**Erin on the Wall**

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Erin was a deep sleeper, hard to wake. I could move around, get a snack, or listen to the TV. It was rare to bother her. So, one night, I was able to shift her about and make some measurements, figuring out her inseam. Using that number I started my little project.

In my little apartment vertical beams separated the living room from the kitchen. Each beam was four inches square and separated from the next by five inches. I realized when I moved in that this was a perfect place to put a girl in bondage. I screwed open eyehooks into the top horizontal beam to be able to tie ropes and other items. Needless to say, I made use of this construction often.

I purchased a cheap towel rod and trimmed it off about four inches from the curve. Making sure my measurements were exact, I screwed it into the center beam at the right height, the cut end pointing up. From my local toy store I acquired a silicon dildo, one that had a solid core. The dildo was purple, about six inches base to tip and about four inches around. Using a thin fillet knife I bored a slim hole in the base. I put some lube on the cut-off end of the rod and forced the fake cock down to the curve. My completed handiwork looked like a perverted coat hanger, only at waist height. Or in Erin's case, a bit less than waist height.

To disguise my handiwork, I placed a chair in front of the up-rights.

That night, Erin came over. After watching some TV and sharing a pizza, I started to fiddle with her. It was easy, as one of my rules for her was that, before she could step over the threshold into my place, she had to strip and leave her clothes in the box I kept by the front door for her. (This rule made for some embarrassing and awkward moments: whenever my neighbors were coming and going, Erin would stand in frustration, waiting for them to leave, staring at me as I waited for her to do what I required. Once, she had already dropped her shorts and panties into the box, and was bare assed, when a door down the hall opened; I took pity and quickly let her in.)

I caressed her, tweaking her nipples and massaging her, tickling her clit and enjoying as her the sweet smell of her pussy invaded the room. When she started to gasp and ask me to allow her to come I backed away.

I slipped a cloth over her eyes and then gently clicked my police issue handcuffs on her wrists, securing her hands in front. These actions caused her no qualms, as this she was often like this. I led her to a corner of the room and stood her there, facing the wall, as I moved the chair. I took a moment to place a good-sized dollop of lube on the tip of the dildo and then I undressed.

I led her over to the dividing beams and leaned her back against one, next to my handiwork. I encircled her with my arms and kissed and hugged her and ran my hands up and down her body. With her hands in front she gripped me, holding on tight to my cock, as I pushed my fingers into her cunt, getting her very hot and very wet. I reached around behind her and played with her ass, spreading her cheeks to touch her asshole, reaching further in to touch her pussy.

Then I grasped each cheek firmly, tilted her towards me and slowly lifted her up. This was easy, as Erin stood only five feet and was under a hundred pounds. It was always nice to be able to lift and move her around.

So, I lifted her by her ass, taking her full weight in my hands and stepped to the center beam. I raised her a bit, moved her back to touch the beam so she was above the dildo. I reached my fingers further in to find her pussy lips and spread them. She was so wet, that actually I could not get a good grip. I moved to her hole and, using both middle fingers, stretched her open.

Erin had no thoughts beyond my fingers in her pussy. She was moaning and groaning, playing with my nipples and licking and kissing my neck, totally unaware that I was moving her up, back and then down.

I lowered her slowly. My fingers were still stretching her hole, so I moved her back and forth until I felt the dildo on the backs of my fingers. I settled her opening over the dildo and let her slide down. Her natural wetness, along with the dollop of lube, allowed the fake cock to enter her easily, impaling her. She moaned as she felt the rounded tip enter her cunt, but she was not questioning what was happening. She rolled her hips in my hands to allow herself to accept what she must have thought was my cock.

I moved her up and down, to get the shaft of the dildo wet. There was no problem letting the dildo invade her cunt. I lowered her more and I felt the dildo moving into her and then I let go of her ass and she settled all the way down, the dildo filling her cunt completely.

Her toes met the floor, and I stepped away from her.

Erin obviously thought it was my cock in her, so there was some confusion on her face as she felt me step away. Her cuffed hands tried to keep hold of me, to no avail. She knew she was stuffed full of something and her cuffed hands went to her pussy to feel. She moaned and asked what was in her. She reached between her thighs and she felt the dildo. She tried to step forward, away from the wall, but she found she could not move, that the object in her was not letting her.

