

Fireworks

Lian moved to the living room, adjusted the blanket draped over the back of the sofa, and kicked his slippers under the TV stand. They disappeared with a faint slap of rubber sole hitting the uncarpeted wooden floor where the rug didn't reach. He pulled up his socks – black, emblazoned with stylised stormtrooper helmets – and cracked his knuckles.

“You got the checklist, Zel?”

Hopping down the stairs, she nodded. “Yuppers. All dressed up, the other guys are gonna bring the beers ‘n’ burgers, we just gotta bring the fireworks.” She looked up at her boyfriend, hair bouncing around the band pulling it away from her eyes. “I’m still surprised I never knew you have a license to store and handle fireworks.”

“Yeah, comes with the territory.” Lian shook himself, placed a hand on Zelda’s back and guided her out the door. She slipped on her boots as she went – chunky lilac wellingtons, translucent to show off her speckled socks – and Lian followed suit, pulling on a pair of sturdy hiking boots. Gloves in the car, goggles in the car, along with the most important thing of all – the fireworks.

They’d planned this about a week back: so as not to disturb anyone in the neighbourhood, especially old folks or pets that might get shaken up by all the noise, the twosome and some friends were meeting at a dry secluded stretch of land about half an hour away. Long into the night, there’d be food, drinks, merriment and pyrotechnics, supplied by the great mage Lian Kao himself.

It was still light out when they arrived, and warm. The air smelled of burning coals and aloe. The grill was already set up as Lian pulled up next to their friends’ cars, parked, began unloading the fireworks. Zelda took a moment to look around, surveying the arid swath before them, flanked by red peaks like frostbitten roman noses. When she turned to see her boyfriend’s progress, she squeaked; he was all geared up to handle the fireworks, in thick rubber gloves that touched his elbows and glossy protective goggles, obscuring his eyes.

“Vhat is it, my pet?” His mock-accent made Zelda giggle and squirm. “Do you fear ze wrath of ze menacing *mad tickle doctor*?”

“Babyyy, stooooop!”

She swatted his elbow and he chuckled, tipping the goggles up onto his forehead. “Aw, okay, okay. I’ll keep it for later, huh?”

Giggling more, Zelda avoided his gaze and his sly smirk, and jumped over to her friends who were starting to take things off the grill. The first round of burgers were out, and the first few hot dogs – someone had brought deer-and-leek sausages but Zelda didn’t try those. She contented herself with a hearty burger and a length of buttered corn as Lian – with some help from the others – began assembling the fireworks show.

“We’ll have to wait ‘till it’s dark.”

“Yeah.” Lian surveyed the sky, squinting. It was starting to dim now. The sun painted the sparse white clouds pink from behind and past the mountains they’d turned almost lilac. “I won’t be drinking tonight. Even if I wasn’t setting off the fireworks, I’m driving.”

“Aw, responsible guy. Can’t your gal drive?”

“Maybe.” Lian knocked back a mouthful of lemonade. “If she’s not too sleepy. Zels doesn’t like taking the desert route home too late, not since we nearly hit that coyote last fall.”

“Was this the time she had her wisdom teeth out and started crying that you just ‘almost killed Wolf Link’?”

Smiling, Lian shook his head. “No, different time. Coming back from the Halloween party. She managed to convince herself it was a werewolf and that it’d follow us home.”

“Babe, are you talking about me?”

He could hear Zelda pouting. Turning, he moved over to her and planted a kiss on her forehead. “Course I am, sweetie, you’re too cute ‘n’ funny to keep it a secret. Hey, no more embarrassing stories, okay? Next story will be the time you fixed that old arcade machine in our living room, or when you beat that jock guy in the bowling tourney even though your only experience with bowling was on the Wii.”

Contented with the answer, Zel gave him a sweet peck on the lips. “Want me to tie your hair into a bun so the fireworks don’t burn your braid off?”

“That’d be great, honey.”

Popping a bobby pin out of her pocket, Zelda set about twisting Lian’s long hazel-brown braid into a neat, tight bun. He could hear her humming as she did so, and she managed to pin it securely to the back of his head and out of the way of any errant sparks. The pattern came: eat, stake a rocket to the floor; eat, secure a spark wheel to its stand; drink, chat, make sure all the fireworks are in place; roll out the fuse and keep everyone at a safe distance. The smell of smoke tickled the inside of his nose. The evening was cool but still pleasant, the prelude to nightfall wicking away droplets of warm sweat gluing everyone’s clothes to their bodies.

