**Rope Events**

byropespace©

My girlfriend looked uneasy. Her expression, to be precise, was a complex mixture of sullen and nervous as we stood outside Pleasures and Treasures, the neighborhood kink community center. I held the canvas bag filled with our fun toys (mostly rope). She held her torso, as if she was exposed and hundreds were staring at her. No one was walking down our side of the street; it was 8pm on a weeknight.

"Don't be sore because you lost the bet," I said playfully. "This is going to be fun."

Still not sure what she was getting herself into, she gave me a quick look that said, "You're the worst," then stared forward, pouting.

"Look, we don't have to go. It really is up to you; bet or not bet."

I think she was playing up her resistance because, while she was probably genuinely nervous, I suspect she was secretly excited to see what was beyond the veil of secrecy. In any case, her only response to my offer was to open the door to P&T and stride purposefully inside. I shrugged and followed her in.

I smiled and nodded at the attendant behind the counter and pointed up the stairs to the rear loft area of the store, indicating we were there for rope practice. She didn't smile back; in fact, she seemed bored to tears. "Not us," I thought as I led Sara up the stairs to our first community kink event together.

When Sara and I had first started dating, I had been upfront about my kinky interests. Specifically, I love rope: tying and being tied. She had been surprised at first, and a little embarrassed by it all, not knowing anything at all about kink or what the word even meant. But to her credit, she had embraced my strange interests with enthusiasm. We began playing rope together and I taught her the basics. It had always remained a private matter--until tonight, we had never participated in the kink community together. And while I usually prefer being tied up, tonight would be different: I would be tying Sara.

We loved making bets as a couple. Since the loser usually had to submit to something kinky, it made them exciting and fun, regardless of what we were betting about. I can't even remember the bet I won, to be honest, but we both definitely remembered what I had stipulated I would get if I won: Sara would have to come with me to a community rope practice and let me tie her up.

"What is that even like?" she asked. It was a totally fair question, having never been to one before.

"It's just a bunch of fun, friendly, kinky people getting together in a relaxed atmosphere to practice their rope skills and see old friends," I assured her. "At the beginning there's usually a demonstration by a rigger with some experience, then everyone just lays down a mat and starts tying with whoever they want to tie with."

We got to the top of the stairs and approached the friendly looking kinkster behind the plastic portable table.

"Hi," I said.

"Good evening," they said. It's $10 per person. Have you been before?"

"I have. It's her first time," I replied, indicating the shy girl next to me. Sara was beautiful, and I have to say it was nice to come with someone instead of being alone. Single men at kink events were viewed with some suspicion; everyone always seemed to assume dark motives, no matter how friendly I tried to be. Not this time; the kinkster, fingers bedecked with black and chrome jewelry, smiled at Sara, clearly trying to make her feel comfortable. The smile carried over to me, as well.

We paid and stepped around the table and entered the practice room. The place was pretty full already. I guided us to the far end of the room where there was unclaimed floor space. Once there, I unrolled our yoga mat and set down the bag of rope. Sara was looking around the room, wide-eyed.

"Yeah, there's a bit of culture shock the first time," I said, reading her expression. "I remember feeling totally out of place my first time. It's amazing I stayed. Lucky, too, since I met some really wonderful people that night; I'm still friends with some of them."

"Lots of them aren't wearing any clothes!" she breathed to me in an urgent whisper.

"So?" I kept my tone lighthearted and playful. I had two motives here: I wanted her to settle in and feel comfortable in this community with its unique norms and customs; and I wanted to coax her out of most of her clothes before I tied her, too.

"They're not worried that anyone's looking?!"

"I mean, we're all kinda looking. And it's no big deal, right? There's lots of bodies to look at, and as long as you don't stare and you're not creepy, it's fine to look. It's just people being comfortable in their bodies. I love this part about our community; it's one of the only public spaces where you can let your body shame go; or at least work on letting it go. Body shame is pretty deeply ingrained in all of us."

Sara stood there, arms crossed, taking it in. Suddenly, her thought train arrived at the station.

"Wait, you're not expecting me to strip naked, are you?" Her tone was defensive, and I could tell she was definitely scared of being naked in front of all these strange strangers.

I smiled at her. "You don't have to, no. It's totally up to you." My tone was lighthearted and whimsical, as if it didn't matter at all. "But you know how awkward it is to tie someone up over their clothes," I added, as if making a purely rational point. I mean, to be fair it is awkward and unfun tying someone up over their clothes.

She turned and smacked me playfully on the arm, sensing the predicament I had put her in. If she kept her clothes on, the others would perhaps judge her an outsider and a prude. If she followed custom and stripped, everyone would see her body.

