

Kinktober 2023 - Day #26: Vulnerable/Transparent

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Inside an ecstasy-trip-lit, fetish techno club, a man and a woman were seated opposite each other on a tiny square table that was up against the wall. While the man (around 40) looked rather innocuous for the arguably “edgy” setting, clad in some matching dark pants, brown leather shoes and a plain, buttoned shirt, the young woman (in her late 20s) looked fittingly eccentric.

Her hair was in silver-dyed Mohawk, with both sides of her head close-shaven and the tall Mohawk draping onto one side. Her right eyebrow had two slits on it. Besides the small gauge earrings on both ears, Marra had piercings on her septum and another twisted round ring on the left side of her lower lip. Dark lipstick and plenty of dark eye shadow reinforced her Goth-like look.

Marra was a petite woman, no taller than 5’2”. She was skinny, with small B-to-borderline-A cup titties (also pierced at the nipples) and her pale body was adorned with many dark, creative tattoos. Her small, but nicely round ass was rather exposed by the turquoise, half-transparent, vinyl plastic shorts she was wearing. They pressed nicely on the outline of her hips and ass and even through the dim light, they allowed a clear view of the outline of her (purposely) black thong.

A loose-fitting, black wife beater tank top almost allowed sight of her braless chest, with only the bottom of the shoulder straps concealing her areolae. Over that top was a dark-green, long-sleeved, puffy tank top jacket, which besides showing off her tiny waist gave her arms and shoulders the volume they lacked. It was left open, its texture glistening under the dancing lights. Finally, her fragile milky legs looked almost childlike in a pair of big, chunky, dark, calf-high combat boots that gave her small height three more inches.

Marra’s was as transparent as her attitude. No bullshit and baring it all for the world to see. If people can wear their hearts on their sleeves, the girl wore it on her hard-to-miss facial piercings.

“I believe we’re on the same page. What about your...no-nos?” the...less-animated, soft-spoken man insinuated, taking another sip of his drink without taking his eyes off this beauty. “I don’t have many...” Marra replied rather matter-of-factly, like a veteran recounting her experiences, taking a seductive puff of her cigarette through her succulent black lips. A cigarette rarely left her black-nailed fingers.

The two had been chatting on FetLife for a few weeks before finally arranging to meet. Their “interests” section overlapped a lot with the topics of bondage, domination and pain prevalent and after roleplaying a bit online, Jordan convinced Marra to drive a city over for a more...hands-on game.

“No head-shaving, no permanent marks, no DP...” the girl rattled off her kink limits with some casualness as if it was a supermarket list. It was evident this was far from the first time the fetishy chick had to share this list. The man nodded in active listening.

“I hhhhhate electricity! A motherfucker once zapped me with a taser-thingy, I didn’t like it at all” Marra remembered with clear disdain. She had done many adventurous one-night-stands, always very upfront about her kinks and her need to partake in them. A few relationships here and there, a couple with girls, too, but nothing lasting more than 3 months at a time. She liked the “free-spiritedness” of the single life. It was rarely dull.

“Ok, no electricity” the man repeated softly. “Oh, and I also don’t like those hoods that go all the way over your head, those gimpy things. You can gag me with anything you want...and please do” she shot Jordan a wink “...but I can’t stand those...they give me claustrophobia” she concluded.

“No hoods” the man replied with the same faint, charming smile, taking mental notes.

“Ummmmmm I think that’s everything. Like I said, you can tie me up, slap me around, choke me, beat me, call me anything...I love aaaaaaall that stuff!” the girl said with her green eyes tilting up for as long as her ‘aaaaaaaall’ lasted, before digging them seductively towards the man. She weirdly combined her cutesy innocence with her very...pragmatic approach to her wants and needs.

“And if you wanna stop things you say...” Jordan recounted. “Jacqueline” Marra answered like a nerdy schoolgirl. “Or if I’m gagged I go “M-M-M” three times and I shake my head” she replayed Jordan’s words back to her perfectly, before the follow-up question. Being as dangerously vulnerable as she often was in the presence of virtually strangers, it was important for Marra to have her safe-word down. And she was never afraid to call upon it, or even going so far as to curse guys out for...forgetting themselves. Despite being a submissive, she was a true Master of her own boundaries.

“I think it’s time to leave this place” the man signaled he was done with the social courtesies, downing the last sip of his scotch. “M-hm” Marra nodded all girly, already getting into the character of the good (or bad) little girl that in any case deserved punishment.

