

# The Object of Obsession I

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*A chance encounter turns into obsession as a co-ed is introduced to an unusual peice of furniture.*

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As I closed the front door, shutting out the rest of the world, the silence became absolute, broken only by my soft footfalls and the suddenly loud thump thump thump of my heart. I looked around the empty living room nervously, wondering where he was, my eyes drawn towards the hallway and, beyond that, the door to the basement where Craig most likely waited, his presence drawing me like a moth to flame. Ours was a strange relationship, dangerous even, maybe even unhealthy. For one thing, love had nothing to do with it. It was all about need or, more accurately, obsession. Mine, obviously. Perhaps his too. I tried not to think about that too much. After all, at this point, it wouldn't make any difference. As I passed through the living room, the simple pink cotton briefs he'd told me to wear wet with anticipation, I told myself to turn around and go home and forget about the last few months. It would be the smart thing to do and yet, I knew I wouldn't. The hooks had been set to deep, and not by Craig, although he was a part of it. Ever since he'd introduced me to that cage this night had become inevitable. Now, it was too late for me to turn back. Like an addict, I needed the fix he offered. It was no longer a simple thing of steel. It had become so much more. For me, there was no turning back. We'd met at a party shortly after my after my second semester started, something he'd had to remind me of later, realizing I only vaguely remembered him. He'd even had to correct me when I'd called him Greg. The second time we'd met was on the way back to my dorm one night after yet another party, one that I'd left early. He insisted he walk me home, something I wasn't ungrateful for. He was older, I'd guess in his late 30's. He told me he'd already earned his masters, and had simply wished to take a few courses for his own edification. "It's Craig, not Greg, Shelly." "Michelle." I'd told him, automatically correcting him. Only my dad could get away with calling me Shelly these days. Like my childhood, it was a something I'd left behind when I'd moved from the sleepy little town of Florence to the comparatively bustling streets of Portland, Oregon. "I like Shelly better. It's more... innocent, I think, a reminder that inside the woman, there is still a little girl. I like believing that there is still something pure within you, something that hasn't yet been defiled." My first reaction was to tell

him to fuck off. Obviously, he was a pervert, a creep, even worse. And yet, there was a certain charm, one I hadn't recalled from the party and it intrigued me enough to still my tongue. I also blame the fact that I'd downed a couple of beers before deciding to go home. "Why, are you supposed to be a knight in shining armor out to save me from being led astray in the big city?" I remember his laughter, more like a chuckle, and how it sent shivers up and down my spine not unlike the ones I was experiencing now. "Perhaps I just want to be the one who defiles you, Shelly. I have something I'd like to show you. Are you free next Friday?" God help me, like a fool, I said yes. It had been one of the strangest dates I'd ever been on, not that I'd been on many. He'd been a perfect gentleman, opening doors, pulling out my chair at dinner, attentive and charming at all times and yet, there was something dangerous about him. Perhaps it was the intense way he'd look at me, his gaze hungry, that left me with an uneasy feeling. I should confess that it made me feel something else too; the stirrings of desire. Nor did his questions help. We talked of many things, that night. Movies, music, art, literature, but each time he seemed to guide the conversation into the erotic. Perhaps not overtly, but each time, the tension became heightened until finally, blushing furiously, I confronted him. "Are you trying to seduce me?" I asked, pushing the remains of my half eaten dessert to one side. "Of course." He answered, a clever smile upon his not unhandsome face. "I'd hoped that was obvious. "I'm don't make a habit of sleeping with guys on a first date." I told him with a shrug. The truth of the matter was, I'd hadn't made a habit of sleeping them at all. At 18 I was still a virgin. It wasn't that