

B is for Bondage



Part of
The Fantasy A-Z Series

Explicit Short Stories Exploring
Sexual Fantasy & Desire

by Chris Maxwell Rose of
PleasureMechanics.com

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The sky grew dark as I waited. I kneeled just in front of the big bay window of the bedroom, hands behind my back, head bowed. Once in awhile my eyes fluttered up to watch the light change, sinking from the glowing rose of the sunset into the thin grey light of twilight. The branches of the cherry tree shuddered in the wind, heavy with pink blossoms and budding leaves.

From the change of light I knew I had been waiting for awhile. Perhaps I had rushed my preparations, eager to get started. I had bathed, oiled and perfumed every inch of my skin. This was my time to relax, to shed the worries of my busy week. I should have taken my time, lingered in the hot bath and perhaps even let the persistent pulse of the tub jets bring me to climax. But like most of my life, I had rushed through, refusing to slow down and savor.

Served me right, then, to be waiting impatiently. I shifted my weight back and forth, my knees aching despite the pillow beneath me. The warm gust of air from the heater in the corner was comforting on my bare skin. I took a deep breath. There was nothing to do but wait.

I felt his presence before I heard him approach. The hair on the back of my neck stood up and my nipples hardened as I felt him enter the room. I straightened up, arching my back, clasping my hands at the small of my back and dropping my chin. Already I could feel the ache between my legs begin, knowing what was to come.

The floor trembled as he walked towards me. I dared not look up, but breathed in deeply to try to catch his scent. I found it faintly, and pulled in the traces of leather and musk. Deep inside I felt something start to unwind, uncoiling and releasing waves of longing.

He paused behind me, wordless. I leaned back on my knees, searching for him. I could hear his breath, feel the warmth of his body nearby. In the corner of my vision I could see his boots, polished to perfection, just behind me.

I smiled, knowing he was enjoying making me wait. How long would we pause on this cliff before taking the dive together? How long would he linger?

He walked around, coming to stand in front of me. He stood close enough that if I leaned forward just an inch, I could rest on his strong thighs. I so badly wanted to look up and see him, find his gorgeous face smiling down at me. It took all my will to stay in

my position until ordered to do otherwise. *Just breathe* I told myself, *A few more breaths and it will begin*. I let the air fill my lungs, pulling in the smell of my lover. Even if I could not have his touch, he could not deny me his scent.

He inched closer, allowing my forehead to rest on his thigh. The soft denim felt like home, and I allowed myself to sink my weight into him, resisting the temptation to collapse completely at his feet.

My body buckled in relief when I finally felt his touch. One hand glided across my hair and gathered up the length of it firmly, then yanked my head back in a strong firm motion. My eyes rushed up and met his, staring down at me with both kindness and firmness. His hand coiled around my hair and with this grip he controlled me fully. With the slightest upward pressure, he brought me to my feet.

Without a word, he guided me towards the window and pressed my entire body into the smooth surface of the window pane. Shivers rushed through my body as my face, nipples and belly made contact with the cold glass. He released my hair and grabbed my wrists, bringing them up to the window so I could lean my full weight forward. Roughly, he pulled my hips out and spread my thighs, so I was stable on my feet, pinned to the window, ass thrust out.

He didn't leave me waiting any longer. Suddenly his hands were everywhere, running down my back and onto my thighs, up along my sides. He traced the curves of my breasts and belly, circled the roundness of my butt. His touch flowed like water, moving along my skin without any pause yet leaving every inch changed with each glide. I sighed as I felt my tension dissolve into the current of his touch.

I opened my eyes, watching the branches sway and bounce. Beyond the trees, the world settled into darkness. The window looked out over a vast expanse of grass, trees and gardens. The only eyes with a view of my naked body pressed against the window were the owls and night creatures, and they seemed indifferent to my growing desire.

He pressed his entire body into my back, leaning his weight firmly into my flesh. I yielded, allowing his body to press me deeper into the glass, pressing my ass into him. I heard him exhale quickly as I pressed into him, so I teased him a bit by wiggling my hips, finding his hardness waiting for me.

He growled.

"Is that the game you want to play?" he whispered, grabbing my hips and pulling them tightly to his body. I could feel every inch of him outlined in his jeans. My pelvis clenched and pulsed, my mouth fell open and a deep moan escaped my lips.

