# Waiting 2.0

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*Blindfold, bound and waiting.....*

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I published the start of this as a story on its own, but I only wrote the start because I wanted to write the end. So here it is in one piece. It is best read slowly, take your time. I hope you enjoy it, and my other stories, please comment, Vix.

I walked through the door, following your instructions to the letter. I sat on the chair you had left in the middle of the room, put the mask over my eyes shutting out the light. The chair was wooden, with a spindle back which lowered and came round the sides to make two arms. I put my own arms on them and sat, waiting.

The room was dark anyway, as the curtains were drawn shut keeping the early morning sun out of the room, but the mask over my eyes made it impossible to see anything. I sat, listening, waiting.
My eyes kept flickering open, brushing the silk lining of the mask, the softness of the material feeling cool against my eyes, waiting. The chair is comfy, like an old worn wooden chair can be sometimes, after being used for decades. The wood feels cool against my bare skin, but so smooth and silky, just a little rougher than the silk on the mask.

I'm still waiting. I know I mustn't move. You told me not too. I have to sit, just like this and wait. I don't know what I am waiting for; you never tell me. But I want it to happen; I always do. So I wait. I think of the last time you made me wait, I waited for hours.

But it was worth it.

Please don't make we wait so long this time. I don't know what makes me wait for you, you have some kind of hold over me, and I have to do this, I have to wait. I have to wait. I want to go, but I don't. I wait.

Suddenly, I know you're there. I don't hear you, you're too clever for that. I feel you, moving the air in the room as you walk. You open the curtains and I feel the heat of the sun blasting on my naked body. I sit there enjoying the change, because that means it will start soon.

I feel you next to my right arm, then the silk ribbon goes round my wrist. I know it's silk ribbon because you always use silk ribbons. You are always gentle when you tie me up, it feels so sleek and warming to have the ribbon wrapped around and my arm. Then I feel it, as you bind my arm to the chair. You start just below my elbow and go down to my wrist, gently but firmly wrapping me to the chair. I can't move my right arm now. I know I can't without even trying, because you always make it so that I can't. But I don't try, because you told me not to.

Now you're on my left side, and I feel you with the ribbon again. Again you wrap it round my arm, and then bind me to the chair, from elbow to wrist. And I know I now cannot move either arm. But I won't try to move. You told me not to. I wait for it to begin. But it doesn't. I don't hear you move again, I don't feel you move again. I wait.

The sun continues to beat down on my body as I wait. You've never done this before. You don't leave me like this. When you get me how you want me you start. Why haven't you started? So I wait for you to start. I want to try and move, to shake the chair, just to know you are there. But you told me not to move, not to struggle, so I don't. I wait.

I like the waiting really, deep inside. I like being under your spell, you having control. But right now, I don't want to wait. I want you to start. Because I know that it will be great when it starts, it always is. Thats what makes me wait. So I wait, naked, tied to a chair in the sun. I wait for you.

I wait to hear you. I wait to feel you. I wait for you to touch me. I wait for you to kiss me. I wait for you to pleasure me. I wait...

Then you kiss me. Right on the back of my neck. I didn't hear you, I didn't feel you move, I didn't feel your breath on my skin. I just feel your warm lips on the back of my neck.I shudder with pleasure.

You know how I love my neck to be kissed. I keep my hair short just so you can kiss me here. Shit! that felt so good. That made it worth it. If you don't touch me again, if you untie me right now and leave, that kiss made it worthwhile. I shiver when I think about it.

I am so turned on right now that every single sense is heightened, and your lips on my neck, my favorite erogenous zone, almost made me cum. Thats why I wait. The waiting makes it feel better, better than anyone else can make me feel. And you always make me wait.

You do it again!

You kissed my neck again. I have to grip the arm of the chair tighter, so tight I know my knuckles

would be white, if I could see them. I have wave after wave of endorphins rushing through my body, and you have only kissed me twice. On the neck. Then I feel you, I feel your breath right where you kissed me. I feel your warmth rush around the spot where your moist lips touched me, and the cool where your lips left a little of your saliva. God that feels like heaven. I want to moan. I want to let you know how good that feels, how much I like it. But you told me to be quiet, not to make a sound. So I hold it in. But inside I am screaming. I want you to do it again. I need you to. Please, kiss me again.

I can't feel you, I can't hear you, where did you go?
I wait.
I wait...
Please...

I heard you. I heard you move. On my right hand side. You've not gone. Thank you, Thank you, Thank you...

I wait.....

The hairs on my neck are still stood on end from that kiss..