"Let's go watch the demonstration," I said, giving her time to consider and, hopefully, feel more comfortable.

We walked to the circle of folding chairs at the other end of the room and sat down. A cute couple sat one chair away.

"You new?" I asked.

"He is," the girl replied. She looked to be in her mid-20s, had shoulder-length blonde hair and a friendly face. Other than the black metal t-shirt and leather skirt (which I suspect she only wore to events like these) you would never guess she was a kinkster. Her boyfriend had short, brown hair, rugged good looks (just the right amount of scruff on his face) and, judging by his khakis and button-down collared shirt, was new to the kink world.

"Welcome!" I said, making eye contact. "She's new, too." Sara looked over and smiled nervously at them.

The demonstration (a box tie chest harness) was well presented. After 20 minutes or so, we all stood up and headed to our mats to practice. I cuddled up to Sara's arm and said, "I can't wait!" in a giddy voice.

"Do I really have to take off my clothes?" She asked, plaintively.

"Of course not," I replied. "I'm serious, this is a safe space and everyone should feel comfortable and in control of their body at all times." She looked relieved. "But look around," I pressed. "There are so many body types here, and lots of different levels of comfort with nudity. And the people here are friendly and accepting. You don't have to be ashamed of anything."

Besides, I thought, you have an amazing body.

It's true: Sara was gorgeous. A little taller than average, she had long brown hair and a pretty face with fine features. A runner, her body was trim. And I loved her breasts; they were just the right size (not small but not large) and firm, with delicious, sensitive nipples. I could totally understand her anxiety: once naked, everyone would be sneaking looks (even the women). That said, she had nothing to be ashamed of--and neither did anyone else, regardless of what their body looked like. Given her warm, charming personality (when not shy and nervous), she would be liked by everyone.

She stood next to our yoga mat for a while, considering.

"How are you going to tie me up?"

I looked at the ceiling above her. Her gaze followed mine to the metal hook anchored there. She threw me a sullen look, silently accusing me of really milking this bet for all it was worth. I shrugged back at her with an innocent smile. Guilty as charged.

Then, with astonishing suddenness, she grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. I smiled, gazing at her pale, bare skin. Her look said, "I can't believe you're making me do this." Except, I wasn't. This was her choosing. In the kink world, you're free to be and do what you want. And ideally, everything is predicated on enthusiastic, mutual consent.

She paused a second, looking at me and biting her lip. Her hands were on her belt buckle and she was rocking gently forward and backward on the balls of her feet.

"Only go as far as you're comfortable," I said, replying to her unspoken question. She looked around the room. There were maybe 20 or so people here, spaced pretty closely together. Many were tying and being tied on mats. Others were standing or sitting, talking to one another. One sat alone on their mat, seemingly meditating. More than half were at least partially naked. Many were topless and wearing only underwear. At least two were completely naked.

Apparently, Sara decided she should join them because when I looked back from following her gaze around the room her pants were already most of the way to the floor.

One thing you should know about Sara is she only wears thongs. Literally. She's now standing there next to our mat wearing a sexy, black bra and black thong, looking around nervously. Contrary to her worst fears, the room doesn't go silent, all activity grinding to a halt as everyone stops to stare. A few people notice and glance over, but most don't pay any attention. The evening continues as before. Sara relaxes a bit, breathing out a held breath.

"See?" I say encouragingly. "But..."

"What?" Sara responds, immediately suspicious.

"If we're going to practice the box tie chest harness we learned tonight..."

"You are unbelievable."

The tie started by binding the wrists behind the back, then the ropes wove around the chest, above and below the breasts, reversing tension between the shoulder blades and looping back around multiple times. A bra would totally be in the way. And she liked the bra she was wearing. I knew she didn't want it harmed by rope tension.

"You planned all this out!" she accused me.

"I didn't know what the demonstration was going to be on," I protested, truthfully. I had definitely planned to insist that she go topless, though, so I wasn't as innocent as I made out to be.

Sara blew out a breath of frustration that I suspected was more act than real, then reached behind her back and unfastened her bra. She held it to her breasts for a moment, again sweeping the room with worry and suspicion. No one was even looking our way, let alone staring. Surprised and gratified at the lack of unwanted attention, she let the bra fall to the floor, landing atop a growing pile of her clothing.

"You are so beautiful," I said admiringly. I walked behind her, placing my hands gently on her upper arms, establishing trust through physical contact. I soothingly rubbed my hands up and down her arms, then across her shoulders. From there I ran my fingertips lightly down the bare skin of her back, pausing right above her buttocks. I then slid my hands into position on her hips, paused a moment, then pulled her gently yet firmly back into my body.

