

*Randi's
Special
Birthday
Present*

By Nadia Saran



Randi's Special Brithday
Present

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Derek and Randi are my neighbors. They live downstairs on the second floor. I don't know them too well, but I do talk to them now and then. Usually in the building's fitness center or pool, both amenities I'm rather fond of. So far the talk has been the typical neighborly chit-chat. Which isn't to say they don't know about me. Everyone here does. It's kind of hard to miss the prominent collar around Sophie's neck. For some reason, that's the first thing folks tend to ask about.

Like everyone, they've asked a few questions about what I'm into. But nothing that ever went beyond idle conversation or indicated any interest in playing. I have a rule about not putting anyone in my toybox if that person is otherwise in my life, which would include a neighbor. But I haven't had to tell them about it. None of my neighbors have shown any real interest in coming to be toyed with.

Which is why I'm surprised when Derek stops me in the fitness center one Monday morning and asks if we could talk privately. Of course, I agree. I'd never be rude to a neighbor! Besides I'm curious as to what he wants.

It takes him a minute to stumble around it and get to the point. He has to make sure to tell me that neither he nor Randi is interested in hopping in my toybox. Then he finally tells me that they have a shared fantasy. It's pretty elaborate, at least in that they've added some, but not so many, specific details over the years. Both have wanted to act it out, kind of like the number one item on their private bucket list, but so far neither has known anyone who might take them through it.

He tells me that he doesn't know exactly what I'm interested in, or what I do. He knows I seem to have a variety of partners coming to visit, and he just thought that maybe, I would at least know of someone who would be interested. As a one-off, a single session never to be more. They'd just like this fantasy they've shared for years to happen.

I ask him to tell me in detail what the fantasy is. How do I know if I or anyone else might be interested if I don't know what it is?

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He tells me, and as he goes on he starts giving me more and more details without my having to draw the out of him. It's a pretty tame fantasy by my standards, but then again, there's little I won't try at least once. It's not so much what happens to my toys that interest me. What excites me is having the power. There's no better aphrodisiac to me. But watching a toy squirm desperately is a very close second.

Then he tells me that Sunday is Randi's birthday, and he thought acting it out might be a great, special present for her. He doesn't say, but I think, for him too! I can hear the excitement in his voice as he tells me about it. It's enough to make me ask if the fantasy began as his or hers. He swears it was hers, but as they talked about it, he grew as interested as she was.

The theme is simple. Randi has never done anything, not even a little touching, with another woman, and she's very uncomfortable with the idea of lesbian sex. But for whatever the reason, he has to "hand her over" to another woman to be used at the woman's pleasure for a set period of time. He's allowed to watch, to be there with her, but not to interfere in whatever happens to Randi. Of course, they have some ideas of what is done with Randi, and that's the part where all the details come in. but the details are relatively few, and relatively simple things. At least to me. Ropework is nothing for me. I stopped counting tyings long ago. The only thing Randi is firm on, is no actual sex, as in oral sex, with another woman. Touching, she realizes, is kind of a must for her little fantasy to come true.

"How's 9:00 Sunday? Is that too late?"

"No, it's perfect." He answers, then asks if it's convenient for me.

"9:00 Sunday, my apartment. Be very prompt. Oh, and since you owe me your wife, deliver her absolutely naked. I mean nothing at all, not even a wedding ring or a hairpin. Just a blindfold over her eyes and a gag in her mouth. And of course with her hands bound behind her back. If I were you, I'd use the stairs up to four. It won't be a problem on four, no

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one is ever in the hall at night up there. And I don't want to see a pile of clothes, or a robe, or anything in the hall. March her up naked. I believe the bet you lost me to me was either your car (a very new Mercedes) or your wife, naked and at my mercy, for two hours. Since you lost her 'naked,' you can deliver her to me naked." I laugh as I add "I'll leave it up to you if you tell her who you lost her to, but she might recognize my voice. We have talked a number of times."

