

Alyse

Written by Princess Kay

Warning: This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. If you are not at least eighteen, or if you are not above the age of consent for the country where you reside, you should exit this page immediately.

Rachel splashed her face with water, then dried it carefully with the paper towel. She was thankful that she had been light with the makeup, as little came off when she dried herself. That didn't mean she could avoid doing a touchup. It had already been a long day, just working to get the bar ready before opening, and she knew that while her work day might have been over her night was only just beginning. She had not yet selected the lucky woman who'd be going home with her.

She was getting ahead of herself, though. Drawing herself back into the moment, she took a look in the mirror to take stock of herself. She did not mind what she saw. She was forty, and makeup would not hide the faint lines of age around her eyes and mouth. She tended to see it as a sign of experience, though. As for the rest of her - her cheekbones were high, her skin pale. Her eyes were bright behind her narrow half moon frame glasses, and her eyelashes were naturally long and dark. Although the only piercings she wore were in her ears, the simple silver hoops stood out against her black hair and dark clothing. Eyeing herself in the mirror, she took a moment to redo the deep black eye shadow she had put on, and the mascara, as well as the ruby lipstick that coated her full lips. After a moment to adjust the black dress, and admire her fair cleavage in the mirror, she moved away from the bathroom mirror, and into the bar to take her traditional seat.

The Finger Hole was relatively slow that night, even for a Wednesday. The usuals were sitting in their seats of choice - Sarah and Kingsly, Lyra and Alexandria... as well as a few faces she didn't recognize, and a couple whose names escaped her. A few of the newcomers looked like they were there to meet new people. It wasn't a bad day for it - the usually loud music had been toned down in recognition of the slow day, in order to give the relatively few customers a chance to relax and talk. Rachel wasn't interested in them any more than they were interested in her.

Her eyes were on the door, too. Her hands were neatly folded in her lap, on top of the black skirt of her dress. Her lips were curved into a faint smile for everyone who walked through the door. Small or tall, thick or thin, everyone got the same greeting. It was an open invitation to talk to her. Some would occasionally take her up on it, but most shied away from her presence. Though she tried to be welcoming, a few even backed out the door again, hoping for a bar where they could go unnoticed. As the owner of a lesbian bar, Rachel knew that any loss of customers should concern her; it didn't. The Finger Hole was not a place for the shy, or the weak hearted. It was a meet up place for drinking, for meeting up and fucking. It was a place for women confident in their skills to meet

with women who knew what they wanted. If they couldn't stand up to her smile, then they weren't the sort of clientele she needed.

There were two kinds of lesbians in this world, so far as Rachel was concerned. The type who went after the girls they wanted, and the type who were too nervous to do so. Rachel considered herself part of the first group - and the girl who chose that moment to walk through The Finger Hole's Doors? She was definitely the second. She had a smile on her face when she walked in, but it was nervous from the moment she pushed the doors open. Rachel did like the outfit, though. The red tank top that didn't quite meet her pants, leaving just a little bit of midriff showing. The opal studs she wore in her ears, and on the right side of her nose. The belly button ring that peeked out from beneath her shirt. She was buff, and beautiful, in hot pink tights that clung to her well toned thighs and her hips. When she walked in, every head in the bar swung to her, and though most turned back to their drinks, they were definitely eyeing the newcomer. Rachel thought the newcomer could have had her choice of any girl there, in that moment. Instead, the poor thing smiled nervously and started to step back out the doors. As if she were scared, somehow, of all the attention she was getting.

So Rachel chose to stand up from her barstool. Before the newcomer could stride out Rachel walked up to her and held out a hand, with a smile on her face. “Welcome to The Finger Hole. Your first drink’s on me.”

“Thanks...” she looked away as she spoke, running fingers through mid length brown hair. Rachel liked the way the brunette’s hair brushed shoulders, half of it crossing the front to lie against the faint outline of breasts, while the other half traveled just a few inches further down the back. “I um... I’m not sure this is my kind of place, though...”

