Bound

by wickedtess©

It is late afternoon with the sun creeping across the floorboards, when I hear

your key in the door. I walk eagerly towards the open door from the lounge room

to the hallway to welcome you.

I am standing in the doorway as you enter the hall .......and hear your low

growl for the first time that day. "Tess, stand still and say nothing!"

Senses alert, I stand where you order. I wait for you......wondering if I have

displeased you. I watch just your eyes. Your gaze starts to caress my body from

the feet, rising to linger on my mound. Then it moves upwards to lock into my

own. Holding me motionless with those eyes, you walk purposefully towards me.

As you step closer I close my eyes and breathe in your scent. You lean forward

and kiss me so softly it is like a whisper against my lips.

My eyes flutter open as I lean forward desperate to kiss you longer, deeper,

only to have you step behind me, away from my building need. Your hands move to

grasp my arms. You raise one of my hands higher to place my palm on the door

frame; the other you bring towards your lips and softly suck my ring finger.

Slowly, you move it too until this palm also is resting on the doorframe.

Sliding your hands down to my waist you pull me back, telling me not to let go

of the frame.

Your hands warm as they start to caress my belly under my t-shirt. You rub in

soft round circles before moving up past my ribs.

You whisper, "Tess, I need to see you!"

My t-shirt is scraped upwards over my swollen nipples. Cool air dances across

them. Then I feel your head lean forward onto my shoulder.

Your hot breath growls against my neck, "These are mine, Tess!"

Your finger reaches up and plays along the soft edges of my lips. They part and

draw your finger inside, sucking softly over it. My tongue swirls desperately to

hold you as you pull your finger out. You rub its wetness across my swollen

nipple. Your fingers are entranced with my nipples which harden in response.

Both hands start to tease, torment and pull at my nipples.

You growl again, "Mine, Tess!"

Gasping from the urgency of my rising desire, I push back aching to feel your

hardness press against me from behind. When I realise you have stepped

backwards, I start to whimper softly.

Again, you whisper, this time so close I feel the air tease my hair, "No

movement girl." Your words stop my whimpering. You push my hips forward again

with yours. When you withdraw yours, I am left with a bittersweet feeling of

loss.

You reach around pressing your palm close against my skin. I feel my heat merge

with yours as your hand slides inside my waistband.

You whisper against my ear, again, "Open your thighs, my girl."

My body reacts. My thighs part, trembling.

"Not wide enough, Tess," you growl as your hand moves between my thighs. Your

jean-covered knee forces my thighs wider.

I feel my t-shirt high on my chest, feel my nipples aching with your last

squeeze, feel my palms flat against the doorframe with my fingers gripping the

wood.

When your fingers push against my slit, my knees lose their strength. Your

fingers inside my slit support me. Hearing you unzipping me brings back my

whimpers. Slowly, you tease the garment down my thighs, rubbing the material

across my skin. My moans deepen as you grasp a leg to lift the garment away then

release the other leg.

Your hands move back to again press against mine on the door frame. "No

movement, my Tess!" Many heartbeats later, this pressure is released from my

hands only to be applied to my nipples which are teased with soft long pulls.

These pulls become caresses as you move down my belly. My breathe catches as I

feel the hard press of fingers between my thighs. My panties are pushed against

my clit, held there for a beat, then released, only to be pushed hard against my

clit again.

My body trembles when I hear an aroused whisper, "Tess, your panties are wet

......" Your thumbs slide under the band and pull them slowly down till they lie

on the floor. Fingers reaches around, you part my lips and then pull at my clit.

I can no longer control my whimpers. Shudders of desire ripple through my body.

"One day, Tess, I wish to dance with you like this, my hand pressing on MY clit.

My fingers will give the only instructions you will receive as to what movement

the dance will require, what steps would be needed as I draw you around inside

my embrace.

With your finger held tightly against my clit, I can't help but to start pushing

my hips to use your hard finger to fuel my arousal.

Your hand is taken away abruptly. Your hands grab my waist, lifting me into your

arms. I am forced harshly across the back of the chair. Pushing my thighs wide

apart, you lift my arse higher.

"Stay still!" you growl at me. I remain passive as your footsteps move around

till you are standing in front of me. Holding my gaze you slowly remove your

clothes, watching my reaction, until you stand naked.

Your cock, hard and erect, is in your hands. You watch me still.

A sharp intake of breath leaves my lips as you start to stroke your cock with

long, slow strokes. My hands tighten on the sides of the chair. My body start to

inch forward. I ache to slide off the chair and kneel before your feet. "Tess!

Be still." Groaning, I remain where I am. My eyes are fixed on your strokes,

fixed upon the pre cum now glistening on your tip.

"Please," I beg.

"No demands, Tess!" walking behind me, I hear you move pass the small table next

to the chair then feeling one of your large hands between my shoulders. Pushing

me forward, pressing my head down, until the side of my face rests against the

seat of the chair.

"Touch the floor, Tess, with your palms flat." I stretch forward arms now over

my head and feel my feet lift from the floor, my buttocks rising higher.

"That's my girl. I wish to view you while I stroke."

A hand slowly pats my cheeks. Instinctively, I push backwards and forwards

against your hand, liking the gentleness of the pat.

Unexpectedly, two hard whacks are delivered, one to each cheek. I gasp loudly,

trembling from the suddenness. I feel your body press against my thighs as you

lean towards the table. I take advantage of your closeness by pushing back ever

so slightly.

"My girl is greedy today," you chuckle an instant before the weight of your body

is removed.

A large hand parts my cheeks as you drip the oil taken from the table along my

cleft, a rough thumb rubbing the oil in soft circles. I feel the tip of your

cock pressed lightly against me. My body stiffens fractionally. The tiniest gasp

escapes me.

One hand presses against the small of my back; the other, an enclosing fist

guides your tip between my cheeks.

"I like the sense of forbidden, Tess," you growl. Then your hips press forward.

"You will give me all of you, unbound, today."

Trembling with a soft, rising joy, I feel you feed yourself to me, millimetre by

millimetre, until I feel stretched open, feel my surrender begin.

You stop, only part-way inside me. "Say it, Tess."

A soft whisper leaves my lips, "Fuck me."

"Say it louder, Tess!" The rumble of your growl echoes down my spine.

A desperate "Fuck me!" screams from my lips.

You feed your cock into me until fully inside I gasp with both pain and pleasure

as you rock your thighs hard against me.

I am wanton now as I am used to meet your needs.

Both hands grasp my waist, pulling me back onto your cock as you thrust faster

then pushing me away as you withdraw.

One hand moves around to my mound. My hand seeks it out, clasps it, brings it to

my entrance. I push two of your fingers deep, wanting you to feel the slim slice

of flesh between your cock and fingers.

My moans shake all conscious thought from me as you rock into me. Your fingers

slide up onto my clit and push down over it as you feel my first wave shudder

through me. Your cock starts to pound even faster as you match my waves. We

spasm together in pleasure.

Later, when our breaths have settled a little, you pick me up, still inside, and

carry me to the bed where we lie spooned together...