

Playtime

A BDSM SHORT STORY COLLECTION



Charli Mac

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Taster Session](#)

[Desperate](#)

[I Aim to Misbehave](#)

[Locked In](#)

[Classroom Interlude](#)

[Dinner Out](#)

[Fire and Ice](#)

[Department Store](#)

[A Duet](#)

[Voice in my Ear](#)

[Porno Magic](#)

[Summoned](#)

[Redemption](#)

Playtime: A BDSM Short Story Collection

By

Charli Mac

ISBN: 978-1-954079-37-3

A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication

Copyright © 2021, All rights reserved

For information contact:

Pink Flamingo Media

www.pinkflamingo.com

P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083

USA

Email Comments: comments@pinkflamingo.com

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying recording or otherwise without prior written permission of the publishers.

The Bus Station

I stood and looked at myself in the hallway mirror. Dark hair pulled back, eyes wide and nervous looking. My thick winger coat buttoned up so high the hollow of my throat was hidden.

So was the play collar wrapped around that throat.

Time to go.

Taking my courage in both hands, I pulled the door open and stepped out into the night. My high heels rang out against the pavement as I walked.

Eight o'clock, he said. It was ten to now, and the bus station was fifteen minutes away.

I was going to be late, not a good start.

But it had taken longer than I'd thought just to slide my coat over my shoulders, still the trembling in my hands enough to do up the buttons.

It wasn't a cold night, but I felt the thin breeze wrap around my naked legs, sneak its way into the small gaps in my coat. I shivered, wrapping my arms across my chest. A group of boys erupted from an off-licence just as I was passing, their boisterous laughter cutting through my anxious thoughts, and I shied violently, almost turning my heel. I wasn't used to these shoes. They were too high, the point needle thin. I never wore them normally, but instructions were instructions.

It was with both relief and a growing sense of dread that I saw the lurid lights of the bus station. silhouettes milled about beneath the floodlights, but for the most part it was quiet.

On a Wednesday night, most people had long since travelled home from work, and the few revellers who might venture out mid-week were still warm and cosy in bars and restaurants, enjoying whatever company they'd found.

Stand number 15 was right in the heart of the bus station. The electronic sign above it announced that the 8.20 to

Motherwell was on time, but there was only one passenger waiting to travel.

Waiting for me.

He was sat on the narrow bench, legs stretched out in front of him and crossed at the ankles. His hands were tucked into the front pocket of the hoodie that he wore. His face was in shadow, those powerful eyes hidden as he contemplated his feet. He didn't look up, not even when I halted in front of him.

"What time is it?" he asked.

I hesitated, then tugged my sleeve back enough to check my watch.

"Eight oh seven," I replied.

"And what time were you to be here?"

"Eight." It took a moment to force that word out, but I managed.

He made me wait a moment long, then lifted his gaze. They were grey, those eyes. Unremarkable beneath almost gentle eyebrows.

But the look in them, there was nothing gentle about that.

"I'm sorry," I stuttered, but he cut off any further excuses with a tiny shake of his head.

"Come here."

I already was there, but I took a step forward anyway, moving into the space he created as he uncrossed his legs and widened his stance.

His hands drew mine away from my body and then went to the belt I'd tied tightly at my waist. Nimble fingers unpicked the knot I'd created, stripping away the barrier.

Next he went to the buttons of my coat, slipping them free one at a time.

Agonisingly slowly.

The jacket was fairly loose on me, so it didn't peel apart straight away, only glimpses of bare skin peeking through as he worked his way down. Still, I glanced guiltily around the almost deserted bus station as if I was naked.

I felt naked.

The last button slid free. Rather than pulling it back, he ran his hands up and down the edges, his thumbs just brushing my skin beneath.

“I hope you followed instructions,” he murmured, those eyes fixed on my face. I couldn’t return his gaze. My throat choked, I jerked my head in a nod.

“To the letter.”

And they had come in a letter. Though the post, marked with a stamp and addressed to me in beautiful flowing script. My flatmate had been so nosy about who might be writing to me I’d almost opened the fucking thing. When I’d retreated to the safety of my room and broken the seal, drawing the thin sheet of paper out, I’d felt both a pool of dread in my belly and a delicious clench ever lower still.

High heels, play collar, winter coat. Nothing else. In truth, my coat was a little warm for November, but with no shirt or blouse or underwear beneath it, I’d felt chilled.

I didn’t feel chilled now. My face burned as he slowly drew the sides of my coat apart and exposed my nakedness underneath.

“Good girl,” he murmured.

Good girl. The things I did for those two simple words.

Hands went to my breasts, massaging them lightly. I squeezed my eyes closed, trying to focus on the sensation and not the fact we were in a bus station where a bus was due to arrive in ten minutes. It was private for now, just the two of us cocooned in the faux privacy of the perspex enclosure, but that could change at any moment.

I’d die if any other travellers joined us, because I knew from experience that company wouldn’t stop him.

At the same time... I flicked my eyes open, darted them about, flitting from stranger to stranger, almost daring them to change their plans and come join us.