“Nonsense.” Rachel smiled, pressing her hand lightly against the small of this new woman’s back. “Everyone’s welcome at the Finger Hole. Especially someone as delicious as you.” She longed to lower her fingers down the pants, to squeeze the toned bottom. She would behave, though, and act the way a hostess should. For now. “You belong as much as every lady here does. Now. Tell me your name and what you prefer to drink.”

“Alyse...” she whispered. “It’s um.. It’s spelled y s e.” She looked away from Rachel, at the floor. “Is that weird?”

“No...” the bar owner replied, gently rubbing the small area of back she’d claimed as she guided Alyse to a stool. “It’s a fine name. But you haven’t told me what you like to drink?”

“Oh. Oh!” a beautiful blush crept across Alyse’s pale cheeks, like a sunset bathing the top of pearly clouds. “I uh. I like rum. And coke?”

Rachel smiled, and gestured for the bartender to pour a drink. The bartender would know to pour mostly coke, but with enough rum to flavor things. It would help loosen things up without actually getting the girl drunk. “My name is Rachel,” the darker haired bar owner informed her new friend. “This is my bar. Which means I can be found here most nights. I’m hoping that you’ll be a regular sight to keep me company, in fact...” Rachel smiled, and worried that she was laying it on too thick for someone like Alyse, who clearly didn’t know the kind of power she had to wield over women. Who would be learning tonight exactly how beautiful she was, if Jessica had anything to say about it.

“I...” Alyse looked away, and that same beautiful blush crossed her features again. “I guess. Maybe. I don’t know if lesbian bars are... I mean, I worry I wouldn’t be accepted in... I mean...”

Rachel paused a moment, gears turning in her head a moment before something clicked. “My bar is for all women,” Rachel assured her new friend, taking a sip of her own raspberry flavored vodka. “You’re as welcome here as you’re willing to make yourself.”

Alyse nodded, but didn't look entirely convinced. Rachel only smiled. "My room is upstairs." She gestured to an unmarked door. "If you want me to prove to you just how welcome you are."

Alyse almost choked on her drink; Rachel didn't blame her. The line had been laying it on a little thick, to say the least, but she wasn't the sort to hold back when she saw what she wanted. She'd have never forgiven herself if she didn't at least try with the beautiful, muscled lady she saw before her.

"I um..." Alyse frowned, looking away, then at her drink, and then around the bar. She started to shake her head, and then slowly nodded instead, then blushed so red it was as if someone had set fire to her beautiful cheeks. "Maybe?"

"Maybe..." Rachel murmured, taking a sip from her drink. It would do, she decided after a moment; for now.

The rest of the night passed in relative quiet. Women paired up and left her establishment, going home to their own abodes. The bartender did last call, and a few stragglers went home by themselves. Not Alyse though. She stayed right on her stool, shifting her legs uncomfortably every few minutes. When the bartender gave her a pointed look, she glanced at Rachel, and the blonde bartender nodded her understanding. The bartender left, locking the door behind her. That just left the owner and her new date for the evening. A small smile slid across Rachel's

face, knowing no one would be able to witness the depraved things she intended to do to this beautiful younger woman.

“Let’s go up to my bedroom,” Rachel whispered, gently taking Alyse by the hand. The woman nodded, not even trying to speak, as she was led through the door and up the stairs to Rachel’s lodgings.

There wasn’t much up there, unfortunately. The price Rachel paid for living above her bar. There was a small kitchen that met her individual needs, but she used the one in the bar for bigger deals. There was a living room, but it was little more than a single strip of red shag carpeting wide enough for a couch and a TV a few inches away. The bedroom, however, was something to be proud of, at least to some extent.

Dark blue carpet, short and trimmed. A set of black drapes that covered out the night sky, and the limited view of other apartments. A king sized bed, with four carved bed posts, the heads of which were carved into the shape of lions. Each lion had an iron ring in its mouth, thick and heavy, from which surprisingly delicate chains were being run, leading to small cuffs. It had come with something heavier, but Rachel preferred something that could be broken in the case of an emergency.

“Welcome to my home,” she whispered to Alyse, placing her hand on the small of the younger woman’s back. The brunette stiffened, eyes wide as she

looked around, but she made no attempt to turn around and flee. “You um.... Those chains...” she whispered. “Did you. Want to use them on me?”

