

My First Time

by Eva Hore

‘Come on Doris, let’s just call in and see if he’s home. I’m dying for you to meet him,’ Rita, my girlfriend said.

‘OK. What’s so special about this one? Marcus isn’t it?’

‘Everything. Wait ’til I show you his playroom.’

‘His what?’

‘Never mind. Just come on, will you?’

She dragged me by the arm up the stairs of an old warehouse that had been converted into apartments. His was on the top floor and by the time we reached it I was out of breath. She rang the bell. No answer. Rang it again, and when it still wasn’t answered she took out a key.

‘Why didn’t you just use the key in the first place?’ I asked.

‘He doesn’t like me barging in whenever I feel like it. If I ring twice and there’s no answer, it’s OK to come in and wait.’

Strange rules I thought. Either your boyfriend wanted you there or he didn’t. What difference would it make if she just walked in and he was there, unless he had something to hide? Rita always met weird guys. They were like a magnet to her. This time though she said she was in love and he was very good to her.

‘What do you think?’ she asked, after showing me around.

‘Nice place. What’s behind that door?’ I asked.

She’d shown me through the whole apartment except for this one door, painted black with a padlock on it.

‘I’m not really supposed to go in there when he’s not home?’

‘Why, what’s in there?’ I said. I was intrigued now.

‘It’s the playroom.’

‘The what? Come on, you have to show me now.’

‘OK, but you have to promise never to let him know?’

‘God, the way you’re carrying on you’d think he had a dead body in there. Come on, show me,’ I said, as she retrieved a key and began to unlock it.

Well to say I was surprised was an understatement. This room was like a dungeon. Walled in by bricks, which were painted black, and the most grotesque equipment I’ve ever seen. There were racks hanging from the ceiling on what looked like blocks and tackles, you know those things mechanics use to pull out motors. Ropes from the racks were attached to the wall. There was also a cage hanging from the ceiling, an iron chair without a seat, a stainless steel table, whips of different textures, and stuff that I couldn’t even explain.

‘What is this place?’ I asked open-mouthed.

‘We call it the playroom. The things Marcus does to me are unbelievable. Every week he takes me out shopping and we buy something new. I’ve never been so happy.’

‘This is really some weird sort of shit he’s got here. What have you gotten yourself into?’

‘Nothing. It’s fantastic. Have you ever tried it Doris?’

‘No, and I don’t want to.’

‘How do you know if you haven’t tried?’ she asked.

She was rubbing herself against a wooden rack, fingering the wood lovingly. Her hand snaked around a rope, intertwining it between her fingers. Her eyes took on a glazed look as she waited for me to answer.

‘It’s just not my thing. I like to be in control at all times.’

‘That’s what I thought too, but once you’ve experienced this you’ll never want anything else.’

I looked at her suspiciously, wondering if she was on drugs or something. I must admit I always wondered what people got out of it, but to actually participate in it with your boyfriend, and to go shopping together to buy it, well, I...

‘Why don’t you try it, just for a minute?’ she asked.

‘No, I don’t think so,’ I said half-heartedly.

‘Let me just tie your hands together and hoist you up a little way?’

‘I don’t know.’

‘You remember that time we bungee-jumped together? The rush you got when you were hanging upside down, knowing your fate was in someone else’s hands. It really got our adrenalin pumping. Remember? It was a real buzz. Come on. No one’s here to see. It’s just you and me and if you really don’t like it I’ll untie you.’

Her face lit up as she spoke. I’ve never seen her so animated. She was coming closer to me with that rope still in her hands. Why not I thought. Don’t knock it till you’ve tried it.

‘OK, but don’t tell anyone, all right?’

She positioned me underneath one of the hoists. Raising my hands over my head, she took the end of the rope, wrapped it around both my wrists, tied some weird ase knot that I’ve never seen before, and then stood back grinning at me.

She unhooked the other end of the rope, which was tied up to a bracket on the wall, and slowly pulled me upwards. The muscles in my arms shrieked as she lifted me. I was standing on the tips of my toes. Then she retied it to the wall.

‘OK, is this it? Is this all you do? Hang from the ceiling?’ I asked, feeling slightly foolish.

‘Actually no. This is just the beginning. Imagine, your

lover is standing in front of you. He can do whatever he wants with you and there is nothing you can do to stop him.'

'I could fight him off with my legs,' I said, feeling smug.

'For how long? Your legs would tire before he did. Anyway he could tie your ankles to those ropes over there and pull your legs apart. Then you'd be at his mercy.'

I must admit the thought of it did get my pussy throbbing.

'Do you want me to show you?'

'Sure, why not, while I'm just hanging around,' I joked.

Rita tied up each ankle and slowly stretched my legs apart. Wow, the inside of my thighs and the muscles in my arms screamed out as I lifted from the ground. Rita quickly placed a box under the insides of my feet to take some of the pressure off.

'Now, how do you feel?' she asked.

'At your mercy. Yeah, I see what you mean. It is a turn on isn't it?'

