug. “I was going to use lube, but I don’t think you need it.”

I emphasized my point by slipping the plug into her cunt, the bulbous end of the metal easily slipping inside. She gasped. It was warm in the room, but the plug has spent the afternoon in my fridge and the metal still held a chill.

“What do you think?” I asked. “Should we just skip the lube?”

I was grabbing it out of my bedside drawers as I asked, but of course, she couldn’t see that.

“I would like the lube, please,” she whispered.

I gave a mock disappointed sigh, pumping a good amount onto my fingers then circling the slightly crinkled skin around the tight ring of muscle. I let her get used to the feel of me there, then pressed inside with one finger. I reached in a little way then retreated, adding a little more lube before repeating the process with two. I pressed and twisted, stretching the muscle, then tuned my attention to the plug, lubing it liberally. Still, when I pressed it against her, she tensed, automatically tightening up to keep me out.

I stopped, giving her a moment to relax.

“It’s not big,” I reminded her. “You’ve seen it.”

It wasn’t particularly small, either, but I had the same one for myself and I knew how it felt. A bit of stretch, a hint of burn... then it was in.

She made a conscious effort to relax, and I eased the plug in, advancing and retreating until she’d opened up enough to accept it.

The lifelike dildo I slid right in, no warning and no warmup.

“These stay in,” I warned her. “If you push them out, I’ll be unhappy.”

I moved out of the way enough to close her legs and lie them flat on the bed. Then I picked up the wand. I took the length of leftover rope and tied it tightly just beneath the vibrating head, making sure that when I rested it between her legs, the length from the waist loops was just enough for it to sit right over her clit. I adjusted it, making sure it was tightly nestled in there, and that her labia were parted around the tip, then pressed her legs together and wound a quick chain loop down her thighs until I ran out of rope. I knotted the ends just beneath her knees.

I got off the bed and scrutinized my work.

Her arm position was lifting her back slightly off the bed, tilting her head back. The ropes dug into her breasts, the tension on either side of her nipples making them engorged and red. Her thighs were tightly bound together, the wand like an arrow pointing to her happy place. I took a few snaps, noticing that she exaggerated that arch in her back as soon as she heard the sound of the picture taking.

All that was left to do was turn on the wand.

“You ask to cum,” I told her. I reached forwards and pressed the power button, starting the vibrations low. She still jolted like I’d electrocuted her, almost immediately starting up a writhing, humping action.

I watched her for a minute or two, enjoying the sight of her, helplessly bound but still trying to work with the toys to pleasure herself. The low buzz of the wand was enough to cover the sound as I moved round the bed and picked up the flogger.

I ran it up the exposed undersides of her feet, along the smooth line of her chin. I skipped over her pelvis then started teasing the sensitive skin of her sternum and neck, tickling her, wakening up her skin and providing an alternate sensation to the firm bite of the rope. Then I started gently whipping her with it, moving my hand in a small figure of eight and lashing lightly at her stomach, her flanks, her shifting feet. The tiny slithers of skin peeking through the rope bra.

“You ask to cum,” I reminded her, noticing her gyrating hips were getting faster, more determined.

“Can I cum?” she asked immediately.

“No.”

I turned the wand off and continued sensitizing her skin with the flogger, concentrating on where her thighs were now clenching around the useless vibrator. I made her wait perhaps five minutes, gave her plenty of time to climb down, then switched it on again. Took her until she was writhing and gasping, chasing it and retreating from it at the same time.

Then I turned it off again.

Flogger her nipples, her mound. Caught her sides with harder strokes.

And on again. Until it almost became too much. Until she was pleading for it. Giving little cries as the words tumbled from her lips.

Off.

She was sweating now, arms pulling at their restraints like she was desperate to yank them out of their ropes and get herself off. But she couldn't, and I knew that made it even more frustrating. Even more arousing.

I put down the flogger and picked up the crop.

“No more asking,” I said. “This time I’m telling you. I want you to come.”

I turned the wand up, rolled through the levels until the buzz was a high wine. She tensed all over, her body arcing like a bow, breathing coming in little gasps as she waited for it to flare over her.

I flicked out with the crop, catching the soft skin of her side. It was a sharper, deeper pain than the flogger produced, and she shrieked, trying to pull away from the strike, though of course she couldn't... and anyway, I'd already moved on. To a strip of outer thigh on the other side of her body, the smaller surface area of the crop tress able to sneak in where the flogger couldn't. The arch of her foot and then one ruby red nipple that dared to push between its rope vines.

She screamed then, her hips jerking against the wand, so I shifted my focus, aiming as close to her cunt as the wand would allow.

“Cumming,” she gasped, head thrown back and mouth stretched open as she hauled in ragged breaths. “Cumming.”

I spanked her with the crop all the way through her orgasm, peppering her mound and inner thighs, hitting the wand itself, so it jolted against her clit. That made her twitch and spasm, strangled little cries coming out of her throat.

I put the crop down then and turned the wand as low as it would go, murmuring soothingly how good she'd been, how well she'd done. I stroked her brow, cupped her cheek when she pressed it into my hand, combing sweaty tresses of hair from the side of her face with my other hand. My rope work was better than my braiding, apparently.

"Choices," I said to her. "I can untie you now or..." I drew out the word, "You can cum again. Would you like that?"

