**Teased, Dripping, Helpless**

by[Suzycandy](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=660408&page=submissions)©

This is a short fantasy where I get my pussy teased and denied. It's excruciating. It's cruel. I beg, but there is no relief, and I'm reduced to a helpless mewling wreck. If you want a gratifying ending look elsewhere, this is all about the hot, burning tease!

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... he knows I'm horny, he's known since the moment he saw me, and now he's just going to make it worse.

I wrap my hands around his thick arm and strain up to kiss his neck as we stand in the queue for the theatre. He smirks impassively as I desperately try to get his attention. I'm wearing my sexiest clothes, had my hair and makeup done, especially to turn him on. How dare he even try and resist me.

"Later, Suzy," he says, his deep voice reverberating through my body.

I pout at him, annoyed and restless, unable to get rid of that constant tingle between my legs.

He chuckles at me.

The queue seems to go on forever, but eventually, we get to the counter, and he orders the tickets.

The moment he picks them up, I grab his hand and drag him towards the auditorium, desperate to pull him up to the back row and throw myself at him.

"Hold on, I'm going to get some popcorn first," he says.

"No, we're going in there NOW!" I hiss.

"Yeah... right," he says, walking off towards the popcorn stand.

I sigh, exasperated, half wishing that my body wasn't making me such a demanding little tart, half hating him for deliberately leaving me like this.

I follow him like a puppy dog as he takes the longest time possible to get his popcorn and pay for it.

"Take that look off your face, Suzy," he says, making fun of my obvious frustration.

I want to stamp my feet and scream.

"Come on, we're going to miss the start," I hiss at him.

"We've got loads of time," he says, and we have.

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He sits in the middle row. Right in the fucking middle! Where everyone can see us. I could kill him.

I lie my head on his shoulder and place my hand high up his leg.

"This isn't funny," I whisper in his ear.

"I thought you liked being teased?"

"Not now."

"Yes now."

"Look... please..."

"Suzy..." his voice low, but penetrating. "Remember what you said... 'Do it when I least want it... make me suffer for as long as you like... and just ignore all my pleading.'"

"But..."

"Shhh, the film is about to start."

I hate him. I cross my legs, tight, pressing them together to get some contact on my tingling pussy. I want to masturbate on the floor right there at his feet, in front of everyone.

As the film progresses, I fidget. I can't help it. I can't bear this itch in my panties. It doesn't go away, no matter what I try to focus on.

I squeeze my legs together tighter. My foot starts to giggle up and down rhythmically. The friction stimulates my pussy, and waves of gratification flood through my body. I exhale as quietly as I possibly can, feeling my nipples harden in my tight little top.

My foot pumps harder.

"Suzy!" he whispers sharply in my ear. "You're disturbing everyone. Stop it."

My face burns in the darkness.

His strong hand pushes my legs apart.

"Be QUIET," he hisses.

I sulk with venom in my eyes. I hate him, I hate him so much.

I try and cross my legs once more. He pushes them down and apart again.

"Don't move," he says, his hand resting high up my thigh. I want to twist and squirm. My nerve endings screech at the sensation.

He begins to rake his fingernails along my bare inner thigh. I stare directly ahead, my eyes wide and desperate. I use all the force in my body to stay still.

His fingernails graze from my knees up my thighs. He goes almost all the way up to my pussy, then back down again, leaving little trails of fire burning across my skin.

Gently he goes. To and fro, to and fro, slowly driving me insane. My thighs are so sensitive, and he knows it. I have to force myself not to moan out loud.

I feel moisture saturate my knickers. The heat between my legs starts to rise, its tortuous rise. My need simmers unbearably, but I can't move, and I can't speak. I want to throw my head back and howl.

He doesn't stop.

Tears start to form in my eyes.

"I can't take this anymore," I whisper, not knowing what to say.

His fingers press against my knickers.

My body jerks forward.

He removes his hand.

"Shush," the woman behind me says, and taps me sharply on the shoulder. I want to die of humiliation.

