

First Anniversary, by Catherine N.X. (HolokittyNX@puellula.org).

(ASSM)FF, bd, cons, rom, oral, lac, toys (Catherine N.X.)

First person - lesbian, light bondage, romance. Synopsis: Two adult women enjoy a romantic night out on the town and some very loving light bondage.

I like to think of myself as urbane, and I like to think of Chicago as the ultimate urbane city. It really is just the way it looks in movies. Slick. Clean. Great architecture. Lots of live music if you know where to look. But I also like to daydream too much. I was at my favorite Japanese steakhouse, thinking about how good the city looked at night. Fortunately my girlfriend didn't notice. She just sat there on the right side of the secluded booth...nibbling at nigiri sushi.

The last time we were here was a year ago, after we first met. And just like the first time, our booth was very out of the way. A little darker and cozier than the rest, the low cushions lining the side and back walls just a bit more plush. I sat in the center, my attention less focused on my own food than how she enjoyed hers...the chopsticks sliding over her lips, the demure way she dabbed them dry. I never understood why she was so dainty about food or anything else, as Michelle is nearly eight inches taller than me and quite the soft butch. Well, tall or not, she's cute when she's eating.

My food was lukewarm (as opposed to being properly chilly), and I had lost interest in it some time before. I just watched her eating, savoring the rice and sake. And her lips...they've always been very full, and red, even without makeup.

Instead of letting her use the napkin, I leaned in for a kiss, licking the sweet liquor from her lips. She paused, setting down her cup; accepting my lips, and then my tongue, and then returning my interest with her own. Her right hand caressed my face, but her left...there were fingers. Soft ones. And they were up my skirt. Michelle keeps her fingernails manicured and painted silver, but short. For me.

I couldn't even feel her nails inside me, only firm, insistent flesh. And her thumb pressing my clitoris. My panties she had pulled aside, and now she got to the point. She pulled my panties down to just above the hem of my skirt...her right hand still on my face, she stopped kissing me. She looked me straight in the eyes, as a predator might taunt its next meal, and was no longer simply touching. Her fingers began sliding in and out as she unashamedly, unabashedly began to masturbate me.

I stared into her eyes in disbelief. We were in public. And she was so matter-of-fact...she didn't care where we were. Part of me wondered who would walk past the booth, but there had been no traffic in 15 minutes. I let go, kicking

my heels off and sinking my head onto her shoulder. For a few moments she kissed my face...and surprised me again. She took her right hand from my face and went back to eating her food and drinking her wine. Her left hand didn't miss a beat. Consistently, laboriously, she began to press against my G-spot.

She kept her thumb on my clitoris, stroking it up and down, massaging my clit with my own sheath. I turned my head, still on her shoulder, to face her. To look at her expression, you'd think she was just enjoying a regular meal. Her face was...not just blank. Smug. Sinister. This diabolical bitch was going to make me spill all over her hand without breaking a sweat. God, yes. I wasn't ashamed. Not at being masturbated in public, not for lubricating all over these fine cushions. If I was a slut, I was her slut. I held onto her shoulder with my right hand, my left around her waist.

I buried my face in her shoulder, finally free and able to simply enjoy her ministrations to my sex. Her smooth, round fingertips sensed me tightening, and pressed upward, the pressure on my G-spot so insistent I thought I might be lifted off my seat. For her part, she remained deadpan, almost clinical. Simultaneously, she intensified her stimulation of my clitoris, and took another sip of wine. I was sobbing, ready to scream, and this was just child's play to her. She looked in my eyes (which had widened to the size of saucers), smiled, and went back to her sushi just as my body started heating up. My pussy was on fire, I was afraid that when I came I would crush her hand.

I quickly forgot that concern. Her hand's every motion startled me with both its gentleness and its strength. Her hand, only a few fingers of it really, had tamed my sex, mastered it. While the other nonchalantly stuffed her face. The heat in my pelvis began to toast the rest of my body, and seemingly the whole room...I managed to relax my muscles, knowing that release was imminent...

And it was. My toes curled and my hand spasmed around her arm as the first shuddering waves of tight hot sweetness came. She inserted more of her fingers' length, more warm flesh for my pussy to hold onto as it lost control. I was soaking wet, spilling more than enough juice onto her fingers to let her slide against my G-spot. She combined this with alternately rubbing the shaft of my clitoris and the exposed tip. I squeezed her forearm between my thighs, gasping, trying not to make a sound as my body betrayed me...

As the orgasm finally began to subside, she finally turned from the meal. She looked at me with the amused expression of a cat owner seeing her pussy chase its tail.

"You see what I can do to you? Imagine if I'd had both hands free. Now I think you've been finished with your meal for some time, and I've finished mine. So...I think you should put yourself back together, wipe your juice from your thighs, and I'll take you home so you can see what happens when I'm really

imaginative."