I was a prude, only that I'd yet to meet someone who seemed worth all the trauma that I knew went along with relationships or, for that matter, seemed worth waking up next to the next morning, the phrase what was I thinking! filling my head like bad dialogue from a romantic comedy. "You misunderstand me, Shelly." "Michelle." My response was automatic. He ignored it and reached across the table, caressing the back of my hand, making my pulse race. I did my best to hide it, but I could tell by the look in his eyes that he knew the effect he was having on me. "Tonight, I simply wish to spend the evening getting to know each other. If you'd like, I'll be happy to take you home. Only, I ask you one favor first." I waited, one brow curiously raised, realizing too late that I was wetting the surface of my parted lips with the tip of my tongue, a gesture that he'd probably interpret as suggestive. Perhaps it was. I pressed my lips together, hoping he'd at least pretend it had never happened, watching the shape of his mouth as he spoke, wondering what it would be like to be kissed by him. "I'd like to show you something. And then, if you decide you never want to see me again, I'll simply take you home and that will be that." "I guess." I said, shoulders lifting slightly in a shrug, wondering what harm could come from his request. If I'd only known then what I know now. "Good girl. I'll get our coats and we can be on our way. My place isn't far from the dorms. Don't worry," he added, noting my suspicious glance and the way my lips curved downward into a frown. "If you'd prefer, you don't even have to come in. You can simply stand in the doorway. It won't take long and, afterwards, I'll deliver you safe and sound to your dorm." I looked into his eyes, gauging his expression. Despite the skirting around the subject of sex all night, he'd been the perfect gentleman. What's more, I had decided early on that I liked him. Granting him a small amount of trust wasn't so difficult. So I agreed and he, true to his word, drove me to his home and let me stand in the open doorway while cars passed up and down the busy street. "This will just

take a moment, Shelly." He promised, disappearing around the corner, into the hall. Moments later he was pulling what appeared to be a large box covered with a navy blue sheet, sliding it out into the center of the living room. He stood, taking a moment to capture my gaze as he brushed back his hair before revealing his 'surprise'. I'm not sure if I made a sound or not. I do remember that I felt the soft shock of surprise when the box turned out to be a cage. It looked brand new, shiny steel bars, spaced about 6 inches apart, reflecting light from the lamp. Rectangular in shape, one end was, obviously, a hinged door with two small metal rings welded into place between the bars about half way up, a pair of similar circles at the rear, closer to the base. The floor was solid, covered by a thin black pad. It stood upon six legs, about half a foot off the floor, three along each side. "What is it?" I asked, unsure if I wanted to hear the answer, seeing as how my imagination was already at work on it. "I suppose you'd call it a bondage cage, Shelly." "And... you wanted to show me this, why?" "I wanted to see your reaction." "I see. Take me home." I demanded and, true to his word, he did. "Think about what I showed you, Shelly. Give me a call." He said in parting, holding open the door to my dorm for me. He didn't even ask for a good night kiss, not that I'd have given him one. He simply gave me an enigmatic smile and left me to my thoughts as I climbed the stairs, letting myself into my room. "How was your date?" My roomie Megan asked, looking up from her text book as I sat on my bed, pulling off my shoes. "Interesting." "Interesting good, or interesting bad?" "I'm not sure yet." I replied, flopping back on my mattress, my eyes closed as I pictured the cage, my brow wrinkling in distaste. What had he expected? Why had he simply shown it to me and then taken me home? Was it some sort of test? A practical joke? Was it his way of blowing off someone he'd no interest in seeing again? I let the questions stew in my head long after Megan had turned off the lights and gone to bed. Long into the night, in fact, until finally, I slipped into slumbers. The next day, I went about the business of being a student, doing my best to put the image of the steel cage from my mind. Quite unsuccessfully, I