

Turning The Tables

“So,” Miranda said, twirling her wine glass, “how do you feel about trying something... different?”

Liam eyed her somewhat suspiciously. Their typical evening was quiet and uneventful, just how he liked it. “I’m not really sure what you’re leading up to, babe. Are you not happy with this?” he gestured to their shared home.

“It’s not that, it’s just that I occasionally want something more than the same routine every week.” When we first got together, you were spontaneous and fun. “Work and gym and sportsball and screens at night, maybe fifteen minutes of missionary once a week...” Ok, maybe it’s twenty minutes.

He scowled briefly at the slight. “And you told me how you were wanting stability in your life, remember?” he retorted.

“Yes, Liam, I was coming off a great deal of insecurity at the time, as you may recall. My ex cheated on me with multiple different people, kicked me out because I was ‘at work too much’, sold all my stuff, and then called the cops on me when I stopped paying utilities for a flat I wasn’t living in! I was a couple weeks away from being homeless!” She spoke with her hands when she got exasperated, but calmed herself. “Besides, that was like four years ago. My job is better now – I pay most of our bills, as you may recall. I’m no longer ‘in dire straits’, as you used to say. Stability achieved! I still want some spice in my life. Didn’t you used to tell me how you used to seek out adventures to be had?”

“Alright, what do you have in mind?” he asked. Probably another trip to Italy or something. Oh well, if she’s happy, that’s good enough for me.

“So, I have a, uhh, box of toys from my younger days. I’ve not used any of it since we’ve been together, but lately it’s been on my mind.”

Sigh, probably going to be some fuzzy handcuffs or something that she wants me to put on her. “Ok, babe, I’ll help out. What would you like me to do to you?”

Miranda smiled, “It’s a little bit more the other way around, actually.” And she left the room, leaving Liam alone with his thoughts.

When Miranda returned, carrying a small wooden chest, Liam was still unsure about what to expect. His evening had certainly taken an unanticipated turn, and he was not one to roll with changes very smoothly. She laid the chest on the coffee table, and opened the lid. Rather than the soft pink furs and neon dildos that Liam half-expected, it was full of sleek black leather.

“What is all this, Miranda?” Distantly, he recognized that he almost never called her by her name.

“Like I said, just a few toys from a previous life. Do you think you’d be interested in trying any of it?”

“I don’t even know what most of this is...”

“That’s ok, I do. Just leave it to me, and I’ll show you a time you’ve never even imagined.”

Later, Liam was sitting on the edge of their bed, wondering if he’d made the right decision by agreeing to this. The premise was interesting, but he was feeling fairly off-balance with the situation.

Miranda entered the room, and his apprehension immediately subsided. Her outfit didn’t leave much to the imagination. She was wearing black patent leather heels that highlighted her calves. Her long legs were bare to her hips, where a high-waisted pair of black panties rested. A matching bra with lace trim lifted her breasts up. She also wore a thin leather choker with a heart on it and a small leather mask that one might see in a masquerade ball. Her lips were bright red, and she struck a pose in the doorway that was certain to hold his attention.

“Wow. Uh, I don’t think I’ve seen you wear that before.”

“I had saved it for special occasions. Do you think it’s a good way to start the evening?”

Liam was very nearly ready to go already from visual stimuli alone. “What do you mean ‘start’?” he laughed. “What more did you have in mind?”

She picked up a pair of leather cuffs from her box. “Well, given your... excitement, I figured something to let me set the pace,” she bit her lower lip suggestively.

“Well, this is certainly sounding interesting, babe,” he said, shifting on the bed in a poor attempt to hide his erection. “What do you want me to do?”

“Let’s start by getting those clothes off, shall we?” He rapidly started undressing, and she fluidly made her way across the room towards the bed. His eyes were on her as she approached. She put an outstretched hand on his bare chest, and lightly pushed him backwards onto the bed. Crawling on her hands and knees, she straddled his body, letting her long hair drape across his torso and face. She reached upwards, selected one of his wrists, and wrapped the cuff around it, before repeating with the other. Crawling further up his body, she attached both cuffs to some long flat straps that were sticking out the top of the bed. When had she put those there? he wondered offhandedly. It doesn’t really matter, I suppose.

