**Erin Wakes Up**

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*Erin wakes and finds that she cannot move, to her great pleasure.*
It was still dark, about an hour before dawn, when I stepped up to the back door of the house. I paused and listened: silence in the neighborhood. I had parked my car across the street at the church to avoid making any noise pulling into the driveway, nor did I want the headlights to sweep across the yard. I inserted the key and slowly turned the knob, opening the door, again slowly, endeavoring to make as little noise as possible. I stepped into the kitchen, twisted the knob and pulled the door shut. To my satisfaction, there was nothing more than a slight creak.

The kitchen was barely lit and I could just make out the table in the middle. I placed my small bag on the table, and lifting each foot in turn, removed my shoes. Putting them next to the door, I put the key back on the rack, where I had gotten it a couple of days before. I knew she would not have noticed it missing as it had been behind some others. I picked up my bag and stepped across the room to the hall, where the only illumination was a small night-light.

Knowing that old houses have a tendency to have squeaky floors, I placed my feet next the walls, sliding more than stepping. Again, no noise. I slowly moved down the hall to the second door on the right, which was hers.

Her door was just half way pulled to, and I peeked around the edge to see. I could just make out her sleeping form on the bed, her hair spread on the pillow.

Again slowly, so slowly, I pushed open the door. I left it fully open, as I needed the light from the hall to do what I had to do. I entered, placed my bag on the floor next to the bed and stood silently, making sure I had not disturbed her slumber.

Even though I knew she was a deep sleeper, I waited a few minutes before I started. Then picking up my bag, I opened the flap and slowly pulled out my gear. First to appear were two sets of police issue handcuffs. They were already open, and I placed them on her pillow, one on either side of her head.

To my great fortune, she was on her back, her left arm on her pillow above her head, the other extended down by her side. I started with the left, as it was closer to me. I inserted the key to the cuffs and twisted it, holding open the mechanism. Lifting her wrist, I moved the cuff under and closed it, without any clicking or ratcheting sounds. Again, no noise. Lifting her arm was not difficult. Gently, I extended her arm up and above her head. Inserting the key into the other end, I repeated the twisting and succeeded in silently closing the cuff around the vertical slat of the headboard. I pulled out the key, and her left arm was secured.

Now the more difficult part: I had to lean over and lift her right arm, from her side to above her head. I decided to place my left hand under her elbow, and my right around her wrist. I lifted straight up and over her head. I moved slow, so slow and so gentle that I think it took me almost five minutes to move her. As I got her arm to where I wanted, she moved. Her arm twisted in my hands and I almost lost my grip but she stilled and settled and I continued. Her wrist was now next the headboard and I repeated my actions with the handcuffs, holding the locks open with the key, closing both ends silently.

Success. She was secured and still fast asleep. I stood back and caught my breath.

Still, I had further work to do. This next task was more difficult, and required an even more gentle touch. Out of my bag I pulled out two lengths of micro-pore tape. Centered on each was a large cotton ball. I had prepared these earlier and they had been stuck to the inside of the bag. They were to go over her eyes and I knew that touching her face would be very tricky. I took a big breath and began.

I placed one tape on her left side, extending from her cheek, over the eye and onto her forehead. She did not react to my touch, so I moved to her right. Again, cheek to brow and her eyes were now covered. I did not press the tape down, as I knew the micro- pore tape would adhere quite well on its own. I blew out a big puff of air: I felt as if I had been holding my breath this entire sequence. Wow.

I stood up and looked at her. I had succeeded in not disturbing her. It helped that she was an extremely deep sleeper, but still... Her arms were raised above her head, both wrists cuffed to the headboard. Both eyes were covered with the tape, and her head was turned to the side, nestled into her pillow. The sheet was pulled to just below her chin, which was just fine with me. Y'see, she slept naked and I knew that soon enough I would be viewing that body and doing what I wanted with it.

Still moving slowly and being quiet, I took the chair that was in front of her dressing table and moved it next to the bed. I tiptoed out into the hall and removed my clothes, leaving them piled on the floor. Naked, with my hardness preceding me, I moved back into the dark bedroom, sat down next to the bed and waited. Meanwhile, my thoughts went to the past...