I wonder, though not that much, if they'll really show up. I'm not sure, but if I had to guess I wouldn't hesitate to say they would. If Randi wasn't as into the fantasy as he was, unless he really doesn't know his wife, then he wouldn't have wanted to do it for a present to her. Unless he doesn't plan to stay married too long, that is!

So I'm not surprised when the knock comes at the door right on time. I send Sophie to get it. Derek is standing there in jeans and a sport shirt. He has Randi beside him, stripped completely naked, bound, blindfolded, and gagged. And already fidgeting around nervously. I'll bet she is nervous, if for no other reason than standing naked in a public hall where she wouldn't even know if she was seen. Having to rely fully on Derek to look after her. I'm sure she feels like a piece of his property right now. Which is the feeling I wanted her to arrive with.

Sophie brings them in, immediately taking hold of Randi by her arm and guiding her along. "Randi, you belong to my Mistress now. I'm sure she'll find some way to amuse herself with your body. Come along, my Mistress is waiting for you!" then she turns to Derek and says "my Mistress has said that you must watch whatever use she finds for this slut, but you may not interfere. If you do, She'll restrain you so you can't interfere. She wishes for you to see what your wife has to suffer through to pay your gambling debt off. Follow me."

Sophie leads Randi back to the playroom where I'm ready for them. And waiting. She points Derek to a chair at the head of the massage table and tells him he's to sit there, where he'll have an excellent view of her

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“tormented body” but keep his hands in his lap and never touch anything, especially his wife. Or be cuffed like a naughty boy. He sits.

Randi is a pretty woman. She’s 33 today. I’d guess she’s around 5’6” and 125-130 pounds. Which gives her a lean body. She has very dark brown hair down past the tops of her shoulders, which is now hanging free and loose. And an oval face with green eyes and a wide mouth with full pink lips that sparkle a little even now without gloss on them. She has a sensual feminine curve to her waist, and a flat stomach devoid of any blemishes. Plus longish, lean and toned, legs. That much I’ve seen in the gym.

And now I can see that her smallish breasts are nicely rounded as they stand straight off her chest. 34-B, but not quite filling out the cups I'd guess, and I'm very good at guessing bra size by now. Those are topped by wide rings of light pink against her milky white mounds, with small and very hard, nipples in their centers. Nipples that stand out less than a quarter-inch, and aren't even that wide across. Nipples the same shade of light pinkness.

And now I can see that she has a very neatly trimmed and cropped black bush. Her hairs cut down low instead of long and puffy and tangled. It’s sides trimmed into sharp neat bikini lines. Everywhere except for her lips, where she's left her fur uncut, instead merely trimming its edges, which makes it look denser there like a ring of black fur over her lips and some of the little bit of skin between her pussy and asshole.

And now I can see through her fur to a very attractive pussy. Randi has slightly long lips that are wide, but not wide enough to fully meet. They're thin, not puffy to give her a prominent mound. Between them, there's a narrow gash, no wider than a pencil, where the ends of her deep-pink inner folds try to slip out. Then directly over her pussy, those inner folds blossom outward a bit, almost as if inviting something to slip into them. Not so much that I can see her tunnel, but darn close to it! What I can see is a nice layer of honey clinging to everything. A honey-

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like honey, only clear, very shiny, and with a bit of sparkle to it, and with a moderate muskiness that I can smell. It's a sensual scent, not so strong as to be anything but erotic. And a sure sign of her interest in being here.

I take Randi from Sophie, getting a snug but comfortable grip on Randi's hips. I turn her around. It lets me see that Derek has no experience in bondage. None. I'd bet this is the first time he's tied, anyone. He has her wrists bound behind her with a necktie. In a knot as if he were tying shoes. I'd be out of that tie in under 30 seconds, so I'll bet Randi could be as well. She's not.