"I know what you need, beauty. But we've still got a long way to go." he said, running his hands up to my wrists.

He pulled me away from the glass and walked me towards the bed. I stumbled, drunk on desire, but his firm grip kept me from falling.

When we were a few feet from the bed, he commanded me to stop. I paused, and swayed as he released his grip on me.

"Bend over." He ordered, and I fell towards the mattress, catching myself on the edge of the mattress.

He walked away for a moment, and when he returned he fell to his knees behind me.

My body shook as he kissed the tender backs of first one knee, and then the other. Then he kissed up and down each thigh, and then paused and inhaled deeply right at my core. My eyes pressed shut and I let out a whimper. Even after all these years, it still felt vulnerable to let him get so close down there.

I heard him grunt, an animal sound of approval and eagerness. Before I could respond, a firm spank to my ass sent me flying into sensation. Another spank soon followed, and my skin was set ablaze, molten pleasure pouring down my thighs and into my center. Again and again, his hands rained down on me, each spank lighting my flesh on fire. His hands were firm and forced my body to yield, to relax into the storm of sensations. Just when the sensations were inching towards pain, he would pause and use his big hands to massage my butt cheeks, just long enough to let me catch my breath. Then the spankings started again, the sensations building again, mounting inside me, filling all of the spaces in my thoughts with nothing but the delicious burn of his touch.

Then he stopped, and I felt the smooth leather slide around my ankles. He quickly clasped the cuffs tight, each ankle encircled firmly. He pulled me to standing and then sat on the edge of the bed. Without a command I knew what to do, and fell on my knees in front of him. Meeting his gaze, I offered up my wrists. Without breaking eye contact, he cuffed first one wrist and then the other, tugging on the leather to make sure they were firmly clasped, leaving just enough room for circulation.

Fully cuffed, ankles and wrists, I felt more naked than ever. I drank in his gaze, diving into his amber eyes and luxuriating in his presence. I let out a deep exhale and placed my hands on his thighs, ready to be taken. He leaned forward and kissed me once, deeply, fully, until he felt me fully relax. As he released me from his kiss, he bit my

lower lip just hard enough to send a delicious spark of pain through my body.

When I closed my eyes and bowed my head, I felt him secure the silky blindfold around my eyes. The world dropped into darkness, and all that was left was the galaxy of sensation inside. I bit my lip, ready to be spun into orbit.

For one long moment, I waited. Then I felt his hands guiding me onto the bed. He positioned me face up, arms and legs spread wide open. Starting with my ankles, I felt him fasten me securely to the bed, using the loops of rope he kept hidden under the mattress, permanently looped to the bed frame. As he secured my wrists, I instinctively tugged and yanked in all directions, and felt the bondage hold me securely in place. There was nowhere to go. I was his.

Blindfolded, cuffed in place, there was nowhere for my mind to wander except inside. I became exquisitely aware of every inch of my skin. I felt the soft silky sheets underneath my bare back. I could still feel the wetness between my thighs from where he had kissed me. My butt glowed from the spanking, every movement creating waves of pleasure as my flesh remembered his touch. Tiny sparks of sensation burned up and down my body. I felt my body sink into the bed, my arms and legs going slack and my tension releasing in a long slow melt.

Then, his tongue. He started on the inside of one ankle and traveled up one leg, dangerously close to my sex but missing it completely. With little nibbles, kisses and darting licks he brought my skin to life, leaving trails of sensation that lingered long after he had moved on. I sensed his heat and weight above me, and could feel the mattress shift with his movements, but he moved expertly around so only his mouth made contact with my skin. It was a delicious tease, and I found myself arching my back, trying to press my body into his.

Suddenly, I felt his fingers on my breasts, pinching my nipples with slowly mounting pressure.

"Have you forgotten who is in charge here?" He demanded, his fingers tightening. I held back a squeal, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of the response he was searching for. "You can touch me when I say it is time, not a moment sooner."

"Yes sir. Sorry sir." I gasped, hoping my response would earn me relief from his punitive pinching.