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As I have said before, Erin and I were together for only four, almost five, months. We had met at school, she actually picking me up in the library, appearing out of nowhere and sitting beside me in one of the study carrels. She was flirty, very cute and very forward. Erin was petite, just at five feet tall. Her hair was light brown, quite curly, and she wore it long, past her shoulders. She had a slim figure with nice hips, and small but very firm and very sensitive breasts about the size of cupcakes. Her nipples were rather on the small side, not standing out too much, even when she was very aroused. It was for that reason that she rarely wore a bra. She weighed less than a hundred pounds, which made it easy for me to lift her, to pick her up.

Our relationship did not last for long because it was all about sex. Without going into details, we were both coming out of other relationships and so were really interested in just being physical. Put it this way: On the third day after I met her, we went for a run on the trails at Stone Mountain. Before we got half way around the trail, Erin was face down on a large rock, her shorts and panties down around one ankle, my hand holding both of hers above her head, my cock deep in her sloppy wet cunt.

The most interesting aspect of our relationship was that she had never been involved with a Dominant before. She had never even been aware of such a thing before, and I was very pleased to discover she had a deep submissive streak.

I introduced her to Exhibitionism, exposing her in many situations, such as the one detailed in "Erin at the Stoplight." She learned that when she was in my car it was expected that she was to be naked, nothing covering her. After she accepted her public nudity, I introduced rope; this was more difficult for her, but I had my way, to her intense satisfaction.

Y'see, Erin always tried to resist me, but when the Scene was over she had experienced orgasms that, she confessed, were out of this world. (I thought myself lucky to have found a girl who was very multi-orgasmic.) She would try to talk me out of my desires, and we would have a little discussion, but she always ended up doing what I wanted. Basically, her attitude could be summed up as, "I don't like what you are wanting me to do, but, Oh, God, how I love what you just did."

As I said, we both were in school, both having returned to college at an older age. Coincidently, we both had Thursdays off. We got in the habit of meeting for breakfast, then going back to her house (or somewhere else) to fuck all day long. Usually we met at the McDonald's near her house, which had a nice feature that I took full advantage of.

This was an older McDonald's; the booths towards the rear of the building had high walls, which meant that there was an element of privacy. I always took her to the last booth. We would sit, facing the front, I would place my handcuffs on her wrists, and I would go get our food. She was quite embarrassed to have to eat her biscuit with cuffed hands and it always took her a long time, as she was quite careful to raise her hands only when she was sure no one was near. Needless to say, I enjoyed this immensely.

We would leave, Erin still cuffed, her hiding her wrists as best she could, and we would get in the car. (As I have said, she knew she was to be naked in my car, so otherwise we took hers. She would probably just be exposed in hers.) I would unbutton her blouse (I had strict standards on what she was to wear) and we would drive away. I really enjoyed when she drove. It was quite fun to have her drive with her hands cuffed, her breasts exposed and bobbing back and forth from the motion of the car.

On one occasion, I did something different. As we sat down in the booth, she put out her wrists for me, which pleased me no end, as that was proof of her training. But I wanted something else and so had her turn away from me. After a little discussion I placed the cuffs on her wrists, securing her arms behind her. I left to get our food, just barely resisting the urge to unbutton her blouse. Oh, I so wanted to, but there were just too many people. (However, a few nights later, at the movies, when I went to get some popcorn, I left Erin in exactly that condition, but that is part of another tale.)

I returned and she asked how she was to eat. I answered by picking up her biscuit and holding it to her mouth. She glanced around, licked her lips, looked at me out of the corner of her eye and then took a bite. It was fun, feeding her and holding her drink for her. I teased her with the last bite, holding it to her lips then pulling it back. Yeah, I was a bit cruel.

Then it was time to leave. I stood her up, and took both her hands in my left. I pressed them together to hide her cuffs. To any one looking, I had both her hands in mine as we walked, quite innocent. (If anyone had looked carefully they might have seen the steel glinting between my fingers, but I made sure nobody got that close to us.) I helped her into my car, clicked her belts and proceeded to unbutton her blouse, pulling it wide, exposing her sweet little breasts. I did not bother to undress her completely, as we were close to her house; I just pulled her skirt up and pulled down her panties. And she was in that condition at 10AM, all the way back to her house.

So, one day I noticed the spare key to her house hanging on the key rack and I decided to place it my pocket. On the next Thursday I set the alarm for very early, got to her house before dawn and let myself in.

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I had been sitting for about an hour and the sun was starting to lighten the room. I had been scrolling thru the latest stories on Literotica and lazily stroking my stiff cock, when Erin stirred. I reached to put my phone on her desk, and sat forward to watch her wake up.