“Everybody ready?”

There was a rousing cheer as one of the taller guys called out in the crowd, then turned to Lian, who nodded. Crouching down, he adjusted his goggles – prescription-protective, special-made – and lit a fuse. The excitement hung in the air for a breathless moment as the spark chased the string and then with a resounding pop, the first rocket shot upwards, breaking the barrier of the horizon and coming alive in the dark of the sky.

More cheers rang out as it erupted in a fountain of blues and greens, Lian continuing to bring the fireworks to life like an elemental lord calling upon his blazing minions from their slumber. An arc of red blossomed into orange and pink and white and gold. Lian closed his eyes briefly, relaxing into the sound of Zelda gasping in delight. A series of rolling bangs tumbled down across the plains. Raising the flame high, he brought it down hard on the final bundle of fuses and the display went up in a whistling crescendo, singing to the heavens with a dancing symphony of silver, purple, pink and forest green.

As the adrenaline wore down, and people with sensible shoes stomped out any remaining embers, the ecstatic party began to fragment and split away. Zelda and Lian stayed for a long while, up until the moon winked at them from between the darkened peaks and both began to yawn. Zel helped him bag up the trash and Lian replaced his thick goggles with his usual sophisticated glasses, shaking his hair down loose in tumbling curls. They bid their remaining friends goodnight with hugs and friendly back-patting, and got back into their car to head home.

“You sleepy, Zel?”

Lian looked over at her from his periphery, taking it easy down the shady road. Zelda was a pink shape in his passenger seat. She’d kicked off her boots and curled up, the hood of her jacket pulled up over her frizzy hair. She mumbled something that sounded like a mischievous ‘noooo’. Lian

smirked. Taking one hand off the wheel on a long, quiet stretch of road, he gently dragged a finger up and down her socked foot.

“Eep!” Zelda shot back, withdrawing her feet from her boyfriend’s reach. Both were laughing, Zelda high and giggly; Lian low and amused. “Not fair!”

“If you’re not sleepy, then I’ve gotta wear you out, cutie.” Lian’s voice had taken on the tone of a scolding parent, though still playful. “We’ve had enough partying for tonight. Once we get home, I’m throwing you into bed.”

Zel giggled again. Over the hum of the engine, Lian heard her toe off her socks and drop them into her boots. Air was pushed from his gut in surprise when she slipped her feet onto his lap, heels resting on the crotch of his jeans, toes wiggling against the crook of his arm.

“You mean it?” She had that half-laugh sound in her teasing voice, the sound that made Lian go wild with that lionlike urge to destroy her ticklish little ribs. “Huh? You *promise*~?”

“Ooh, and while I’m driving, too.” Lian’s knuckles whitened on the steering wheel, resisting the urge to tickle her feet or rut against her heels as the vehicle crossed the boundary between urban and rural. “Sneaky little thing, aren’t you?”

He grunted, feeling Zelda deliberately nuzzle the ball of her foot against his slowly-growing erection. “Yeah, honey?” He could almost hear the sound of her fluttering her eyelashes. “What are you gonna do about it, huh?”

Trying to focus on the passing streetlights, Lian counted the mailboxes until they were home. Gods, Zel knew exactly how to rile him up – and she sure knew exactly what he was gonna do as soon as they were inside. Or, she thought she did. She had no idea what tickle-hell Lian had in store tonight.

The engine rumbled to a stop in the garage. Time for a show.

Before Zel could hop out of the truck and run up to the bedroom in a giggly rush, Lian was already out of the door, around to her side of the vehicle, and was positioned ready to catch her mid-leap. She fell directly into his arms with a faint squeak, giggling helplessly as she kicked off her boots in the garage, toeing off her socks as Lian, expertly shouldering the doors open as he approached them, whisked her through the darkened house.

Thump.

Lian dropped Zel onto the soft, plush bed. She felt around in the darkness, running her hands over the cool linen, gasping as Lian’s hands slid up under her shirt, lighting up nerve paths from her hips to her belly and making her flinch suddenly, the dark deepening as she screwed her eyes shut.

“Eek-!”