might add. By late afternoon, I'd not only given up, but I found myself punching Craig's number on my phone, counting the rings, hoping he wouldn't pick up. He waited until the fifth ring, catching me off guard just as I was about to hang up on him. "Um... Hi..." I managed, wincing at how I must have sounded. "I knew you'd call, Shelly." Craig said, recognizing my voice immediately. Smug bastard, I thought. And yet, I didn't hang up as the silence stretched between us on the phone line until I couldn't take it anymore. "It's Michelle. Anyway, I thought we could, you know, get together again." "How does tonight sound?" "Tonight? I..." "My place, at 6. I like girls in dresses. Or skirts. Something feminine, anyway. Would that be asking too much?" "I... guess not." I replied, off balance, still wondering why I'd called him in the first place. Now, I was regretting it and yet, I here I was mentally going through my wardrobe, wondering what I'd had to wear. "Oh, and Shelly?" "Yes?" I hated that I sounded breathless when I answered, my voice trembling slightly. Fleeting, I thought about correcting him again but I couldn't seem to find my voice. "Be on time. I hate tardiness." With that, he hung up, leaving me to wrangle with my good senses, already knowing the outcome. After all, I'd been thinking about that damn cage all week. I'd even had dreams about it. Fortunately, Megan was out for the afternoon. After all, I didn't want to explain compelled to her where I was going, or why I'd chosen to dress up a bit. And dress up I did, recalling our conversations, how he's complimented my

lack of make-up, his comments on purity and innocence, his mention of what he liked girls to wear. I chose accordingly, hoping to please him, trying not to think about why I was doing this. Before leaving, I critically examined my reflection in the full length mirror on my closet door. I was pretty enough. Blonde, blue-eyed, a light spray of freckles across the bridge of my nose. The perfect girl next door, I'd been told, perhaps a little on the slender side, making me look a year or two younger than I truly was. The weather had been taken a pleasant turn, and the modest beige skirt coupled with a sleeveless tea green top seemed natural enough, as did the sandals I'd chosen. I'd decided to give my eyes a rest, having been studying hard all week, so I had on my glasses, giving me a slightly nerdy look. Hopefully, Craig would find that alluring. I double-checked my bag, making sure I had my keys, wallet, and cell phone with me before leaving, penning a note to Megan that I might be out late. The day's warmth still lingered, and his house wasn't far from campus, so I walked, arriving a few moments before six, my finger trembling as I rang the doorbell, licking my lips as I waited for him to answer. I should probably mention that he was pleasant looking, although not the kind of guy you'd be whispering about in the other room with your girlfriends. Average in height, with dark hair and dark eyes, a charming smile, in reasonably good shape. And yet, he had a magnetism to him, something I hadn't noticed the first time we'd met. Something in him kept drawing my thoughts. And every time I'd thought of him, the image of the cage slipped into my head as well. "On time. Good girl." He said, ushering me into his living room. I replied with a shy smile, my gaze sweeping the room. There was no sign of the steel contraption he'd shown me last time. I wasn't sure if it was relief or disappointment that made me sigh. Perhaps a little of both. "Would you care for a drink?" I shook my head, then changed my mind. I could feel the tension in the air, the tension in my body. I forced myself to smile, nodding this time. "Sure, I guess so." He motioned me towards the couch and I waited until he returned with a glass of white wine. Nothing too strong, for which I was thankful for. Just enough to take the edge off while we made small talk, something I'd never been particularly good at, and tonight was no exception. After all, it was hard to talk about inconsequential things when my thoughts kept turning to our last date. Craig noticed, of course, often teasing me about it, asking me what was on my mind. Each time, my cheeks grew hot and I found myself unable to give him a straight answer. Finally, he took my now empty glass from me and set it aside and took my hands gently in his. "It's in my office. If you'd like, I can show it to