Her head turned, her mouth fell open and she took a deep breath and let it out. She pulled one hand down and of course it did not move. She woke a bit more and pulled the arm again. Nothing happened and she did the same with the other arm. She came fully awake and she realized that her vision was blocked. She turned her head and tried to wipe whatever it was off of her face, but she only succeeded in pressing the tape further to her skin. She moaned and pulled her arms more; her hands reached and found the metal circling her wrists. She squirmed and her legs jerked and she did what I wanted: the sheet was pulled down, exposing her breasts to me.

She pulled harder on the cuffs and she moaned and cried out. Her pulling lasted about another thirty seconds. Her head moved from side to side, and she called my name. "Are you here, what are you doing, where are you?"

(In retrospect, I was glad she called my name. It would have been a bit awkward to hear her say someone else's.)

Meanwhile, I had not moved, had not made any sounds. It was thrilling to watch her wake, to discover her bondage and react. The fear that consumed her lessened and her breathing slowed but she continued to pull on the cuffs, as if testing how secure she was. She still tried to wipe off her mask but as I said, she only pressed the tape harder to her face.

"Where are you? Are you here? Did you leave me? Please, are you here?"

I still did not move.

"Damn, he tied me like this and left me! Oh, no, is he coming back? PLEASE!" she shouted.

I had her scared and angry, so I decided to let her know that she was not alone.

I leaned in and extended my finger. As I said, her thrashing had pulled the sheet down and now she was exposed down to her cute little belly button (Erin was an "outie"). Her breathing had her chest rising and falling, her breasts moving up and down, an entrancing sight. Her nipples, never really erect, were standing out as much as I had ever seen. My finger moved to her left breast, getting closer and closer. She still had no idea I was next to her, as she was still asking where I was.

Softly, as gently as a butterfly that landed on her, the tip of my finger touched her little nubbin of flesh. I did not press, I did not stay, I pulled away after just a second. But her reaction was explosive. Erin's back arched, her chest rose and her mouth fell open and she almost screamed. "OOOhhh, God, is that you? Are you there, oh, PLEASE!" Her wrists pulled and I worried that she might hurt herself.

Her reaction thrilled me. I knew that her breasts were sensitive beyond belief (as I have related, I could make her orgasm from just her breasts alone) so I was not surprised. And a plus: her jerking had tossed the sheet down to her knees, baring her pretty little pussy. This was good, as I had not wanted to pull the sheet down myself.

I reached out and touched her other nipple in the same way. Her reaction was not as explosive, but still just as strong. She now knew I was there as she started begging me to talk to her, to let her know what I was doing. But I remained silent; I was having a lot of fun.

Now I touched her more. I used a finger on each nipple and pressed harder and ran my fingers in circles. As she moaned and pressed up against me, I eventually used my thumbs and started to pinch and pull. I squeezed hard enough to grip her nipples, pulling her breasts away from her chest, stretching and extending. I twisted and tweaked and her moans turned to a higher pitch and in a few minutes I got what I wanted.

Erin screamed, and I witnessed as her orgasm hit, making her writhe and shake, her head tossing, her breathing rapid and deep, her hips rising and thighs spreading, trying to get me to touch her between her legs, her hands pulling harder on the cuffs, making them rattle. She could not see me but she turned my way and she raised her head and her lips pursed as if wanting a kiss and I grinned, knowing that I would be using that mouth in just a short while.

I slowed my pinching and she calmed and her breathing returned, not to normal, but close enough for the position she was in. I started to just stroke her breasts, being gentle as she relaxed.

"Please talk to me, that was great, it felt so good, please say something, I need to hear you, you're torturing to me, oh, it feels so good, please..."

I smiled, and ran my hand down her belly, to slide over her pussy, being careful not to delve between her pussy lips. She was wet, so wet, and she smelled wonderful. I leaned over to look between her thighs. It was still dim in the room and I could not make out any great detail but I could see the light reflected in her moistness. I so wanted to climb on her and force my cock into her, though there would be no forcing it at all.

I gently touched and caressed the outside of her pussy, her outer lips. She moaned and her hips heaved and twisted, raising her center, as if asking me to touch her harder. I could hear the clinking as she pulled on the cuffs, as they rattled against the wood of the headboard.

I leaned over and pursed my lips and blew a tiny stream of air against her wetness. This sudden coolness between her legs took her by surprise, for she let loose a squeal. I turned my hand and with my thumb and forefinger spread her lips, stretching her pussy wide and I extended my tongue and placed the tip directly on her little hardened flesh, her aroused clit.