“Hey, hey.” He chuckled somewhere in the room, near her face, near enough to make her face hot with the steam of his breath. “I haven’t started yet. I’m just taking your clothes off, you goof.”

There’s a soft, cool pause. Lian inhales, careful.

“Is that okay, hun?”

He’s answered by a nod and a positive squeak of ‘m-hm!’. Smiling, Lian tugs his girlfriend’s shirt up and over her head, slow-blinking to savour the faint light moving up across her torso, moonlight and headlights filtering through their bedroom window in soft, ethereal waves of blue and

gold. Lian tossed Zel's clothes in the direction of the laundry basket and rose onto his haunches on the bed. Zippers clink. The rustle of buttons being undone.

"I gotcha a special gift, Zel. But you're gonna have to wait a sec, alright?"

"Ooh-!" Zel gasped, sitting up on the bed and helping her boyfriend unclasp her bra. "What kinda gift?"

Lian laughed. "It's a surprise. Just lie down and behave, and I'll show you when it's all ready for you to enjoy."

There was the sound of feet hitting the carpet; Zelda laid back and watched the lights from moving cars and streetlights outside wisp across the ceiling. The closet creaked open; rummaging, hands moving through boxes and bags and clothes. Her heart was beating fast. A surprise from Lian was always *something* – he had a wicked tactical mind, she always knew what to anticipate but never what to expect, and that made it so much worse. To anticipate tickling, scribbling fingers and fluttering feathers, as well as relentless orgasms and fucking until they both collapsed from exhaustion, was made that much more torturous when she didn't know what exactly he had in mind: the tools, the methods, the little kinks and quirks he would throw her way to take her by surprise and keep her guessing.

A faint grunt. He was lifting something heavy. It thumps down onto the bed and Zel feels the mattress yield beneath its weight, gravity pulling her towards the valley it created. Next, a click – he's plugged something in. What-?

"I'm gonna move your limbs now, Zel. Relax. I've got some nice soft cotton rope."

Zel audibly whined as Lian's strong hands fold her legs, pressing her calves into her thighs and tying them tight with the ultra-soft tickle of the ropes. They creaked as he pulled the knots tight, loose enough to be comfortable but inescapably secure. Clinking metal. The sensation of something heavy around her neck, padded and soft but weighty.

"Are you- is this a collar?"

"Hmm. Yes and no." Lian secured it about her neck, guiding her hands up and into two other padded holes. *Click, click*. Elbows folded at 90 degrees, her hands were pinned at either side of her head. *Ah. A pillory*. "Nice 'n' tight. Almost done securing you."

Shuddering, Zel felt a tightness about her neck as Lian ran a length of rope down the back of her pillory, but didn't seem to tie it off to anything.

"Alright – three, two, one, hup-!"

Squeaks rang out as Lian unexpectedly picked Zelda up, frog-tied and pilloried and helpless, heaving her bound form onto a cool, domed surface. Something poked at her and he whispered something about relaxing into her ear as he pushed her down onto it – thick, bulbed at the end, enough to make her moan in shock as its bulging head pushed against her g-spot. A ridged nub rested against her clit. Her body weight was pushing her down onto it. Humming, Lian took the length of rope from the back of her pillory collar to tie her to the heavy domed device, keeping her posture straight and alert. The cool night air was beginning to make her nipples harden, breasts hanging vulnerable as she arced slightly, whimpering at the toy inside her. Her arches strained; she was resting on the balls of her feet, with the ropes around her thighs forcing her into a position where her heels happily stretched up into the air, leaving her arches desperately taut between toe and heel.

"You ready to see your surprise, honey?"

Zel whined. “Ready as I’ll ever be.”

Smirking, Lian flicked on the light, blinding his girlfriend temporarily as she squinted to adjust. There’s the box of toys – brushes, plumes, vibes, wheels, all sorts of naughty devices. There’s her bound thighs, in her lower periphery, bulging against the ropes. Beneath her, there it is, a sybian machine – a wicked black dome, with her forced to straddle it, its vibrating appendages nestled against her g-spot and clit.

And there’s Lian, smiling, leaning against the closet door in his boxers, holding a remote control.

