A night with a friend

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A night with a friend turns surprising.....

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It is around 6pm and the light has started to fade from the sky. I have been asked to a friends house to watch a film with him. I know that he will be home alone. Although I suspect him to try something, I feel perfectly comfortable with this arrangement.

As I approach his house, I notice that it is all in darkness, except the hall. I knock at the door and wait for him to answer. He takes a while and I am about to give up when he answers apologetically. He leads me through the door and takes my coat and bag. He hangs them in the hall then turns to face me. He leans in close and reaches past me to lock the door. He asks if he can kiss me and I say yes.

As he kisses me, I feel his hands slide into mine. His kiss is so gentle, but so passionate. I hazard a guess he has wanted to do this for a while. As he pulls away, he smiles at me and ask if I feel safe with him. He asks if I trust him and I answer, honestly, yes to both.

He leads me a short way down the hall, walking backwards so that he can still see me. He is smiling at me as if he knew this would happen and is loving every second of it. I smile back knowing that I have liked him for a while, and wishing something would happen.

He stops suddenly and kisses me as if it is the only thing keeping him alive. I can feel his lips pressed against mine and his tongue frantically searching my mouth. His hands are running up and down my back and he has managed to undo my bra. I start to feel dizzy at the intensity of his kiss, so I pull away and open my eyes. The hall is now in total darkness. The blinds are closed and he has knocked off the lights. I also notice there is a distinct lack of his body next to mine. I am totally alone in the hallway.

I hear him call out from nearby. He wants me to follow the sound of the music he has put on. As I nervously approach where the sound is coming from, I feel him slide up behind me. He pulls my arms from either side of my body to behind my back. He leans in closer to my ear and asks again, very quietly if I still trust him. My heart is racing as I answer yes.

He pushes me roughly towards the bed and I land, face down on it. He quickly ties my hands behind me so that I cannot free them. My eyes start to adjust and I can make out shapes in the darkness. Suddenly, the light is switched on and I cry out in shock. I complain that the light is too bright and ask him to switch it off again. He says that he is just sorting it now and wraps a piece of cloth around my eyes. He asks me if the light is still bothering me. I reply by asking why he has blindfolded me and tied me up. By now I am beginning to get a little scared and wondering what he has in store for me. He asks if I would feel more comfortable if my hands were not tied together, to which the honest reply is yes.

He is true to his word and unties my wrists but flips me over so that I am lying on my back. He then orders me to strip. I object to this demand and question it. He tells me that if I am disobedient that he will punish me. I start to question this again when he roughly grabs one of my wrists and ties it to the corner of his bed. He again demands that I strip and points out that it will be more difficult to do if both arms are restricted.

So, with slightly shaking hands, I start to undress. I have managed to remove all but one side of my top, which I point out to him is impossible due to my arm being restrained. Without a word, he removes my bind, slips the clothes off my arm and reties me. I am very aware of the fact that I am totally naked, with not a shred to cover my body. My blindfold is so thick that I have no idea if the light is on, but I realise that he can see every part of me and there was very little I could do. I try to cover some of myself by lowering my free hand to cover my pubic region. My hand doesn't even reach my belly button when he grabs it and ties it too.

I question him yet again why he is doing this, but the only answer I get is the feeling of something solid brush my stomach as he returns to sitting beside me. He asks me again, do I still trust him. I am aware that even if I said no, I could do nothing about it. I was not strong enough to fight him off. I ask yet again why he is doing this. My voice starts to shake slightly with nerves, but even as I ask him, I know he will not give me a straight answer. I hear him at the other side of the room and it hits me that he could do anything, including leave me lying here, totally exposed. Although something tells me he wouldn't.

I feel him sit next to me and stroke my hair. His touch is not rough or threatening but tender and almost loving. He gentle lifts my head as he strokes the back of it and I feel something brush my lip. As I open my mouth to ask what he is doing, a length of material slips in, stopping me from saying a word. I am in no doubt as to who is in charge. My heart is still racing but I am starting to enjoy this.

He takes a deep breath and very quietly tells me that he didn't want to gag me, but I insisted on talking. I need to understand that he is not going to hurt me or make me do anything I don't want to. He only wants to play a few games. He asks me if I understood; my only reply is a nod. He asks me

yet again if I trust him; and again my only answer is a nod. He leans forward and kisses me gently on the forehead.