Rachel nodded, slowly, watching Alyse’s face. She’d sort of expected the girl to turn tale and run, but her jaw had set itself into a surprising determination instead. She wasn’t running. Though she did look deliciously nervous, as she strode toward the bed to gently touch the silver chains.

“Do you have anything thicker?” she asked, eyes wide with curiosity that Rachel honestly hadn’t been expecting. A laugh tore its way out of the dominant woman’s throat, surprising even Rachel.

“Let’s leave that to our second time.... Though I do have something that runs from the ceiling. For those who come with rings in their more sensitive spaces.”

“I... Um....” She looked downward, still blushing. “I might be able to help with that.” Slowly, she lowered her hands to grip the waistband of her tights, and even more slowly began to roll down the fabric, revealing thick black panties beneath. Rachel smiled, and fought the urge to lick her lips. She thought appreciation was clear enough on her face without actually looking like a predator about to devour her meal. “I...” The brunette released her pants to fall to the floor around her muscled calves. She was half bent over, one hand on her thigh beneath

the underwear, lightly tugging at the bottom of the tight clothing, but not tugging or trying to remove it. Her other hand was twitching faintly, and it seemed to Rachel that Alyse was fighting the urge to grab her tights and make a run for it., “Maybe I should go...”

“You can,” Rachel assured her, not bothering to hide the disappointment in her voice. “Or you can take off your underwear and stay. I promise, I’ll only bite it as much as you want me to.”

That beautiful burning blush came to Alyse’s cheeks again, and she nodded faintly at the invitation. Moving slowly, at first, the brunette shifted her grip to the underwear band and, after taking a deep breath, pulled it down in one smooth motion. What she revealed was gorgeous. A beautiful lady dick, still in the beginning stages of its erection. With a ring pierced through the head.

“May I?” Rachel asked. Alyse looked up, still blushing, but nodded. It was all the bar owner could do, just waiting for that nod before she reached out to take the bounty awaiting her. It was large, thick enough to be firm even though it wasn’t yet hard, and the perfect size to wrap one’s hand about so that your fingers could meet your thumb on the other side. It had a light blue vein running through it, and she could feel the blood pumping inward as it slowly hardened in her grasp. Not bothering to ask this time, she lowered her mouth to gently lick along the length of

it, taking in the taste of dick. She could tell just by the taste of it, the faint smell of maple syrup and the smoothness of the tight skin around the penis that this was a woman who neglected neither her hormones *or* her penis, likely keeping it from shrinkage with regular play. Licking along the length of it, she paused at the head to ever so gently nip the skin near the ring that was pierced through it. Then she slid her tongue in, between flesh and metal, squirming the wet muscle into place as Alyse let out little squeaks of pleasure mixed with the occasional gasp of pain at the sensitive tugging. The best part was the little bit of liquid that had started to coat the tip of the penis. It was delicious, a tangy taste that some say had to be acquired; that hadn't been her experience. The very first time she'd had a lady dick touch her tongue, it had been love at first taste.

“Lay on the bed...” Rachel ordered, drawing her tongue out from the ring. Her voice soft as velvet but inflexible as stone. She would brook no argument, but Alyse gave her none. The brunette instantly climbed onto the bed, crawling on all fours to reach the center, and then flipping over onto her back, arms and legs spread so that the chains and cuffs could be applied with better ease. Rachel smiled, and crawled onto the bed herself, leaning down to gingerly bite into the steel of the ring, tugging faintly upward, just enough to draw out a delicious whimper from the wonderfully compliant Alyse. Looking over the woman, she

could see that her ministrations had been having a very desired effect, the younger woman clutching tightly to the sheets as her hips bucked upward, in what must have been a nigh impossible to hold position. She really was strong, if she could maintain this. Slowly, though, her penis was starting to gain its full length and rigidity. The longer it got, though, the more Rachel pulled upward, keeping just a little bit of pressure on the dick so that Alyse could never quite relax.