A sharp sting on both my nipples made my gasp, drew my attention back to him. I looked down at the same time as

the tinkle of a steel chain unfurling dimly registered.

I had just enough time to think No, before the clamps were in his hands, fingers pinching at the mechanism, pincers reaching for me. He fastened them with precise, methodical movements, forehead frowning slightly as he concentrated on his task. When they were both attached, the sharp pinch quickly dimming to a throbbing ache, he smiled, playing with the chain now dangling loosely between my breasts.

“Gorgeous,” he murmured.

He lifted that smile up to my face and then patted the bench beside him.

“Sit.”

So we sat, side by side in the bus shelter, just two people waiting for our lift home. Nothing out of the ordinary, except that I was nearly naked and almost fully exposed, my breasts easily visible beneath my jacket, the chain winking cheekily beneath the harsh yellow lights.

An old couple came along, mumbling hellos before the woman took a seat just on the other side of Sir. They chatted about a film they’d both watched at the cinema. Idle chit chat punctuated with the occasional soft laugh, completely oblivious to how much my heart was threatening to burst out of my chest.

Darting a glance at Sir, I dared to cross my legs, shielding my most private space from view. He looked down at me and I held my breath, waiting, but he didn’t comment. He placed a hand on my exposed length of thing, palm warm on my chilled skin.

It was a comforting gesture, but also a warning. This, but no more. I wasn’t stupid. Though I was desperate to button my coat back up - a desperation that grew even stronger when a young man, maybe early twenties, joined the small group, standing just three feet in front of me, his headphones in his ears and his gaze on his phone - I kept my fingers curled around the thin firmness of the bench.

If I was foolish enough to try and cover myself, I *would* find myself sitting without my jacket.

I glanced over at him and saw he was smiling slightly, knew he was thinking the same thing.

When the bus arrived, it took every ounce of control I possessed not to wrap my coat around me anyway.

The bus driver threw me no more than a contemptuous glance as he perused his late-night passengers, but I felt like he saw everything.

My naked breasts. The clamps held tight to my nipples. My cunt, hidden by my crossed legs.

“Come on, baby.” His voice got me to my feet when I wanted to curl up and hide in the transparent safety of the bus shelter. I hunched my shoulders and the jacket dropped forwards, mostly hiding me from view. The width of his shoulders did the rest and I was able to make it onto the bus and past the driver without exposing myself.

He paid for the tickets then guided me down the central aisle with a hand in the small of my back.

The old couple frowned at me slightly, but their eyes were on my face, which was a frozen mask of humiliation, rather than my nakedness, which was breaking free with every hesitant step.

“Are you all right, dear?” the old woman asked as I drew level. Her slightly clouded gaze went over my shoulder to Sir, white, almost invisible eyebrows creased with disapproval.

“Agnes-,” her husband looked embarrassed, but she shrugged off his restraining hand on my arm.

“I’m fine,” I managed, smiling tremulously. “Just tired.”

I hurried past, making for a bench near the back, away from everyone else.

“No.” His voice was low and deep in my ear, and it stopped my dead.

I allowed him to guide me right to the back of the bus, relief making my dizzy.

When I reached the bench seat along the rear wall of the bus, though, I realised I'd relinquished my anticipation too soon.

He took a seat in to the left, then positioned me in the middle, directly in front of the aisle running the length of the bus.

Directly in the line of sight of the driver should he look in the mirror hung above his seat.

The old couple or the young man, should they happen to glance back.

Hands moving almost idly, he rearranged my jacket so that my breasts - and that shiny, eye-catching chain - were easily visible. He tugged at the bottom of my jacket, drawing it away from my body, until my legs were revealed, not crossed this time, but pressed tightly together.

"Open," he said.

I couldn't. I absolutely could not.

I dragged in a shuddering breath and shook my head.

I wanted to look at him, plead for mercy with my eyes, but then I'd have to acknowledge the command, eye to eye. And after that, I'd be expected to obey.

He waited for the length of three rapid heartbeats then tugged on the chain, hard.

"Open."

Oh God. Oh fuck. If I didn't do it now, he'd make me.

Carnation. My safe word wavered in my head, ready to jump to my tongue, but I didn't utter it. Because though my stomach was cramped with nerves, my skin slick with stress sweat, my clit was pounding hard and I knew I was wet enough that he could bend me over the seat in front and slam into me with one powerful thrust.

I was dying of mortification, but I was also more turned on than I could remember being in my life.

"Three, two-"

Before he could finish the countdown and seal my fate for a vicious punishment when we finally made it home, I

opened my legs.

Wider than was decent, even had my legs been sheathed in denim. Enough to expose all of me, the humid air of the bus heating cool against my heated flesh.

Was it my imagination, or did the bus driver glance back? The distance was too far for me to tell but I imagined it. Him seeing me, seeing everything.

“Good girl.”

There they were, those two fucking words again.