I let my hand caress a toned cheek of her bottom, feeling the firm muscle underneath the silky baby-soft skin. I feel Randi flinch at my delicate feminine touch, even as I watch goosebumps erupt instantly on the cheek I tease. "This won't do at all." I say as I take hold of her wrists, "let's get you properly tied so I won't have to worry about you struggling free while I play with my toy! Slave, fetch me a medium rope."

Sophie puts the length of the finger-thick hemp rope in my hand. It takes me about three seconds to get the tie off and pass it to Sophie. She'll do something with it until they leave. I tie one end of the rope snugly, but not tight enough to impede the blood flow, wrapping it around her wrist three times before I tie it off. I pull her wrist firmly, but not roughly, up to her right elbow. After looping the rope around her right elbow three times, I tie it off again to make certain it stays there.

Then I bring Randi's right arm, lying her forearms against each other, which puts her right hand at her left elbow. I hold her arms back from her body just a bit as I diligently wind the rope around her forearms, making sure one coil is flush against the previous. I wind it all the way up to her right wrist. And once I get there, I take three loops around her left elbow, tie it off, then three more around her right wrist before I tie that off as well. I'm left with about a foot of rope. I coil that around her forearms until there's none left, then tie it off as well. Good roping always has a little extra, except in porn; you need a bit to get good knots.

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It leaves Randi without arms or hands. At least ones she can use for anything at all. They're completely useless to her. She can't move any of her arms, just her hands which are free beyond her wrists. She can't even raise her forearms off her back. They're just useless to her.

Derek has her gagged with a sock and a bandanna. It's kind of primitive, nothing close to what she'd get from me, but it's also effective. I look it over and see that she has plenty of room to breathe around the rolled-up sock, so I go ahead and leave it alone. Her blindfold is made from another sock, maybe the mate to the one in her mouth. It's black and held over her eyes by a tight nylon. It'll work. I have better, but I can see that it's enough to keep her from seeing what's going on, so it's good enough. I doubt she can see anything around it, at most a sliver of light, and that's very iffy.

With hands to Randi's hips, I guide her back to the table and help her to sit on it. Mostly steadying her as she does. I lie her back, supporting her weight as she does, and Sophie helps to swing Randi's legs up onto the table. I have Sophie fetch me another rope, two lengths longer than the one she'd given me before. Sophie never hesitates to fetch for me.

I tie one end of the rope around Randi's ankle, wrapping it three loops before tying it off. Then I pull her ankles together and wrap three loops around her other one. Above those three snug coils, I start winding the rope around Randi's lean legs. Sophie holds Randi's feet up for me, keeping her legs off the table, as I wrap her legs with more coils of the rope, making sure the loops are single against each other all the way up. I wrap her legs with the rope until I run out of rope, maybe three or four inches beneath her pussy. Then I tie the rope off with a couple of loops around a thigh. When I'm done, none of her legs are visible above her ankles bones, except for the little slices beneath her hips. It has her legs bound tightly together and keeps them mostly still. Her knees can still bend, but even with that, her legs are more of a fish's tail than legs.

I send Sophie to "fetch me a pussy stuffer." Sophie quickly gets it,

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grinning wide as she hands it over to me. It's a vibrator about the length and thickness of the tube in a roll of paper towels, only with a rounded tip, like a half ball atop the shaft. It's coated with a layer of latex, dotted with countless little bumps along its length, and hot pink. Oh, and it has fresh batteries, but everything in my playroom always has fresh batteries in it. Sophie keeps them well charged up for me.

