

Tied

Keith J. Bowers

This is a work of fiction. None of the characters are real people and any similarity is strictly coincidental.

It is the author's intent that this work should be downloaded, copyable, and shareable, in its originally published format as an Adobe Acrobat file.

It may not be reproduced, shared or transmitted for a fee by any party to whom the Author has not contractually granted permission.

The author retains all rights not explicitly granted within.

Published by Keith J. Bowers
Kjbowers1@hotmail.com

Copyright 2002 by Keith J. Bowers

5 Rosewood Lane
Marietta, PA 17547
717-426-5083

Tied

Her hands were tied together, pulled up high over the ceiling beam. Naked, the chilling air of the coming night sent shivers up her back. Her feet each stood atop a block of wood, separated by a short distance. Her overlapped fingers held tightly onto a lip on the bottom of the beam above her. Should she lose her balance, she would hang freely, causing pain to her wrists. Perhaps he would come in time, perhaps not. With this game, she never knew. So her balance remained. The blindfold prevented sight; her gentle perfume filled the room. She could smell her sex mingling with the fragrance. Desire forced her to remain in balance.

She felt fingers crawling up her legs, circling around to evade her buttocks and more demanding pussy. Across her belly they went, skirting her breasts and jutting nipples. Her back was arched slightly, pushing her buttocks up and out. She was ready to receive him. She moaned with his touch, protesting his avoidance of the areas of pleasure. His hands cupped her face, his rough fingers stroking the soft skin of her cheeks.

A finger brushed her lips; she opened her mouth to accept it inward. Swirling her tongue around it, she sucked at it like a miniature cock. The finger withdrew and she felt its wetness as it slid down between her breasts, stopping at the base of her hips. Moaning louder, she nearly lost her balance as the fingertip toyed with her outer lips. Other fingers joined in their probing. One slipped inside her, but immediately removed itself from the violation.

Her arms ached where they were drawn up. The silk bit into her wrists. She would endure. He had promised her.

Cold air twisted between her legs, her heat burned outward. She felt his hands again on her waist, his closeness evident and omnipresent. A rivulet ran down her leg. The desire she held within could not be denied any longer even if she wanted to. The game was at checkmate.

A hand slid up her leg, smearing the juices across her thigh on upwards to her ass. It dallied around the hole, working the slipperiness into it. A tongue worked around her posterior, licking slowly back down between her legs. His movements were silent, only the air moved as he did. She could only surmise that he was on his knees, his hot breath lapping between her spread legs. Once, twice, three times, she came on his tongue, a muffled cry uttering from her lips, her hips pressing against his open mouth.

She was not allowed to cry out, not allowed to express herself as vocally as she wanted. Unintentionally, her knees buckled and she fell. He caught her there as she was, blind and tied. His hands were pressing into the softness of her belly, slowly positioning her back onto the blocks. Again she felt open, exposed, restricted. Like he wanted her to be.

His hands released her and again her back bore the brunt of the position. Her fingers trembled, slipping. Between her legs, she felt its presence. Thick and wide, the head pushed aside her lips, drowning itself in her wetness. A high-pitched squeal uttered from her lips as the cock spread her wide. The head popped past the initial restraints and it writhed its way fully inside her. After that moment, he did not move. She could not sense anything other than the hotness of the cock. Reveling in it, she squeezed her muscles around it, forcing a response. It jerked in reply, the minute movement sending fiery spikes of pleasure out and up into her clitoris.

His hands touched her waist, and she knew to prepare herself for the quick thrusts sure to follow. His palms slid over her cool skin, cupping her breasts and he gripped her around her waist, hugging her tightly. Her nipples cried for attention and fingers twisted them sharply, sending another firestorm down towards her clitoris. Her vagina spasmed again and it rolled up and down his cock in rapid succession.

She was suddenly alone, the filling sensation withdrawing from her. An aching emptiness replaced it. She whimpered, questioning why he had left her so. There was a sound of a chair being scraped across the hardwood floor and it halted somewhere in front of her. She smelled herself coming closer, and she opened her mouth in anticipation. His cock slid between her lips, barely able to contain herself from biting down in desire. Sucking voraciously, she let his hands guide her hanging body as he fucked her face. It rose larger and larger, becoming like steel between her lips until she could hardly manage it within her mouth. It jerked and swelled, pouring out stream after stream as she swallowed. Some spilled out, dripping down her chin. Sweet, sweet white honey. An aftershock fired another stream. She sucked it clean, feeling his hands within the depth of her hair.

Gone. He left her mouth, his hand sliding down the length of her body, lingering on her buttocks before disappearing from her senses. He would return shortly to release her.

She hoped.