“Mmm... these are apparently reeeal powerful.” He mused over the remote, running his thumb over the buttons. Zel felt herself momentarily tighten around the toy inside her, beads of sweat breaking out on her chest and tickling her peaked nipples. “So I’m thinking we could start at... a 2 out of 10... and work our way up. That sound fun?”

The only response he gets is an excited, frightened look from Zel, shivering from the anticipation and licking her lips anxiously.

“We’re gonna get to 10 tonight. And that means you’re in for a whole lot of orgasms.” He moved closer, still smiling. “I know how you rock your hips and wriggle when you’re overstimulated. Paired with those ropes at your thighs-”

He punctuates his statement with a sudden smack to her ass that makes her whimper and jump.

“It means you’re gonna be rubbing your clit on that vibe all night. No escape.”

“Babyyyy...” Zel was already huffing. “You’re not gonna be too mean, riiight?”

“I don’t know. You’re my tough girl. But maybe I’ll be nice. I am gonna tickle you, after all, and put together, I don’t know if you can handle both...”

Zel heaved a breath, trying to quash her competitive side. “...Do your worst.”

“Atta’ girl.”

Using his free hand to grab some tools from the box, Lian set up behind her, out of her field of vision. She was already squirming. Two strong hands began massaging a cool, sweet-smelling oil into her arches, kept completely helpless by the weight of her butt against her heels. High-pitched giggles filled the room-

-Quickly replaced by gasping, loud moans as Lian switched the sybian on.

It was more intense than anything Zel had felt before. The vibrations were powerful – was this a *fifth* of its full power?! The prospect of getting to a 10/10 tonight was suddenly far more terrifying. Worse still, the toy inside her began to thrust, its bulbous head caressing her internal curves and ridges, nuzzling her g-spot lovingly and making her struggle against the bondage. Her own thrashing pushed her clit further down onto the vibrating nub, drawing guttural moans from her throat.

“Good girl. That feels nice, huh?”

“It’s- it’s- ngh-!”

That was a good sign – Lian’s favourite kind of Zelda in the bedroom was the kind too overwhelmed with pleasure to speak. Each shudder enticed his itching hands to tickle her ribs, her sides, her begging belly that just *craved* to be tickled, but he had other plans. Calming his eager fingers, he wrapped them around the handles of two hairbrushes.

“AH-!”

Zelda screamed. The sound almost made Lian jump back. It was a visceral, desperate noise, but it was quickly followed up by barking laughs, the loudest he'd heard Zelda make in forever. Invigorated by her thrashing and moans, the thick, syrupy gasps of *yes- yes- ngh- yes-!*, he continued to scrub, watching the brushes' bristles leave red lines like kisses against her oiled, helpless soles. Each scrub earned him another peal of laughter and he felt himself leaning hard on his thighs, trying to suppress the growing hardness of his member.

Time to turn up the heat.

Letting go of one brush but continuing to relentlessly scrub-scrub-scrub her other defenceless foot, he grabbed the remote and turned the vibe up a notch.

Zelda immediately began shuddering harder, the tell-tale signs of an orgasm coming on. And it was a hard one – her thighs hugged the device, her body leaned forwards as hard as the rope would allow, and her laughter turned to a low rolling moan – Lian didn't let up for a second, quickly picking up the other brush again and doubling his relentless attack on her arches.

Pitching forth, Zel's moans turned into yelps and squeals as the bliss of the orgasm washed over her and her attention came to the hyper-sensitivity of both her soles and clit. The torture had become worse. She began attempting to bounce on the machine to try and grant her little button some mercy, but there was no relief – the only thing it did was fuck her on the device's vibrating arm and deepen her desperation. Slowly, Lian relented on her soles, setting both brushes aside.

“This is 3 out of 10, baby. Can you take more?”

Zelda was shaking and Lian could see the light catch on a string of drool about her lips.

“Earth to space cadet.” He tweaked her ribs, bringing her back to attention. “Should I turn it up?”

Panting, Zelda managed to grunt “Do it.” between moans.

That's my tough girl. Lian turned it up to 4, then, relishing in Zelda's sudden jolt and shudder, up to 5. Her back arched so hard he was almost scared she'd topple backwards, but he corrected her path by planting one hand on her ribs and tickling as he pulled on a soft velvet glove with his teeth. She immediately began to shriek and torque away from his tickling touch, unable to pull against the pillory that pinned her wrists and arms up out of his way. Her ribs were ripe for the tickling – and unfortunately for her, so was her butt.