I lift Randi's legs, raising her feet up high and fully bending her waist. As I do I feel the first faint nervous tremors run through Randi's body. Sophie lubricates the tip of the toy very lightly for me. I put it to her glistening lips and hold it still for a second, letting her feel its width. It gives her a good chance to feel that it's wider than most men. The little trembles I can feel tell me it's wider than any she's known. I gently press on it, and it immediately slips through her slit, between those blossoming inner folds, and finds her pussy. It keeps slipping along, gliding with the slick honey coating Randi. I feel the slight resistance as it presses against the narrow entrance of Randi's tunnel. It's not too much, so I gauge that Randi can accommodate this thick shaft. She purrs a long sultry moan, laced with a touch of unease, into her gag as it stretches her walls wide and full. It slides just as easily against her spongy walls until it's touching against her cervix at the very depths of her pussy. I hold it in place as I, with Sophie's help, slowly lower Randi's legs. I stop with her feet maybe a foot above the table, leaving Sophie to hold Randi's legs up, as I wiggle the last few coils of rope to slip the base of the toy into them, nestling it between her thighs. Then I lower Randi's legs all the way down.

Sophie helps me roll Randi onto her stomach. I give her a second to wiggle, or more to flop, her head around, and get comfortable on the table. Then I use the remote to turn the vibrator on with the push of a button.

I know it's on without even having to hear it's motor. Randi immediately purrs out a very deep sensual moan. And keeps purring them into her gag, which mostly mutes her cries. She lies there, moaning into her gag with a growing urgency for a moment. Then her body starts

to squirm lightly.

I swat her bottom with a rubber strap. It's short, maybe a foot long, and only about an inch wide, made of stiff rubber with a handle on it. It's almost as painful as leather, but unlike leather, it leaves marks that vanish in minutes and hours, not days or even weeks. I know this is a one-off game, and adventure, for this couple. I'm doing it not so much for me, but more as a gift to them. I don't want her bruised up from it. But she needs to feel the pain of the spanking.

"Bad girl!" I scold without raising my voice. "Don't be so slutty in my house. Lie still!" In a short moment, I'm swatting her so rounded globes again, leaving a faint pink line across them for wiggling around. Each swat gets a little yelp into the gag, but only a little one before the moans are back just as deeply as ever. And those are growing deeper and more hungry by the second.

After two more strokes, Randi manages not to squirm quite so much. Instead, her body trembles as she lies there. And her honey starts flowing, slowly weeping out around the thick shaft. In about two minutes, it's clinging to even her thighs. Randi lies there, moaning more and more urgently.

It's obvious that Randi is getting very close to a climax. I don't know her body at all and even I can see that. I'll bet Derek can see it as well. He's definitely watching intently enough. He's more gawking at her writhing body. "I believe you owe me two hours of your wife's body." I speak to Derek, but I'm saying this for Randi, "And you've only been here 20 minutes. Which means I have an hour-forty left to enjoy the 'Randi-the-Slut Show!'" I put some eagerness and a touch of taunt into my voice. Hopefully, lying there, feeling the arousal that's about to explode through her, Randi is now thinking of just how much longer she might well be lying like this. And about how intense things will get for her in that time.

I send Sophie to fetch the pink toy box. That gets a huge evil smirk on Sophie's face. She knows what's in that box, and what it means for

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Randi. Like me, Sophie enjoys first-time encounters a little extra. And this is so clearly a first for Randy. Sophie brings me the box and rolls a little table alongside the massage table to set the toybox on. She even opens it for me!

I poke through its contents. It's my feather collection, and I have a good collection. They're all "virgins," none having ever been used on anyone. Once I use one, Sophie replaces it with another of the same variety. I select a moderately long one with very soft fur on it, almost fur like the softest of duck or goose, but just a scant bit stiffer. I hand it to Sophie, and tell her "circle tease, back, slave."

Sophie's eyes get wide, but her grin gets even more sly and evilly happy. I glance over and see Derek watching very intently, his eyes busy darting along Randi, trying to watch both her and what's about to happen to her.

Sophie uses her left hand to gently, but widely, spread Randi's cheeks and fully bare her tensed asshole. Sophie parts those firm globes wide, pulling many of Randi's little wrinkles taunt around the light purple-pink ring. Sophie takes the very tip of the feather and puts it to the rim of Randi's muscle, the place where the wrinkles disappear inside the dark and narrow funnel of her bottom. Sophie starts stroking the feather slowly around the rim, taking care to keep her hands over Randi's thighs, not her cheeks, as much as she can.