Once his hands were attached to the bed, she reversed her course, drawing out the tease. She repeated the process with another pair of cuffs on his ankles, which were also attached to similar straps under the bed. For Liam, the cuffs felt more symbolic than anything, as there was enough slack in the system where he didn’t really feel restrained at all. But he decided that he didn’t want the game to end just yet, so didn’t try to escape.

Her initial task completed, Miranda stood up and smiled. Now, I think it’s time to tease you a bit, to see what you do. “Are you going to behave yourself, dear?” she asked in a somewhat throaty voice. He just smiled in response. She reached a long-fingered hand down and touched his stirring erection. With a small sigh, she dropped gracefully to her knees at the foot of the bed. He lifted his head to be able to watch, as those crimson lips parted and that magical tongue began its work. He quickly swelled to full size, and she encouraged this by slipping the head

into her mouth a few times, much to his delight. His laxly-restrained hands came down to grasp her head and guide her ministrations.

At that, she stopped and stood up. "That's not behaving, dear," she chided. She walked to the sides of the bed and pulled on some secondary strap, which significantly shortened the amount of free movement he had with his arms. "Tell you what, we'll make a little game out of it. I'll tighten these every time you misbehave. Think you'll have any freedom left by the time I'm satisfied?"

Liam briefly swallowed. This was a side of Miranda that he'd never really seen. He knew she could be assertive at work or in other aspects of life, but she'd never channeled that energy in bed. He was far more curious than concerned, though. Flexing his arms, he verified that he could touch his own head with one arm at a time, but wasn't able to reach his torso any longer. Still, the straps were not exactly tight.

Miranda smiled at his assessment. Interrupting his predictable train of thought, she reached a hand back down to stroke his still-ready erection. With her hand stimulating him, she leaned over, sliding her lace-clad breasts over his chest until their faces were at the same level. "Hi there," she said provocatively. "What do you think? Should I keep going?"

Liam struggled to find his voice for a second. "It's definitely interesting, babe." He paused, trying to find something else to say before asking for what he really wanted. "But I want you to have a good time too."

"I'll take care of that when it's time," she smiled. "For now, I think I want to take care of you first." She put a hand under his chin and pushed upwards, encouraging him to tilt his head backwards. At the same time, she slid back down his torso, continuing to tease him with her breasts. When she reached the level of his crotch, she let his straining cock slide over the side of her face as she planted kisses on his hips. With his moans encouraging her, she slipped the tip into her warm mouth. She let her tongue dance lightly over it, drawing out even more sounds and motion from the restrained man. When her initial light touch didn't provide quite enough stimulation for his wants, Liam tried to supplement by

thrusting his hips upward. Miranda was expecting this, though, and moved her head with it, much to his frustration.

“Ah, ah, dear, that wasn’t very polite,” she reproached. “You know what that means.” She briefly reached up and tightened a wrist strap, further limiting his movement. Strangely, it seemed like each time his movement was restricted, he got a little more turned on. He pulled strongly on the arm that hadn’t just been tightened, to test how much mobility was left to him. Not much, it seems like. But Miranda saw this test, and decided to remedy that remaining illusion of freedom. She crossed to his other side, and fully tightened that strap too. As she did so, Liam felt like the added tension on his wrists went directly into his cock. It ached in a way he hadn’t felt before, and he was desperate for some attention.

“Miranda, I need you now...” he whined. “Why are you doing this to me?”

“So I see, Liam,” she teased. “That looks almost painful. I think we should keep it.”

As he processed what she could possibly mean by that, he felt her slip something over the tip of his erection, but it wasn’t a sensation he was familiar with. When he lifted his head up to look, he saw her rolling a thick black rubber ring to the base of his cock, and pressing it tightly against the base. If anything, this seemed to increase the blood flow and tension he was feeling. “Miranda, what is that?”