This got a reaction from her. If her hips and belly had convulsed before, this was now an earthquake. I could just keep contact with my tongue as she thrashed and I pressed harder against her. I started to wiggle back and forth, massaging her clit and her squeals turned into wordless, high-pitched cries. I went further and ran my tongue down to her opening and entered her a little. I backed up to her clit again and continued to flick.

My left hand went between her thighs and spread them, then moved to her center. As I kept my tongue on her clit, I inserted two fingers into her, the wetness making it quite easy to push deep within. I pressed and my fingertips came into contact with her cervix; I felt the slight slit that was the entrance into her womb. I slid back and forth, fucking her cunt with my hand as my tongue kept its assault and she started bucking her hips. She was moaning and grunting, and then I was rewarded with her orgasm. I pressed down on her belly to keep her in place and pressed my fingers deeper into her.

She came for several long seconds, vocalizing random sounds and I thought to myself that I could barely wait for my turn. But as she calmed and slowed her gyrations, I did not stop licking and pushing, even thought she begged me to.

"Please, stop, it's too sensitive, oh, please, it's too much." She tried to lift her hips to push my tongue away, but I kept on. Again the clinking of the cuffs as her arms moved.

But I kept on, and in a very short time I could feel her pussy getting wetter and warmer and I knew she was approaching another. She yelled and I do believe that this come was even bigger than the first, as she did succeed in dislodging my tongue from her clit. I immediately went back down and then used my teeth on her, gently biting on her clit, and this caused her to scream.

As she calmed I became gentler and softly stroked her clit. Pulling my fingers out, I ran my tongue the length of her pussy, and she settled and relaxed and I could hear her breathing slow. My face was soaked and her juices were actually dripping from my chin as I moved up to her face.

Previous to me, Erin had never tasted her pussy and she had turned her head the first time I moved my fingers from her cunt to her mouth. She learned to like the taste of her excitement and as I settled my face on her mouth, she enthusiastically licked my lips and cheeks and chin, gathering her wetness into her mouth. I stayed there, as she cleaned my face and then I pushed my tongue into her mouth, dueling with hers.

I rose back into the chair and caught my breath and let her rest for a moment.

"Are you done with me? That was great and I like what you are doing but I want your cock in me, I need your cock in my pussy, please!" She kept on talking in that vein. Up to this point I had not said a thing, remaining quiet and I did not break that silence now. I touched myself and my cock was so hard and so in need that I could not wait anymore.

So, I rose and went to the foot of the bed. Pulling her feet, I moved her down, straightening her arms above her head. Back beside the head of the bed, I used one hand to lift her head and I gathered her pillow, pushing it from under her head, rolling and folding so that it was bunched under her shoulders, forcing her chest up and head back. If she were not sightless, she would have been staring straight at her cuffed hands. I did not want to pull on her hair so I gathered her length and tucked everything under her head and then I crawled onto the bed.

I knelt above her head, facing her feet. "What are you doing? Where are you?" She kept asking until I lowered my balls into her mouth, filling her and shutting her up. She knew what to do: she sucked them deeper and used her tongue to roll them around in her mouth. I stroked my erection as her mouth did its work and I swear I got even stiffer. Lifting up, I moved forward just a bit, then settled down, placing my asshole directly over her mouth. This was a first for Erin, and at first there was a little "uh, uh" sound but when I did not move she realized what she had to do. She extended her tongue and probed my little ring and the feeling was amazing. I pressed down and she licked me, and I ground down onto her face, pressing my ass onto her. Then I could not take it any longer and I moved again.

I leaned over and placed my hands on either side of her hips, my legs straddling her arms and head. Her hands, tho limited by her cuffs, reached and found my feet and held on; they were very warm. With one hand I pushed my cock down to her lips and between them. At first I was very kind to her, entering only just enough for her to suck on the head, which she did wonderfully.

Early on, Erin had surprised me (and herself!) by finding that she had that rare ability to deep-throat. I had been impressed: looking her petite frame I would never have guessed that she had the room in her head to take all of me. As with most things Erin, she did not profess to truly enjoy her new talent, but when I forced her to take me, she did so with the greatest of skill.

Her head was positioned so that her throat was in line with her mouth and each thrust entered her a bit deeper. She felt wonderful. Her mouth was wet, warm, and her tongue pressed against the bottom of my hardness. Since she was cuffed, she could not use her hands to guide me into her so her head was moving slightly side to side to take me. She was blind so that she could not enjoy the sight of my balls above her face, but her moans were delightful and I do believe that she was quite satisfied in her position. Not that my cock really cared.