'I knew you'd like it,' she giggled.

'What else do you guys do?' I asked.

'I've told you never to come in here when I'm not home,' a voice boomed from the doorway.

'I'm sorry sweetheart,' Rita cooed, 'I was just showing Doris how much fun we have together.'

'Were you now. So this is Doris. Nice to meet you,' he said, coming close to me. Coming very close. He was standing right in front of me. My pelvis was arched out towards him as though begging to be touched. I could feel myself blushing under his scrutiny.

'Er, hi,' was all I could manage to say.

'So you like playing games, do you, Doris?' he asked.

Marcus was a very sexy looking man. No wonder Rita worshipped him. He was tall, dark and handsome. Just like all the books said. He also had a body most men would die for. He was wearing all black and with his dark hair it was

an irresistible combination.

‘Sometimes,’ I said smugly.

‘Well, maybe we should initiate you into my playroom. What do you think, Rita?’

‘I think Doris will enjoy it more than she knows, my love,’ Rita said as he came behind her, grabbing her breasts and giving them a squeeze.

Rita was looking at me as though I was the mouse who was going to be caught in the trap. The problem was I was already in the trap and was looking forward to what was to come.

When we were teenagers, many years ago, Rita and I had fooled around a little. There was nothing much in it, especially when I thought about it now. We just fondled each other and masturbated together. There was nothing I enjoyed more than an audience. I still found that a turn on. I wondered now what else we might participate in, and how Marcus would fit into this game. I sure wouldn’t mind a piece of his arse.

Marcus came closer. He had the bluest eyes, surrounded by dark lashes. When he stared into my eyes it was as though he was boring into to my soul. His face, lowered to mine. His mouth opened and his tongue dance along my lips. I nearly swooned. I opened my mouth hoping for a kiss, to feel his tongue in my mouth, but he backed away.

He brought a stool over from the corner of the room and sat on it crossing his legs. He studied me and as he did I felt as though every layer of clothing I was wearing turned invisible.

‘You know what to do, Rita. Begin!’ he commanded.

I hadn’t paid much attention to what Rita was doing and when I looked back to where she had been I saw she had a large knife in her hand. For a second I froze, terrified of what might happen, but when she came closer she whispered for me not to worry and I relaxed, determined to enjoy every aspect of this new experience.

She lifted my skirt, which had hitched itself up high on my thighs when my legs had been spread, up to my waist. My pussy throbbed as her hands ran down my hips, then stole their way along the elastic of each leg until they reached my crutch. She pulled each side down, and I felt the cold steel of the knife invade my panties. I was hoping she made sure the sharp side was facing away from me. With a quick slash, the crutch opened, exposing my hot pussy

Looking to Marcus I saw he was smiling his approval at Rita. She then ripped the buttons off my shirt causing me to gasp at the suddenness of her attack. The knife then flicked under the centre of my bra and with one movement my breasts were hanging free, my bra dangling under each armpit.

I flinched at the cold point of the knife as she gently ran it around each nipple, causing them to harden instantly. My breathing was laboured, my nostrils flaring as the heat inside me grew. Licking my dry lips I watched mesmerised as Rita's mouth replaced the knife, her tongue running around my nipples. It was orgasmic.

I couldn't believe how aroused I was. My pussy was gaping through the crutch of my slashed panties, my breasts heaving under her wonderful mouth. I glanced over to Marcus, saw the smile on his handsome face, and knew what I wanted next.

But that was not to be. Rita had still not finished with me. She took a small whip from the wall and gently lashed my breasts. The sensation was tickling but that soon changed to sharp stings as she flicked me harder. She made her way down to my pussy, trailing the handle down to prod at my opening.

She replaced this with her hot mouth. Her breath tantalised me as her tongue snaked out for a quick lick. Flicking my clit with her top teeth, I moaned as her fingers entered me. I was staked out for her to do what she wished and everything she was doing was exactly what I wanted.

She finger-fucked me while her tongue worked hard on my throbbing clit.

I hadn't even noticed that Marcus had risen from his seat. He pulled her off me by the hair and threw her to the ground. He picked up her discarded whip, whipping her with it mercilessly.

'Take off your clothes at once,' he demanded.

She quickly did as asked. Standing there nude I saw bruises and whip marks from other sessions fading on her skin. She looked exquisite. She'd always been petite but now with her mature figure she looked amazing. She was totally void of body hair. Her hairless pussy reminding me of other times.

Pulling down one of the racks, he lashed her to it, arms and legs outspread. He hoisted this up high. She must have been at least four feet from the floor.

Underneath her he positioned a contraption with a huge black dildo attached to it. He lowered her gently and when she was almost upon it he rechecked the dildo and then quickly dropped her six inches or so right onto it. She let out a gasp as it disappeared inside her. Tying the rope back onto the wall he lifted a whip which must have been at least six foot long and cracked the air with it. It sounded like a shot-gun blast in the stillness of the room. My senses were electrified. I watched mesmerised as the whip licked her skin, leaving red welts behind.