you." "I don't... I mean, I..." "Shelly? Don't lie to me. I can see it in your eyes. Come with me. What harm is there in a quick look? Maybe you just need to get it out of your system." "I... guess." I answered uneasily, my heart skipping as he helped me to stand, then led me down the hall, each step taking me farther from the world that I knew, that I was comfortable with, leading me closer and closer to the unknown. I wondered if it was too late to stop, even tried to open my mouth to say the words, but nothing came out. And then, too soon, we were standing in the doorway. It was just as I'd remembered it, sitting ominously in the middle of the room, the light kissing the polished steel. I stood there, drinking it in silently, wondering what it would feel like to be inside of it. Why, I have no idea. I'd never had any inclination to try anything even remotely kinky in my life. My fantasies were probably, compared to most girls my age, pretty boring. The typical romantic fluff with certain celebrities or guys from my classes that I thought were hot. And

all unfulfilled. The farthest I'd ever let anyone get with me was the proverbial second base. "If you'd like, I'll show you how it works, Shelly." I glanced at him, thinking how normal the question sounded, like he was discussing his new iPad or some other gadget, something that any ordinary person might have in their office. Not trusting my voice, I simply nodded, managing not to flinch as his hip brushed against mine, my gaze frozen as he showed off his prized possession. Not a word was spoken, making the scene slightly surreal, the sound of my rapid breath suddenly filled my ears, the sound of steel on steel as he demonstrated how it worked magnified. It was simple, really. Craig slid the rear panel up and then down, smiling as the loud click, motioning me towards him so that I could see how it locked into place. The front was similar, except that only the upper half of the panel slide up and down, dividing the metal rings in two. "Would you like to try it out?" He asked, making it seem like it didn't matter to him either way. "I... no!" I answered, mustering up as much outrage as I could for him even thinking of it. It must have sounded unconvincing, for he simply shrugged, his smile soft. "If you change your mind, Shelly, let me know." He took me out to an expensive dinner and then to a movie. I'm afraid I don't remember much of it. My thoughts kept returning to his question, wondering why he'd ever think I'd say yes. By the time we left the theater my panties were damp. Worse, I think he knew of my state, even if he didn't say a word. Once more, he was a perfect gentleman, returning me to my dorm, this time walking me up to my room, leaving me with a light brush of his lips against my hot cheek. My hands shook as I fumbled with my keys, finally unlocking my door and escaping into the relative safety of my room. Thankfully, Megan wasn't there to question how my date had gone. I'm not sure how I would have answered her. That night, I dreamt of steel bars and, in the morning, I had to change my panties, waking up to find them soaked, a first for me. Even my most erotic dreams had never left me in such a state. I vowed, then and there, never to call him again, to forget about him and his stupid cage. My resolve lasted until the end of my last class. "Hi. It's Shelly." "I thought you preferred Michelle." "I... I guess. I'm free tonight." "I'm busy, Shelly. Perhaps this Saturday. Six o'clock sharp." "I can do Saturday." "Good. And Shelly? Wear something pretty." I showed up at his door on time, this time dressed in a cute little pink skirt, and a blue tank tee decorated with pastel sunflowers. I looked like... well, younger than I was. I'm not sure why, but at the last minute it'd tied my hair back with a length of blue ribbon, adding to the illusion. Instead of sandals, I was wearing spotless white Vans. Craig seemed pleased with my appearance, complimenting me until I blushed. "You look so pretty, Shelly. A vision of innocence. Please, come in." I felt my heart beating like a trapped bird against my ribs as he closed the door behind me, once again offering me a drink. I took him up on his offer, but declined a seat upon the couch. I was too full of pent-up emotions to sit. Instead, I followed him into the kitchen while he poured us both a glass of wine, letting him do most of the talking, embarrassed at how my voice shook every time I spoke. "You seem nervous, Shelly. Something on your mind? Something you'd like to ask me?" I shook my head in denial, but my even as I did, my voice betrayed me. "Can I see it?" He laughed at that, putting down his glass, taking my now empty glass from my hand and setting it down as well. "What is it you want to see?" "You know." I whispered, not wanting to admit my need. I imagined my cheeks turning beet red as I did my best to look elsewhere, anywhere but at his face. "Say it, Shelly. Say it out loud." "The... your... cage." He