Letting her savour the mind-melting vibrations, he began pulling on another glove, only to hear her whimper and breathlessly yelp – her thighs were tense, breaths quick, head tossed back as sweat ran down her whole body.

“Did you just cum again?”

The teasing tone in his voice only made her squirm more. “T- turn it- d-down- it's- ngh-! I'm-y-you know my clit gets t-too sensitive after I- after- AH!”

Cursing in a high-pitched squeak, Zel pushed herself up and down on the device, trying to get some kind of leverage to no avail.

“You're such a naughty girl.” One of his gloved hands ran across her plump butt as the other dragged a fingertip up and down her back. “Captured by the greatest mage... unable to escape... completely overpowered.”

Heaving for breath, Zel managed to choke out: “B-being interrogated- ah-! F-for information!”

If there was one thing Lian loved, it was her readiness to join in with his little snippets of roleplay. Always prepared to jump in.

“But nothing she can say will tempt the mage to free her. He knows all he needs to know – this is just for fun. All he wants... is her to scream and laugh and cum... so he can harvest that delicious energy all for himself. Drink aaaall that cuteness down.”

Chuckling darkly, he leaned in.

“Game over.”

Both hands attacked her rump and began to tickle one of her worst spots with delicacy. Zelda was shrieking immediately, struggling desperately against her bondage as those long, lithe fingertips clad in fuzzy ticklish velvet stroked and spidered across her thighs, her ass, her lower back, the crook of her hips, mixing in squeezes and pokes to keep her on her toes – so to speak.

Her belly began to quake and tighten. Another sign he’d come to learn meant she was tipping over the edge – her stomach quivered, hardening as if she were trying to hold the body-wracking wave of pleasure that threatened to overwhelm her entirely. A choked moan escaped her. She was crumbling. His hands, still clad in the soft fuzzy gloves, skittered up her sides and he drank the sound of the clinking pillory in, the sound of her trying desperately to pull down her arms, defend her ticklish ribs and belly from his gentle, nimble fingers.

“Trying to escape, huh?”

Zel squealed, hair whipping about her face as she continued to thrust herself up and down on the machine. Both of Lian’s hands firmly gripped her hips from behind, squeezing the ticklish spot in pulsing grabs, and she was thrown into a shuddering involuntary groan as his lips assaulted her neck, the span of near-shoulder that wasn’t covered by the padded pillory.

He leaned down. Pressed.

Suddenly, there was a pressure on her clit that she couldn’t escape. The ability to rock back and forth, gain momentary leverage against the ropes, to hop up and inevitably come down – at least then she had some movement. Some choice, some torque. Now she was trapped. His grip was hard and his mouth brought rosettes of purple welts against her dark skin. Every squeeze made her shake, desperately trying to escape the tickle-tickle-tickle at her hips, but Lian only pushed her down harder onto the vibe. It felt like the vibrations were overwhelming her entire body, lighting her up like one hyper-sensitive nerve, and- and- and-

She exploded. Hoarse, Zelda cried out into the air, and Lian mercifully granted her some movement, taking his hands off her hips – but only to grab a pair of electric toothbrushes to attack her ribs with. One even found its way into her armpit, and Lian bit his lip as he watched his precious gamer princess toss and turn trying to escape all the buzzing machines tormenting her body. Zel’s moans had become a stream of near-silent laughter interspersed with a mantra of *oh god, oh god, oh god*, with soft curses peppered in for flavour.

With the heel of one hand, Lian began palming the rock-solid pitch in his boxers. Zel was too much. This was driving him as crazy as it drove her, albeit in another way. She was alight and it only made him burn brighter. The free hand, the one not tending to that desperate, yearning peak, found a roll of bondage tape and a trio of bullet vibes. What else-? He took his rubbing hand and moved it back to Zelda’s butt, focusing on the lovely little birthmark decorating her rump in the shape of a

heart, like a personal little ‘tickle me!’ sign just for him. Two more electric toothbrushes – awesome. Smart to always pick them up when they were on sale. But he needed a little something extra...

Ah, here we go.

“Hey, Zel.” He was panting almost as much as she was. “One more nice big orgasm for me, ‘kay? One more.”