“It’s called a cock ring, dear,” she replied. “It’ll keep you nice and primed until I’m done with you. Maybe then I’ll let you come. What do you think?” As she answered, she drew a fingernail up the underside of his swollen and sensitive member, causing him to arch his back. “It seems you don’t mind too much. Well, be sure to let me know if it gets to be too much for you.”

With that, she deftly slid her panties to the side and impaled herself on his ready erection. Liam threw his head back with his mouth open in a soundless cry. She kept her strokes at just the right pace for her preferences, hitting that perfect depth each time. Liam’s quivers were enjoyable to watch, and the mewling that came out of his mouth enhanced her own experience. His arousal was through the roof, and each movement was exquisite torment, but it was like his own potential orgasm was somehow being kept from peaking.

On the other hand, Miranda's was progressing nicely. The sensual build-up and dependable tempo and pace worked for her better than any excessive display of passion or misguided enthusiasm – even if it was plausibly intended for her benefit –, and it wasn't long before she was riding that wave herself. Her moans and gyrations made it very obvious to the restrained Liam what was happening. A nice one, she thought to herself. Nothing too fantastic, but I was doing all the work after all. And now, I expect the begging to start in about 3... 2... 1...

"I can't take it anymore, you're driving me insane," Liam wheedled. "You've had yours, now please, just let me come."

"Liam, you know I don't like it when you whine. I don't really think you're in a position to make demands, either." To emphasize her point, she slid upwards and then back down on his still-hard erection, settling back in to sit on his hips. He groaned from the inescapable stimulation.

"Please, baby, I've been good – just let me finish, I'm begging you."

"Don't call me 'baby'. You know I hate that."

"I need it so bad. You don't know what you're doing to me."

"I know very well what I'm doing, actually. But since you insist on complaining, I have a solution." As she spoke, she pulled a ball gag out of her toy box and deftly slipped it into Liam's surprised mouth. As he mmmphh!d in surprise, she tightened the strap behind his head. "There, now isn't that better? Much nicer for me, at least."

Liam feebly tried to push the gag out with his tongue, but it remained firmly in place. The feeling of his mouth being full and of suddenly losing what little control or influence he still had was a strange combination of feelings. It was seeming very difficult to maintain any specific train of thought, and each time Miranda moved her hips slightly, he seemed to be entirely unable to keep his eyes open. He could still feel his erection straining, even while it was buried inside her. Flexing his arms and legs against the straps did not seem to be having any effect anymore, other than making his muscles tired.

Miranda watched the thoughts roll transparently across Liam's face, and knew the opportune time was closing in. "Well, do you have anything to say, or are you just going lay there? I'm feeling generous, so I think I'll allow three questions."

"Caaa whee taaek uh baaek?"

"No, I don't think I want to take a break right now. I'm having a rather good time at the moment." Miranda had resumed her slow grinding motion, rotating her hips in a circle while staying in contact with Liam's pelvis.

"Whhy ahhh yuuu shmii'in' liik dhat?"

"Because I'm having a good time, of course! I have you right where I want you, and I get to decide when to let you out – what's not to smile about?"

"Whhhy ahh yuu doohee t'is tuh meee?"

"Ah, now that is indeed an interesting question. One, because it is fun. Two, because you haven't been giving me the proper attention lately," she thrust strongly a couple times to emphasize what she meant. "But I understand. The third reason, unfortunately, is that I found out about Genevieve," she said the name with as much disdain as she could manage, and Liam froze in place. "Yes, that's right, dear Liam. I know of your... indiscretions. Once I knew about her, I started digging. I also found Tatiana, and Sabine, and Aurelia, and Cheyenne, and even little Dominique! How sordid, your little... lapses. And all this time, promising me that I was the only one that you had eyes for. The girls" – he knew her close friends, and didn't particularly like any of them – "think that I should just drop you and be done with it." She looked at him contemplatively. "I may still do that, depending on your... performance. You should keep that in mind."

Liam was staring wide-eyed at this... malevolent witch who had somehow replaced his sweet and naïve girlfriend. He did not know what to make of this situation. Girls being angry with him for past incidents of... misconduct wasn't anything new to him. But they usually ended in a fight or screaming or crying or simply just changing of locks. This was a new experience. He mentally slid back towards what he thought of as his 'hunting' mode. I've always known I'm just too

much of a man for only one woman. She should have been happy to have gotten to participate.