From my angle I could not see her face, only her bottom lip, her chin and her neck. I let her suck on the tip for a few minutes and then I started pushing deeper into her mouth. At first just a couple of inches, then I would pull out to let her breathe. Then a little deeper and I could feel her tongue on the bottom of my shaft. She was moaning and starting to grunt and gasp. I pushed deeper, about four inches in, and I felt some resistance at the beginning of her throat. I knew I had to be careful of her breathing as my cock would fill her airways, but that was something I felt that she just had to deal with.

She was starting to drool and her spit was soon covering my cock, making it all that easier for me to continue. I pulled back but never completely left her mouth. Push in a little further, back out for her to breathe. Push in even further and force her to hold her breath. Her gasps became louder, but she never said anything. Her lips reached for me as I pulled back and I saw her extend her tongue to swirl around the tip.

More minutes, more drool, more pushing and then I watched as the base of my cock met her lips and I felt her throat relax to allow full entry into her face. I was amazed at what I felt. Yes, Erin had deep-throated me several times but entering like this was completely different. I was using her mouth as if it was her pussy and I loved it.

After all, this was for my pleasure, as she had already had hers.

Her legs were twisting and moving, and I knew she wanted me to touch her cunt again. The juncture of her thighs was right below my face. I saw how wet her pussy was getting and her luscious aroma rose to my face. She smelled exquisite, but my thoughts were now centered on her mouth.

I could not see but I wondered at what Erin was feeling each time my balls bumped into her nose. I knew my sack was bouncing off her with each thrust, and I could feel the bump and I wish I had a camera aimed at her face. I would have loved to see her taking my cock as I thrust into her, fucking her face, my hips moving over her head, her lips stretching to accept me. Next time, I promised myself.

I concentrated on the tightness of her mouth. I knew I would not be long in filling her with my cum. The situation engulfed my mind: Erin tied down, face fucked, totally under my control. Her submission, her subservience, her humiliation, and the sheer nastiness of what I was doing to her made me want to slam my cock into her mouth as if it was her cunt but I was just able to hold back.

I had allowed my eyes to close, while I savored the feeling but I had to look again. My hips were rocking back and forth as my cock sawed in and out of her mouth. Erin was gasping and moaning for air but I stayed for a few seconds longer and then pushed deeper than ever before pulling back. I felt the coolness around my soaked cock as she pulled air into her lungs and then it was very warm as she exhaled around the intrusion her mouth.

After I counted five breaths I pushed back in. With no hesitation I slid completely to the back of her throat and held it there. Then I started a pattern. I thrust into her for a count of five; then I pulled out and let her catch five breaths. Then back in for five and then back out, and she caught her breath. She could not later accuse me of not being considerate.

Starring down at her as I fucked her face, I reveled in the sight of her throat. The sun had risen and the bedroom was fully lit which enabled me to see clearly. Each time I went into her, face-fucking her like this, my cock took up space and caused her throat to bulge and get more full. Then, as I backed out, it took its normal slender shape. I thought that was a wondrous thing to behold and became entranced, watching as I filled her airways.

Erin was moaning even louder now and I was coming closer and I could feel the wonderful electricity generating at the base of my balls. Erin was producing so much saliva that what was not coating my cock was running down the side of her face, coating her ears, getting into her hair and soaking into the pillowcase. This slickness made it easier to go faster into her and the electricity surged up and I pushed deeper into her mouth once again and this time I could not control myself as I pushed hard and stayed deep in her.

All this time her legs had been moving about but now as I spurted my cum down her, they really started to lift and thrash. In retrospect I saw this as a sign that Erin could not breath but all my thoughts were concentrated on the tip of my cock as I felt the muscular spurts travel my length. I moaned and groaned and grunted.

At that moment I was still in her throat and my jets of cum had shot straight down to her stomach. A little voice inside my head screamed, "Air! Air!" and I had just enough awareness to back. The next shots went into Erin's mouth and I backed further, shooting onto her face, covering her from chin to forehead. Erin was gasping and drawing in air, filling her lungs and moaning as I coated her face. Her head was still trapped between my legs, but she thrashed back and forth anyway. I grabbed my cock and gave it a last few strokes to complete my come and I was done, the last drips falling on her forehead.