Sophie doesn't make it a millimeter before Randi cries out a squealing guttural screech into her gag. It's loud, desperately loud, enough that the gag doesn't mute it all that effectively. By half at most, which leaves it loud. Randi's bottom snaps hard, thrusting up off the table, then snapping crisply from side-to-side to get away from the feather. Sophie's teased enough butts for me that she expected it and her hands move right along with Randi's butt.

I snap the strap down hard across Randi's cheeks, landing it with a loud crack and leaving a little pink line. It gets a decent yelp from Randi

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into the gag. "I won a wife, not a whore! Stop being so slutty!"

Sophie takes the tip of the feather away, and Randi stills. Then the feather is back and the entire performance repeats. The third time, Randi's sore cheeks motivate her to lie there. Not still, but not thrashing around either. More quivering hard and screeching the sluttiest of moans into her gag.

She lies like that for well under a minute. It's time Derek spends straining his neck to see exactly what Sophie is doing with that feather. I should tell him not to bother. Unbound, Randi isn't going to stay still enough for him to do it to her, no matter how much she's liking it. That's the problem, she's liking it too much!

Randi's moans suddenly turn to a hard scream. At the same time, her hips thrash, sending her butt flying up and down, and all around. Her arms test those ropes with a little more energy, her hands flopping wildly. Even her head snaps around every which way. And she screams long, loud, and deeply. Until her lungs run out air.

Then, after a couple of seconds, she sucks in a desperately fast breath and screams again. And again. And again. With each movement of her bottom, I swat her cheeks lightly with the strap. Just enough for her to feel it. Maybe, through the powerful sensations that I know are racing to flood through her body, tingling their way along every nerve she has.

After about a minute, Randi still a little. She lies trembling hard, more shuddering, as her screams fade back into overly-urgent sultry moans. "Well, that's one nice little orgasm, isn't it!" I taunt Randi, "too bad he sold you for time, not orgasms. It's starting to look like we'll find out how many you're capable of having before I collect all of my debt."

Sophie keeps on teasing Randi's asshole mercilessly with the slow caress of the feather circling around the very rim of Randi's asshole. In a moment, Randi's shivering hard, goosebumps covering her entire bottom and upper thighs.

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I see Derek still trying hard to see. I reach over and grab his shoulder, "come on, Derek, get a good look at what your loving wife is suffering through for your debts! Come see how badly this is killing her!" I pull him over and nudge his head down a little so he has a great eyeful of Sophie's feather circling around Randi's dark rim. Close enough that he can see her muscles twitching sharply from the tender teases. His eyes about pop out of his head as he sees her asshole so blatantly displayed and toyed with. Bet he's never done anything close to this to her, either.

I don't know what they've imagined. He told me that in their fantasy Randi is teased cruelly with a feather. He never said were just "all over." I assumed that included her asshole. I know how sensitive and nerve filled that ring is, although few who are uninitiated even think of that as someplace that can be pleasantly aroused. I give him a good look before pushing him lightly back to his chair, and telling him to "sit there and watch her pay for his sins."

It only takes about three or four minutes for Randi to scream and thrash her way through a second climax. As seconds tend to be, it's even more intense for her. Her more energetic thrashing shows us that, and the strap does nothing to still her. It takes a minute, or more, for her to suffer through the more intense waves of the orgasm.

