

## Terms Of Use:

### 1. **Improvisation rules:**


A) Orgasms: don't talk about making the characters orgasm because this is an anorgasmia-friendly story.


B) Don't add dogs or heat play.

C) Don't call anyone "kitten" or "puppy" or "little one".

### 2. **Major changes:** don't do this without my written permission.

Preserve the plot and tone. Don't change or remove consent or characterization, and don't add aftercare.

-  **You can** adapt my story for trans femme, non-binary, and genderqueer people, as long as you keep it appropriate for r/GWASapphic.
- **You can** change the gender, genitalia, and physical descriptors; including what's mentioned (and what isn't).
- **You can** expand the sex action beyond what I wrote, as long as you update the tags.

3.  Don't use my work on monetized or paywall platforms without my written permission. You only have permission to use my script for audios you share on Reddit's r/GWASapphic and similar erotic audio subreddits.

4.  Don't post my script to any archives or websites.

5. 📄 Credit me as the author; link to [my Reddit profile](#) and my script offer. Don't link directly to this file.

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### **Tags:**

[F4F] **Bound Introspection** [script offer] [degradation] [name-calling]  
[derogatory pet names] [narrative] [D/s] [Dom speaker] [sub listener]  
[bondage] [rope] [vibrator] [overstimulation] [explore24] mentions:  
[OTK] [spanking] [strap]

**Summary:** A woman's thoughts on exploring dominance for her own sake, not merely as a vehicle to someone else's pleasure.

**Names:** slut, toy, and the speaker is "Ma'am"

**Word count:** 1,036

### **Narrative tone:**

1. I envision these characters anywhere from ages 30 to 50, and they've been dating at least a year. They don't live together.
2. She's introspective and calm. Sometimes she's amused, sometimes aroused.

3. This one is about her allowing herself to finally focus on her own needs and desires for once, giving herself permission to be completely selfish, and having a partner who supports you in those frightening times as you examine yourself and decide if you like what you find. She's not dominating the listener as a means to serve her or to please her. Tonight is all about the speaker and the listener is happy to give her that.
4. The speaker doesn't have any cues to masturbate during the script. **If** you decide to add that, either directly into the scene or as a layered background track, please don't include orgasm dialogue.

### Formatting notes:

- Paragraph breaks indicate the speaker is pausing.
- **Bold font** is used for word emphasis.
- (FX) is for sound effect suggestions, which are optional.
- [Square brackets] are inflection and tone of voice.
- (Blue text in parentheses) are scene directions and pronunciation.

### Summary of the optional sound effect cues:

If you're unsure where to get sound effects, I've linked to some FreeSound files for your convenience. These are just suggestions, feel free to use any sounds you prefer.

- movie ambiance or background music
  - [ticking clock1](#) or [2](#) or [3](#) or [4](#) (used six times)
  - **Sex sounds:** none, add some if you want
  - Although various vibrators are used during the entire script, I didn't write a cue for vibe sound effects. **If** you want to add vibe sounds, I have a [vibe sound effect pack here](#) if you need sounds.
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(**Setting:** watching a movie in your bedroom, night time)

(**FX:** movie ambiance or background music)

I'm trying to focus on watching a movie, but it's getting harder to ignore the whimpers and moans from the other side of the room.

In the beginning they were stifled gasps of pleasure.

At around the half hour mark, they became sounds of begging, and then the sweet strains of over-stimulation.

Although she doesn't know it, this little game ends when it becomes sounds of distress.

I check my watch.

It's been just over an hour since I stripped her naked, and bound her to the bed, with a vibrator strapped in place on her clit.

I swap between two vibes every half hour to avoid overheating them.

I've just changed them a few minutes ago so I focus on the TV.

"Quiet, toy," I remind her.

My mind wanders back to earlier in the day, when I unzipped her dress, and helped her out of those heels.

Rolled her stockings down her legs, one at a time, before pulling those sinful panties off her body, a little scrap of red silk.

She exhaled a nervous breath.

"Are you alright?"

She assured me that she was fine, and, unprompted, reminded herself that she has an out; green, yellow, red.

"You know you can stop this at any time," I murmured against her neck, my lipstick leaving a mark. "But, you have to take it."

The silence stretched out, eventually broken by a nervous, yet eager, "Yes Ma'am."

**[Matter-of-fact]**

And so I tied my little slut to the bed.