She waited until she heard Alyse whimper, faintly, at the strain it took to keep upright. A faint “please...” slid from the girl’s lips, and that was when Rachel chose to softly grip the woman’s dick between her forefinger and thumb, squeezing the girth of it faintly as she slid downward, flesh pressing at each side of her fingers as the penis strained to be free, even as more liquid coated the head in an offering of appreciation for her presence.

Satisfied she had a good grip, Rachel released the head from her mouth and simply held the penis in place with her fingers, her painted ruby lips pulling back into a wider smile as she looked down at the woman who had come to bed with her that night. “Would you like release?” she asked.

Alyse nodded, her eyes squeezed shut, her fingers squeezed on on the bed. Rachel had heard from other trans girls that it could hurt a little to get it hard, when you were further into hormones. She knew that this might be uncomfortable, the

hardening penis being held in place far enough above the whimpering woman that she had been forced to lift her hips up off the bed to maintain peace. The main threat was gone, now that she had released her mouth from the ring, but the game of pleasure was just beginning, and Alyse was clearly as devoted to it as the older domme if she had not yet lowered herself. “Say it out loud,” Rachel demanded, her voice soft but determined. “Say you want release.”

“I... I want release!” the voice cracked part way through, heightening in pitch. “Please!”

“And you’ll get it,” Rachel promised, her voice soft and encouraging, her fingers squeezing tighter around a dick that was clearly happy for her presence. Without another word, she slid her tongue back into the ring, squirming in faster this time. She wasn’t an intruder, after all, but a welcome and familiar friend, there to get a drink and share a good time. Just as quickly as she had pushed herself in, though, she withdrew. Her smile was wide. “After your punishment.”

She released the dick, allowing Alyse to fall back to the mattress with a faint groan, eyes fluttering open. “Punishment?” she asked, eyes half lidded. Despite her apparent nervousness going into this, she seemed to have accepted her position as sub with eagerness, now. She made no move to get up, though she did ask “What am I being punished for?”

“For failing to call me mistress...” Rachel did lick her lips, then, not caring how she looked. She reached out across the bed to grab one set of cuffs. They were leather, with a buckle that could easily be undone, or even cut. Meaning that she could be released easily, by anyone who could move their hands. A category of people that Alyse would soon not be fitting into, though Rachel saw fit to start with the legs instead. Wrapping it around the ankle, cinching the buckle tightly in place, she enjoyed the flashes of nervousness and excitement that crossed Alyse’s face as she realized not only was it finally happening, but that she was about to let and even encourage the bondage coming to pass.

“I didn’t know I had to call you mistress...” she protested, weakly. Rachel didn’t respond, but lightly smacked her inner thigh, finding what little fat Alyse had to offer and setting it to jiggle. The younger woman winced in surprise, her eyes going wide. Still, there was a small flash of a smile before Alyse put her lips into a pout. “I’m sorry. Mistress.”

Another smack. “Don’t be flippant. And speak when you’re spoken to.” She moved to the other leg, while Alyse watched. She began to secure the leg, enjoying the way the thighs looked when they were spread, penis rigid and on display between them. She resisted the urge to smack the thigh again, as Alyse had yet to actually do something wrong. It would come, though, in time; and Alyse would

cum, too, though it might take at least an hour of play before Rachel was satisfied enough to let her.

Without a word, she began to crawl over Alyse's body, grabbing her arm and guiding her wrist to another leather cuff. The muscled beauty offered no resistance, even as Rachel moved on to lock her in, spread eagle and exposed.

“What about my top?” Alyse asked, her voice a little nervous. “Won't you have to cut it off? Mistress?”

“Don't use my title as an afterthought,” Rachel warned, reaching down to grab the hem of Alyse's tee. “I can pull it up enough to access your breasts, can't I? If it's a little uncomfortable, you can consider it your punishment for questioning me.” She pulled it up a little as she spoke, slowly rolling the tight fabric up to show beautiful breasts. Small, but with a perkiness to them that you couldn't get from a larger chest, the nipples already pebbled and standing every bit as much at attention as the lady's dick. She lowered her mouth to lightly suck on one, teeth digging into the round flesh as she parted, catching ever so lightly at the nipple just to make Alyse whimper again.