Mercifully, he released his grip, sending a throbbing ache deep into my chest. Immediately he replaced his fingers with his mouth, sucking lightly and flicking up with his tongue. The pain transformed into pure pleasure. He consumed me, his mouth trailing off my breasts and onto my neck and shoulders. I felt his body on top of me, and

was startled to feel his bare skin. He must have shed his clothes as he was securing my cuffs. My skin soaked in his flesh, the smooth skin and firm muscles just underneath. My pelvis searched for his, but I dared not arc towards him.

My desire was running wild through me. My tension had uncoiled and in its place I felt my need for release beginning to mount, a new kind of tension, much wilder and less predictable. I clenched and flexed my body, pulling against my restraints, aching so badly for my hands to be on his body.

He must have sensed my growing need, as I felt his hands travel down my body and towards my sex. At first, he rested his hand over me, cupping my entire sex in his palm. The warmth of his hand made me gasp. Ever so slowly, he began moving his hand in circles, gliding over my lips. Then I felt one finger glide towards the center, slipping over the crest of my clitoris, circling on one side and then the other.

My mouth fell open and a low moan escaped my lips. I smelled his warm breath just above my face, and I brazenly moved my head forward to find him. He met me in a kiss, and kissed me firmly as his finger continued to circle in devastatingly pleasurable circles. He drove one arm under my neck and held me firmly to him as his other hand reached below, slipping down from my clit to find my opening, warm, wet and waiting for him.

I felt him linger at the opening, daring me to thrust forward and meet him. I held still, obediently waiting for him to initiate. We paused in this moment, both anticipating what the other would do. A pulse of desire built between us.

His thumb came up to rest on my clit, flicking on the side, creating a steady stream of sensation that reverberated to my core. Then, finally, I felt him slide his fingers inside, gliding along my most sensitive spots. He paused for a moment and then began building up speed, his hand moving in a persistent rhythm both inside and out.

He stopped kissing my lips and I felt him move down my body, his kisses traveling across my breasts and belly. When I felt his hot breath hover above my sex, my body went slack in a pool of desire. I tugged against my restraints but couldn't move. I was his to devour.

First his lips, then his tongue, then his entire mouth was on me. His fingers kept moving inside me, gathering my arousal into a tight knot of need.

I felt him moan into my flesh, and the idea that he was taking pleasure in this sent me soaring. I let go completely, and felt an orgasm claim me in wave after wave of relief. He slowed but didn't let up, riding my pleasure with me, letting my climax rise and fall and rise again until I collapsed in a deep shudder.

Then, all was darkness. His hand fell still inside me. His mouth rested on my pulsing sex, flooding me with warmth but unmoving. It may have been one minute or ten, I would never know. All I felt was my breath rising and falling, the weight of my body falling into the bed, and a radiant glow of pleasure spreading through my body.

I felt him move, and suddenly my ankles were free. My legs ached as I bent my knees. I waited for him to release my wrists but instead felt him front of me. I moved my head, as if I could will myself to see what was happening through the blindfold.

His hands traveled up and down my legs, massaging them lightly. Then he spread my legs and planted my feet on his chest, and I could feel his hard cock resting on my sex. I held still, but my pelvis shuddered despite me.

He slowly glided the head of his cock up and down, gathering my wetness. I felt pleasure begin to gather once again, another tide of pleasure mounting.

Then I felt him just outside my entrance, patiently waiting. "Come to me. Bring me in" He whispered.

I rocked my pelvis, and felt him slip inside just a bit. Pushing my feet into his chest, I sank my body forward to find him, and cried out as I felt him enter, inch by inch.

Then we were moving together, my legs flexing as I stretched as far as I could, bringing him deep inside me. My wrists pulled against their cuffs as I undulated my body, pinned between my restraints and his body. He kissed and nibbled my ankles as I moved onto him.

Soon, I felt his desire peak and he grabbed my legs, bringing my feet straight up so he could drive more fully into me. He took over and thrust rapidly, deeply, for his own pleasure. I was ready for it, so fully saturated with pleasure and longing that I could receive him fully.

Suddenly, a new sound joined the symphony of moans and groans. I heard the low buzz before I felt it, but soon my clit was on fire with the vibrations of a little toy he had slipped between us. He positioned it perfectly, his knowledge of my body at work. His thrusts drove the vibrations deeper into my clit, and I felt my body begin to gather into another climax.