(FX: ticking clock)

(Time skip to later that evening)

I check in with her periodically from my chair.

"How's my toy doing now?" I ask, affecting a slightly bored, disinterested tone.

**[Aroused]**

I keep watching the movie as if I'm not paying attention to her, but in truth I'm focused on her writhing body with laser precision.

The way her back arches and her ass lifts off the bed, how her breasts quiver.

Her hands clench and her thighs start to shake.

But she tells me, with resolute determination, that she's still green.

"Good slut," I say.

I cup my breasts slowly, without drawing her attention, and thumb my nipples.

(FX: ticking clock)

(Time skip to later that evening)

We've been at this an hour and a half when she gives her first yellow. I pause my movie, ready to release her, but she tells me that she can take it.

She's **going** to take it.

She can do anything to please Ma'am.

And I relax back in my chair, pleased.

(FX: ticking clock)

(Time skip to later that evening)

**[Aroused]**

Two hours in.

The bed sheets beneath her are stained now, her thighs gleam with the evidence of her passion.

I can smell her arousal.

Her moans entice me and I wonder what other sounds I can wring from her once I thrust my fingers inside her, then my strap, while keeping the vibe on that swollen, tormented clit.

**[Thinking aloud]**

Or...should I?

Maybe I ought to remove it first.

Hmm.

I'll think on it.

I rewind a scene because I've completely lost track of the action again.

I should have picked something I've watched before because I have **no** idea what's happening in this movie.

It's hard to focus on anything besides her sweet sounds and the letdown I feel within my body.

I shift my thighs, and I can feel the wetness, just waiting to be drawn out.

(FX: ticking clock)

(Time skip to later that evening)

### [Aroused]

She's making **lots** of sounds now.

Whimpers and words, and the occasional "please" slips out.

Please **what**?

Please turn it off?

Please make it go faster?

Please fuck me?

### [Amused]

Unfortunately for my sweet slut, that's not how this little game works.

She has to take it until she absolutely cannot bear another moment,

**and then** she has to tell me.

Only then will I give her what she's really craving; my fingers and tongue, followed by my strap inside her, fucking her deep and hard, watching her face contort with pleasure as I use her beautiful, willing body.

(FX: ticking clock)

(Time skip to later that evening)

[Thinking aloud]

I'm not sure if this is really about exploring her submission, or exploring my ownership of her.

Maybe it's both.

I just know that I've been enamoured with this idea for years, and I've seen this scene in my mind so many times when I've rubbed one out.

She comes over for a date, dressed to please me.

We talk, we flirt, we connect with each other.

And then it's time to go to the bedroom.

I remove each piece of clothing carefully, with deliberate movements, savouring the unveiling of my nervous little toy.

She knows **exactly** what's going to happen because we've discussed it at length, and that's why it's so fun for me.

That she knew beforehand, that she agreed to it.

She came to me, **I know she wants it.**

We both know things are going to reach a point where it's no longer burgeoning (**bur**-juh-ning) pleasure for her, it's going to become torment, and not the sweet kind, but she's going to suffer this for me. From the moaning on the bed, she's well past that stage. I'm expecting her to tap out any second now and I'm wondering why she hasn't.

Oh, we've played little games before.  
Blindfolds, fuzzy cuffs, tingling lubes.  
I've taken her over my knee, spanked her ass, that sort of thing.  
Sometimes she wears corsets for my pleasure, makes herself pretty for me.  
But it's just been in the last little while I've felt like I can venture here.  
It's only been a month since I gave her the first seriously hard spanking, one that felt more about what **I** wanted to give her, instead of providing what she wanted to receive.

After it was over, I sat with how I felt about that for a long time.  
And I came to realize that I felt pretty good!  
It's enjoyable, this game, to see just how far I can push her in service of me.

To take my pretty toy off the shelf and see just how far she'll bend.

(FX: ticking clock)

(Time skip to later that evening)

We're approaching two and a half hours before she tells me.

I take mercy on her, and turn off the vibrator.

She gives a low moan of pained desire, and I feel it like a jolt.

"You did very well," I inform her, my hand resting on the strap.

"Can you take one more thing?"


(Fade-out)

**End**

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  - 💰 [Ko-fi](#) | 🎁 [Throne wish list](#)
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**Disclaimer:**  This is a fictional story about fictional characters, written by an adult, for adults. All characters depicted within are aged 18+.

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