I hadn't been to her place in some time, probably a few weeks. She had been telling me off and on about some remodeling she'd done to her apartment. Nothing major, just new furniture and things. Not that her apartment really needed improvements. The Lake Point Towers in downtown Chicago were already pristine. For eight grand a month, her penthouse certainly had better be. But I was still interested in the changes. These thoughts were not absent from my mind as I collected myself.

I had no idea silk napkins were so absorbent. Or at least they felt like silk as they cleaned my inner thighs off. She had stepped out of the booth to pay our bill at the maitre'd's desk, while I cleaned my vulva and pulled up my panties. Finally she parted the curtains and stuck her head back in.

"Ready to go?"

I replied in the affirmative, slowly finding the composure to stand and smooth my skirt. As I stepped out of the booth, I felt as if my forehead had "slut" written across it. I held onto Michelle and she held onto me as I half-stumbled to the car. I guess it doesn't take alcohol to get me drunk. Fortunately there were no excessively odd stares from the patrons, although God knows what the waiter found when he got back to our booth.

Finally we got to her sedan, and she set me in the passenger seat. I watched her as she walked around the front to the driver's side. She moved like a predator, like a tigress protecting her cubs, even in something so mundane as taking me home for more desperate fucking. All of the fifteen minutes it took to drive to her place, I was squirming in my seat. Half from the residual heat in my pelvis, and half from what I suspected would be done to me when we arrived at her place. Which after what seemed like ages, we did. I stood close to her in the elevator, nuzzling her arm like I'd never been out in the world before.

I hadn't. Not with my pussy threatening to drip onto my shoes, at least. We got to her floor, and she led me to her apartment. At first, I couldn't point to any specific changes. The living room looked the same. Maybe the kitchen? No, that was the same, olive oil bottles and everything.

I asked about the remodeling, and she innocently replied..."Oh, all of the remodeling was in the bedroom, sweetie." I've got rather pale skin, but I'm sure I turned even whiter when she said this. I didn't even ask, I just let her lead me into the bedroom...and was presented with a sight that made my heart leap into my throat. This was no longer a bedroom. This was, however soft and plush, nothing less than a sex dungeon. The king size bed was still present, still centered to take full advantage of the breathtaking view of downtown Chicago. But the

sheets were now black satin, and the pillows dark red chenille, apparently inspired by my suggestions a few weeks earlier.

To the head and foot boards were tied two sets of fur-lined leather cuffs...for wrists and ankles. On the wall next to the bed hung various and sundry toys. And set in the middle of the bed was some sort of...seat. It was elevated slightly, and affixed to the sides of the bed by thick metal rods. Michelle tossed me over one shoulder and carried me to the bed, setting me down.

She removed her clothes for me, letting me drink in the sight of her as my thighs involuntarily held my forearms to my glowing vulva. Her breasts, larger than mine. Her hips, wider. Her pubic hair thick and luxurious, trimmed only near the center to allow easy access. Once she was nude she stood me up and began to undress me. My shirt, my slightly damp bra. Her height placed her breasts almost at eye level for me. She knew I loved her breasts, and moved closer, just close enough that they were almost touching my face. She slid down as she slid my panties down with her. She lifted each foot out of them, tossed them aside, and as she stood back up, she licked me.

Her tongue started at my clitoris, slowly trailing upward. My tummy, my breastbone, until she arrived at my lips. She paused there, kissing me with the taste of my own need on her lips. She took my bottom in her hands, and lifted me onto the bed. We began to make out, her hands gently caressing my breasts as she kneeled on the floor in front of me, my own small hands on her shoulders.

After drinking in each other's lips for several minutes, she took me in her arms, moving me farther up onto the bed. Finally I arrived with my bottom on the strange cushion fixed in the center of the bed. It was molded to support my bottom and lower back. And there were restraints I hadn't noticed before. They were wide strips of soft fabric, designed to fold over my legs as I sat in the cushion. A third such strap was under my waist. It was wider, and slightly tapered like a corset.

She looked me in the eyes. "What's our safe word?"

"California."

"Okay."

First she affixed my waist with the corset. This centered my bottom on the cushion. It was snug, but soft, and supported my back comfortably. The straps at my thighs, when she secured them, held my thighs open at about a 45 degree angle. Just enough to fully expose my genitals. My pelvis was completely immobile, elevated, and I couldn't close my thighs. Fortunately she had placed a

huge towel under the seat, knowing how leaky my body would get. Of course, I could reach down and fumble the straps and corset open if necessary. She fixed this rather quickly, as I felt the fur-lined cuffs being secured around my wrists and ankles. Only when I was comfortably restrained spread-eagle on the bed did I notice the mirror on the ceiling.

I watched myself strain against the bonds to no avail. I couldn't move my thighs a single degree closer together to cover my private parts, and I couldn't move my pelvis an inch. Mercifully, she didn't start with my exposed genitals. She left me lying there, the warm air brushing my skin, and went to get something. Restrained as I was, I couldn't turn very far to see her.