I would bet anything this is the exact moment Randi finally and fully realizes what she's gotten herself into. Her pussy has to be burning her hotter than any fire and twitching sharply around the shaft stuffing it beyond her experiences. Her nerves have to be so sensitive that even the tiniest touch, even a whiff of air, sends sparks so hot they're painful throughout her body. But sparks that excite her even more than they hurt on those too-sensitive nerve lines. And I'd bet this is when it hits her that she's absolutely doomed. There's nothing she can do. No safe word she can say. No signal she can give that it's getting to be too-much too-good for her. All she's able to do is lie there and suffer whatever I wish to inflict on her. Sure it's a very enjoyable, very sweet torture, but even a wonderful agony is still an agony. How utterly helpless and possessed

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she must feel. And she knows her husband is watching every bit of her torture. Seeing all of her shameless slutty show, a display she is powerless over her own body to even control. Just as she has to know this session is only beginning. There's far more to come than she's already endured.

I tell Sophie to change it up, offering her a new feather for her to tease her way up and down Randi's spine. Yes, it's a little less arousing that teasing her asshole is, but Randi needs a little respite from the intensity. And now that she's under my control, it's my duty to ensure she's not pushed too far. I'll only push her to her limit.

She doesn't ease up on her squirming or screeching one bit. She squirms just as desperately against my ropes, her body shivering hard and crisply as each new sensation sends icy erotic chills flooding her body from head to toe. All it does is get goosebumps to spring up over more and more of her flesh.

Derek watches this with just as much interest. I'm sure he's wondering how I have Randi shuddering so powerfully with just a feather, and wondering if he can do it to her as well. I'm certain he's paying as close of attention to Sophie's technique as he is to her tawdry display of erotic suffering. And I know it excites him to watch. The decent-sized bulge in his jeans tells me that he's liking this show. I do hope there's enough left of Randi for her to do something for him later. He already needs it!

I keep a loose eye on the time. Their fantasy was for a defined time, and Derek and I had said two hours. I intend to hold up my end. But I also want to tease Randi every which way during that time. I allowed myself long enough to just for that reason!

In a few more minutes, Randi is gone. That's what I call it when her body surrenders. She screams into her gag, loudly and desperately. Were she screaming words instead of primal cries of pleasure and pain mixed, she'd be begging me to let her out of her bonds. But she can't. She just screams her cries and lies there. Her body trembles hard, almost as if

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shivering like she would be were she lying naked in Siberia during winter. She sweats profusely. Her white skin is flushed a bright pink. Her pussy steadily weeps its honey around the huge shaft. Even her asshole spasms hard. But otherwise, she's just lying there, her muscles so tensed that she can't even move them to struggle. Her cries tell me that, the way she sucks a deep breath as fast as she possibly can, then moans it out deep and loud, the gag muting her as best it can.

Sophie moves her tease up the little sensitive place where Randi's neck meets her shoulders. Randi doesn't even show anything, she just goes right on as if nothing changed. It did. She feels it. She feels everything several times stronger than she's ever felt them before. But her lizard brain allows her to do no more than feel the too-sweet, too-intense arousing sparks.

The only way I know Randi has a third climax is that I happen to see the honey more squirt around the shaft as her pussy twitches hard with its spasms for a long minute. Then it's back to a slow, but steady, seeping from her as that climax fades, another already welling up to explode through her body.

I leave Sophie going, having her alternate between teasing Randi's spine and neck with her feather. I'd have her do more, but I know lesbian anything bothers Randi, and while she'd happily enjoy it now, later she'd hate me for it. Almost as much as she hated herself for so enjoying it. So I keep this somewhat chaste. Somewhat. I'd warned Derek that my hands would be going "just everywhere," and he'd assured me that would be fine with Randi. I doubt he imagined what I have in mind, but that's his lack of creativity, not my problem.

I casually pull one of my small pastel-green latex gloves on. Then I dip my first finger in the warming massage oil I keep in that pink toy box. I use my left hand to part Randi's cheeks again, exposing her spasming asshole to me. I doubt Randi is thinking enough to realize what's happening to her body, much less what it means for her. I touch the tip of

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my finger to her muscle and hold it still for a second.

