

Try Not to Squirt Challenge

“Is it on? Hmm yes! One. Two. Welcome back guys. To another sexy lewd hardcore bdsm livestream. I’m your favourite idol and content creator Riamu Yumeni. I’m joined here today by my frenemy Arisa Matsuda. Ew gross I know. But we have an exciting challenge for you.” Riamu smiled brightly staring into the camera, her bright pink hair sat chin height with a blue undertone. Her hair like bubble gum and her pink eyes like gemstones. She wore leather straps over her naked body, a sexy bdsm look. Her only clothing items being a pair of low waist black panties and thigh high socks.

“Step back cringe queen. Let me do my own intro. Hey Arisa gang. Today we’re doing the try not to cum challenge. My bdsm tolerance is a little less developed as Riamu’s. So I think this one will be tough.” Arisa wore a black leather bra and black yoga pants. Her plump stomach sat nicely over her pants in a seductive way. Her hazelnut hair was up in its usual high twin tails, her preferred look for bdsm.

Pushing Arisa out of frame, Riamu picked the camera up flipping it around to show the room. “This is my bdsm studio. Most of you know it from my previous videos. This is where we’ll be doing the challenge. We will both choose a technique for the other. Then use our skills to try and make the other climax.”

Slapping Riamu on the back with an audible clap, she walked in front of the camera smiling wickedly. “That’s right. Anything goes. As long as it’s bdsm related. I’ll make sure you cum first.”

“We’ll see. I have something special lined up for you. Oh! Guys before I forget. We both consent to this and know what we’re doing. Right Arisa?”

“Of course. This is like totally safe. Come on let’s start. I’ll flip a coin for who goes first. What do you call Riamu?”

“Heads!”

Arisa tossed the coin high watching it fall into her open palm. “Tails. Looks like I’ll be trying to make you cum first.”

“No. Nah best of three.”

“Urgh... Fine. Here we go.” She tossed the coin high into the air catching it gracefully. “Tails again babe. You’re up. I got this in the bag.”

Complaining under her breath, Riamu placed the camera on the tripod and stepped into the middle of the room. “What do you want to do with me? Your videos are always so weird and oldie. I’m sure it’s something ridiculous”

“Well... No but yes. Stockade actually.” Guiding Riamu to the Stockade, Arisa sat her on the floor leaning backwards so her head and arms where in the stocks. “Get comfy there. This will be how you cum.”

“Why am I in this Stockade upside down?” She struggled to move feeling the rough wood rubbing against her neck and wrists.

“You’ll see soon enough.” Arisa slipped two belts over Riamu’s feet and attached them to chains at the ankle. She then pulled on a rope in the corner of the room which shot her legs into the air. “You look really cute hanging there~”

Riamu’s body was suspended in the air, the tight bindings around her ankles painfully spreading her legs apart. Her neck and wrists were in agony as they held her body weight. She stared up at the ceiling as her hair draped down. “This is so painful. Ohhhh~ It feels good though. But it won’t make me cum.”

“Shut it bitch. I’m in control here. You’ll hang there and take it. Like a good slut.” Grabbing a whip, Arisa stood over her rival with a mean grin excited to release some pent-up lust. She snapped the whip into the air with an echoing crack before gently laying it on Riamu’s belly.

With a slightly concerned expression, Riamu tried to play it off as a joke. “A Whip... Really? Am I a horse or someting. Aaaah-”

With a shattering crack, the whip slammed down on her stomach making her plump belly ripple. “Quiet! I told you to be quiet. The pain will loosen your pussy up.” Rolling the whip around her arm she let loose another instant swing, stinging her midriff. Continuing to whip her, Arisa fired off a series of sharp painful cracks across her stomach and chest. Her delicate pale skin soon turned a striped pattern of red and purple marks. “That’s good. Keep wriggling like that. You’ll soon feel that orgasm coming.”