Following right behind Jordan to enter his residence, Marra was already doing these excitedly anxious little body shakes, as if jumping up and down but without moving her feet. They had made out in Jordan's car and she could feel her thong needing change already.

Jordan, an imposing man of 6'2", led his petite "date" downstairs, towards his underground playroom, or dungeon. Marra's eyes scanned around the low-ceiling room. It was no Armory, but she had seen far worse from other amateur doms. An array of toys and gear hang from the walls, a wooden pillory and a collection of thick metal tubes for bondage were also there, as well as a sybian machine. Jordan then grabbed the girl by the neck, hard enough so that she didn't have a choice of whether to accept his kiss or not. "Mmmm" she let out a femininely-pitched, horny moan.

"Take of your clothes" Jordan said in a rather dominant tone.

Soon, Marra found herself hornily writhing her hips, as she was lying on her back, fully nude on a bare steel bed frame. It was less than comfy, with no mattress or even sheet between her soft flesh and the cold, hard metal. But Marra found it only appropriate, given her ...vulnerable state and it got her going. Her "steaming" cunt more than made up for it for the cool temperature of her bedding.

Only the parallel bars of the frame supported her body, which was spread on all four directions, bound spread-eagle via four snug, leather cuffs that had been fasted on her wrists and ankles. She tugged on them, just to feel that delicious powerlessness when they stopped her at her tracks. Same for her legs, which she tested twisting across the bed, only to feel once again that "tasty" resistance they offered.

This was gonna be a fun one.

Still with his clothes on, Jordan walked kingly, slowly around her, marveling at her beauty and his mind clearly racing to the near future. "Do I have to scream so that you'll gag me?" she asked in a cheeky manner, looking up at him. "Hmm" he let a nasal chuckle. "You can try..." he replied. The room was covered wall to wall with sound-proofing foam, akin to a music studio.

"Well, you're gonna have to make me" the witty girl knew how to throw back a line, even in some tight bondage. Jordan then smacked his manly open palm over the small girl's chest, getting her right on her right titty. "Aaaaaaaaaaeeeeeeeee!" Marra let out an unexpected shrill, nothing like her deeper (for a girl) voice.

The man's hand had left a faint, palm-shaped red mark on her pierced tit. Another deep smack followed on the other, and another squeal of "fulfilling" pain left the girl. Then more, as the man "warmed" his little toy up in a more literal sense, groping Marra's body as soon as he hands made

fierce contact with it. “FFFFFuck!” the girl screamed and shouted throughout the slapping/smacking, though never said “Jacqueline” for things to stop.

She did find it a bit odd for a safe word, but didn’t care to pry further.

Jordan’s hand brushed over the small tattoo of a dark rose on the upper left side of the girl’s mons pubis, before moving lower. He sensually stuck his middle finger in the girl’s tight, bare-shaven pussy, which had her pussy was dripping wet, indicated by this glossy shine on his fingertip.

“Oooooooooowww” a droning moan of unquestionable arousal flew from girl’s luscious, black lips. She’d need something bigger in there sooner or later.

After teasing his bound toy some more, Jordan produced a big, cyan ballgag from the rack. The rubber ball glistened perfectly under the moody lights. Marra was smiling with excitement even as he shoved it in her small jaw, which needed a good push in order to spread open for the ballgag to be lodged behind her teeth. “Gmff..” Marra made an uncomfortable small groan, as her Master for the evening buckle the leather straps behind her head. Nothing that she hadn’t done before though.

Nothing that she couldn’t handle.

Jordan played around with his kinky slut a bit more, choked her a bit, gave her face and pussy a few good slaps. Marra was grinding against the air above at this point, craving to be fucking “filled” or at least buzzed to an orgasm.

Instead, her double-slited brow furrowed anxiously when she saw her online pen-pal wheel a questionable device beside her bed. It looked an old stereo box, its purpose unclear. The man did not speak, only set up the thing, getting some cables that sprout from it.

“Ih’ Bbuuguh Nhgg Hok’ Mm...” *(This better not shock me...)* she reminded through the drool-producing ballgag, her expression less playful now and her normal speaking voice returning. The man kept silent, his back and face half-turned from her so that he couldn’t see his smirk.