He moved into me again and again, and I heard him cry out as my pleasure broke into another cascade of release. I let my throat open and wailed as the persistent vibrations kept me suspended on the peak, and my hands gathered into tight fists. My core clenched, shuddered and then spiraled open, releasing a tide of pleasure that

crashed into every cell of my being.

Then, the vibrator was gone and with a few last thrusts he took his pleasure, then collapsed into me, his body slick with sweat and heaving with breath.

He moved slowly as he released my wrists. Instead of untying me he simply opened the cuffs and let my hands fall out of their bondage. I rolled over on my side and curled fetal and he wrapped himself behind me.

I kept my eyes closed as he released the blindfold, and nestled my body into his. No words were spoken. I let myself savor the warmth of pleasure streaming through me, and did not open my eyes to the world, allowing myself to drift into sleep.

I woke up alone. I felt like I had slept for three days. Sunlight streamed through the open window. The blossoms on the cherry tree glowed like gems. I sat up and stretched, smiling as I found the soreness lingering from last night's adventure. My body felt well used, worn out in a delicious way.

After refreshing myself in the bathroom, I padded towards the kitchen, where I found him bouncing happily around the kitchen to his favorite reggae album. On the kitchen island he had laid out a big plate of fruit with a bowl of yogurt, and I smelled fresh coffee and bacon in the air.

"Good morning, handsome" I greeted him, sliding up next to him. I raised up on my toes to kiss his cheek, and he slid an arm around my waist.

"Morning, sleeping beauty." He smiled, smoothing my hair back and kissing my forehead. "Coffee?"

"Definitely. Have you been up long?"

"Long enough to whip up a little something." He replied, opening the oven door. He grabbed an oven mitt and pulled out a beautiful quiche. The crust was perfectly golden, and the yellow eggs flecked with emerald green spinach and jewels of glistening bacon.

I popped a strawberry in my mouth as he poured me a big mug of coffee. I took a deep breath, savoring the aromatic sweetness of the ripe fruit, and reminded myself to soak this in. There was nowhere to be, nothing to do, but be here and enjoy the morning with this beautiful man who was cooking for me. *Savor!* I commanded myself silently. I had to remember that all my responsibilities, all my email and texts, all my to-do lists would be waiting for me tomorrow. At least for today, my only job was to enjoy myself.

We ate breakfast outside on the patio, soaking in the sunlight and the May breeze. The gardens were abundant with flowers. Everything seemed to glow in technicolor. The food was more delicious than it had reason to be. Even the simple pleasure of the sun on my skin was intensely satisfying. I realized then just how long I had been pent up, just how much I had needed the release of last night's pleasure.

I looked up and caught him looking at me, a wicked streak returning to his bright eyes.

"Well, we have until five or six. You slept in longer than I had planned for but we still have plenty of time. Why don't you do some yoga or something and then a long bath while I get us set up for round two?"

I froze, my coffee cup halfway to my lips.

"Round two?" I asked, surprised at the proposal.

"You didn't think we were just going to sit around and read the paper all day do you?" He asked, laughing devilishly.

"I guess I hadn't thought that far. I don't want to ask for too much. Last night was truly amaz-"

"Last night," he said, interrupting me, "was just a warm-up. Go take an hour or so on your own. When I'm ready for you, I'll turn the music up. When you hear it, come to the living room. Now go, I'll take care of the dishes."

Speechless, I gathered my robe and scampered away.

An hour of uninterrupted time for myself was almost a mystery. I wandered the gardens for a few minutes, pinching off long stems of lavender and a few early roses. The grass was cool and damp under my bare feet, a delicious contrast to the warm sun on my back. I thought about going in and putting on a yoga video, but the gardens were way too beautiful to abandon. So I found a sunny patch of grass and stretched out, guiding myself into my favorite poses. It was beautiful to be reminded of the simple pleasure of moving, stretching and breathing. There was new space inside my body, calm openness where just yesterday there had been stress and overwhelm. I gave silent thanks for the power of a good strong orgasm.

After a few nice long yoga poses, I wandered back to the house, tossed the fragrant flowers into the empty tub and turned the hot water on full blast. Soon, the lavender scented steam filled the air.