Moaning through the pain, Riamu squirmed around in the bindings swaying from side to side. Red rings formed around her wrists and neck accompanying the many red lines on her skin. “Aaah~ Fuck! You’re not playing around. That was intense. But you’ll have to do more than that. To break a bdsm queen like me.”

“Cringe queen more like. Fine!” With one final windup, Arisa fired the whip at her lower stomach, over her womb. The pain was so forceful it made Riamu scream in pleasure. Her body twitched for a few seconds before a small wet stain formed on her panties. “Hah! Look. You’re cumming already.”

Riamu started to giggle, panting through the pain. “That’s piss your dumb hoe. Try again.” She dropped her head looking behind her and smiled confidently as Arisa walked around the Stockade grabbing Riamu’s head to look at her.

“Fine then... I had something else planned anyway.” Arisa stepped away and grabbed a rough textured wooden paddle gently slapping her palm with it. “This is my favourite toy. But because this is such a special day. I’m willing to share.”

Lining up the paddle with her stomach, Riamu struggled to avoid the pain. Her mind was beginning to break under the dominanc, enjoying the pleasure and pain which came with it. “Oh a paddle? Fuck yes. Mmm. Hit me baby~”

“Not just yet. I’m not going to repeat the same mistake twice. I’ll use this too.” Turning back to the table, Arisa grabbed a strap-on dildo and harness. She wore the harness over her pants and attached the prickly dildo. “This is bound to make you cum.” Smiling wickedly, she lined up her rubber cock with Riamu’s pussy, pushing her panties to the side.

With a sharp gasp, Riamu felt the cold silicone brush against her labia. “Wait. Is that a dildo? That’s not fair. How am I supposed to survive this..?” She couldn’t see the strap-on but she could sense what was about to be inside her would be hard to withstand.

Standing between her legs with a stiff raised arm, Arisa ploughed the paddle into Riamu’s stomach with a loud slap. The force shook her bound floating body as she swayed back and forth. Grabbing her legs, Arisa forced the dildo into her twitching pussy, pushing it deep inside. Her submiss had Arisa smiling menacingly as she continued to slam the paddle down onto her body while thrusting into her pussy. The rough textured wood driving pain deep into her muscles and womb. The prickly dildo shooting electrifying pleasure from her uterus to her brain.

“Aaah! Oh god. Fuck me. It hurts so bad.” Riamu was panting with the pain struggling to breath as the force of the paddle took her breath away after each strike. Even so, she was still enjoying it and was turned on by the tight position and sharp pain. The dildo was pushing her to the edge as she fought to stay focused. “Mmm~ Hit me more babe. I’m not going to give in to the pleasure. But I’d sure like to continue~”

“You nasty freak. I’m not giving up yet.” Holding the paddle with both hands, Arisa slammed it down harder and harder over her stomach. The force rippled through her skin and shook her bones. Her piss-soaked legs twitched and shook. “Look at you. Covered in filth. Just need to add an orgasm to that mix.” With all her strength, she thrust the paddle down on to her stomach one last time holding it against her body. She began focusing on her thrusts, speeding up and slammed the dildo against Riamu’s cervix. Listening to her moan, Arisa scoffed lifting the paddle once more. She waited until she could see Riamu’s stomach bulge from the dildo and cracked the paddle down on the bulge.

“Aaaaaah!” Riamu’s screams were drowned out by the sharp blow echoing around the room with tremendous force. The pressure causing her bindings to break at her ankles. She crashed to the floor with pain shooting across her body from her ass to her stomach. The dildo raked out of her pussy causing her walls to sting in pain. Her creamy sticky juices ran down her ass struggling to breath in the tight stockade holding her neck. “Oh f~uck. Arisa! Shit that felt so good. Fuck. Aaah~ But I didn’t cum. Your time is up.”

“Fuck... Yeah I know. Your turn next... I won’t break that easily either.” Arisa dropped the paddle and strap on to the floor and released Rainych from the stockade. Who stood slowly rubbing her neck and wrists still coming down from her high. “Well... What I’m a supposed to endure?”