reached out and brushed my cheek with the back of his hand, his knuckles feeling cool against my skin. Then, smiling softly, almost tenderly, he leaned forward and kissed me on the forehead. "That wasn't so hard now, was it?" I shrugged, shaking my head, changing my mind, nodding instead. "It... I'm not... I don't know." Embarrassed that I couldn't seem to form a coherent sentence, I tried to turn my face away. He stopped me, his fingers beneath my chin, gently tilting my head up. I found myself gazing into his dark orbs, tearing up suddenly. "I'm a virgin." I confessed, my emotions a jumble of confusion. "I'd hoped so, Shelly. After all, that will make it so much sweeter for me." With that, he kissed me, this time fully upon my mouth. It was both tender and passionate, his lips parting as he devoured me, his hands firmly framing my face. I felt him undo the knot in my ribbon, freeing my hair, his fingers tangling in it as I savored his kiss, wanting more and yet, afraid. Finally, he pulled back, his gaze so intense that I was forced to look away, much to his amusement. "That kiss deserves a reward. Come, I'll show you." With that, he wrapped his fingers around my slender wrist and coaxed me to my feet, leading me once more down the hallway to the room where he kept the cage. It was as I remembered it, as I had dreamed of it as recently as last night. I felt my panties growing damp once more as I stood there, gazing at it from the doorway, Craig standing directly behind me, one hand playing with my undone hair, the other resting lightly on my shoulder. I could feel his warm breath upon my ear, making my whole body tremble, even before he filled my head with whispered words. "Would you like to see what it feels like, Shelly? To be inside? Go ahead. I won't move from the doorway. I promise." "No." I mouthed, but my feet had already taken a step forward, and then another, closer and closer until I was standing above it. I knelt down, running my fingers over the bars, surprised at how cool they felt. Maybe it was because I was so warm. Leaning forward, I caressed the metal almost erotically, jerking back as if I'd been burned once I realized what I was doing. I chanced a glance over my shoulder, noting Craig's knowing smile, and hating him for it. At least he'd kept his promise, standing in the doorway, arms folded across his chest, watching my every move. Ignoring him, I moved around to the front of the cage, examining the door. It swung outward on hinges and there was a latch that could be easily opened from the inside as long as I had use of my hands. I tested the sliding panel, lifting it so that the circles became half-moons. They were just big enough for my wrists, the insides lined with black leather. If I were to place them there and let the upper half slide down, I'd be trapped once it locked into place. But if I didn't... I don't know what possessed me, but I needed to know what it felt like. Opening the cage door, I backed in until my feet, and then my bottom, were pressed against the bars. Sucking my lip between my teeth, I pulled the door closed, the click of the latch sounding so final, despite knowing that I could open it from within. "What do you think? How do you feel?" I glanced in his direction, not knowing how to answer that, a mixture of emotions warring within me, once again at a loss for words. Finally, I took a deep breath and did my best to sort out my feelings. "Anxious, but... kind of exhilarated too? I've never felt this way. It's a little overwhelming." "Does it turn you on? Even just a little?" I didn't want to answer that. The truth was, I could feel my panties growing even wetter. I couldn't help but wonder what he was thinking, what he thought about me? My eyes lingered on his crotch, noting with satisfaction the bulge of his erection, deciding that I liked the feeling of being an object of lust. I raised my face upwards, studying his face.

