If I Open My Eyes, Will You Disappear?

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As if in a dream....

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I fall asleep waiting for you, wearing nothing but white stockings, an anal plug and nipple clamps. It feels as though I've been waiting for you forever, but its probably not been very long. My body and mind, so aroused and tense, have given out and I've dozed off.

I don't hear you enter the room, or even sense your presence, until I feel a gentle tug on my nipples. The pleasureful pain shoots through my body and forces me to thrust my breasts forward and arch my back, gasping unevenly. You tug steadily on the chain between my clamped nipples until my face is almost even with yours. I can feel your warm breathe on my breasts, my neck, my face.

I want so desperately to open my eyes and look at the face of the man who owns me, controls me, exhilarates me, loves me, but I don't dare. I'm scared if I open them, you'll just disappear as if in a dream.

After what feels like an eternity, I feel your mouth on mine, hungry, needy, taking what's yours. The roughness of your cheek and chin against my soft skin thrills me and I greedily kiss your mouth and suck on your tongue until I push you back on the bed.

I still don't dare open my eyes and I can't take my mouth off of yours, but I need to feel your bare skin against mine. As if by braille, my hands glide down your shirt, finding your buttons, clumsily undoing them one by one.

I straddle your thigh as I try to remove your shirt, rocking the butt plug and rubbing my pussy against your leg. Finally, somehow, your shirt is gone and I groan with excitement and anticipation as I press my breasts down on your chest, just the chain and nipple clamps digging into our flesh are between us. I feel your warmth, your heart is beating as fast as mine.

I reach down to undo your pants and can feel your cock, hard and pulsating under the fabric. I tug and fumble, whimpering in frustration, as I try helplessly to get them off of you. You chuckle, grab my arms and powerfully roll me off of you and onto my back. I hear your pants drop to the floor and I

tense up, my whole body aching with desire.

I expect to feel your weight come down on top of me, but instead you whisper huskily, "Get on your knees, my little fuck toy." I quickly, though wobbily obey, my heart in my throat. I feel your hands on my hips, pulling me back into position.

After what feels like a lifetime of waiting for you and only you, I feel the head of your cock, press against the dripping lips of my pussy. You grasp my hips tightly and force your way into my, no your, tight hole. You groan and I shudder as you fill me up with your cock. We pause a moment to relish the sensation of oneness we've so long desired.

Then, you start fucking me. Not softly or gently, you are not making love to me--that will come later. You are taking my body, exerting your dominance over me, thrusting your cock into me hard and deep. You have one hand wrapped firmly around my throat, the other pulling my hair, forcing my back to arch. Every time your hips thrust forward you push the plug deeper into my ass and make the chain on the nipple clamps swing--the pain and pleasure of both just heighten my excitement.

I'm on the verge of exploding and I beg you say the words I'm aching to hear, but you tell me no. I beg and whimper more, near delirious now from desire and the need for relief. Finally, you say the words I'm dying to hear, "Cum, cum for me Alys. Cum for me my good girl. Cum." My body convulses in orgasm after orgasm, as I whimper, moan, and call out your name over and over.

My convulsions are too much for you. Your hand squeezes tighter around my throat, your hips thrust deeply forward and I feel your hot cum streaming inside of me. All I can do is whisper, "Thank you, thank you."

Finally, I feel the weight of your body come down on me and you release my hair and throat. You lay on top of me, inside of me, as we calm down and our breathing returns to normal. You roll off of me onto your back and I curl up in your strong, protective arms to fall asleep.

Will you really still be there when I wake up or will it have been just a dream?