“You’ll find out soon enough. Come with me. Here. Stand with your arms and legs together.” She stood Arisa in the middle of the room and grabbed a bundle of rope. “Undress for me babe. Unless you want to soak those cute pants of yours.” Once undressed, Riamu wrapped the rope around her chest and stomach, forming a tight shibari knot. The binding squeezed her breasts and stomach tightly which soon started to turn purple.

Fidgeting on the spot, Arisa tried to move her arms to loosen the grip of the rope. “Ow. It’s a little tight isn’t it...”

“Exactly. It’s shibari. Japanese rope binding. It’s design to tighten the more you struggle. Bet you didn’t expect that from me.”

“No. Your content is always so submissive. I never knew you’d have this up your sleeve.”

“I had to bring my best toys. To make you cum first. Now let’s lay you on the ground here.” Shuffling her on to a wooden slab, Riamu laid Arisa down on the cold surface staring up at the ceiling. Her breasts were a dark shade of purple and her stomach was bright red.

Riamu turned to face the camera smiling playfully. "Thank you everyone for watching. Arisa couldn't make me cum. Now it's my turn. I'll win for sure. I have a few other special surprises for Arisa the bdsm whore." She pulled out a box of pegs and a vibrator showing them to the camera with a seductive wink.

"What's that? What's in the box. Riamu! Is that a vibrator too? Stop being annoying and tell me what's in the box."

"You'll find out soon enough." Giggling softly, Riamu spun around and placed the box on the floor next to Arisa. She slid the vibrator under the shibari bindings under her stomach vibrating against her clitoris. She pulled out a handful of pegs and began pinning them to Arisa's body. She started at her breasts covering her nipples with pegs.

The sharp pain was multiplied due to Arisa's purple breasts. She gasped, biting her lip as the pain shot around her body like electricity. "Aah. Fuck. Slow down with the pegs. How's this supposed to make me cum? Ah oooh~" Her question was answered as the vibrator caused a sudden spike of pleasure travel up her body.

"Hah. Just like that. You'll be in a puddle of squirt soon enough." The pegs began to multiply as Riamu placed more over her stomach and vulva. "This will loosen your pussy up for my real attempt." She leaned over Arisa and grabbed her breast squeezing it as she gasped in agony.

The number of pegs littered across her body paired with Riamu's hand squeezing her breast made her scream from overwhelming pain. Her breathing was sharp, the agony of so many small pinching pegs made her mind numb. She wiggled around trying to throw the pegs off her body which only allowed the shibari knots to tighten further. Saliva ran down her cheek as she drooled from the vibrator melting her resistance.

"That's perfect. You're looking really cute down there. Struggle more. The pain and pleasure you're feeling. It's an orgasmic combination." Brushing away the pegs from Arisa's stomach, Riamu made some space for her next technique. "This next thing is my favourite. I've cum from this so many times. I'm sure you'll love it too." Shuffling over to the other side of the room, Riamu stood over a pile of concrete slabs. The plates were light on their own but when stacked up, created an unbearable heavy load. Picking one slab up, she hobbled back to Arisa and placed it gently on her stomach.

Arisa's eyes widened seeing the slab, she shook her head in denial at the idea. "N-No wait. You. You can't use those. That's cheating!" The shibari bindings were so tight that her attempts to move were thwarted. She laid motionless only able to express her

disapproval by voice. “You bitch. If I knew you’d play like this. I would have brought more extreme toys.”

Riamu scoffed, rolling her eyes and pulled out a ball gag. “I’ve heard enough from your cock sucking mouth. Be quite like a good girl.” She wrapped the gag around her head pushing the ball into her mouth. “Besides. We agreed on this. As long as it was bdsm related. It’s fine. It’s not my fault you brought such a weak game.”

