

# I'm a Bit Tied Up this Afternoon

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*It was such a turn-on lying there with my vibrator up inside me...*

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“Come on, Annie, surely “Fifty Shades of Grey” isn’t as bad as that,” said Alan. “But it is!” I argued, getting on my high horse as usual. “It’s just so badly written – I mean, she just has no idea how to construct a story, or describe things interestingly, or make believable characters. It’s just a masturbatory fantasy!” “Well, yes, but then that’s the point of it, isn’t it?” suggested Sue, sipping at her red wine. “Well, if I want to get off, there’s a lot of much better-written stuff on the net, and it’s free!” Sue raised an eyebrow. “You sound like an expert,” she said. Alan spluttered into his beer, trying not to laugh. He knew I wrote erotica in my spare time, but Sue didn’t. I blushed. I hadn’t meant it to sound like that. “Well, you know what I mean,” I said, trying to get myself out of it. “I just can’t believe it got published. It’s like “The Da Vinci Code” – I don’t know how anyone manages to get past the first crappy sentence.” “Have you actually read it?” asked Sue. “What, “The Da Vinci Code”?” I said. “I tried, but gave up. I mean, for fuck’s sake...” “No, “Fifty Shades of Grey”, silly,” interrupted Sue, just in time to stop me going off on one again about Dan Brown’s turgid prose. “I read the first couple of chapters of Mel’s copy,” I admitted, “but that was quite enough. I mean, it just rambled on like some sixth-form student on a writing course. And I flicked through to try and find the dirty bits, but even they weren’t up to much. They didn’t get me going, anyway. And you see all these people reading it on the tube, and none of them look turned on or anything, so what’s the point?” Alan laughed. “So you expect them to start fiddling with themselves with you watching?” he said. “Well, you’d think they’d at least look a bit flushed!” I said. “Is it just that you don’t fancy getting tied up?” asked Sue. “Some people seem to like that sort of thing.” “Reading that rubbish didn’t make it sound much fun,” I grumbled. “I’m sure that woman’s never tried it – she certainly can’t write about it. And for god’s sake, there’s three whole books of the bloody stuff!” “Well, she’s done well enough out of it,” said Sue. “How many millions is she worth now?” “God knows,” I admitted. “It’s just crazy. Why her, anyway?” “I guess she just got lucky. The market must have been ready for something like that, and she was the jammy cow who hit the jackpot,” suggested Alan. Sue agreed. “It’s Kindles, isn’t it? Now that you can read porn on the tube without people seeing the cover of your mucky book, everyone’s doing it.” I had to agree with this. All those people out there who’ve been writing erotica for years must be spitting feathers to see E R bloody James rolling in the money. “Why not me?” they must think every time they see some woman with that ruddy book. She did a book-signing at Waterstone’s on Piccadilly the