This time, when I licked my lips, I knew what I was conscious of the signal it sent. "Yes." I finally answered him, reaching through the bars, and unlatched the door, a flare of panic pulsing through my veins. I needed to be free before... I couldn't finish that thought, didn't want to as I scrambled out on my hands and knees, wrapping my arms around myself as I got to my feet, unable to meet the gaze I felt fastened upon me. We stood that way for a moment that seemed to stretch into eternity before Craig finally broke the silence. "Are you hungry?" I was, and yet, not in the way I assumed he meant it. I didn't share that thought, however. Instead I simply nodded and let him lead me out to his car, doing my best to keep up my end of the conversation, my thoughts wandering back to how it had felt inside the cage every time there was a lull. By the time he walked me to my room, I could feel the wet trickle of desire teasing my inner thighs. Once again, he left me with a tender kiss, and no more, before I found sanctuary in my room. This time, Megan was there to greet me. She appraised my agitated state, raising her brows, a question forming on her lips before being discarded. Her grin, however, remained. I suddenly realized why. I smelled like sex. Blushing, I grabbed my sweats, a clean pair of underwear, my towel, and my shower kit before fleeing down the hall to our communal showers. That night, erotic dreams populated my sleep once more. The way things were going, I was either going to have to invest in more underwear, or hit up the laundry room on a more regular basis. Worse, I woke up the next morning to a knowing smile from my room-mate. "You sounded like you were having some interesting dreams, Michelle." Embarrassed, I sent a sheepish smile her way coupled with a dismissive shrug. "I guess...." She laughed at that, and let it go, but I wondered what she'd heard? That thought was quickly erased by another. I glanced at the clock, knowing it was too early to call. I'd wait until noon, or so I thought. I made it until 10:30. "Hi. It's Shelly." "Hi Shelly. To what do I owe the pleasure?" "I was wondering... I'm free tonight..." "I'll expect you at six, then. And Shelly?" "Wear something pretty?" I interjected, with a soft giggle. "That's my good girl." Craig said, amusement in his voice. Then he hung up, leaving me in turmoil for the rest of the day. I was both thankful and resentful of Megan's presence in our shared room. On the one hand, I shudder to think of how much time I would have spent touching myself all day had she not been there. On the other, I ached to do just that, my thoughts never far away from how it had felt inside Craig's damned cage. As it was, I had to sneakily change my panties several times before it came time to dress for my date, something I'm not quite sure I pulled off without her knowledge, despite that she kept her comments to herself. And then, after thinking 5:30 would never get here, it was upon me too soon, and I fled the dorm, drawn like a moth to flame to Craig's off campus home. I'd chosen a halter dress this time, leaving my back and shoulders bare. It was a pastel red, and decorated with yellow daises. Did I mention how much I liked flowers? My panties were white cotton briefs decorated with small red hearts, and I was wearing sandals once more. This time I'd used a crimson ribbon to tie my hair back into a pony tail and once again, I wore glasses, thinking they made me look younger. I should mention that I'd not bothered with a bra. My breasts were small enough, and firm, that it was hardly a necessity, anyway. Craig seemed to enjoy this game of pretending I was younger and I didn't mind playing along. In fact, I kind of enjoyed it. Giggling, I figured I might as well get into the role, so I skipped the last block all the way to his front door, breathlessly ringing the doorbell. "Punctual as always, Shelly. Good girl." I blushed,

feeling that mixture of anticipation and fear that he seemed to draw effortlessly out in me. "Would you care for a drink? Or perhaps, you'd like to skip it and go take another look at our little secret." My breath caught in my throat as the door shut behind me, my heart racing as I glanced towards the hallway, only half aware of his presence, the caress of his hand upon my cheek, the warmth of his body as he stood behind me radiating against my shoulder and back. "I..." I winced, his soft laughter ringing in my ears at my inability to form articulate sentences in his presence. "I'll take that as a yes, Shelly. Come, I've moved it into the basement. Take my hand, and I'll take you there." Foolishly, I took his hand, and let him lead me down the hallway, past his office, navigating the narrow stairs that lead beneath his house for the first time. In my mind's eyes, I half expected some sort of dungeon, decorated