I sank slowly into the hot water, gasping as it scalded my skin. I stretched in the water, enjoying the pleasure of letting my limbs float and feeling my body relax even more completely. The rose petals floated and glided in the water, and I closed my eyes. A smile crept across my face as I imagined what he was planning. He had already given me a great spanking, tied me up and fucked me silly. What more could I possibly ask for?

I drifted into the half sleep trance of deep relaxation. I'm not sure what brought me back to waking, the cooling water or the sound of music traveling through the house.

After a quick rinse under the shower, I stepped from the bath. I wasn't sure if he wanted me dressed or naked, so I went halfway and wrapped a big towel around my body. I let my hair down, a few curls damp from the bath clinging to my neck.

The music grew louder as I walked towards the living room. It took me a moment to identify, but soon a powerful voice broke through the instruments and I realized he was playing the first opera we had ever gone to together. The emotion in the voices moved me every time. We had listened to this opera together countless times, but never while making love.

There was a small fire in the fireplace, sending waves of heat into the sunny room. In a big vase to the side were a few large branches of the cherry tree, pink petals shimmering. He sat in the leather armchair, wearing his favorite jeans and a black t-shirt. At his feet, a large black suitcase sat unzipped but closed.

"Drop your towel and stand in front of the fire. Hands on the mantle, ass out."

I paused for a moment. I had expected a more romantic greeting. I suddenly realized he wasn't planning a gentle afternoon of cuddling. He had something more in store for me.

I let the towel drop to the floor, revealing myself to his watchful eyes. My flesh was still warm from the bath, and the contrast with the cool air made my skin shiver and nipples stand alert.

I was grateful for the heat of the fire as I approached. The spring day was still warming up, and the house was cool from the night air.

Finding a comfortable grip on the wood mantle, I spread my legs and stuck my ass out. The position thrust my breasts closest to the flames, and I felt the radiant heat begin to warm my chest and neck.

I felt him stand up and heard the suitcase flip open. I tried to peek without turning my head, but couldn't see what was inside the case.

"Now, as lovely as you looked last night, I'm not going to blindfold you right away. I want you to gaze into the flames and pay full attention to what I am doing to you. Do you understand?" His voice alone soothed me, and when he began gliding his hands along my back he had my full attention.

"Yes sir. I'm all yours."

His hands ran up and down my body, his touch so familiar on my skin. Then, a new sensation. It was smooth yet textured, and my brain searched to identify it.

"Feel this?" He asked, continuing to run the unfamiliar texture along my back, onto my butt and up my sides. The sensation lengthened, ran like rivers along my skin. I

continued to gaze at the flames, not daring to look up.

"Yes."

"Feel this as an extension of my touch. I want you to think of it as part of me, every inch touching your skin is my tongue, my hands, my cock, all of me embracing all of you."

I shuddered, feeling a long silky line of sensation wrapped around my neck. I glanced down and saw the rope as it unfurled to my feet. Shiny woven jet black rope, impossibly long.

He took the ends of the rope and began running the lengths along my skin, two at a time. My brain rushed to process this new sensation. The rope felt like water, like snakes, like tendrils of an enchanted plant, slipping along my skin.

As he ran the rope all over my body, he leaned in and kissed me, adding more layers of sensation. First small, fluttering kisses. Then deeper kisses giving way to nibbles and bites. He covered my spine, neck and shoulders.

He ducked under my arm and came to stand in front of me, demanding my gaze. Then, wordlessly, he tied three or four knots in the rope, one at my sternum, another just below my breasts and more down my front. He studied each knot carefully, his brow furrowed in deep concentration. When he was satisfied with his work he glanced up at me, then leaned in for a long kiss.

He knelt in front of me, and I felt the ropes dip between my legs. Anchored at my neck, the two long ends of the rope fell down my chest and between my thighs. He knelt and placed the ropes carefully on either side of my clit, the silky rope slipping between my labia and sending rushes of pleasure through me. When he rose and looped the rope again near my shoulders, I felt the ropes go taut and my labia were held open, exposing my sex to the shock of open air. I gasped at the vulnerability of it. Was he really intending to leave me like this, so exposed?