"Sorry!" I whimper, not looking around, trying to hide the tear that is running down my cheek.

I rest my head against his shoulder, weeping softly. He puts his arm around me, and I suffer in agonizing silence.

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I press myself against him as we leave, rubbing my body against his own.

"I need to cum now," I say.

"I know," he says with a laugh. "Fancy a drink?"

"NO," I squeal

"Tough," he replies.

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We enter his house.

I throw my hands around his neck and try to kiss him, straining up on my tiptoes. He kisses me back gently, stoking my fire.

He lifts me in his arms and takes me upstairs. I quiver, paralyzed with desire.

He sets me down on the bed and kisses me again. I straddle him, pressing my body against his. I'm gyrating, grinding, and lap dancing for him. I'm pushing my wet pussy against his leg, and running it up and down. He can't resist this, surely? God, this should be heaven for him. It doesn't make sense, he should be turning to mush, he shouldn't be able to resist me.

"Take me!" I whisper, pushing my cleavage into his face.

He smiles as my clothes fall off willingly until I'm in my underwear, my sexiest, most expensive underwear.

I undo his shirt as he sits on the bed as I dance my sexiest dance. He kisses me and starts to stroke me. God... he's finally giving in.

I throw my underwear off and gyrate naked.

He grabs me and forces me to the bed, pushing a groan from my lips. I can feel his erection press against me through his trousers.

He kisses me deeply, and I begin to lose all ability to think. I lose myself in his kiss, in his hands, I'm melting, bubbling, boiling.

Suddenly, his fingers press between my legs. My hips start to trust towards his hand. I'm stimulating myself. Humping frantically and pathetically. Mewls and whimpers escape my lips.

"Oh, God!" I squeal.

Closer. Closer.

I pant like a whore.

I'm nearly there.

"Arghhh!"

He pulls his hand away. I scream. He pushes me to the bed so I can't move. My pussy drools helplessly onto the sheets.

"Wait," he commands.

Then his hand is back between my thighs. I grind once more. Instantly I'm close. That burning, black hole of pleasure is just there in front of me.

I scream again as he stops.

My pussy twitches in thin air. I can't speak. I choke. I'm crying. My body trashes helplessly, and my eyes bawl with tears.

He pins my wrists against the bed. I try and hump against him, but I can't. I try to force my hands to my clit, but he won't let them move. He's too strong, way too strong.

He roles off me and stands up.

"Time for sleep," he says.

"NO!" I scream.

"I said 'time for sleep,' Suzy," he snarls.

I roll off the bed and collapse at his feet.

"Please, Master," I beg.

I crawl, looking up at him.

"Please," I whimper, desperately.

"No," he says firmly.

I press my mouth against his jeans and pull down his zipper. He doesn't say a thing as I wrap my lips around his hard cock. I suck him desperately, just like I want him to suck on my clit.

He strokes my hair and starts to let out satisfied grunts of pleasure.

I suck harder.

I can tell he's going to cum any second.

He grabs my hair and pulls my head back. I gasp. He grunts. Then he spurts all over my face.

I move my hand to wipe it off.

"Don't you dare," he rasps, and slaps my hand away.

I whimper. Degraded. On fire. Helpless.

"Now lie down in the bed and go to sleep," he says.

I start to cry again, but I do as he says. The cum crawls over my features and over my lips, turning me up, driving me higher. God, I'm such a slut.

He undresses, kisses me on the cheek and slides into bed next to me.

"Goodnight, Suzy," he says.

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I fidget. I can't help it. My pussy is on fire. I'm in agony. My movements are disturbing him, I can tell.

He flicks on the light.

"You're keeping me awake, Suzy," he hisses.

"Sorry," I whimper.

He reaches into his bedside draw and drags out some leather cuffs. He holds me down, before cuffing me to the bed rail. I whimper gently, knowing that if I utter so much as a word, he's going to gag me as well.

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What did you think? Comments and feedback always welcome.

-Suzy x