His train of thought was interrupted by the front door opening. Suddenly self-conscious of potentially being seen like this by a delivery person or similar stranger, he briefly tried to escape before remembering the futility of it. But the truth of it was worse, as he heard – and recognized – several familiar female voices. Shit, the girls are here. Well, if I'm lucky, she'll just leave me here to 'think about my misdeeds' while they go out for a night.

"Hi, Liam," said Venus, tall and flamboyant. "Fancy seeing you here."

"Don't tease, Venus," said Callie, a curvy blonde. "You know he's... sensitive."

"By the looks of that hard-on, I'd guess so!" exclaimed Robin, mousy and bookish.

"Aw, has it been a while, Robin?" asked Joelle, red-haired and fiery. "I thought you had a thing going with that bloke from the dells?" Robin scowled at her with as much muster as she could manage.

"Not everybody has as many boys on their speed dial as you, Jo'," Jennifer, sporty and fit, defended her companion.

"Girls, girls, let's not fight," placated Denise, calm and the peacemaker of the group. "Not when we have much more... interesting opportunities at hand."

"Yes, quite," said Miranda. "You all know the score. I thought I'd give him a chance to defend himself first. Well, Liam?" She unlatched the strap to his gag and removed it, holding it slightly away from herself as it was distasteful or dirty.

Liam stared at her, a little confused about this gauntlet he was being made to run. Am I supposed to apologize for my behavior in front of all of them, then? Is that what this is? Do I have to convince them to convince her to take me back? Well, what if I don't want to be taken back?

"I don't think it's going to work, 'randa," said Joelle. "He's already got that 'you can't make me' look on his face."

“Yeah, and he had that silly ‘I’m a tiger-man!’ expression on when we came in,” said Venus. “You know what that means.”

“He doesn’t look very apologetic to me,” said Robin, still staring at his erection. It was unlikely her gaze had moved from that spot since she entered the room.

“I’m still waiting, Liam,” Miranda said softly.

He sneered, summoning some bravado. “So what? You haven’t satisfied me for ages. And you really expected me to not go looking elsewhere to get what I need? What I deserve?”

Miranda sighed. “Pretty much as expected. Alright, who won?” she looked around at her circle of friends.

“Damn, I put my money on crying,” said Joelle. “Bastard’s always disappointing me.”

“I think Callie and I were closest,” noted Denise, while looking at her phone.

“Callie, be a dear and help Miranda out? I don’t mind waiting for my turn.”

Liam had been watching Denise as she spoke, and was entirely unprepared for the suddenness of Callie’s assault. She practically leapt onto Liam’s chest, pinning him with her weight, and wrapped both her hands around the back of his neck, pulling upwards strongly. He did not have the muscle or leverage to resist her. His panicked mind briefly wondered if this was the end for him, but was instead surprised – again – by Miranda this time, as she forcibly wrapped something black and leather over his elevated face and head. He struggled to prevent whatever it was, but could hardly move due to Callie’s hold. The flexible material was pressed tightly against his face, forcing his eyes closed, but it did not cover his nose or mouth. With a quick pull, Miranda tightened some laces on the back, which pulled the separate halves together and dramatically increased the feeling of pressure. Is this a leather hood of some sort? he thought wildly. I had no idea they were so tight! As if to confirm this, the bottom half was tightened substantially, which pressed his jaw upwards. As an embellishment, some kind of firmer material that was built-in to the bottom of the hood was then wrapped tightly around his neck, to hold the entire contraption in place.

Liam finally found his voice. “What the hell are you doing? Get off me, you crazy bitch! I’ll kill you, psycho mrrrrprhhlgggl...” His angry rant was interrupted by a new gag being shoved in between his teeth. This one had a different shape, and didn’t fill his mouth like the first one, but instead seemed to just forcibly hold his teeth apart. It was pulled into a place behind his front teeth and then fastened tightly behind his head.