I didn't know how they had the power to make everything alright, but they did. So much so that I didn't object by so much as a whisper as his hands drifted down to whisper over my thigh. Lower, until he was reaching the heart of me.

He played there, gently, lighting, showing his approval of the wetness at my core with a low grunt, dipping his fingers in and then running them up to my clit.

I gasped then, legs twitching as I fought the urge to close them. I was sensitive, already throbbing.

I tensed, waiting for a terse word or a painful smack against the tender flesh on the inside of my thigh, but he only crooned softly, understanding.

His understanding only went so far, however. He gave me a moment to adjust to his touch, then started circling my clit with firm fingers, just the way I liked.

I reached out and grabbed the metal handrail at the top of the seat above, holding on to it for dear life as he fingered my on the bus, in full view of the spattering of passengers and the driver.

“Please,” I pleaded, as I felt it start to build. “Don't make. I can't-,”

“Yes, you can. You will.”

Fuck.

There was nothing to do but stare straight ahead, eyes glued to the mirror above the bus driver, both hoping he'd look and praying he wouldn't, as I came with a low gasp and a full body tremble. He rang it out of me, a second hand

clamping down on my thigh and keeping my exposed as pleasure passed into sensitivity and I fought to pull away from him.

I thought I'd scream when he finally ceased his ministrations, rubbing gently instead, rewarding me for my bravery, my endurance.

It wasn't quite over yet. When he drew his hand away, my instinct was to grab at my coat, pull it tightly round me. Instead I waited as he lifted his fingers to my mouth and fed them to me to suck clean.

When I'd removed every trace of myself, he closed my coat over himself, doing up the buttons with the same care with which he'd released them.

Not glancing to see where they were, he hit the button to call to the driver to stop.

I didn't think my legs were strong enough to hold me, but I somehow managed to stand, made it down the aisle, clumsily navigated the steps in the middle.

I resolved to ignore the bus driver as I stepped off, but I couldn't help throwing him a glance. The look he gave me back left no room for uncertainty.

He knew. He saw.

I paused, made sure I had his complete attention.

And smiled.

Taster Session

I drummed my fingers against the steering wheel while I wait for the red light to change. Anticipation fluttered in my stomach. It had plenty of room – there was nothing else in there. *Don't eat lunch*, the message had said. It was now mid-afternoon, and I was starving.

Finally, the light changed and I accelerated up the hill, winding my way through the suburbs to Sir's house. He lived right on the edges of what I would call civilization, within touching distance of the vast nothingness that took over the land once you got north of Denver. It was too far from all the fun things for me, but he said he hated being hemmed in by people.

I turned off the highway at the ridiculously large liquor store – I'd been in there; it was as big as a Walmart – and a moment later was bumping the Jeep up against the curb outside Sir's house.

He opened the door before I reached the front porch, stepping aside so that I could slip inside and let him enclose us in privacy. I twisted back to face him, already sliding my hands behind me for his customary greeting: wrists held in a tight grip behind my back, mouth kissing the tender skin just beneath my jaw.

"Right on time, Kitten."

I was, but then again, I was always on time. Being late was disorganized and disrespectful. If I didn't meet someone at the exact time I'd agreed to (or, more likely, miles earlier so I could sit, bored in my car, and worry that *they* might be late), then I was probably dead in a ditch somewhere. My driving wasn't as good as my timekeeping.

He took my left wrist in a light grip and led me through to the back room, a large space that was both den, kitchen and dining area. It was spotlessly clean, not a dirty plate or used

utensil in sight, but I did spot a couple of pots keeping warm on the stove. Oh good, we were going to be eating, then.

“That smells amazing,” I said. “What are we having?”

Sir’s answer was an amused smirk.

Okay, then.

He led me past the kitchen to the dining area, tucked away in a little nook. It was all windows and bright sunshine, an old-fashioned farmhouse kitchen table surrounded by ladder-backed chairs. There were several Velcro ties tossed casually on the pretty mango wood surface.

“We’re going to work on personal development today,” Sir said.

Oh boy. I wasn’t sure I liked the sound of that.

“All right.” I hovered a few steps back, watched him pull out one of the chairs. There, tied down to the seat, was a little purple toy. It was a g-spot stimulator, a stem rising up from the center with what looked like an unopened flower head at the top. Down at the bottom, perched perfectly in front of the stem, was a rounded little nub, a clit vibe I guessed. I tried not to grin – it wouldn’t do to look too happy about things – but I was going to enjoy sitting in that chair.

“You’ll need to take your clothes off, Kitten,” Sir said. He had an indulgent look on his face, likely because he knew what I was thinking, I had a terrible poker face, but there was also something else there. I was missing a trick here.

Oh well, there would still be vibrations, it couldn’t be too bad.

I slipped my cardigan off and then glanced at the windows. *All* the windows, surrounding the dining table on three sides to give a panoramic view. The garden beyond was a riot of color, the sun picking out the vibrancy in every glance, but I could also see all the neighbors’ gardens and, if I looked close enough, a little bit into all the neighbors’ houses.

Which meant they could do the same in reverse.