I felt her relax against me, leaning her head back against the crook of my neck (she was just a couple inches shorter than me). My hands continued to explore, gently sliding across her stomach and up to her naked breasts. I cupped them gently and she moaned softly under her breath.

Placing my hands on her waist, I gently pushed her forward to stand upright again, then bent down to unravel several lengths of rope. I slowly pulled her arms behind her into a box position, forearms resting on top of each other. I bound her wrists with rope, then leaned her back against me as I pulled the trailing end around her left upper arm and across her torso beneath her breasts. I paused there, holding her and the rope tight. I breathed softly into her ear (which I knew turns her on) and waited for the smile to unfold on her lips. I smiled back, then pushed off to give me space to work, pulling the rope taut around her right upper arm and back behind her again, where I reversed tension around the rope leading away from her wrists. I wrapped the rope around her torso going the other direction this time, but above her breasts. I continued, adding vertical sections going over her shoulders and reversing tension between her breasts before heading back over her shoulders again.

A few minutes later, the box tie was complete. I stepped back to observe the sexy, naked captive before me. She thrust her chest forward and looked off to one side, embarrassed but also proud and showing off. I loved this about her. I loved that she knew she was beautiful. And I loved that she was beautiful.

"Well, you're a little stuck," I taunted.

"I wonder how that happened," came her rejoinder.

I ran my hands up her sides, then dragged my fingers down her taut stomach, pausing for a moment to tease her cute belly button. She squirmed a bit, giggling softly and blushing. I reached around and squeezed her bare ass. I couldn't believe how brave she was, stripping down to just a thong on her first time to a public kink event. I was elated. I had fantasized of bringing a girlfriend to one of these rope practices many times in the past, but had honestly despaired of meeting someone who would not only tolerate my kink side, but participate with me in it. This was a dream come true.

But I was far from done enjoying it. I attached a rope to her chest harness, then looped it over the hook in the ceiling (I could just reach it while standing tall) and pulled down. Maintaining tension, I attached the end to her chest harness again. She wasn't suspended from the ceiling by any means, but she couldn't go anywhere, either.

Without saying anything, I grabbed the slender chain from my bag and stepped around in front of Sara again. I held up the clamps at either end and looked at her deviously. Deep in rope space, Sara's resistant act was gone. What I got instead was a look of horror and mild pleading.

"That was part of the deal," I reminded her. Her face fell, clearly remembering (and rueing) that part of our bet. I carefully applied the clamps to both of her (now very erect) nipples. Soft moans slipped through her lips as pressure on each of her sensitive tits.

I stepped back again and admired my work. Tied in place, nearly naked, and with a chrome chain dangling between her delicious nipples, Sara was a picture of erotic glory. I was loving this, very turned on, and deeply happy.

"Who's this, Gray?"

Startled out of my reverie, I nearly jumped. I was used to being tied up at these events. I felt a sudden reaction of guilt, as if I had been caught being naughty, tying Sara up like this. The wave of guilt passed, though, and I saw it was my friend, Gale.

Gale was short and stout and wore her hair in a long, black braid down her back. The sides of her head were shaved and she had a nose piercing. She had an outgoing, warm demeanor that put everyone at ease and won her friends wherever she went. She was one of my best friends in the rope community, and we chatted each time we saw each other at events.

"Gale, this is Sara. Sara, meet my good friend Gale."

"Charmed," Gale said with a warmth that you knew was sincere. Sara blushed deeply, intensely aware of the awkwardness of meeting someone for the first time while tied up and naked, with clamps on your nipples.

"Hi," she finally managed, embarrassment all over her face. Gale, not apologizing for her discomfort in the slightest, looked my handiwork--and Sara's body--up and down. Sara just stood there while she was inspected because, well, she didn't have any other options.

"Where have you been hiding this beauty?" Gale asked me.

"Oh, you know." We both just stood there together, admiring Sara's helpless, sexy body. "This is her first time, you know," I offered at last.

"This is her first time, and you put clamps on her nips?" Gale reproached me.

"Hey, it was part of the bet," I said in my defense. Gale rolled her eyes.

"Well, you look stunning, babe," she said to Sara, clearly meaning it. "You're brave to jump right in. Let's talk later. When you're not, you know, all tied up."

Sara nodded, her blush deepening. "Sure, I'd love that."

Gale wandered away. I stepped up to her bound body, put my arms around her, and kissed her neck. "You are so beautiful," I whispered. "Thanks for letting me tie you up tonight."