“Ngh-” She gulped loudly. Her skin shone with sweat like new clay, vibrant and rich. “Y-you said w- we were g-! Gonna get t-to 10 tonight.” More heavy breaths. “Y-you think I c-can’t take it?”

Lian managed to find the presence of mind to smirk through the haze of lust.

“Oh, no, baby, you can take it.”

Setting up his little arsenal of weaponry behind her, he moved to the foot of the bed, sitting inches from her. The remote was in his hand. Zelda’s eyes, clouded with pleasure, suddenly became bright and nervous.

“Go on, take it.”

He was pressing it... into her hand...?

Her pilloried fingers closed around it and she felt for the dial, feeling for it. Lian was grinning, tucking his stray hairs behind his ear and straightening his glasses. His face was flushed. That grin, foxlike and knowing, made her feel even more nervous than the monstrous vibrating machine beneath her. She inhaled.

“Okay... okay, here we go.”

Screwing her eyes shut, she took another deep breath and *turned the vibe up to-*

*

Dirty play, Lian. She was barely able to acknowledge that in the sudden screaming rush of endorphins and pleasure hormones – the schemer had, while her anticipation was peaked by the remote control in her hand, grabbed her sides with both hands and-

The voice-cracking moans of ecstasy were cut through by a comical, wet noise as Lian blew a raspberry on Zelda’s quaking, tightening belly, right above her dainty navel.

Before she could scream herself hoarse, Lian detached himself from her delicious tummy and took the remote, turning the dial down to zero after a moment’s hesitation to delight in Zelda’s wracked, rapturous shaking. She rode through the waves until finally she slumped, eyes rolled back and mumbling giddily, falling forwards onto her boyfriend.

“Nghgh- th-that was t-too good...” She was still vibrating, as if shuddering from the aftershocks of the now-sleeping machine. “Th-thanks, babe. W-wanna help me out-?”

She was giggling dumbly, but the laughter quickly trickled away. Even with an orgasm-fried brain, she could still recognise the tell-tale gleam of excitement on Lian’s face, and the crack of tape being unspooled.

“Wh-whatcha planning, baby?”

“One more little ride, Zels, one more.”

“Mmh- *baby*.” She was whining, tears still bleary from the force of her ticklegasm. “I dunno if I can take another second on this thing. It’s too *much*.”

“Aw, not on that mean thing, princess.” He gave her a kiss on the cheek, placing an electric toothbrush against the underside of her still-bound arm and securing it with the black bondage tape, its head pressing into her armpit. “Brave mage-warrior Lian Kao has defeated the dreaded dragon and is here to save you.”

“I thought we were doing the- um- the game over captured-by-evil-mage thing?”

Lian stopped taping the other brush to her other armpit. “If you wanna keep doing that roleplay, sassy-pants, I can turn the machine back on and we can pick up where we left off.”

“Oh, brave adventurer, rescue your holy princess from this devilish device!”

“That’s what I thought. Three, two, one- hup!”

He picked her up again, still frog-tied and pilloried, and placed her on her back on the bed. The cool sheets were a blessing against her hot skin. He picked up the machine and, mercifully, unplugged it before stowing it aside, leaving the bed with plenty of room for him. Zelda was curling her toes, scrunching and resting her arches from the taut position they’d been trapped in. With a smile, Lian took another brush and taped it to the top of her left foot, head resting between her big toe and second toe, facing the delicate stem of the bigger one. He copied this with the other, before gently testing her slit – still soaked and plush for him, hyper-sensitive from the ride – and smirking, taping a bullet to her clit with a kiss. The other two bullets were secured nicely to her arches. Each crack of tape made Zel anxiously giggle.

“And the piece de resistance-!”

Leaning over her, Lian took a pair of vibrating clamps and carefully, almost surgically, attached them to her budding nipples. Finally done, he leaned back onto his calves and looked at his squirming masterpiece.

“Such a gorgeous gal.” He ran a hand along her thigh, taking off his gloves. “Don’t blush now. It’s true.”

“Love you.”

Lian felt his face warm up, and let his mouth curl into a soft, warm smile. “Love you too, Zelly-belly. Ready for one last little ride?”

She nodded, biting her lip, and Lian positioned himself between her thighs, hooking a thumb into his boxers to pull them down. His member almost burst out, aching from the long wait, standing at full attention.

Click. Click.