I sat back on my heels, above her hands and tried to recover. Looking down at her, my gasps matching hers, I was impressed with how much cum I had covered her with. I leaned forward to insert my tip in her mouth and I squeezed to get some last bits out. Her tongue wiggled against the tip, and she sucked me into her mouth. Then I spent a few moments gathering my cum with my cock and bringing it to her mouth, wiping it on her lips. In this way I (sort of) cleaned her face.

By this time Erin had caught her breath but she was still moaning and groaning and licking my cock as I rubbed her lips. I leaned forward and reached for her pussy and ran my fingers thru her nether lips. Completely soaking wet, and I thought to myself that she probably had several orgasms left in her. Gently, so as to not press on her arms, I crawled off the bed and took my seat again. I lifted Erin and pulled the pillow from under her shoulders so she could lay flat, to be comfortable. I caught my own breath and decided I needed a break. I stood and walked out of the room. Erin heard me leaving and, "Where are you going? Don't leave me like this! Come back here." As if she were in a position to demand.

In the kitchen I poured a couple of glasses of orange juice. I found a straw for Erin and returned to her bedroom. I sipped my juice and let her drink hers with the straw, and I rested for a few minutes.

She spoke. "You gotta let me up, I need to go the bathroom, I need to pee." Her hips moved side to side and I could see her pussy clinching. It was not in my plans to let her loose, so what to do? Hmmm. OK.

Going into her bathroom, I grabbed a couple of towels from the closet. I folded one towel, lifted her hips and pushed it under her ass. The other I gathered into a loose bundle and pressed it against her pussy.

It took her a couple of minutes of feeling the absorbent material between her legs but then she realized what I was wanting, waiting for her to do.

"Oh, no, I can't like this, don't make me, I won't, let me go, please!" She knew, in the back of her mind, that she had no choice, that she would have to do what I wanted, that I was not releasing her. But still, she tried. "Please, I can't do this, it's embarrassing, don't make me!"

Still silent, I continued to hold the towel against her and she continued to plead and her hips writhed as her bladder increasingly demanded release. She lasted for about fifteen minutes, continually begging, and then she had no more control and I watched as her stream started. I held the towel about three inches away from her pussy so I could see her and she moaned as she relaxed and allowed her pee to flow. At first her force was slight, but then the stream became stronger and her pee jetted straight into the towel. The tenseness in her body faded.

It was not a large release and the towels caught it all, but I could tell that she was humiliated at what she had had to do in front of me. (I had long had an interest in golden showers but every time I had hinted so to Erin she had not shown any interest at all. So I was glad to have her like this.) My cock had returned to extreme hardness and I was breathing deeply as I watched her empty herself. It was beautiful.

After about twenty seconds the stream faltered and slowed and stopped. Erin let loose a sigh and her hips relaxed and her legs spread a little as she no longer had the internal pressure to call her attention. I used the corner of the towel to pat her slit dry and pulled the other towel from under her. I carried the towels into the kitchen and threw them into the washer. Then, rubbing my hardness I returned to her bedroom and got onto the bed, between her legs.

"What now? Are you going to let me up now, I'm tired and my arms hurt, please..." With my hands under her ass I pushed her up the bed to allow her arms to relax, then lifted her legs, pointed my cock at the center of her pussy and in one quick motion, filled her. It was easy since she was so slippery.

Erin was not prepared and grunted at my cock entering her pussy, and her mouth fell open from the suddenness. Within seconds she had a large orgasm, which pleased me no end. As I was in no hurry my thrusts were long and slow. Since I had just come in her mouth, I knew that I would not come again easily so I was prepared to spend a while in her pussy. I rode her without a care for a long time, varying my speed and motions. Erin was overcome by the sensations and eventually she settled into one long, continuous orgasm, her moans filling the room. I'm not sure, but I think I fucked her for at least a half hour.

At last I succeeded in coming again, filling her pussy. I gently withdrew and moved up to her blindfolded face and placed my sticky cock in her mouth so that she could clean me. I crawled off the bed and gently peeled the tape from her eyes. She blinked in the light, looked at me and closed her eyes in exhaustion. I got the key out of my bag, uncuffed her hands, releasing her and spent a few minutes massaging her wrists. Erin did not try to get up, she just lay there as I cuddled and hugged her.

In a voice that matched her exhausted eyes, she spoke. "That wuz great, so wunnerful, 'mazing, thank you, love you." My eyebrows rose at that. And it was only as her breathing deepened did I realize that she had fallen asleep.