Her body keeps going just the same, except her hips still enough to lie in place for me. Her muscle stops spasming and turns to rubber as the heat from the oil sends its warmth flowing through it. I press lightly and Randi's bottom offers no resistance. Her muscle more turns to rubber, allowing my finger to gently glide into her bottom. As my finger inches slowly into her, it leaves a very light film of the warming oil behind. That has to almost burn her bottom as its heat flows into her too-tender nerves there. I let my finger slip all the way into her welcoming bottom, then leave it still. Quickly her asshole tenses again, squeezing around the root of my finger as the contractions return to it.

I call for Derek to come see "the disgusting things his sweet wife is enduring to spare him from his debt to me." He comes, and his eyes about pop out of his head when he sees my finger so fully disappeared into her butt. I ask if Randi "is into anal." He mutely shakes his head. After a few more seconds he tells me that she absolutely hates to penetrated there. She never allows him to do even this to her, telling him it's very uncomfortable for her.

I laugh lightly. Derek stares the dark ring clamped tightly around my finger. He can't see it, but I press the pad of my finger down lightly, pushing very gently against the vibrating shaft in her pussy. It sandwiches the taut walls of her pussy, and their too-excited nerves, between my finger and that shaft. I wiggle the top of my finger slightly, massaging the meaty walls I have trapped still in place.

Randi lasts about three seconds. Her bottom snaps violently upwards. High up, maybe a foot off the table. It slams back down and immediately snaps upward just as hard. After another futile thrust, her hips shift to snapping wildly, and very energetically, from side to side. After a second her hips fall back to the table, and their sideways snaps grow even more powerful. But only for a few seconds. After that, her hips move just as violently but only move an inch or so. Her body

shudders harder.

“Look at her pussy!” I squeal with delight, “See! She’s cumming so hard the cum is squirting out around that little toy!” I give Derek a couple of spurts to see it himself. “Isn’t it so slutty of her to cum like that from getting her butt fingered!”

I keep wiggling my finger and her orgasm keeps right on going. And going. And going. It never seems to ebb, much less end. It just goes on and on. It’s my fault, were I to stop fingering her pussy through her butt, it would ebb off. But I haven’t.

I go on for around two minutes, letting Derek watch all of her unending orgasm but not realize how I'm doing it. I doubt Randi is thinking clear enough to know either, so neither will ever know unless one asks me much later. All he can see her tight ring convulsing around my finger. A finger fully inside her. When I sense Randi is about at her limit, I stop fingering and leave my finger still inside her for a minute.

Then I leave Derek to watch, his eyes so wide they’re about popping out of his head, as my finger very slowly starts to emerge from her tight ring. A ring I can feel tightening up as if trying to keep my finger inside her bottom. I know, or so he told me, this is a shared fantasy. Her to endure, his to watch her. And I’m very sure that Derek is finding it intensely erotic to watch my finger so slowly emerge from Randi’s little “dark secret” place. Especially since Randi’s body seems to want it to stay there.

I take a good minute to ease my finger out of her backside. And I don’t have much finger. A mere 5 centimeters of slender petite finger. But it’s always been enough to torment!

Once I’m finally out of her, I see that I have a mere 50 minutes of her body remaining. It’s time. I have Derek return to his seat, and Sophie help me roll Randi onto her back.

Now with her breasts standing straight up, we call all see how

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impossibly stiff and straining her little nipples are. I set Sophie to work on them. Randi thanks me by continuing to shudder crisply as she lies there screeching away into her gag.

Sophie starts with the breast closer to my side of the table. It gets several long minutes of teasing before Sophie switches to the other little nub. Immediately I put my mouth down, my lips a hair above her nipple. I put my warm tongue to her nipple and lick a single caressing tease around the nub. It's plenty. Randi thanks me when her back snaps hard into an arch and thrusts her chest up for more of my mouth. Which I deny her. That single lick is all she gets. But it has the added benefit of getting Derek's bulge straining his jeans a little more. Then again, what man would find it erotic to watch one pretty girl lick the nipple of another's pert breast?