Click.

Zelda began to shake and heave giggling breaths as Lian delighted in turning on each vibe and brush one by one. First the ones at her pits, making her shake against the pillories, then the clamps dangling like ornaments from her perfect chest – *he made the mental note to buy some more subtle ones for her to wear, maybe in the winter under a thick sweater, to tease her in public* – and the array at her feet, saving the one at her clit after giving it a few teasing pulses.

Letting out a long, cool breath, he pushed himself in.

It took all of his willpower to not explode inside her within seconds – he was desperate for this and hadn't realised it until now, like a man in the desert feeling a single, lonely drop of rain. Grunting and steeling himself, he grabbed her bound thighs and thrust *in*, deeper, harder, feeling the luxurious warmth of her body caressing his whole length. She fluttered around him, tightening with each laugh and squeal, her giggling shakes prompting him to fall into the same rhythm, sweat sticking his hair to his pale brow and his member beginning to plead for release, for his discipline to slip and let him burst-

Fuck. She was too good. He wasn't going to last long at this- at-

Dammit!

With a frantic thumb, he turned on the vibe resting against her sore little bud and pushed her legs back, folding her in half to get a better angle inside her, doubling his pace and intensity. That did the trick – he wouldn't have to worry about spilling early. She was already tensing and clenching desperately with the tell-tale animalistic heat of the edge.

She was saying something. Lian had to summon all of his focus to hear her through the blood rushing in his ears. He could see a finger pointing, fervent, towards her face.

In my mouth-! In my mouth! Lian, Lian, Lian-!

Can do.

Pulling out after one last hard, *hard* thrust, Lian finally let his desire win and exploded in thick ribbons over Zelda's face. Her mouth was wide open in an inviting, wet O, and most of his seed hit its mark, splashing against her tongue with some streaks and droplets spraying her cheeks and neck. After a few humps into the air, Lian collapsed back, gasping for breath. Gods, Zelda had a way of milking him that always left him exhausted, even if she was tied and helpless and not doing anything special with her mouth or her hands or her feet – she was tight, and warm, and gorgeously soft. Most importantly, she was fun to rile up. That was the best part.

Oh, wait, fuck.

Lian bolted upright as he realised she was coughing. Fumbling, he unlatched the pillory and tugged the ropes loose, sitting his girlfriend up and giving her a few gentle thumps on the back to help her clear her throat.

“You okay, princess? You okay?”

“Bad idea.” She thumped her chest as he undid the tape all over her, putting aside the brushes and toys. “Went down the wrong way. Don't try and swallow while laughing. Almost died aspirating your fuckin' - your fuckin' nut.”

She could be adorably vulgar at times. “I'll keep that in mind. And! In the future, I'll make sure that any cum that goes in your mouth goes down your *oesophagus* and not your *trachea*.”

“Problem solving.” She brushed her hair back with a hand, taking a finger to clean the stray drops from her cheeks. “If you stick it down my throat, you can make sure it can *only* go down my *oesophagus*. Boom.”

She offered a closed fist, knuckles-forth, to Lian. Laughing, he accepted the fist-bump.

“Teamwork makes the dream work.”

“And Dreamworks-!” Zelda tried to sit up but flopped back down. “Made Shrek.”

Lian couldn't help but burst into a fit of laughter, shaking his head. "You're overtired, you're getting silly."

"That's what you call your dick now? Huh?" Zelda rolled onto her stomach. Her eyes were cloudy with sleep. "Silly?"

"Oi." He flicked her nose, grinning. "Let's go wash off, then we'll go to bed nice and clean, huh?"

"Okaaaay."

There was a pause.

"Are you gonna get up?"

"Noooo."

"Do I have to tickle you up?"

"Can't feel my leeeeeeegs." Zelda wiggled her toes, pouting. "You've gone and done it. You've debuffed my legs, baby. You've set 'legs' to 'false'. You've drastically decreased my 'leg' stat."

"Oh, you poor thing." Lian stifled another laugh. "C'mon, let's get you in the shower. That and a long rest should cure any... stat debuffs or status conditions. Up we go."

Picking her up for the fourth time that night, Lian twirled Zelda's sleepy form around and began the short walk to the shower, ready to clean off all the sweat and soot and slickness from the night's festivities.

Lucky guy. It all went off without a hitch.