I felt the ropes begin to twist and tighten around my body. He worked confidently but slowly, winding the rope around my chest, slipping the rope over and under itself, weaving an intricate harness. One wrap was above my breasts and the next just under, lifting my breasts up and out, with an open diamond knot just in between.

I tried to focus on breathing, on staring at the flames and feeling the new sensations of the rope. Every new twist and knot created a new point of sensation, squeezing and cradling my flesh. As he worked, he continued to run the lengths of rope along my skin, across my nipples and neck. I was flooded in sensation, and began to

relax into the embrace of the ropes.

With a final tug and knot, he secured the rope behind me, leaving me snugly tucked into the harness with two long tails trailing down from a knot between my shoulder blades. He stepped back to admire his work.

"Gorgeous." he said approvingly.

I let my hips dance, swaying back and forth. As I moved I realized that each stretch shifted the ropes slightly, and every tug translated back to the two ropes tucked between my legs. The ropes began tugging and teasing me, a hundred hands massaging me at every point of contact.

"How's that feel?" He asked, studying his work.

"Kind of . . . amazing. Like being wrapped in your touch. Or squeezed by a giant snake. I like it. Thank you."

"I've been studying up online. So glad you like it. Now, come here." I felt him tug at the two ends of the rope harness, pulling me steadily back.

He reeled me in, giving me just enough time to keep my footing. Then I landed in his arms, and he wrapped me up in his embrace, squeezing me tightly. I felt my body meet his, his chest as warm and comforting. Keeping me tight in one arm, with one hand he began tracing the skin along the lines of the rope, accentuating the sensations of the rope rubbing against my skin. When he came to my breasts, he lingered on the skin just around my nipples, making me wait for more direct touch.

I leaned my head back into his broad shoulder and gave my weight over to him, collapsing in his arms. I felt like I could float here, safe in his embrace, just let go completely and hover in mid air as he lovingly touched me.

Slowly, he walked me towards the big leather armchair. He turned me around and slid me down into the seat, and then wrapped the tails of the rope around to the back of the chair where he secured a tight knot. Then, he positioned my legs open, sliding my pelvis down to the edge of the chair. From the suitcase he pulled a few shorter lengths of rope, and quickly tied my ankles to the feet of the chair, wrapping the rope around my ankles a few times to create a firm broad anchor. He left my arms free, so I draped them on the support of the chair's arms and looked up at him, wondering what came next.

"Try to get up." He said, stepping back.

"I can't." I said, feeling the tightness of the ropes.

"Try." He demanded.

I leaned forward, testing the strength of his knots. They didn't budge. I wiggled my feet, trying to kick free. I couldn't go anywhere.

As he watched me struggle, a smile spread across his face.

"Very nice. Now, to blindfold you or not? That is the question. . . ." He walked around the chair, then reached around and began stroking my neck, my shoulders and down onto my breasts. As he flicked upwards on both nipples at once, I began squirming in the chair, but with nowhere to go my only choice was to try to relax and process the intense sensations.

He must have answered his own question, because soon I felt the silky tie fall around my eyes, and then everything was dark. My other senses intensified right away, and the voices of the opera rose and fell in powerful waves. I could smell the wood burning in the fire, and feel the warm leather press into my back and ass. He was not touching me, but I could feel his presence, hear him walk slowly around and around the chair, circling me like a skillful predator.

I heard the faint jangle of metal chains, and turned my head to try and understand what I was hearing. He already had me tied up, what could he possibly need chains for?

Then I felt his fingers on my nipples again, gently rolling the tender flesh between his thumb and finger, coaxing my nipples into full aroused erection. On one nipple I felt a dull pinch tighten into a firm squeeze, and the sensation did not let up when he moved his hands towards the other breast. The same sensation followed on the other side, but when I arched my back against the sensation, the ropes tightened and both nipples were tugged at once.

Gasping, I moved around, figuring out this new delicious torment. Every time I moved, the ropes tugged on the chain and the clamps on my nipples tugged and shot streaks of sensations through me.

I fell back, panting and helpless. Even my inhaled breaths tightened the ropes and sent the clamps nibbling at my flesh. I heard him laugh gently.

"I could get used to watching you squirm like this, my beauty." He said.