One by one, Riamu placed the concrete slabs on top of Arisa. She felt the weight crushing down on her body, her stomach taking most of the pain which flashed across her muscles and bones with increasing tension. The force was excruciating, causing her to whine loudly through the ball gag. Her saliva ran down her cheek followed by a stream of tears. The weight of the slabs caused her stomach to invert, pressing against her womb and bladder. Feeling her organs being squished made her scared but also excited. Any bdsm beginner would either be crying and screaming stop or cum immediate from too much stimulation. Her love for bdsm and experience with all things related were keeping her mind from breaking. She relaxed her body and mind allowing the pain to flow through her skin like pleasure. However, her bladder was pressed like a lemon as she started to piss herself. A hot stream soaked her legs pooling on the wooden slab.

“Oh my. What a lovely smell. You sure aren’t holding back for me. Aren’t you Arisa. Keep up those cute sounds. You’ll be cumming in no time.” Riamu smiled playfully licking her fingers as she watched Arisa squirm around in her own filth. She looked at the concrete slabs with a wicked expression. “I think you can take one final weight. What do you think?”

With a soft spin, Riamu positioned herself over Arisa’s legs placing her hands on the concrete slabs. Lifting one leg, she shook her foot before leaning all her weight on the slabs. She stood on Arisa’s leg while hovering her other foot over her pussy.

Arisa wanted to scream, the overwhelming pain coursing through her body was destroying her. She bit down on the ball gag redirecting her anguish into her jaw. Whining through tears she struggled to breath. The weight and bindings stopping her body from operating normally.

Slamming her lifted foot into Arisa’s vibrating pussy, Riamu started to use her toes as a masturbating toy. “How does it feel? I call this. Riamu’s Foot fuck. It’s unbearable isn’t it. Come on, scream for me.

Gasping sporadically, Arisa’s felt herself closing in on the edge of a huge orgasm. She tried to calm herself down, but Riamu’s foot was the final push. The electrifying pleasure mixed with the dangerous pain made her mind a blur, melting away. Dopamine

and adrenaline corded through her veins as she started to cum. Moaning as loud as she could into the ball gag.

Standing happily over the top of Arisa's stomach, Riamu was admiring her work. She looked over at the camera and stream chat with a wide smile. "I am the queen of bdsm. As proven by my total domination here. What do you think guys?" Waiting for people to respond in chat, she started to read the comments people were making. Squinting, she read out loud before widening her eyes in excitement. "What's this chat? Climax? Yeah I wish. Um another comment says. Arisa squirt happening! Wait all the comments say she's cumming?" Realising what was happening, Riamu looked down at Arisa's twitching pussy moments before it exploded with a violent squirt hitting the wall and soaking into the floor. "Ahh! Oh god. It's happening. I win! Aaaaah." Surprised and smug, Riamu jumped off Arisa and removed the ball gag so she could listen to her victory music.

That victory music was the sound of Arisa moaning and screaming as her lower body gave out, cumming violently. "Ahhhh. Fuckkk. Oh god. Fuuuuck. It won't stop. Aaaaah" Her cries soon turned to wheezing as she struggled to breathe, the concrete pressed down on her empty lungs stopping her from breathing properly.

"Okay okay. Enough gloating. Let's remove these slabs. Then the pegs and bindings." One by one, Riamu removed the slabs with a smile from ear to ear. She hummed softly to herself removing the pegs and bindings helping Arisa to her feet. With a menacing grin she grabbed the camera and held it high as she spoke. "Looks like I win guys. Make sure to like and subscribe. Your donations are what makes the magic happen." She turned to Arisa and slapped her painful body which caused her to lean forward climaxing again. "How are you feeling bdsm whore?"

Arisa's body had succumbed to the intense pain and overwhelming pleasure. A simple touch on any of her painful body parts was enough to cause her to climax again. "Aaahh. Mmm~ Don't... Fucking. Touch me... Right now... Oooh..." She grabbed her pants and underwear shakily trying to wear them. Her body was soaked in piss, cum, and sweat causing the fabric of her clothes to stick to her skin uncomfortably.

"Hah! Looks like Arisa won't be making content for a while. Anyway. Let me know who you think I should challenge next. Comment below. Okay guys. See you next time. Bye byeeeee."

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