“UUu’! Um’ fukung fuh wuu” *(Hey! I’m talking to you!)* Marra called for his attention, lifting her head higher and clanking the D-rings of her wrist-cuffs against the metal frame for good measure.

“I never did well with...limitations. I’ve discovered that it’s beyond them where the true...emotions lie. The true power exchange” Jordan turned to her with an arrogant sternness, holding two things that clearly looked like electric shock nipple clamps. Unlike the standard clothpin-like ones, these were made out of two small cylindrical bars that faced parallel to each other. For each clamp, thin copper wires were wound around each bar, before the naked wires ending in a single plastic wire.

“M-M-Mmmmm!” M-M-Mmmmm!” Marra angrily shook her head and very animatedly shook her head left and right. The man ignored her clear signal, fastening each clamp over the girl’s cute, pink nipples (each pierced with a dark bar piercing) so that the sensitive fleshy bud was in-between the two wired bars. He then turned the two screws on the sides of these bars so that their distance shortened and shortened until they truly crushed the poor woman’s nipples.

“Vugluuuu! VUGGLUU’!” (*Jacqueline! Jacqueline!*) A now panicking Marra even tried the verbal safeword, though it had the same result as the first attempt. She tried squirming away from the man’s advances, but her leather cuffs kept her pretty steady on that skeletal bed.

“LUH mm GUUUUH y’ fuk Mmmuvuffukk!” (*Let me GOOO you sick motherfucker!*) There was no cute bratty maso girl anywhere to be seen now. The silver-haired chick was writhing in her bonds in a full maddened frenzy, her anger concealing her fear, for now.

“Look at it as me helping you expand your horizons. We have all the time in the world down here to make you completely....limitless” Jordan announced his vision, insinuating that Marra’s stay here would go on for much, much longer than a single night. Marra was a badass chick, but now she was eyeing her ...date?captor? with stuck-wide, teary eyes of shock.

“HHHHHHHHHHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU’! HUMMBBB’UUUU’” (*HHHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELP! SOMEBODYYYY!*) she now was now TRULY screaming, not play-screaming. Drool flew from the corners of her black lips, as the light-blue ballgag kept her furious wailing easy on the ears. Meanwhile, Jordan had leaned over her spread loins and was fastening the third and last electrode-clamp, painfully trapping the girl’s swollen (from her long-lost arousal) clitoris between the two coil-wrapped bars of wire.

Jordan simply let the girl get her gagged screaming and bound struggling out of her system, though enjoying it all the same. He then went and grabbed a tight-fitting, black leather gimp-hood. A zipper on the back for the hood to be worn and two nostril holes were the only two discernable features of its black, vacant face. A leather strap on its end neck-area ensured a snug, encasing fit. “You said you really hate these, right?” Jordan confirmed in a matter-of-fact way, and Marra broke down into gagged cries after seeing him approach her with the hood.

“We’ll have plenty of time for the other things on your list, too” Jordan mentioned ominously, before bringing the unzipped gimp towards the head-shaking, squirming and squealing girl’s face.

“PLLLLUUUHH! NNNNN! NNNNG VUUT!” (*Please! Noo! Not that!*) the previously tough, edgy chick now pleaded like a timid schoolgirl, before her pitiful, beautiful green eyes disappeared under the hood. The man zipped it all the way down and buckle the hood’s collar tightly, fully encasing the girl’s head in tight-pressing leather and plunging her in a dark nightmare.

Marra’s heavily ballgagged screams now came coarse and between long pauses of hyperventilating, her claustrophobic panic settling in immediately. Even though the leather hood muffled them even more, they came out at the same volume, due to the girl screaming her lungs out.

Jordan sat by the side of the metal bedframe, caressing the squirming girl’s chest, tracing her ribcage that puffed up and down like crazy. Her muffled cries sounded like the greatest harmony.

“You know why the safe word was Jacqueline?” he asked the girl, even though it was dubious how focused she currently was on his words. “It’s the previous girl!” Jordan explained. No discernable reaction to that sentence came from the bound, tortured girl, who was shaking her leather-bagged face in every which direction, as if one of them would grant her more freedom.

“Ok let’s start...” he patted the girl’s exposed left thigh in a “let’s stop fooling around” kind of way, and turned the knob on the electricity box almost full way, watching as the strong current fried the hipster chick’s clit and nipples and made her silently, but violently convulse on her limp-spread pose on the bed.