other week, and they were queuing all day to get in – I know, because I saw them, all the way down the road, loads of women, all ages, even the odd bloke. When proper writers turn up, there isn't half as much interest. It's ridiculous. Sue went up to the bar to get another round in, and after another drink (or was it two?) I ended up letting Alan bring me home and then stay the night. After we'd fucked, I cuddled up against his shoulder while he stroked my arm. "What is it about this bondage stuff?" I wondered out loud. "What do you mean?" "I don't know...it just sounds so controlling," I mused. "I'm not sure I want to be chained up while some guy does weird things with feathers and stuff. I mean, what's it all about?" "You mean you've never fancied it at all?" asked Alan. "No...well, not really," I said. "Not even thought about it?" he went on, catching the note of uncertainty in my voice. "Well, I guess I've thought about why people do it," I admitted. "But I've never really wanted to get tied up myself." "Well, you don't know until you've tried it," he said. "Yes, well, I've never tried hanging upside down covered in shit, and I know I don't fancy that!" "Well, no," admitted Alan, "I think we can leave that to the Germans. But you've never fancied a little mild bondage? You can get these toy handcuffs and stuff..." I looked at him. "You're serious aren't you? Have you done it with any of your other girlfriends?" "Not really," he admitted. "None of them really seemed up for it." "And you think I might be?" I said, a bit offended that he thought of me as that sort of a girl. Mind you, he was probably right. "Well, you said the other day that you wanted to try something a bit different – you know, spice things up a little," he pointed out, which was true enough. I'd actually been winding him up, asking him if he'd ever fantasised about dressing up in my underwear (which he claimed he hadn't). But I hadn't really expected him to; it was just a laugh. But now that he mentioned it... "I don't know," I mused. And that was as far as we got before I drifted off to sleep. I didn't think any more about it until the next weekend, when Alan texted to ask me out for a lunch-time drink. When we met up at the pub, he had his holdall with him, so I assumed he'd been playing football, but after a couple of drinks he told me there was something in it for me. Naturally, I was intrigued, and wanted to have a look in the pub, but he wouldn't let me. I found out why when, having invited him back for "coffee", he at last let me have a look. We were sitting downstairs on the sofa with our drinks, and I unzipped the bag. I must admit I was a bit surprised by what he'd got! First, I pulled out some black leather restraints, which looked as if they went round the wrists and ankles, with straps and buckles to tie them to a bed or something. They looked pretty kinky, but nothing compared to what I found next. It was a big bag of fancy rope, with a picture of a Chinese-looking girl trussed up tightly like some sort of chicken. I was a bit shocked at this, I must admit. "What the fuck is this?" I said. "There is no way you're stringing me up like this, for god's sake! Where did you get this stuff?" Alan blushed and looked a bit uncomfortable. "Apparently it's called shibari or something," he said. "I went to this shop in Soho and just wanted to get some ordinary rope, but they said this was all they had, but apparently it's specially designed for, erm, Japanese bondage and stuff." "It looks bloody uncomfortable," I said, looking at the picture. Actually, it looked weirdly artistic, and kind of sexy, what with all the masses of complicated knots, but I wasn't sure I wanted Alan tying me up like that. Knowing him, he'd never get the knots undone and I'd be stuck like that until I went blue. "I just thought we could use it to tie you down a bit," he muttered. "I wasn't sure what to get, to be honest." I laughed and kissed him. "Oh

sweetheart, you'd have been better off going to B&Q and getting them to cut you a few metres – and I bet it would have been a damn sight cheaper!" Alan laughed too. "Next time you can go," he said. "I just got what I thought looked kinky." "These look kind of fun though," I said, examining at the restraints. They seemed a bit less extreme, and even Alan couldn't screw up a few buckles. The couple of lunch-time drinks had got me relaxed. "Do you want to give it a go then?" I asked. "What, now?" "Yeah, why not! Anyway, let's get them upstairs before Mel gets back from shopping! Knowing her, she'll want to have a go herself!" "Is she into that sort of thing?" asked Alan, sounding interested. "God knows," I admitted. "She seems to be interested in all sorts of weird stuff." "What about Sue?" said Alan, wondering about my other house-mate. "Oh, she's working the afternoon shift in the pub today," I said, "so she won't be back until five at the earliest." Upstairs, I shut my bedroom door and drew the curtains. Alan laughed at this – I usually don't give a toss who sees me in the nude, and I usually leave them open whatever I'm doing. But this felt a bit different. To be honest, it felt a bit weird. As a rule, I like an afternoon fuck, but there's usually no need to sort out any props first. The restraints were actually quite complicated, what with all the straps and buckles and stuff. Luckily my bed had a metal frame, so there was framework at the top and bottom to attach them to. Alan came up behind me and put his arms round me as I was fiddling with the straps and nuzzled at my neck. "Mmm, I'm looking forward to seeing you in those," he muttered. He slipped his hands up the front of my t-shirt and began stroking my breasts through my bra. He knew that always turned me on, and I purred as his fingers rubbed over my nipples. He pulled my t-shirt off and unclasped my bra. "Damn it, Annie, you're hot," he said, his hands roaming over my bare skin, especially my tits. My nipples were like hard little raisins; I was feeling a bit excited. "Come on then," I said, unbuttoning my jeans and pulling them down as I sat on the edge of the bed. My panties followed, and I lay back on the bed in just my socks. Alan kissed down my legs and pulled the socks off, leaving me totally nude. "Let's see how these work," he said, tying the restraints round my wrists and ankles. "Not too tight," I warned. "Just lie back, Annie," he replied, and I obligingly lay on the bed while he strapped each of my wrists to the corners of the bed. I suddenly began to feel a bit vulnerable. I wriggled my arms, pulling on the straps and making the bed rattle. I could move them a little but not much. I certainly wouldn't be able to get them off by myself. Alan looked at me as I lay on the bed, my arms stretched out, my knees pressed together in the air. He smiled. "Are you still ok?" he asked. I nodded. He took hold of my bare legs and gently parted them, exposing my little pussy. "Mmm," he murmured, and bent over to kiss my thigh. His tongue felt hot, but it still made me shiver. "I hope these are long enough," he said, taking hold of the left strap on my ankle. He stretched my leg out and strapped my leg to the frame, wrapping it round several times before tightening the buckle. Finally, he did the same to my right ankle, before sitting back to admire his handiwork. And there I was, spread-eagled on my back across the bed, my legs wide apart, the pink folds of my labia just stretched apart. I laughed nervously. "What happens next?" I giggled. "There's just one more thing," said Alan. He dug into the bottom of his bag and brought out a little packet, which he ripped open. I didn't see what it said on the packet, but I could see that it was a thin gold chain with a little clip on each end. "A finishing touch" he said, and took one clip and pinched it onto my left nipple. I gasped. It was slightly