'Oh, yes,' she moaned, tears streaming down her face.

He came to her then, kissing her mouth, his tongue exploring and licking her face while his hand flicked on a switch and the black dildo started vibrating inside her. Her mouth sucked back at him, her tongue reaching out to lick him as he pulled back and stared at her.

With my pussy throbbing, I watched him move over to a desk and from inside one of the drawers he took out two breast pumps. Putting one on each breast he pumped hard, until her beautiful breasts were cruelly sucked into the

glass. He then tied strong rope tightly around each breast. Tighter and tighter he pulled, then released them from the pumps. They were nearly purple, the nipples and skin around them shone as the skin stretched to its limit.

My own breasts were heaving, my nipples rigid. I longed for them to be touched, pulled, attacked. My pussy was still gaping open, the wetness running down the inside of my thighs. I couldn't drag my eyes away from her body. Oh, how I wanted that to be done to me.

Her hips were rotating over the dildo as he returned with another small container. On each nipple he clipped on a small vice, turning the handle to make it grip even tighter. He then attached long chains that swung as her hips moved. Rita was moaning, enjoying the treatment that Marcus was administering. She looked awesome.

Marcus kissed her and left the room.

'Rita, are you OK?' I whispered.

'Oh, God, yes, yes,' she said breathlessly.

I watched her moving her pelvis backwards, jutting her bum outward as much as she could so the head of the dildo rubbed against her clit. I listened and heard the unmistakable cry of a woman's orgasm. My pussy was aching to have that dildo inside me. I desperately needed to release my own emotions that had been building up.

We were alone for at least ten minutes before Marcus returned. He was dressed in leather briefs, boots, vest, and a studded collar completed his outfit. He ran his hands roughly over my body, slapping my thighs, hips and breasts.

I inhaled the mixture of after-shave, sweat and manliness. My head spun as he kissed the hollow of my throat, his tongue trailing down to my breasts. He took each breast into his mouth biting the nipples hard, causing me to whimper with pleasure.

He then fell to his knees, his mouth attacking my pussy. I thought I would die from longing as his fingers opened up

my folds, his tongue darting in and out.

‘Please, fuck me,’ I begged. ‘Please.’

‘So, you enjoyed your initiation, did you?’ he asked rising, his breath thick with my scent.

‘Yes, I did. Now get me down and fuck me,’ I screamed.

He slapped me hard across the face. My ears rang, my eyes blazed and never in my life did I want to be fucked like I did right now, and he knew it.

He stood in front of me, teasing me by lowering his briefs, taking out his cock, rubbing it against my pussy and then putting it back again. Perspiration was dripping from me, my body screaming for release.

He untied my ankles. They cramped as I tried to ease them back together. I was still hanging a few inches from the floor. He took the front of my panties and ripped them from my body. My skirt he pulled down and I kicked it from my feet. The muscles in my arms were screaming for release. He brought his stool over and sat on it, the rope attached to my wrists still in his hand.

Slowly he lowered me down just a little. He reached out and dragged me over to him so I straddled his lap, my pussy just inches away from his crotch. My arms bent backwards, by breasts jutting forward, nipples hard, my body electrified.

Lowering the front of his briefs, he pulled out his massive, rock-hard cock and yanked me roughly onto it. Its width was enormous as my wet pussy ground into him, not stopping until I had the whole shaft deep inside me. I wrapped my legs around his back. He attacked my nipples while I rode his cock. It was the most fantastic sex I’ve ever had.

‘Fuck him hard,’ Rita screamed, the dildo still pumping. ‘Fuck him.’

He pulled on the rope until I thought my arms would be wrenched from their sockets. I held on to him with my knees, not letting his cock slip away. The harder I gripped

the more he pulled so it wasn't long before only his head was inside me. Then he controlled the movements by yanking the rope up and down. I was delirious as I came all over his cock.

He rose, letting go of the ropes, allowing me to fall heavily to the floor. I unravelled the rope from my wrists and rubbed my clit frantically. It throbbed, begging for more, my fingers slipping amongst my folds. He removed Rita's dildo, lowered and untied her from the rack, undid the ropes from her breasts and lay her on the floor.

Standing above her he removed his briefs, vest and boots. He lay beside her gently stroking her flesh, licking her breasts and then his tongue lingered lovingly on her pussy. I dragged my exhausted body over and joined him in ravishing her. Together we licked and caressed her battered body. I made my way down to her swollen pussy and gently licked between the folds before Marcus pulled me away.

He entered her slowly and I watched fascinated as his cock slipped in and out. Her pussy lips were so swollen, the blood engorging there as her passion escalated. She raked her nails down his back, the scratches leaving bloody welts, and then continued to tear into his cheeks. She bucked into him with renewed energy while I licked and sucked her nipples.

My mouth reached out to hers. I whispered how beautiful she was and she cried out in ecstasy, coming as my tongue found hers. We kissed and held each other, the three of us happy, contented and fulfilled.

I knew now that I would have to have a playroom of my own, and soon.