I reached for her nipples and pinched and squeezed and her hips started to rise and fall, moving on her impalement. Her cuffed hands gripped my wrists. She tried to lift herself up but I had measured well; she could not rise high enough. With my squeezing her nipples and her hips writhing on the dildo, very soon Erin experienced a large orgasm. Her hands reached out to press on my chest as I grabbed her hips and started to push her up and down, making her fuck herself on the dildo on the wall. Another orgasm hit.

Erin was moaning and gasping like I had rarely seen her and she leaned back against the verticals to try to relax, but her impalement was not letting go of her. Because her hands were secured in front of her, she could not press against the wall to lift herself and every movement only made her ride the fake cock that much more. Her moans became louder and she reached for me again.

I was really enjoying her situation. She could not make herself stand still, as her cunt was now controlling everything. The lovely scent of her pussy was rising and I took a deep breath to enjoy. I watched as she came a third time with no help from me. How long could she stand this, I wondered?

She looked fantastic. Her legs were not spread too wide; I could see the purple of the dildo between her legs. Her fingers kept going between her thighs to feel what was holding her in place. She would raise her hands out to me then lower them again to her pussy. Then I noticed that her fingers were staying there. Her fingers were rubbing her clit as her hips rocked. She was rising on her tiptoes, and then lowering to allow the dildo to go deeper. Her moans grew more intense as she succeeded in bringing herself off again.

Her body had surrendered to what her cunt wanted: one orgasm after another.

I put my finger between her thighs, slapping her hands out of my way. I pushed back between her lips until I felt the dildo. Erin's pussy was so wet, her juices flowing down the insides of her thighs.

I went to my knees. Using my thumbs I spread her pussy lips. Past the folds of her flesh, I could see the dildo as Erin moved, making it slide in and out of her. It was a beautiful sight: the purple was a lovely contrast to the extreme redness of her innermost flesh. I pressed my face between her thighs and my tongue found her clit and this started her coming again. Her hands found the back of my head and she pushed me harder into her crotch and I stayed with her for a couple of more orgasms.

I rose and decided to see if I could do what I had thought about from the moment I started this little project. I pushed down on my cock and pressed it between her thighs, sliding past her cunt and next to the dildo. I moved back and forth for a minute or two, rubbing on her lips, getting my cock wet, causing her to come again. Damn, it was glorious that Erin was multi-orgasmic!

I bent my knees to try to match Erin's height and pressed my cock between her thighs again. This time, though, I did not push to the back as before. I centered my cock between her lips at the front of her pussy, in front of the dildo, and pushed. I wanted to get into her cunt and share her tightness with the dildo. She was slippery and hot and wet but I was not sure if she could accept two cocks, one fake and another flesh, into her.

I could feel the hardness of the dildo and I pressed in and up. It was at this point that Erin registered the new sensation, the new tightness, the extreme stretching of her cunt. I felt my head enter her hole slightly and she squealed and her hands reached to push me away. I grabbed her hands and raised them above her head to hook the chain of the cuffs to one of the open eyes above her.

I could not tell if she was in pain as she kept groaning, so I used my left hand to squeeze her breasts as I used my right to continue my entrance into her crowded cunt. I felt the head of my cock enter but it was to no avail. I kept slipping to one side or the other. The problem was the difference in our heights. I was almost ten inches taller, so that I had to crouch, causing my thighs to ache. I feel I might have gotten into her, but I could not maintain my position anymore. I would have to try when I had her on her back. I withdrew, stood up and backed away, reaching up to release her hands.

Erin felt me step back and she reached for me again. Her hips could not keep still, as she could not stop herself from moving up and down, back and forth on the object that was in her cunt, keeping her next to the wall. Once more I held her hips and brought her off again. Then I sat on the sofa, leaving her there, moaning, flexing, groaning, writhing and squealing as she came again and again, as I watched her and enjoyed what I had done to her.

I left her there for an hour. I counted at least twenty orgasms, and, wow, she slept deeply that night.