padding, but it still stung a bit. Then he clipped the other end on my right nipple, so the chain hung down between my breasts. "Is it ok?" he said. I nodded. "It pinches a bit, but it's kind of nice," I admitted. I wobbled my tits, making the chain swing. "That is so fucking sexy," he said. I looked down, and I had to agree - it was the perfect finishing touch, and made me look like such a slut. He knelt next to me and began to kiss up my leg. It tickled, but I couldn't do anything. I rattled my arms, getting into the fun. He ran his hand up my thigh and skimmed over my pussy, his finger just sliding up the line of my slit. This made it wet with my juices, and he wiped it gently on my breast, leaving a sticky little trail. He then leant over and licked and sucked round the clip on my nipple. A bit to my surprise, I found all this incredibly arousing - much more than when he normally kissed and licked me. The fact that I couldn't touch myself - or him - was frustrating, but in a nice sort of way. I could wiggle my bum around on the bed, but that was about it. For no reason at all, other than that I could do nothing about it, my nose began to tickle. "My nose is tickling," I giggled. Alan looked at me. "So?" he said, smiling, then relented, and kissed it. That was better - for the time being. I bounced my bum up and down, making the bed rattle. "Come on then," I said, expecting him to get undressed and start fucking me. Instead, he went to my bedside table and opened the drawer. I knew what was in there, and shivered. He took out my big Rabbit vibrator. "What should I do with this?" he said, switching it on. It buzzed gently on its lowest setting. He stroked my cheek with it, then slid it down my neck to my breasts. He circled it round my left nipple, which was already aroused by the pressure of the nipple clamp. He then rubbed it over both my tits - it felt great, but it was also making my pussy throb, and I wanted to touch my clit. "Down, down," I whispered. He slid it down my tummy and over my navel. Teasingly, he hesitated, before pressing it against my clit. I gasped. It was lovely; just what I wanted. I could see a big bulge in his trousers: he was as aroused as I was. He moved the vibrator down to my inner thigh, and stoked up and down. Oh Christ, that was really getting me going. Then he slid the vibrator up, and moved it up and down my slit. "Fuck yes, oh fuck yes!" I gasped. "Go on..." Looking at me, he pushed it against my entrance. I must have been so wet with excitement, because it slid in really easily. I clenched my vaginal muscles around it. "A little more buzz?" asked Alan. He didn't wait for an answer, and switched it right up to maximum. I squealed, as he slid it in and out a few times, before pushing it in deeply. Then, instead of starting to fuck me with it, he left it there, buzzing inside me. "How does that feel, Annie?" he asked. I was rocking. It felt crazy, especially because I couldn't touch it. What I really wanted was to get started on my clit, because that was what I'd need to do to bring myself to orgasm. But it was such a turn-on lying there with my vibrator up inside me, and not able to do anything about it. I pulled on the straps - and not just for show this time - but my wrists were firmly fixed. Then suddenly I stopped playing, because Alan was standing by the door with a very naughty grin on his face. "I've just remembered, Annie, I need to pop to the shop to get a lottery ticket," he said. "I won't be long!" "What the fuck do you mean?" I cried. "You can't just leave me here like this!" "Don't worry, I won't be long," he said. "It's only twenty minutes there and back." "You bastard! You fucking bastard!" I cried, rocking backwards and forwards. "Come fucking back here you fucking sod!" (I don't usually swear like that, but I think in the circumstances it was justified.) "Did you want me to bring you anything?" he said, peeping round the door, then pulled it closed before I started yelling