“There, that’s better,” said Joelle. “I didn’t really want to listen to his drivel.” Liam was still making noise, as this gag wasn’t as effective as the previous one, but no coherent words were produced.

“Just one more thing,” Robin murmured, and adroitly clipped a clothespin onto the tip of his tongue, leaving it inertly hanging out of his mouth.

“Wow,” Venus smiled. “Not what I expected out of you, Robin. Been doing some studying?”

Robin blushed scarlet. “Just something I read somewhere,” as she avoided eye contact.

Denise deflected the conversation away from Robin’s bashfulness, “I’m not sure if anybody else has noticed, but despite his ‘complaints’, our esteemed guest has yet to actually ask to be allowed to leave, and his other indications” – she gestured to his still-erect cock – “appear to suggest that this type of attention is welcome. I will continue to monitor for any requests for this festivity to end. In the meantime, have fun!”

Liam’s worry significantly increased at this statement. What are they going to do? His answer came very shortly, as the first set of fingertips touched his skin. He jumped as much as his restrictive bonds would allow. The touches were seemingly random, unavoidable, and seemed to leave a small hot spot wherever the fingers had grazed. Each twitch provoked a small cycle of unidentifiable giggles.

“Six indiscretions, Liam,” said Miranda, “that I know about, at least. And six here to make amends to. Seems fair, no?”

The first finger that touched his erection was yet another surprise. He was still exquisitely sensitive, and while his mental arousal had been stalled since Miranda's stimulation had stopped, it quickly came zooming back. And from there, it was a relentlessly mounting struggle for him. He couldn't see who was touching him, or where the next touch would happen, but each one seemed to light a small fire in his skin. Any attention to more sensitive areas – neck, foot soles, inner thigh, groin, etc. – seemed to send that fire directly into his arousal. He never even noticed the condom being slipped on. He knew he was making incoherent noises and erratic movements, but could not consciously stop.

At some point, the clothespin securing his tongue was removed, and he felt a woman straddle his face. The pressure and squeezing of her thighs added to his feeling of restriction. "You'd better lick me well," said the disembodied voice, and his brain couldn't parse who it belonged to. He desperately tried to lick as he had so many times before, but his coordination was less-than-desirable. After a mere handful of minutes, he heard a muttered "Useless..." as she climbed off, leaving his tongue lolling aimlessly out of the opening in the gag.

He didn't know who was the first woman to mount his rigid cock, but it was like nothing he'd ever experienced in all his years. Trapped in his leather hood, he still saw stars. The phantom hands continued to tease and inspire him, while the well-lubricated penetration squeezed his perspective down to nearly a single point of frustration and focus. The following time was interminable as he seemed to be kept against his will right at that impassable peak, but eventually the first to use him reached her objective, and after some spasming and crying of her own, slid off his own not-yet-satiated organ.

His brief respite did not last long, though, as the condom was unceremoniously removed and a fresh one put in its place. A second anonymous woman straddled him, prolonging the previous torment. At some point, an additional strap was added across his hips, making it impossible for him to move or thrust in any way. His unreachable arousal seemed to increase every time a bit of mobility was taken away. A distant part of his brain could hear the women talking as they ravaged his

body and mind, but none of it was making any sense. He sensed that he was in for an endless nightmare...

Many hours later, the women had nearly worn their toy – and each other – out. This was just too much of a good thing, thought Miranda. Who'd have thought that he had this much in him? Usually, he's done after fifteen minutes. I'm glad I got to share this with the girls. She looked over at her pile of friends. Some were asleep, although she noticed that there had been a lot more girl-on-girl kissing and other... friendliness than expected. We'll see how this changes some of the friend dynamics, but that's an issue for another day.

She looked over at Liam's sleeping form, still bound to the bed. In the morning, she'd tell him the news: she had already called his boss, and told him that Liam was going out of the country for an extended family trip. She could easily cover for his absence at home and with some of his friends for weeks, if not months. Her girlfriends had already planned out a rotating schedule of who would be staying over at any specific time, often three or even four at once. Smiling as she imagined his reaction to this news, she thought, I can't wait to see his face when I tell him...