# Overloaded

## By InMyHeart

Published on Lush Stories on 20 Nov 2012

*To my lover, describing how I want to overload her erotic senses*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/oral-sex/overloaded-1.aspx

“Do you trust me?”

You look confused as you stand in front of me in the room. “Trust you? What do you mean?”

I smile. “I wouldn’t hurt you. I just want to try… something.”

“What?”

My grin widens. “I want to see how… good… I can make you feel. If you ask me to stop I will. But if I stop I won’t make you feel as good as I could. Well?”

“Err, I suppose so, what are you…” I cut you off by placing my finger on your lips.

“Close your eyes.” As you do so I kiss each eyelid, then you feel me move behind you, then the silk scarf folded into a blindfold covers your eyes. You open your eyes, but can see nothing but a pink haze through the sheer material.

You stand nervous in the silence that feels like an eternity. Then my gentle touch gently strokes your shoulders, softly massaging you. You wiggle under my tender touch, and give no resistance when I reach round to unbutton the top few buttons of your blouse, slipping it off your shoulders, followed by your bra straps. My hands roam over the freshly exposed skin, and you flex your neck and spine like a cat as I massage the muscles. They stroke down, off the skin and over the material of your top, changing the position of my fingers so I am scratching your back through the blouse.

I describe lazy ‘S’ shapes over the course of your back, up and down, across all those places that feel so good to be scratched because you cannot reach them yourself. You let out a soft, extended sigh. The ‘S’s are getting lower down your back, the tails each time finishing a little lower, the tops not quite reaching the same height. Up, and then down a little lower, pass after pass and my fingers roam across your back.

When my hands reach the hem of your blouse, I allow them to creep under the thin cotton, and start

to meander back up your spine. You let out a sigh, smooth, drawn out snake like shapes across your skin relaxing you. My fingers catch the bottom of your bra back, and there is a pause in the sensations as the traverse the barrier of the elastic, before continuing their journey, before stopping and reversing direction an inch or two below the nape of your neck. Again there is pause in the pleasure as my nails traverse your bra.

“Please,” you manage, wanting me to remove the obstruction to your pleasure, but I just hiss ‘Shhhhhh’ into your ear, “no asking, no telling, no begging, or I stop.”

This time when my hands reach the bottom of your back, and brush against your skirt waistband, they do not start the climb back up to your shoulders. Instead they slip round your sides, half scratching, half massaging, until they are half way round, just above the hip bones, before I drag them back to the vertebrae. Again they creep round to the front, passing the place they stopped last time, before again sliding back.

A third time the encircle you, moving on to your stomach this time, but not quite meeting. There is a thrill of anticipation inside you as the move back round a fourth time, knowing this time my hands should meet, not knowing what I will do when they do.

When they do meet I allow them to drift up slightly until the edge of my thumbs brush the underside of your breasts, still encased in the bra, then stroke down. You hold your stomach taut, trying not to giggle as it tickles you.

I pull you in close to myself, the firmness of my torso against your back contrasting with the gentleness of my fingers just a minute before. I unbutton your blouse from the bottom up, the heels of my hands catching your covered nipples as my hands unhook the last button. Your open blouse is now hanging off your arms, exposing your body, falling either side of your breasts.

My hands move back down, and again on reaching your waistband, stop, this time moving front to back, then work their way up your back, massaging, rubbing. The cross your bra, again the void of sensory feeling on the skin, aware of their presence through the elastic, but not feeling them directly, until they reach your shoulders, where they massage the muscles, releasing the tension, making your head loll forward.

I wait for you to be completely relax, then my fingers again stroke down your back, again over the bra and down to your waist, where they circle you, meeting at your navel. Back round, and then again they climb your spine, the soft touch on your skin sending a shiver of anticipation down from your neck.

Down and round, the gentle strokes start again, and then as my hands pass up over your bra they pause, and in a quick movement, unhook it. Released from its tension, it falls away from your breasts, just lightly resting on them. As my hands stroke back down your spine you realise that your breasts will be brushed by my thumb, not the nylon of your bra. My hands stroke round your sides and onto your belly, then slowly rise, until the edge of my hands brush gently on the underside of your

unsupported breasts. My hands slowly drop back across your tummy, then back round to the small of your back. My thumbs massage the base of your spine, then back round the sides to the front. This time as they rise they go a fraction higher, so there is firmer contact with the underside, taking their weight slightly. Down, round to the spine, then up your back to your shoulders, where I massage the muscles again, before moving onto your neck and massaging just below your jaw.

My hands retrace their path again: round the neck, down your back and the over your hips to your stomach. This time as they move up your front they gently cup each breast, taking their weight. I linger, enjoying the softness of each, then softly move my hands round the edges until they reach your collarbones. I take you by surprise, quickly pulling blouse and bra down. They fall along your arms and onto the floor, leaving you naked from the waist upward. You give a little shiver, partly the sudden feeling of cold, but mostly anticipation, standing with your breasts exposed, blindfolded in front of me. You can feel the hardness in your nipples, their excitement and anticipation.

My hands run down your sides, but this time they do not stop at the waistband, but keep going, over your hips, and over your skirt, rubbing the outside of your thighs, until they get past the hem and onto the bare flesh of your calves.

Once my hands reach your ankles I reverse the motion, but this time instead of going over the skirt I keep my palms on your legs, which means your skirt is lifted by my wrists, pulling it up as my hands stroke your thighs.

The intimate touch, the act of me stroking your thighs, coupled with the fact that my hands are taking the skirt higher and higher excites you further. As my hands run over your buttocks you feel them clench, involuntary tightening to my touch. I continue up your back, exposing your lacy knickers, you realise that my eye line must be level with your crotch, you wonder how much I can see, remembering the back of them is sheer, meaning your bottom is virtually nude to my gaze. Then, as my hands move up your back I let the skirt drop back down.