When Sophie returns to the first breast, I lean across to lick the other nipple. It has the same effect, Randi's back snapping up into an arch so sharp it looks like it's going to break her back. But it doesn't get her breast into my mouth. I knew it would happen and I was ready for it.

I let Sophie go, teasing Randi's breasts, not just her nipples, but the entirety of her sensitive mounds, for around half an hour. I've decided that Randi has had about all she can handle, so her two hours will be door-to-door, not two hours on the table. It's the only mercy she'll get from me. I time it so that I have fifteen minutes until her time is up at 11:00. That's when I tell Sophie, "kill this slut."

Sophie giggles, "So happily, Mistress." She uses one hand to ease the tops of Randi's lips open just enough for us all to see her visibly throbbing, blood-red, and swollen clit. Sophie puts the tip of a fresh feather to that honey-drenched nub, swirling the feather around it steadily, her pace very slowly picking up as she swirls.

There aren't words to describe Randi's reaction. Her body is everywhere, despite the ropes that have her tightly bound into a single long muscle. She thrashes wildly enough that a few times, were it not for

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Sophie and I standing close to the edges of the table, she might have flopped off onto the floor. She's all over the place, a newfound reserve of energy powering her body. And her pussy, which endlessly squirts her honey again around that fat shaft.

It goes one for a full ten minutes, Randi just as loud and energetic when through every second of it. I can't tell how many orgasms she has. It might well be only one that lasted the entire time. But I can see the thick layer of her honey coating every bit of her inner thighs, her pussy mound, her bottom, and drenching her fur.

With five minutes left on her time, I nod for Sophie to stop. And I click the remote to turn the vibrator off. Randi falls limp, spent, loose, and unmoving. She lies there, her desperate panting for breath the only sign that she's still alive.

I untie her legs. She makes no effort to move them. I part her feet for her, and she merely breathes a slight moan as I gently ease the shaft from her pussy. It's as far as I plan to untie her. I leave Derek sitting there watching her near-lifeless body for a moment. I use that moment to make a 1:48:00 long video clip that shows Randi from the moment I helped her up onto the table until I stepped off to make the clip. I copy it to a USB stick and pop it out of the laptop. I get his tie from the desk.

I hand Derek his tie and the USB stick. "consider that a present from us to Randi for her birthday." I'm sure he can guess what it is. His eyes take a quick glance around as if looking for the camera. He won't find any of them. "You all can keep the rope, too. Don't untie her arms until she's home. Just pull the end of the rope, and the knots will come apart. You might have to pull a little hard, I think she might have tightened them up a little with her darn squirming." I giggle. "Oh, and getting her home is your problem!"

He tries to get her up. She stays loose and limp. As limp as a sack of potatoes. She just lies there, so fully sated and spent. I'd bet only marginally aware of what's happening to her body anymore. He ends up

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picking her up and carrying her out, Sophie getting my door for him.

The next day Derek seems to make a point of waiting around the fitness center until I come in. He very happily thanks for last night, and especially for the very hot video of it, which Randi intends to watch tonight. All she did last night was to drift off to sleep without really doing anything. Like opening her eyes.

It's almost a week before I bump into Randi. But once she sees me, she hurries over and grabs me by my arm. She about drags me off to the side, giving us a hair of privacy. She tells me she doesn't remember more than the first few minutes of it. She only remembers waking up to her alarm with her pussy still lightly twitching from whatever I did to her. And the feeling of utter satisfaction in her pussy.

Randi thanks me for "helping Derek" with her fantasy present, and for the gift of the video. She tells me she watched it once. It's too hard for her to watch herself "act like such a skank!" But she loves it! And she's glad she got to see what was done to her. Oh, and she tells me poor Derek did his share of suffering as well: it was three days before she'd let him touch her pussy after that session!