She came back to the satin bed with a set of two small plastic cups connected to flexible tubes. She generously licked my left nipple and areola, coating them in her mouth's wetness, and set the cup upside down on my small breast. Looking into my eyes as she moved to the other breast, she repeated the process with my right nipple. The tubes leading from them she then connected to something under the nightstand I couldn't see. I heard a low humming sound, and the soft rubber edges of the cups pressed into my breasts as the cups began sucking my nipples. The device under the nightstand must have been a breast pump. We had been experimenting with making me lactate, by various hormones and massage techniques.

Some months before it had started to pay off, as I began to lactate whenever I was sufficiently aroused. I could feel my milk leaking through my erect nipples as the pump did its work. Michelle helped the process by gently rubbing warm cherry-scented oil into my breasts around the edges of the nipple cups. As she did this she gently kissed my lips. "Are you okay?" I nodded, trying to arch my back as my breasts began to throb with pleasure...

The pleasure from my breasts radiated to my genitals, but I could not rub my thighs together to stimulate myself. I tried to look down, and Michelle realized I needed something done to my pussy. She moved her right hand from my breast down to my swollen vulva, not focusing on any one part, but cupping my sex. She firmly pressed the palm of her hand into my genitals, giving me a surface to press back against as I closed my eyes and let go.

Keeping her hand there, she stretched to turn off the breast pump. She removed first one nipple cup, then the other, tossing the plastic cups off to the side of the bed. I continued leaking milk, the thin smooth white nectar streaming down the sides of my breasts, as much as was possible on my back. As she drank from my breasts, she began gently to massage my labia. For a moment, she brought her hand back up, soaking it in my milk before returning it to my pussy. Her masturbation of me continued...slow, gentle, pleasurable but mild. She wasn't going to make me orgasm too soon. I moaned in gratitude as she relaxed

my body and mind, licking the milk from my chest and whispering her love.

Once I was lubricating freely, unable to contain my moaning, she moved from the bed...I heard her getting something, but I didn't see what. When she came back, in her hand was a thick silver vibrator. She turned it on by twisting the bottom end, but I could not quite make out any sound coming from it. But when she brought the smooth, warmed, tapered end to my leaking nipple, I knew it was working. Slowly she dragged the milk-dipped vibrator down my body. Its vibrations pleased first my small breast...then my tummy...finally she began teasing my clitoris.

My body was screaming for more, but I couldn't move at all. I needed desperately to press my clitoris against the vibrator, or at least to feel it inside me. But my clitoris' only steady comfort was the warm air, punctuated by intermittent kisses from the vibrator. I began sobbing, and finally she relented and gave me what I needed. I was slowly, gently filled by the vibrator, and she slid back up to kiss my lips before moving back down.

Once there she began to massage my labia with her fingers as she sucked my clitoris. My genitals felt raw, hypersensitive. Every touch was extremely intense, but she knew how to stimulate me just enough to avoid causing me pain. As she sensed I was close to orgasm, she took her tongue from my clitoris and left me with only the vibrator and her fingers on my labia. She changed techniques on my labia, using them to stretch the skin leading to my hood. My clitoris couldn't feel anything directly, only the pressure and stretching near it. I would not be able to orgasm without her tending to my clit.

My body was ready, my vagina lubricating openly, but she would not take care of my clitoris. She angled the vibrator upwards, pressing against my G-spot...and I could just feel the vibrations in my clit. This would not let me come, but I was getting closer. Just as my insides began to heat up, she began sliding the vibrator in and out. A plateau was coming, but not an orgasm...I began to actively grip the vibrator. I began crying out amid the intensifying pleasure...and she delivered the coup de grace. She gently pulled back my hood, squeezed the shaft of my clitoris...and slowly dragged the length of her wet soft warm tongue directly across the exposed tip.

My pelvis exploded. My pussy went from simply being warm and twitchy to convulsing uncontrollably. I began screaming, and she quickly undid the straps on my thighs so that I could press them together. As my legs wrapped around my spasming genitals, she undid the wrist cuffs...and finally I was able to hold my pussy and ride out the convulsions. She opened the corset, letting me sit up, and sat behind me...she took my hands away from my private parts, replacing them with her own and expertly stroking me to prolong the orgasm. Her fingers, longer and more skilled than my own, made my softest flesh throb in ways I never

could on my own, pulsing and quivering, the pleasure intensifying in ways I couldn't fathom despite having experienced her love before. It was almost frightening, beyond my understanding, but a perfect vindication of the trust I placed in Michelle every time I exposed myself for her and confessed my need. She owned me. I needed her to own me, needed to be her plaything, her pet. Her domination of me meant bliss, meant safety, meant satisfaction.

Finally I collapsed in her arms, smiling, coughing, my body spent, unable to lactate or lubricate any more. She leaned over to disconnect the cushion, and swung it off the bed. It was followed by the milk and lube soaked towel. She had another towel ready, and used it to wipe the sweat from my forehead and the juice from my pussy. As I snuggled up to her, pressing my back against her breasts, she pulled the heavy comforter from its folded position at the foot of the bed and wrapped us in it. And we lay there, her hand cupping my swollen vulva with the soft towel, until I fell asleep in her arms.