I massage your back again, rubbing all over, then your shoulders and finally your neck. Your knees start to buckle under the sensation, and as the relaxation spreads across your body. You realise you are swaying slightly.

My hands move down your sides, then under your arms, cupping your breasts again, supporting them, while my thumbs stroke, roaming near, but never quite touching the areola around each stiletto nipple. You try to push back against me, push yourself into my chest, your bum into my crotch, seeking contact to relieve the teasing, but I hold you away from me, taking a step backwards. You feel your skirt lifted quickly, and the sharp sting of a spank on your right buttock.

“Naughty. I didn’t say you could do that,” I scold. You feel a brief tightening of the skirt’s waistband, then I succeed in unhooking it, and it falls to the floor. “I’ve a good mind to put you across my knee.”

Your involuntary whimper gives you away. At this point you would accept a spanking, if only for the physical closeness it would give. “No,” I say, and you can hear the grin, “that would be too easy for

you," and suddenly you can't feel my hands on you anymore. You are stood wearing only your knickers, blindfolded, and have no idea what is happening. You realise with a start that anyone could have joined us, you may have an audience. A bigger fear forms – what if I am broadcasting your nakedness across the internet. Your hands rush to cover the sheer material over your crotch, your arms pushing your breasts together, deepening your cleavage.

There is a wait. It can only be seconds, but feels like hours. You can't hear me, you can't sense me near you. What is happening?

Suddenly the silence breaks. "Why so shy?" You feel something nudge the back of your leg, above the knee, then my hands on your shoulders, pushing down this time, guiding you into a sitting position onto the stool I have placed behind you.

"Are you alone?" you manage.

"Yes, why? Fancy being an exhibitionist do you? Maybe next time. Tonight I want you for myself." You feel ribbon tied round your ankles, then pulled, your legs forced back as the ribbon is tied to the rear legs. This forces your legs around the sides of the seat, pushing your thighs open, exposing the crotch of your knickers. Then your wrists, tied behind you, and pulled down to be tied to a metal ring set in the stool. This forces your shoulders back, making you push out your breasts.

You subtly test the ties, and realise you could slip the bonds any time with a little effort. But that isn't the game. The restraint is mental, not physical, a challenge to you to submit.

My hands start massaging you again, firm on your shoulders and neck. They run up onto your head, and my fingertips massage your scalp. You let out a sigh as the tension evaporates form your body. My fingers work down your head, back to your neck, then down, over your shoulders and onto your breasts. Just above your now bullet like nipples I stop and move to the side. You moan gently- still I won't touch you where you want, where you need to be touched. My hand run down the side and then under your breasts, cupping them gently.

You can feel me leaning over you, my legs and waist pressed against your back. You can feel my erection pressing against the top of your spine through my trunks. My hands run down your stomach, and to the waist of your knickers. I softly run them over the lacy material, avoiding your mound- I can feel the heat coming off your sex, am aware of the spreading wet patch in your crotch. I stroke your thighs, then bring my hand back up, slipping my fingers inside the leg openings, closer and closer to your hot sex.

"What do shall I do?" I whisper in your ear.

"Anything you want" you sigh, knowing that you can say nothing else. "I'm yours, do whatever you want."

You groan as I take one hand away. To compensate you feel the other hand move over , a slight

pressure on the very base of your stomach just above your clit. But still I am not touching you where you need me to.

Then a shock runs from your nipple through your body: I have put an ice cube onto it. I move the ice round and round on the areola, then over the nipple itself. I move it across and give your other breast, other nipple the same attention . Your back arches, your head thrown back. I kiss you, our mouths upside-down, pushing my tongue against yours.

Now both hands have ice in, both nipples getting attention. I stand and press myself against your back, stopping you falling back. My hands move together, meeting in your cleavage. You can feel the trickle of ice water make its way down your body, the warmth of your skin melting the ice.

The freezing water pools briefly in your navel, then overflows, reaching the lace. My hands follow the stream down, and I push the ice under your waist band. You can't move back, move away, as I block you, nor can you break forward, my arms like prison bars down your front.

"No, don't, please, it will be too cold" you plead. I ignore you and push the cubes inside your knickers. Rivers of ice water flood down, meeting the sticky flood of your come. Still I won't touch you where you need me too.

It is too much. You rip your wrists from the flimsy restraints. Still blindfold you twist round, pulling me in front of you, yanking my trunks down to my thighs, then grabbing my manhood and forcing it into your mouth.

I move round to in front of you so you don't have to twist, so I can put my hands on your shoulders, holding you. You slurp hungrily on my cock, massaging my balls with one hand , rubbing your self with the other.

"Oh God, oh God, yes, suck me" I pant. You can feel me trying to control my hips, trying to make sure you don't gag. You grab my hips and start to make me pump back and forth, making me fuck your mouth. There is no other way to describe this movement, it is pure lust by both of us. You swap hands, so your wet fingers are now playing with my balls. Your fingers, covered in your juices slip between my buttocks, and start to rub my rear entrance. I relax, as much as I can do as you use your lips like a pussy on me, an invite for you to continue. Your middle finger invades me, massaging me inside.

My body is overloaded, my balls achingly heavy, overflowing; I can hold no longer. "I'm coming!" I gasp, trying to give you warning. Your mouth engulfs me, and I spurt thick streams into your mouth, just as your fingers bring yourself to climax. Your hand pulls my arse forward, making sure you drink all my come. I'm so full that your mouth overflows, stickiness dripping over my balls. You pull your mouth off my softening cock, and look up at me, poking the tip of your tongue out, smearing come over your lips.

You smile a sticky smile. "I belong to you now, you've marked me."