with furniture from every fetish website imaginable. Instead, he led me into what looked like my dad's den, populated with bookshelves, a desk, and a few framed photos decorating the walls that seemed more Ansel Adams than Vivid Productions. There was an easy chair and an entertainment center at the far end of the room, and what I guessed to be a door leading to the bathroom. And, of course, planted squarely in the center of the room upon the wine colored carpet was the object of my obsession. "What are you in the mood for tonight, Shelly? I know this great little Italian place. The atmosphere is very romantic. Or, if you'd prefer..." My gaze was glued to his, watching the way his eyes flickered to one side, my own following, of course, settling upon the steel monster. I felt like I was going to break out in a sweat at any moment. How much longer would I last? He was slowly breaking me down. How simple it would be to give in to what I assumed he wanted from me. My hands secured, trapped inside the steel prison at his mercy. After all, that's what had been playing out in my dreams night after night. I shuddered, drawing my arms beneath my breasts as I turned away from it, seeking out his eyes shyly, hoping he'd take pity on me. "Please." I whimpered, unsure of what I was asking for, hoping he understood my dilemma. "It's your choice, Shelly. I won't force you to do anything you don't want to do. If you'd like, I'll put it away and you'll never have to see it again." I thought about that, thought about what it would be like to be free from its pull, from Craig's influence, from the wicked thoughts that had filled my mind day and night since I'd first visited his home. I think he sensed my inner struggle, for he left me in silence, content to simply observe, a smug smile in place, his dark eyes glittering with amusement. Oh, how I hated him at that moment. And yet, my longing for something even I couldn't explain was the stronger emotion. It felt as if I was watching someone else as I knelt beside the cage, unlatching the door and carefully, slowly, backing in until my progress was stopped by the bars. Once again, I pulled the door shut, closing myself in, knowing that all I had to do was unlatch the door once more to escape, my heart pounding in my ears. I felt faint for a moment and had to grip the bars, holding on as if my life depended upon never letting go. Somehow, I fought through it, breathing deeply until I felt calm enough to release my grip. "Just like before, Shelly. There's nothing to be afraid of." Craig's soothing voice helped still my fears. Nodding, I did my best to smile through the bars at him, taking note of how little room there was, even for someone of my small stature. It was a good thing I wasn't claustrophobic. I closed my eyes, letting go of my remaining anxiety, all too aware of what was left in its place; anticipation, excitement and, god help me, desire. I felt the all too familiar warmth between my legs, my panties slowly soaking through.

When I opened them again, I was startled to see that this time, Craig hadn't stood back. Instead, he was squatting down just outside the bars of my self imposed prison, regarding me carefully. "Don't!" I cried out, a stab of panic turning the command into a squeaky plea. "Shush, Shelly. I'm not going to do anything, I just wanted to get a closer look, to admire you. You're so beautiful. So innocent and pure. I want to remember you like this forever." I watched as his gaze traveled over past my face, a part of me enjoying the way his eyes were colored by lust, how he licked his lips, how he pressed his palms against the bars of my cell as he leaned forward. "I want to touch you, Shelly. Would you mind?" I nodded my assent. After all, it was what I wanted too, even if I couldn't voice the thought. Mesmerized, I watched as he reached through the bars, and carefully removed my glasses, then undid my ribbon, letting my hair fall down over my shoulders. "My beautiful little treasure." If I'd have had any sense at all, I would have been frightened. Instead, I felt strangely safe as he ran his fingers through my blonde tresses. I found myself sighing softly as he brushed my bare shoulders with his fingers, stroking me as one would a treasured pet. I found myself wondering if that was, perhaps, how he saw me? Not that it mattered. I was enjoying the sensation too much to care. He straightened then, so that he had access to the top of he cage. The bars ran lengthwise there, allowing him to run his hands over my bared back, teasing my sensitive flesh, scratching me lightly with his nails, brushing me with the tips of his fingers. There wasn't enough room for me to turn my head, but there was enough to arch my back. I felt like I might melt with pleasure. He moved to the other side, this time tracing the shape of my