I felt him kneel between my thighs, resting his forearms on my thighs and leaning

his weight into me. He bowed his head and hovered just above my sex, and I could feel his breath on my clitoris, exposed by the tug of the ropes at my lips.

I felt the flick of his tongue, and bucked in the seat. The whole chair jumped with me, and I realized that if I didn't hold still I may send myself and the chair flying.

He continued to lick and flick at my clit, teasing me mercilessly. I couldn't help but writhe within my bonds, and as I moved into the sensations, the ropes and nipple clamps continued to stimulate my entire body.

He began scratching me, running his nails across each patch of skin framed by the ropes. My skin light aflame, burning under his touch. Suspended in sensation, I heaved and moaned, wondering how long he would tease me like this.

His fingers toyed at my entrance, daring me to try and jerk forward to pull him inside. I couldn't move an inch, so he just kept me hovering in desire, his mouth and fingers making every inch of me beg for more and cry for relief at the same time.

"Please..." I heard myself utter, unwillingly.

"Please what?" He replied, his finger vibrating just inside me, his mouth floating above my clit.

"Please fuck me. Please take me."

"Soon, my love. Soon." He said briefly, before dropping his head and continuing to devour me. He knew just how much he could give without sending me over the edge, and kept me writhing for what seemed like an eternity. Anytime I grew close to climax, he tugged at the chain, pinched and scratched my skin and let me simmer down to just below a boil.

All at once, I felt him stop. My clit was left aching for more, his touch was gone. Then I felt the pressure on the ropes give, for one floating second I was free. My legs went slack as the pressure around the ankles gave way, and my chest fell forward, sending a gush of cold air along my back where the leather had left me sweaty and hot.

Then I felt the ropes pulling me forward, and I was falling, a thousand stories, falling towards the ground. I landed gently on the soft rug, and found my balance on my hands and knees. I followed the tug of the ropes, crawling forward. My hands found first one of his feet, and then the other, and I traced his flesh upwards, finding him standing before me.

"Open your mouth, my pet." He said. Obediently, I sank back on my heels and

opened my mouth, waiting.

His hard cock brushed my lips and then found its target. I eagerly closed my lips around him and drew him deep into my mouth. I heard him groan and felt his hips buck. I wondered how long he had been erect and waiting for me.

I let my hands travel his body as I sucked and licked his cock, drawing him in as deeply as I could. I glided over his muscular thighs and onto his ass, squeezing his butt cheeks with all my strength. Then I reached up and, hand over hand, scratched my nails down his chest and stomach and onto his thighs. I heard him whimper and felt his hands close around the back of my head, pulling my hair into his tight fists.

"Slow down." He demanded. I kept him inside my mouth but eased up, wrapped my arms around him and paused for a moment, holding still.

His cock twitched in my mouth and then he pulled out. My mouth searched for him but found only cool air.

He came behind me and shoved me forward. I fell onto my hands and shrieked as the weight of the chain yanked my nipples hard. I had almost forgotten about the clamps, but was suddenly acutely aware of the dull ache building in both breasts.

I felt his cock nudging at me from behind, then all at once slip inside. He held onto the ropes firmly, controlling my entire body with every yank. Tentatively, I released my weight from my hands, letting my entire weight rest in the nest of ropes that wound around my chest. Amazingly, I did not fall. He held tightly on the reins, the ropes tightened around my chest and I was suspended, my knees rooted firmly, his cock thrusting deep inside me and the rest of my body flying in midair. In the darkness of my blindfold, streams of light and stars streaked through my vision.

I rested my hands on the small of my back, showing him that he had me completely. Arching my back, I rode into him, feeling like a mythical being, a chariot soaring through the clouds.

He did not last long after that - I felt the ropes tighten and then felt his warmth spread deep inside me. He held still, holding me in midair before slowly, releasing tension on the ropes, lowering me to the ground as he slowly slid out of me.

"Flip over." He growled. I flipped my body, keeping my legs open to him.

"Touch yourself" He commanded. I obeyed, reaching between my legs to find my clit warm, wet and alert. As I stroked myself, I felt him start tugging rhythmically at the chain connected to my nipples. The pleasure and pain rocked through me all at once,

and soon I was on the edge.

"Tell me when you are going to come." He said, firmly.