I wanted to give her the choice because I wasn't sure how comfortable she was, with her arms trapped underneath her.

"I want to cum again," she said. No hesitation.

"Good girl. No crop this time, promise."

She blew out a relieved sigh at that, but it was short-lived. As soon as I started pulling and twisting at her nipples, she knew what I was about, biting her lip when I attached a clamp to each and tightened it. The clamps were joined by a chain, and as a final evil touch I worked it into the ropes, making sure that, if she writhed or twisted *at all*, it would pull painfully at the clamps.

I picked up the little bullet vibe, the only toy we hadn't played with yet.

"Now," I said, "Here's the rules." I turned on the bullet, ran it over her clamped nipples. "I'm going to put the wand on, and you're going to cum and cum and cum... until *I* cum." Maybe until I cum twice, I thought. I was already hot and swollen between my legs from watching her, was ready to detonate at the slightest encouragement.

I lifted the bullet to her lips and buzzed it over their surface. "Open." She parted her lips and I dipped it inside, lubricating the surface with the wetness from her mouth. "Are you ready?"

She nodded, though she was already gasping anxiously.

I have the chain attached to the clamps a vicious tug.

"I said, are you ready?"

“Yes! Sorry, yes!”

“Good.”

I turned the wand on full, watched her jump and then feel the reaction of the clamps to the movement. Still, then feel the intensity of the vibration against her already sensitive clit. I settled into my armchair and watched her, not letting the bullet near my clit until she'd cum the first time, playing lightly over my outer lips through my underwear. I could have cum like that, I thought, but I held it off, as she twitched and twisted, fought it and loved it.

“Again,” I said, as soon as she'd shuddered through her first orgasm.

“Please,” she gasped. “Please can you turn it down for a minute?”

“No.”

She gave a few little sobs then, the muscles in her thighs shaking, body turning on its side as she tried to escape the inescapable.

I slid the bullet vibe into my underwear and pressed it against my clit. As predicted, I came at once, my clit flaring to life and letting the orgasm rush over me. I rode it out, watching her suffer, then backed off slightly. I decided fair was fair and kept it on the high setting, making my clit scream with overstimulation. I gritted my teeth and rode it out, knowing I was playing much more nicely with myself than I was with her.

I expected it to take me a long time to cum again, but as she rolled through a second orgasm and then a third, the high setting of the wand allowing her no reprieve, and her cries became more desperate, more torn between ecstasy and agony, I found myself rising to it.

I was jealous, wanted to be her, on the bed, torn in every direction, and loving it and hating it in equal measure.

My second orgasm threw me into a full body spasm, my cries matching hers, sheer force of will keeping the vibe pressed to my clit when I wanted to wrench it away. I held strong through the tremors then brought myself down, a sheen of sweat covering my skin.

On slightly shaking legs, I got out of the armchair and approached her. She heard me coming, stopping her helpless writhing for a moment, hoping I was here to rescue her. Instead, I took

some pictures, focusing on her grimace, her swollen breasts, the shine where her wetness had coasted the wand head and her upper thighs.

“One more,” I told her. “One more for me.”

“I can’t!” she wailed.

“Yes, you can.”

I grasped the wand, pressing it harder against her, using my body weight to stop her throwing me off, then I reached underneath her with my other hand. Searching fingers found the butt plug, the base slick with her arousal, even the sheets underneath her noticeably damp. I grasped it firmly and pressed then retreated, pressed then retreated. Twisted it round and round, then drew circles, shifting the plug inside her and nudging the dildo in her cunt towards her g-spot.

“One more time,” I repeated.

She screamed as she obeyed. Her head thrown back, the chain of the nipple clamps pulled taught. Then it crashed, and her every muscle seemed to tremble. I let her go a few moments more, let her feel the after-ripples, then I switched off the wand.

It was like cutting the strings on a puppet. She flopped onto the bed, face pressed into the covers, body as close to the fetal position as she could get, bound as she was.

I took another few snaps, and this time she didn’t even seem to be aware of the sound. Putting my phone down, I rolled her onto her back and leaned down until we were close enough for our breaths to mingle.

“Are you all right?” I asked.

“Mmmhmmmm.” It wasn’t really a word, but I’d been cruel enough. I took it as an answer, patting her cheek then leaning in to kiss her softly while my hands found the nipple clamps and eased them off as gently as I could. She still cried out beneath me, but I did my best to distract her, drawing her bottom lip into my mouth and licking at it as I massaged the pain in her breasts away.

“Let’s get you untied,” I murmured.

I started at her knees, undoing the loops around her tights until I could take the wand away. Her clit was swollen and angry looking underneath, so I kissed her there too, stroking her inner thighs, encouraging her to bend and stretch her legs until she could sit up and I could untangle the back harness keeping her hands bound. I took a little longer to massage the muscles in her arms and shoulders, aware of the position she'd held and the way she'd been tensing and twisting on the bed. Then I undid the rope bra, admiring the beautiful line marks running across her skin. The blindfold was the last thing to come off.

Dazed eyes blinked at me. She looked so fucking adorably confused that I had to kiss her again. She must have been more compus mentus, because this time she kissed me back.

"Come on," I said. "A shower will feel amazing and then," I held up my phone, the last picture I'd taken still up on the screen, "I believe you wanted to see."