again. I heard him clomping downstairs, then the front door opened and clicked shut. Then silence, except for the buzzing of the vibrator still stuck up inside me. I lay there. Now that I was alone, I felt both incredibly vulnerable and incredibly turned on. I was just so exposed, lying there naked with a vibrator shoved up my pussy. Wow. I wondered if I could do anything with it, and began to clench and unclench my vaginal muscles. I could feel it moving slightly, but clenching just made the vibrating sensation more intense, which was nice, but I still really wanted to touch my clit. There was nothing I could do, so I decide I might as well lie back and enjoy it. I shut my eyes, and tried to think of nothing but the tingling sensation inside me. It was actually quite relaxing, and I almost began to drift off. Suddenly, I looked at the clock and realised that Alan wasn't back yet. It was nearly half an hour now – even if there had been a long queue he should have been back by now. Surely he hadn't stopped for a drink or something really stupid? I was beginning to feel a bit cross, when I heard the door open downstairs. I relaxed: I was feeling so horny now, and I hoped he'd just come in and fuck me. Then my heart plummeted. A voice came up the stairs – “Annie, Annie?” - but it wasn't Alan. Oh shit, it was Sue. Why wasn't she still behind the bar in the pub down the road – what was she doing back here, calling my name? Oh fuck-a-duck – she was coming up the stairs! “Annie, Annie?” came the voice again. “Are you there? Are you ok?” Why was she asking that? What the fuck was going on? Was I ok? Well, yes and no... Any second now, I might not be ok at all. Should I answer? If I didn't she'd probably come in – which would be really, really bad. Really bad. I gulped, and squeaked out, “I'm fine Sue, just working – I'm really busy.” I could hear her pause outside. Everything was very quiet...except for the deafening buzzing of the vibrator. I would have given my right arm to be able to turn it off. “Annie; I'm going to come in...” “No!” I squeaked, “you can't...” The door was slightly ajar. She was just outside. “Annie, it's Alan. He phoned me in the pub and asked me to come up. Something's happened and he said I really needed to come back, but that I had to promise not to say anything to anyone. What's going on, Annie?” “Sue...” And the door opened and Sue's head peeped round. I looked at her and she looked at me. There was a very long silence. Except for the buzzing. Slowly she slipped into the room and leant on the door. She was trying very hard not to laugh. In the end, she gave up trying. “Oh Jesus, Annie, now I see why Alan wanted me to come so quickly.. You see, there was a car accident – no, he wasn't hurt – but he saw what happened, and the police came, and they needed him to go back to the station to make an official statement, and he said he had to call someone urgently, and now I see why he couldn't call you, and he just said you really needed someone quickly and he'd called me because he knew I was working just down the road...and oh, Annie.” And she collapsed into giggles. “You'd better come and untie me, quickly,” I said. I was blushing like mad – how would I ever live this down? To my surprise, Sue sat down on the side of the bed and looked at the vibrator, which had slipped half out of me. She put out her hand and pulled it out a little, then pushed it back. It made a slurping noise. “That looks rather fun, Annie,” she said. I couldn't say anything for a moment, I was so surprised. “I wish someone would do that for me,” she whispered, her hand still on the vibrator. She circled it round inside me, stimulating me even more. “Have you seen all the juice that's come out of you, Annie?” she asked quietly. “You must be so turned on...so turned on.” And she began to slide the vibrator in and out. “Sue...stop it,” I managed to