Then she parted from the pink skin. She crawled off the bed, to the nightstand she kept besides it. A simple wooden affair, easily overlooked, but the top drawer included her toys. Her clamps. Her biggest vibrator, with its thick head

and long shape that had gotten it the nickname of “wand.” She drew the clamps out, first, two small steel alligator clamps meant to grip onto the nipple. A chain traveled between them, a second intersecting the bottom of the chain with enough length to travel down the body, and a small snap hook attached to the end that could interlock with the ring currently piercing Alyse’s dick. She held the mechanism up, long enough for Alyse’s eyes to widen, and the girl pulled a little at the bed. She wasn’t even tensing her muscles, as far as Rachel could tell, but she did a good job of playing up the struggle and the fear as Alyse walked forward.

“Please...” she whispered. “I’ll be good. I’ll be good. Don’t put that on me...”

“You misunderstand...” Rachel whispered, leaning down so that her mouth was less than half an inch from Alyse’s ear. “This isn’t a punishment.” Her hot breath tickled the shell of cartilage, ever so barely teasing the skin. “This is for me. I want to have full access to the length of you when I put my wand to work.”

“Your-” Alyse’s question was cut off, as Rachel ever so gently bit the lobe of the ear, firmly enough to bring out a cry of actual pain.

“The safe word is basil, by the way. Remember it.” There was a surprised nod, but no response. Certainly no safe word. Only whimpers, as she locked each of the clamps in place over the sensitive nipples, and then lowered her head to lick

her tongue slowly around one of the metal alligator heads that had chomped down on the poor skin of the muscled sub.

The next step was to lower the chain. It was a short chain, meant to make a sub's flesh stretch for approval. It was also usually a temporary chain, as she could attach a longer and thicker one to the center if it became necessary. The woman before Rachel, though, wasn't going to make her change the chain. She was just barely long enough that even with the too short chain, it would only need to strain a little before the penis was locked in place and forced to angle upward toward the nipples. "It might be a little painful..." Rachel admitted, after the fact. "But I trust you'll bear with me for a moment."

That was when she drew out the wand. The thick wand, with its heavy head, set to vibrate at only its lowest setting. Still more than enough to send tremors through the chains to be felt by all of Alyse's body. Rachel had a smile on her face as she brought it out, and Alyse's eyes were wide as dinner plates as she wordlessly watched it being lowered to her dick, to gently tease the length of it before finally reaching the head. There was almost silence, except for the vibrating of the wand, as Alyse bit her lip to keep a single sound from coming. Rachel understood the need for quiet. Neither of them wanted to say a single thing that could even be mistaken for the safe word.

The brunette was admirably quiet during the slow rubbing of her dick, the gentle teasing that sent vibrations through the chain and to her nipples. Rachel, too, kept her mouth shut, as Alyse trembled beneath her. Eventually, though, the dom saw fit to break the silence. “I give you permission to cum...” she whispered. “Provided you can do it in the next thirty seconds.”

Alyse’s eyes, so far half closed in pleasure, sprung open in surprise at that. “Th-thirty seconds?”

Rachel didn’t respond, but instead shifted the head of her wand to the head. Alyse cried out, and squeezed her eyes shut, perhaps trying to will her body into cumming. It was useless. It had been an impossible task, that she would fail, and as the seconds ticked by - Rachel shifting between rubbing the length of the penis and teasing the head, or else leaning down to gently lick the flesh of the breasts while ever so gently tugging at the chains that led between dick and tits - there was no doubt in the dom’s mind that the sub would fail. Still, she waited the full thirty seconds before whispering “Time’s up...”

“But I didn’t cum...” Alyse protested. “Don’t.... Don’t I get to try again?”

“You will,” Rachel agreed. “Another window will come. In about an hour. If you think you’re up for waiting that long?”

Alyse's eyes were wide, but her jaw was set in determination when she cried out, "Yes mistress!"

~~~~~

Writer's note: This story was written as a gift for someone close to me. It doesn't feature gender bending, or mind control. It does feature bondage, a trans girl, and heavy use of girl dick. I hope you enjoy!