You kiss me again, on my ear lobe. You suck my lobe into your mouth, and nibble it with your teeth. I could die right now, that makes me feel so wonderful. I feel your breath come out your nose as you mouth keeps nibbling my ear; the two sensations together are breathtaking. I hold my breath, I don't want to move, I don't want you to stop, please don't stop. I breathe out hard, then sharply in again as you touch me. You stroke my neck, right down my spine, with a single fingertip, and back up again. And you keep nibbling my ear and breathing on me.

Oh!!

I want to take another breath, but I dare not. I don't want this to stop, don't stop, don't stop.
If I hold my breath you won't stop. I feel it. We have a connection. You know what I want and when I want it. You know that if I breathe you will stop. I know if I breathe you will stop, so I can't breathe. My lungs are starting to burn now, but you keep nibbling and stroking and breathing. I don't want you to stop, but I have to breathe. Please stop. Don't stop. Stop.

I can't make you stop by breathing, you have to stop....

I breathe. One almighty breath out and back in again, stopping the burning in my lungs.

You don't stop though, you keep going.

Now you stop. My ear is released from your mouth and you kiss my neck straightaway.

I'm glad I took that breath, because you don't stop kissing me. You keep kissing my neck over and over, the back the sides, my other ear gets a nibble too. I want you so much. You lift my head up now, and kiss round the front of my neck up and down, under my chin.

The way that feels makes me want to squirm, to scream, to bounce up and down.
But I can't, you told me not too.

You stop kissing me, and run the backs of you hands up and down the sides of my torso.
That does make me shiver, it almost tickles, but not quite.

You clamp on to my left nipple, sucking it hard. I'm going to cum soon, I want to cum soon, please let me cum soon.

You flick your tongue over my hard nipple as fast as you can, and it is awesome. It feels like you were meant to do this to me, and nothing else. Now you're pinching my other nipple too, harder and harder and harder I want to scream it hurts so much! But then you let it go and the rush from the release sends a wave of warmth across my upper body, until you squeeze it again, and release it and squeeze it and release it, WOW!

I couldn't move now if I wanted to. The way you kiss me and touch me and stroke me and squeeze me has me paralyzed. My body is in heaven, I don't think I could feel any better.

Then you touch me, between my legs. I nearly jump out the chair I am that sensitive down there.
You start to rub me, gently at first, then faster. You go a little harder, then gentle again. Then you put your tongue in my mouth. YOU'RE KISSING ME!

Oh Shit!!
Oh Shit!!
Oh Shit!!

I wanna cum, I wanna cum, I wanna cum!

I kiss you back, I let my tongue wrap itself around yours, tasting you, touching your lips, your teeth, your tongue. I know this the only time I shall touch you. You touch me, but I never touch you. You don't want me to. I love this feeling, you're rubbing me, and French kissing me. I'm gasping for air as you tongue discovers my mouth again, and as I discover yours. I love the way you taste. And I can

smell you now. You smell so fresh and clean, yet you're sweating and I can smell the fresh sweat on you.

You rub faster and faster and faster. I can't breathe again. I'm holding my breath, but you're kissing me so hard, I know I would not be able to even if I tried.

You're rubbing me fast, so fast but so softly it hardly feels like you're touching me.
And your tongue is so fantastic in my mouth.

I can feel it building... I'm going to cum, I'm going to cum. I can't breathe, I still can't breathe. My lungs are burning now, I need to cum. You rub me harder now, harder and harder, and I'm burning inside, my lungs are on fire, and your tongue and your rubbing and..

OOOOOOHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I'm Cumming !!! My whole body is convulsing. It starts deep inside me, then moves up from the tips of my toes through all of me, heightened everywhere you're touching me until my body is shaking.

You move your mouth away as I hyperventilate, but don't stop rubbing me, you keep rubbing until I scream! It is the only time you allow me to make a sound, and I make the most of it, with a long, low guttural moan that turns into high pitched scream and then a yelp as you keep rubbing me. Then you tenderly kiss me on the mouth once more, as I lay shaking in the chair.

You untie the ribbon round my right arm, then my left and watch me slump onto the floor, completely limp in a pool of my own juices. I know you do this because you tell me afterwards, but I don't remember it. I don't remember anything after I cum, I never do.

And when I wake up, naked, in a sticky heap in the sunlight, with a silk mask over my eyes, the only thing I have to remember you by are how you taste, how you smell and the sticky mess you leave me in. And the two ribbons that are still bound round my arms. They are navy blue this time, and I sob as I gently unwrap them from my arms and fold them up. I smell them, and hold them, they are cherished to me. I will keep them forever, with all the others.