His lips start to slowly travel down my body, pausing first at my neck, where he strokes my hair and nibbles ever so gently. I can feel myself giving my body over to him, he was in control and I loved it. As he reaches my breasts, he takes each nipple into his mouth in turn and sucks and nibbles gently. A moan escapes my lips as my body starts to tremble. As he lightly kisses my stomach, I try to move from under him; it tickles and I can't stand it. He lifts his head and tells me he is going to try it again. This time I was prepared for it, but still moved involuntary. He warns me, with a slight edge to his voice, that he is going to try it once more and he wants me to behave this time. Again, my legs twitch as he catches my stomach with his tongue.

Next thing I know, my legs are being forced into shackles at the bottom of the bed. I am now strapped to the bed, spread eagled with no way of moving. He comes up and kisses my neck again, and whispers into my ear that he will reward me if I am well behaved but punish me if I'm not. I nod that I understand. The tension is driving me wild.

He starts kissing my neck again, this time, his hands are on my waist, pinning me to the bed even more. He makes his way down my body with his hands, following with his lips. By the time he reaches my nipples I am wet and ready for him. His lips slowly kiss every inch of my breasts and his hands start to explore between my legs. He is breathing very heavily and comments on how wet I am and that he is glad I am ready for him. Then he licks my stomach, and my body tries to pull away from him again. I can feel my bonds on my wrists and ankles pulling and my body is screaming to be let free, but my mind is begging him to fuck me.

As soon as I jolted, he sat up removing all contact with me. I try to complain but my gag lets me do nothing but mumble. He tells me that I am a bad girl and I need to be punished for it. I have no idea what he is about to do to me. The nerves build up and I become shaky as I hear him leave the room. When he comes back I feel him sit next to me on the bed and lean over me slightly. I think for a brief second that it is going to be over and he is going to free me, but then I feel something hit my stomach. It is a liquid of some sort but I have no idea what. A few seconds go by and another drop hits me. I notice that this one is warm. A few seconds pass and another drop, this time even warmer. The forth drop hits me just as I expect it, he is spacing them out. I am ready for the next drop, but this one seems to be bigger, and warmer than the last one. I realise that he is dripping them in roughly the same spot as the next drop hits me about an inch up and burns. I cry out in shock. He keeps to this spot for a few more drops then moves again. He doesn't seem to have a pattern to where he moves to, so each new area makes me jump and cry out. Although the drops are hot, they don't seem to burn very long. After a few different moves of his liquid dropping, it hits me that the first spots are now cool and are hardening on my body. He is dripping wax on me!

I am expecting my next drop to move, and it does, onto my breasts. This time though, it is ice cold. The contrast of the hot then the cold hits me like a brick wall. I am no longer scared of him burning me and am getting turned on again. The ice cold water splashes me again and again. Just like the wax, he moves its' place now and then. I feel my nipples harden into small peaks on my breasts. I am very aware that he is watching them grow.

After what seemed like hours of torture, the drops stop. I start to wonder if he has left the room again, when something huge and hard is rammed between my legs. It slides in easily, he has obviously noticed how excited I am. But, whatever it is, it does not belong to him; I can feel his stiff cock rubbing against my side. I start to wonder if someone else is here, when I feel him moving over me. I feel something land either side of my head as he unties my gag. He tells me that any misbehaving will result in more punishment and I should do as he says. I nod, despite the fact I can now talk, I feel as though I would be punished for it.

I feel something rub against my lips as I heard something click. I could feel whatever was inside me start to vibrate softly. I moan in response. He leans forward and quietly reminds me to do as he says, or the pleasure will stop. I realise what it is against my lips and take it in my mouth. I start to caress it with my tongue and as a reward I feel the vibrations getting stronger. A soft moan escapes me. I can't stop myself. I start to lick his cock and balls, then progress to nibbling them, only gently. The vibrations stop. I quickly resume my cock in mouth position and start to suck. Note to self; he does not like teeth. As I suck him harder and faster, the vibrations get stronger and stronger. I am finding it very hard not to cry out, but I know that it would result in the vibrations stopping. He would not be pleased if I stopped to show my pleasure. Just as I am about to climax, I feel his cock stiffen, even more, in my mouth. I know what is about to happen. And sure enough, he releases himself into my mouth. He does not show any signs of moving so I have to swallow his cum. I feel it slowly sliding down my throat. He leans back and presses the vibrator against my clitoris. I then feel myself cum. Being engulfed in wave after wave of ecstasy.

I give his, now limp, cock a final lick as he pulls it out of my mouth and releases me from my ties. Although my body is no longer restrained, I still feel in his control so I don't move off the bed. I lie still for a minute or so before he takes off my blindfold and tells me that I have learned well and he will reward me next time I go to visit... I can't wait.