say. "I'm sure Alan wouldn't want me to just untie you," she said at last. "I think he'd have wanted me to finish what he'd started." And to my amazement she began to unbutton her low-cut white blouse, which she wore to show off her breasts for the benefit of the pub's customers. Shrugging it off, she reached round and unclipped her cleavage-enhancing bra. Her large tits popped out, and I couldn't help staring at them, thinking how much her dark nipples were sticking out. Why was she so horny? Then she pulled up her tight skirt and straddled me. I could see her panties through her black tights. "Mmmm, Annie," she murmured, and leant over and kissed me on the lips. I could feel her tongue pressing against my teeth. I resisted for a moment, but that was all. Opening my mouth, I let her tongue in, wrapping it with mine. I could feel her hot breasts rubbing against my body, as she kissed down my neck. She found the chain of the nipple clamps, and took it in her teeth. She pulled at it, stretching my nipples out like little pink rubber bananas. I gasped. It hurt, but exquisitely. "Finding you like this Annie...It's any girl's fantasy," she murmured. "I never thought you were into this sort of thing." "I'm not...really," I squeaked, as her teeth nibbled down over my breast, nipping at the firm flesh. "I know what I'd need if it was me," she whispered, "lying there like that, not able to touch myself. I'd want someone to do this," and she put her hand on my clitoris and began to circle her finger over it. I nodded, afraid to speak. "Just a second..." she said, and quickly slipped off her skirt, followed by her tights and panties, leaving herself as naked as me. Her pussy was totally shaved, and I could see her labia looking very pink and aroused. She straddled my leg, pressing her pussy against my thigh, and began to rub herself against me. I could feel the moist pressure of her sticky lips. "Oh fuck, Annie," she moaned. She began to wriggle up my body until her pussy was in front of my face. I could see every curl and fold of her glistening labia, and smell the musky scent of her. "You'll need to come a bit closer, Sue," I whispered. She lowered her body onto my face, and I stuck out my tongue, lapping at her pussy. She really was soaking. As I licked at her labia, she began to moan and gasp. Some of her secretions started running out of her and dripped onto my chin. I stuck my tongue inside her and wriggled it around. She was very hot inside, and getting even wetter. Suddenly, she swung her leg over my head, and turned herself round. Lowering herself down again, she let her pussy lie right against my mouth while she wriggled herself into the 69 position. She took hold of the vibrator and slid it in and out of me, rotating it to stimulate me even more. I pushed my mouth up against her soaking pussy and lapped at it for all I was worth. Finally, she pulled the vibrator out of my pussy with a squelch, and pressed it against my hard clit, rubbing against it. I felt my long-delayed climax start to build, and pushed my pubic mound against the hard, throbbing toy. "Ah, Sue, yes," I gasped, giving in to her expert manipulations. I was so close now. Sue pressed the vibrator hard against me, and I came, crying out as everything shone in front of my eyes and fireworks burst inside me. It was probably the best orgasm I'd had in ages, and I couldn't stop shaking. As I began to come down to earth, Sue sat up and turned to face me again. Kneeling up, she shoved the still buzzing vibrator inside her own vagina, and friggged herself with it while her other hand rubbed at her clit. I watched as she too came with a shuddering cry of pleasure, the vibrator slipping out, wet with her juices. Whew! I was still trying to return my breathing to normal as I realised that Sue was unbuckling the restraints on my ankles, then my wrists. My arms in particular were aching a bit, but not enough to stop me

throwing my arms around her and hugging her, our bare bodies sweaty with post-orgasmic perspiration. I was still wearing the nipple clamps, and Sue gently unclipped them one at a time. My nipples were red where the clamps had nipped my skin. I touched them, and winced – they were still tender. Sue smiled. “Ah poor Annie,” she said, and bent over and kissed them one at a time. She smiled at me. “That’s just between us, Annie,” she said. “Unless you want to tell Alan that I took advantage of you in your helpless position.” “I might...” I said. “I’d love to stay longer,” she said, “but I really must get back to the pub...I said it was a real emergency, but they still weren’t that pleased.” She dressed quickly, while I put on my bath-robe – I was suddenly feeling a bit cold. Sue squeezed my hand and kissed me again, then ran down the stairs and out of the door. I hoped she wouldn’t be in too much trouble. I went downstairs myself and made a cup of tea. The kettle was just boiling when my phone rang – it was Alan, saying he was in a taxi on the way home. He sounded really worried, but I assured him everything was fine – he must have guessed I was ok when I answered the phone! I was sitting at the table in my bath-robe with my tea when he came in. “Oh God, Annie! I’m so sorry,” he said. “So you should be,” I said, smiling to let him know that it was ok really. “What on earth did Sue...?” he began to ask, but I shut him up – I still hadn’t decided whether to tell him what had happened. To distract him, I kissed him and put his hand inside my bath-robe, letting him find my breast. I had a surprise for him – I’d put the nipple clamps back, and it didn’t take long for him to undo my bath-robe completely and reveal my bare body. I leant back on the table while he quickly got his trousers off and his cock out, pushing it up inside me and fucking me right there. As I felt him reaching his climax, I rubbed at my clit and we came together, his cum gushing up inside me as we clung together. “Well, that all spiced up my life more than I’d expected,” I said as he withdrew with a slurp. “I promise not to leave you alone like that again,” he said. “Well, maybe if you use some of that rope next time, you could leave one hand free so I can reach the phone,” I giggled. “Next time?” he asked. “Or perhaps it’s my turn to try the straps on you!” I suggested. I had a few ideas that I’d like to try.