breast through the thin fabric of my dress, teasing my nipple until it ached. He let his hand wander slowly along my ribcage, my tummy, the tips of his fingers so close to my mound and yet, not quite touching. It was both exquisite and torturous at once. Wordlessly, I gave him leave to do what he willed, my soft moans all the permission he needed. I wanted more, so much more, and yet, he played me perfectly, teasing me slowly until, had he asked, I would have promised him anything for some relief. Then, I lost sight of him, knowing he'd moved directly behind me. I felt the hem of my dress lift slowly, brushing against the backs of my thighs, exposing my heart covered panties. He left it folded upon the small of my back while he fondled and squeezed my bottom. By the time he began tracing the edge of my underwear with slow strokes, I was lost. Breathlessly, I began to grind my ass against the hard steel, my legs spreading invitingly open. "My god." I gasped when finally I felt his hand between my thighs, stroking my aching pussy, pushing my briefs into my sopping wet slit with his thumb as his fingers brushed my swollen clit teasingly. Not one of my own self-pleasure sessions had ever felt this good and I almost cried when he suddenly stopped. "Ready to go?" I blinked, drawn out of my state of bliss by his question, desperate for him to resume again, ready to promise anything, everything. "What?" I managed, stumbling over the word, his answering laugh mocking. "I asked if you were ready to go, Shelly. After all, I promised you dinner, remember?" "Please don't stop." I begged him, knowing how desperate I sounded and not caring. "Patience, sweetheart. All in good time. You're not quite ready yet. I want it to be special, Shelly." Unlatching the cage door, he gave me his hand, and I took it, crawling out, standing unsteadily before him. I was still in a state of unquenched need, and my body ached to be touched or, better yet, driven into the embraces of orgasmic pleasure. It wasn't to be. Instead, he casually pulled the hem of my dress

down, turning me so that he could tie my hair back into a pony tail once more. He had to steer my up the stairs, so lost was I in an erotic fog, my juices smeared thighs sliding against each other as I walked, my nipples straining at the fabric of my dress. It was only when I began to get looks at the restaurant that I realized my state. Self-consciously excusing myself, I spent a good ten minutes in the ladies room doing my best to look more presentable, wishing I was brave enough to make myself cum in one of the toilet stalls, something I'd only ever imagined in my wildest dreams up until this evening. Only the fact that, before I left his side, Craig had warned me against doing just that kept my hands from wandering into my drenched panties, "We could go back to your place." I told him on the drive home, hoping he heard the unspoken promises, and the need, in my voice. "I think you should think about what you want, Shelly." He replied, kissing me teasingly at my door, his hand wandering unprotested beneath the hem of my dress. I was suddenly thankful that the hallway was deserted, mindful that I had chosen to abandon my soaked panties in the ladies room earlier, not wanting the smell of sex alerting our waiter or any nearby diners as to my state. It had been a hasty decision, and one that had kept me squirming in my seat every time I felt his foot brush against mine or his hand settle on my thigh, wondering, hoping perhaps, that he might discover my secret at any moment and take advantage of it. "I know what I want, Craig." I whispered, when he was done kissing me, his hand still between my legs, making me gasp out his name. "No. You think you know, but you don't. Not yet. Soon, though. Very soon." He told me, his fingers caressing my aching pussy just outside of my dorm room door. Then, he let the hem of my dress fall back into place, lifting his hand to my face, and tracing my lips with his finger, leaving them smeared with the juices of my own pussy. "It's late. Go to bed, Shelly, and try to get a good night's sleep. And this time, don't call me. I'll call you." He left me like that, in a daze of desire, forced to face Megan, not only smelling like sex, but the taste of pussy on my tongue as I licked my lips nervously at her inquiring glance. "Umm... hi." I managed, my cheeks blooming like roses. Gathering up a change of clothes, a towel, and my shower kit, I once more fled down the hall, and hid in the stall farthest from the door, hot water beating against me as I struggled with the need to make myself cum. By the time I returned, Megan was in bed, her light already off. I joined her, in my own bed of course, asleep before my head even hit the pillow, falling deeply into vivid dreams that did nothing to abate my cravings. to be continued...