

Just a Bit of Playing Around

December 2023

"So what were you saying about Jack? He's not *that* bad in bed, surely?!"

"Oh, hell no! No, he's actually pretty fucking great. Like, really. See, there was this time when I-

Annette glanced about the gaily decorated room with something akin to polite resignation. Not that she wanted her apathy to show, of course. But thanks to the incessant din – the swirl of Mariah Carey's vocals and the tinkling of holiday bells and the inane prattle of her two female friends – she could afford to lapse into wry, reflective silence now and then. To sip at her eggnog. To let her gaze travel over the ornaments of questionable taste festooned around the giant tree beside her. And to wonder distantly why the hell she was even here.

Because Gareth was back at his home on the other side of the continent, that's why. And because the only thing folks seemed to think was worse than going to a holiday evening get-together where you didn't actually vibe with anyone was... well, not doing that. Being alone in your little apartment. And during the holidays, too. All quite unforgivable – at least, as far as her friends Tiffany and Liz were concerned.

Not that they were actually spending much time with her, though. They were far too busy chugging their boozy drinks and sniggering back and forth about the varying sexual prowess of their latest boyfriends.

"No fucking *way*! Wait, he didn't actually-"

"Oh, he did! Umm-hum! Like the dirty-minded himbo he is!"

"Fucking hell! So what then? Surely he didn't expect you to suck him off in return?"

"Oh, well! If he did he sure was in for a fucking disappointment, I'll tell you! No way in hell I was gonna do that..."

Annette sighed inwardly and lifted her glass for another tired sip of eggnog. But before she could do more than dip her parted lips into the creamy liquid, Liz was breezing past on her way to fill up her glass once more. "Hey, Annie, babe! You okay?" She glanced back over her shoulder, a look of polite concern plastered over the crimson-painted lips that had apparently refused to oblige poor Jack. But

before Annette could do more than nod over her glass, Tiffany was cutting in with her gushingly insincere sympathy.

"Must be hard with Gary out in California, huh? Dang, I'm so glad I'm not in a long-distance relationship!"

"Oh, it's not really-" Annette began, but Liz rejoined once more with a laugh that was approximately 98% sarcasm. "Tell me about it! There's a reason most LDR's don't work out, you know?" She gave a languorous wink over her freshly filled glass. "Gotta have that spark, y'know? That va-va-voom in the bedroom? That bumpin' and grindin' and shakin' all night long?"

Ugh, for fuck's sake- A sharp retort rose to Annette's lips, but she hastily drowned it in the creamy depths of her cup. "Mmm-hmm," she merely replied, grimacing silently and trying not to let the sudden wash of wonderfully sordid memories flood over her. The sensation of the carpet pressed against her bare knees. The weight of the cuffs dragging each wrist and ankle down into submission. The warm strength of Gareth's hands kneading her naked breasts and fondling her defenseless body...

And of course, the delicious swirl of black and white and black and white spinning lazily on the TV before her. While above it all sounded the tinkling melody and the echoing voice of the hypnotist Gareth had found for her: reminding her what good girls always did, what every good slut wanted and needed and craved...

By the time she'd roused herself from the fog of those pussy-clenching memories, her two companions had breezed on once more to their favorite topic:

"How do you like it, hmm? From behind?"

"Heh, yeah, that's pretty hot. But you know what else we do? Tee-hee!"

"What?"

"Sometimes, we, like, pretend like I've been bad? And he even, like, *spanks* me...!"

"Oh my god, you're serious? You kinky bitch! High-five!"

High five indeed. At that, Annette took the opportunity to flee discreetly into the safe haven of the

bathroom... before she could let her mingled disgust and amusement show.

"Master. This is rough." She was texting with Gareth on the toilet, wondering once more why the hell she'd come. Even snuggling alone on the couch watching reruns of Will and Grace would be more fun than whatever this hell was. But fortunately, he was already replying.

"So sorry, kitten. The food that bad?"

"No. Just people bragging about what their boyfriends can do in bed." A pause. "Wish you were here. So you could show them all how amazing you are."

"Me too." And then a pause, and a second message. "Hey, how about we show them, kitten?"

Show them? "Haha. God I wish you could, lol." Pause. "Anyway, gotta go back. Love you so much!"

And out she went, with a flush and a washing of hands and a heavy sigh.

Back in the living room once more, it was as if she'd never left. "Oh, fuck!", Jennifer was amiably swearing. "Sure, I've heard some guys like it like that. But like, fuck me. Like, I'm not your fucking *booker* or whatever. You gotta work to deserve these goods, y'know?" She was thumping her ample chest, face flushed and voice slurring in her tipsy enthusiasm. "I know, right?" Liz rejoined excitedly. "And, like, I get it. If you really gotta work to land a guy, or if your guy is away and you gotta make sure he doesn't start fucking cheating, or-

Liz's brown eyes met Annette's green ones, and the former began fumbling in a vain attempt to make amends. "I mean, not that *all* guys cheat when they're away, of course," she hastened to add, a trifle lamely. "But you know..." And now she patted the sofa beside her and motioned Annette to sit. "Hey, girl time! C'mere, babe. Tell us – what do *you* do to keep that guy of yours on the hook, huh?"

Annette winced at the expression and began fumbling for words... for her phone... for *anything* that would keep her out of this conversation. "Um, well..." she began, her gaze dropping down to the glowing screen in her hand. *Wait... Gareth had just sent a message?* "Uh, hang on – message," she muttered, and bent closer to read. *An audio message? Huh?*

Play. Up to her ear she held it. And from the tiny speaker emanated the husky, warm tones of her boyfriend's familiar voice. But as each syllable emerged and found its way through her ear and into

her brain, it was as if they touched off a lightning-storm within her.

Her breath hitched. Her muscles grew taut, her posture rigid. Her eyes glazed, then slid shut. And now her lips parted, while her frame quivered with silent convulsions...

Of pleasure. Deep-seated. Orgasmic. Ecstatic. And impossible to hide from even the most casual observer. Because it was just as Gareth's words had now reminded her. *Good girls cum when Master says.*

From her core erupted a plaintive, throaty moan of bliss: the very same that had echoed through her tiny apartment night after night, day after day while she and Gareth had been training her willing mind into involuntary submission. Not that she remembered the details any more, of course. It had all been washed away in the delicious fog of hypnosis. All she remembered now was the sound of those syllables... the primal reflex of her body to obey... and the sheer, incredible pleasure that convulsed her entire being whenever she gave in to the inevitable and let the orgasm wash her away in its colossal, tidal force...

When it was over, she was left standing there: on quaking knees, a mortified heat on her cheeks and the sensation of her now-soaked panties between her quivering thighs. She blinked sheepishly at the two thunderstruck women before her, who were too flabbergasted to speak after what they'd just witnessed. And in that moment, all that she could manage to pant out, with a shyly proud smile, was a simple admission.

"You know... we play around a bit."