The first wrong step

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A gentle warm up to what could be a chain of stories

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/the-first-wrong-step.aspx

She was there on the bed, wondering how exactly she managed to get into this situation. Not that she was new to sex but this, this was different.

The reason she was face down on the bed wasn't for any complex reason, it was simple, the person there in the room did something she could not understand. The effect he had on her was like nothing she had ever known, it was almost as if his ideas connected directly to her, that when he spoke he was felt deep inside and what he spoke of was to guide her into a territory that she knew was littered with pitfalls but she came gladly, this is how she ended up in this situation.

She was face down on a bed, the soft covers enveloping her, coddling her skin, the softness at odds with the binding on her wrists, that held her to the headboard. She remembered the way they were tied, not clumsy like when she had played like this before with her husband, but not with the beauty and grace she had seen on some of the websites she used to look at, hoping one day to find someone who could do that to her. These were utilitarian, quickly tied, hard to escape, nothing left to chance.

As the rope had wrapped around her skin, she felt it bite as she squirmed, remembering the way he bound both wrists, and then used a separate knot to bind that to the headboard. He had explained why, as he wanted the freedom to turn her at his whim. What was the point in binding her face up or down? He wanted to be able to take his time with her, to make her skin tingle from top to bottom with an ache. How could he achieve that with access to less than half of her? He wanted her to get the full experience.

Watching her there, her body pressing into the bed, casting his eye over her again, her skirt discarded on the floor near the door, her shoes at the bottom of the bed, she had kicked them free in the gentle struggle, the very struggle she had lost to end in this position. Her stockings and suspenders had taken him by surprise, he could never have hoped she would do that for him, she would never find that out of course, instead she would pay for her teasing.

His fingers started at the base of her Achilles, pinching gently, knowing that would cause her to react, even if she wanted to stay still, it would bite through her stubbornness and place her in a gently receptive state. Well receptive might not be the word, but now she would be ready for the touch, it bringing her back to the room, face down on the bed, her senses taken from her, just the sound of the music he had playing over the stereo.

Slowly and softly his fingers walked over her, the first touch at her inner calf, moving slowly along her upper thigh, watching as her back arched for him, knowing that she would be aching for a real touch, the certainty that it was his she craved only urged him on further. Hands smoothing her, over her ever so delicious ass, catching the crease of her ass and thigh, knowing how gentle a touch there could be as shocking as something hot on your hand, making her body jump for him. He was pleased to see her squirm, knowing exactly what she was going through and pressing on.

Kneeling on the bed next to her, her body shifting with the addition of his weight near her, she felt his touch, wanting to scream out, wanting to have this touch end, to make it more substantial, to make him hold her, this was torture. She had spoken to him about this, how could he remember all of the details? They had talked for hours, he could be remembering so much, how would she cope through it all? As she felt the bed move, she tried to concentrate, to feel him against her, all he did was continue that soft touch.

Smiling, watching her squirm become deliberate he couldn't help but grow firmer, feeling the blood flowing to him, thickening, becoming heavy, held back by his trousers for now. He wanted her, of course he did, he had from the first time they had spoken, looking at her eyes in the photos, he was drawn to them, he didn't know why, all he knew was that was what he wanted, to feel her, to know that she wanted that too.

Right now this was more than he could ever have dreamed she would want as well, now he had her, he was going to make sure that she wanted so much more. His fingers tracing circles at the base of her spine, watching her hips press into the bed, trying to get away from him, escape the torture of his touch. He thought about how very differently she would move if he was behind her, knowing she would give way to her urges, she would push back to him, trying to draw him in, however he was going to make sure of this, as sure of that as he was.

Fingers moving up her back, flicking between her spine and tracing over individual ribs, his body moving with his hands, growing closer to her neck, leaning over her, the touch becoming less gentle, as he supported his weight. Fingers eventually into her hair, flicking it free from the base of her neck, not caring the time she had taken to get her hair just right for him. Combing it, straightening, lifting it away from her neck, it was simply a medium to let her know how he wanted her, so as he entwined his fingers with it, he was pleased to hear her soft groan escape her lips.

"Well then, I'm glad you didn't fall asleep on me, after all you look so relaxed there. Now we do have one thing to discuss, I think we both know who the tease is here, and yet I find you in these." His hands running from the inside of her knees, stroking her through her stockings once again. "Do you think you are getting your own chance to tease? I do applaud your taste in clothing, but if you are going to try and tease me you should learn there are consequences to your actions." A small laugh escaping his lips, the breath on her neck soft and warm, close enough to move some of her hair, but not strong enough to be over a whisper.

Then it happened, her body tensing, knowing that she had wanted to look good, somehow she had in the back of her mind that if he had seen her in this how could he resist her? How can her dressing in a way that every man want bring her to this?

His hand lifting away from the deft touch of her skin, bringing it down, a sound spank on her, watching her body squirming, her ass lifting, attempting to escape this. He knew she would react like this, which only made it even more delicious to watch, her hands gripping the bed clothes, bunching them. Again his hand moved, this time faster, drawing a rouge marking from her pale warm skin. Marking her as his he thought, her husband might play with her, but he doubted she ever squirmed quite like this. The touch coming faster now, not hard, just firm for now... Spreading the spanks evenly between her cheeks, five for each.

When he stopped, he watched her collapse back into her position, her ass still a little elevated, the rouge turning a little darker now, as her blood would flow there, he knew all about the tingle she would feel, the warmth, the tightness of her warm skin. This only made it ripe for his touch again, gently drawing his fingers over her again, feeling the warmth, watching her squirm like his fingers were fire.

She couldn't believe this was happening, it was something she had though about before, something she had wanted for so long, but right here and now it was happening, as she bit down on her lip she could only think about what else was to come.