I arched my back, and felt his gaze fall upon my body. All of the sensation mounted inside me, and I knew I was close.

"Now!" I said, and quickened the pace of my hand. Just as I crest into an orgasm, he released both nipple clamps at once and a scorching pain screamed through my body as the blood flooded back into the pinched flesh. Then I felt his fingers plunge into my body, stroking my g-spot as I continued to circle my clit. Wave after wave of pleasure shook me and streaks of light flooded my vision.

"That's right, beauty. Let it all go." He said, and I rode my orgasm as far as it would take me, rising and falling, before collapsing on the floor, going completely slack. I felt him settle next to me, his breath gliding over my shivering skin.

Gradually, my senses returned. A long soaring aria poured through the room and I rocked my body back into movement. I rolled onto my side and stretched out like a cat, inching towards the radiant heat of the fireplace.

I felt his fingers working on the knots on my back, and then the embrace of the ropes went slack. He pulled and tugged the ropes, and my entire body shuddered in aftershocks of pleasure as the ropes slid along my skin. Soon, I was naked, except for the blindfold, which he thankfully left in place. I wasn't ready for the world yet.

A warm wave crashed along my body and I felt the weight of a blanket draped along my curves. Then, his lips on my forehead.

"Rest. There is plenty of time. Just rest. I'll put everything away and then come back to you."

I writhed under the warmth of the blanket, heard the roar of the fire as he turned off the music, and smiled. There was nowhere to be but here. Nothing to do but cherish the pleasure in my body. No one to be but this vessel of arousal, this pool of satisfaction. I felt the rise and fall of my breath, the warm pulse of sex between my thighs, my breasts throbbing. Most of all, I felt gratitude.

A few moments later, I felt him stretch out behind me, and I pressed my body into his. My body glowed, an ember throbbing with heat, pulsing with love and gratitude.

"Sarah just called. She'll be dropping off the kids in about an hour. Maybe you want to get dressed?"

"Can't she keep them one more day?" I joked, drifting back to my reality.

I heard my husband laugh.

"I don't think so, but she said everyone had a great time. Maybe these kid swaps could become a regular event."

"Yes please! I could definitely get used this. Thank you for such an amazing 24 hours." I reached up, pulled the blindfold from my own eyes, and opened my eyes carefully, slowly letting the light in.

All I found was love, my husband's face smiling down at me, his arms wrapped tightly around me, his embrace strong and sure. With the ropes long cast aside, I could still feel his love wound around my entire body, my whole being held in his care.

About The Author

As one half of the sex educator team The Pleasure Mechanics (www.PleasureMechanics.com) I have been writing about sex for over a decade - mostly focusing on sexual technique how-to guides as part of our commitment to teaching the physical skills of pleasure. I've always loved to write, but only recently have I given myself permission to turn my passion for the pen towards writing erotic fiction. I am dedicated to teaching about sexual pleasure, and believe that great erotica can both entertain and educate, offering the opportunity to explore your own arousal and turn-ons while temporarily slipping into the skin of my characters as they explore the vast world of sexual potential.

I started my erotic fiction writing adventures with the Fantasy A-Z Series because I am fascinated by the universal themes that emerge when the most common sexual fantasies are examined. Underneath our very personal fantasies are the common themes of power and seduction, longing and yearning, adventure and ecstatic journeys. We, as human erotic creatures, are all capable of a vast range of erotic experiences and yet many of our sexual realities are very narrow and predictable. I believe that erotic fantasy is one of the most powerful ways to safely explore the universe of erotic potential and discover your unique constellation of arousal and desires.

I write with the earnest hope that you will get turned on, see yourself reflected somewhere in these pages, and discover something new about yourself as an erotic creature. I'd love to hear from you - you can always contact me through our website, www.PleasureMechanics.com. While you are there check out our bestselling videos, stroke-by-stroke guides to touching every inch of your lover's body. Our website also offers an extensive A-Z index of sexual information, techniques and strategies to maximize your experience of sexual pleasure. Want free weekly sex advice? Join our [free weekly newsletter!](#)

I'll be releasing new volumes of The Fantasy A-Z Series over time. Check out upcoming titles at www.PleasureMechanics.com/FantasyAZ

Cheers!

Chris Maxwell Rose, PleasureMechanics.com

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