In The Dark

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She comes home from work to a mysterious note...

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Note: This story was originally published here under a different pseudonym of mine. Don't worry, the author is the same. If you liked it before, please like it again!

I had gotten home from a long day at work and was looking forward to date night with my boyfriend, Dave. I live in a large house with my parents, but they were away for the week visiting friends. They had been leaving me alone for the past several years since I turned eighteen, and I was used to them being gone.

I came into the kitchen, dropping my purse on the table and that's when I saw the note.

Come upstairs to your bedroom

I was taken slightly aback by this, but assumed that it was Dave setting me up for something. Trouble was, I hadn't seen his car outside.

"Dave?" I called out.

Silence.

Slowly I walked up the stairs, their familiar creaking taking on an ominous air in the now dead silence surrounding me.

"Helloo…" I said as I reached the landing. There was another note on my bedroom door, which is normally open, but was now shut.

Come inside. Close the door.

I pushed open the door and saw the room was empty. My bed was made, which I certainly hadn't done. Clothes that were normally strewn about the place were folded on the comfy chair in the corner

and the riot of shoes which usually cascade from the closet I presumed were straightened up behind its closed door. The books that I have a tendency to pile haphazardly in and around the bookcase were now neatly stacked on the shelves. The lights were off save for a single reading lamp by the bed. I closed the bedroom door and saw another note taped by the knob.

Face the bed. Do not turn around. No talking, It read pointedly.

“What the hell?” I thought. “*Let’s see where this goes*.”

I’m a little nervous as I turn and face the bed. Standing in the silence, I start to feel a little foolish, not to mention a bit on the frightened side, yet there is excitement rushing through my body like an electrical charge. I hear the closet door open behind me and then soft footfalls approaching me from behind on the thick carpet. Whoever it is places a blindfold over my eyes. I realize it’s a sleep mask that was given to me as a gift a long time ago. I’ve never used it before. The person turns me toward them and I feel them unbutton my skirt and slide down the zipper.

“*Oh, I really hope this is Dave,*” I think to myself.

I want to say something, but the note said no talking, and I am trying to play along. The skirt drops to the floor, pooling around my feet. My host reaches down and with slight pressure of a hand upon my hip as guidance, helps me step free from it.

They begin to slowly unbutton my blouse from the front, taking their time, working downward from the top. They finish the last button and gently ease the blouse over my shoulders and the hands drop away.

Without sight, other senses take over and I can feel a shift in the air. Whoever this is has now moved behind me. The person unclasps my simple white bra and removes it, freeing my breasts. I’m now standing there only in white cotton panties and knee-high stockings.

They move back in front of me. I feel two fingers slide along the waistband of my panties and they slowly draw them over my hips and down my legs. Once again, they help me step free. The person then takes me by the hand and leads me to the bed, silently directing me to lie down on top of the soft comforter. They remove my stockings, their hands caressing my calves as they slowly slide them off each leg. I am now nude save for the blindfold, having just been undressed by someone who I am still hoping like hell is my boyfriend. The fear hasn’t completely vanished, but the excitement is, at this moment, rushing through my veins like lightning.

They take my hands, first one, and then the other, holding them together on my stomach with only one of theirs. I feel soft cloth wrapping around them, tying them together.

A scarf? A necktie? I can't tell.

My hands are now bound with the cloth and gently raised over my head. Something is attached to the bonds and the grip releases. I try to move my hands down, but I cannot. They are held in place by some kind of rope or cord. Its length is long enough for me to rest them on the bed, and I can move them side to side, but not back down.

Another little thrill of fear runs through me. This isn't something I've ever done before. I've never even thought about it. I'm pretty sure that it's Dave who has been doing all this to me, but I can't be totally sure.

"I'm not sure I like this." I say hesitantly.

"Shhhh…" Is the only reply I receive, the voice low, masculine…familiar. I feel a little better.

I can feel him lean over, his hot breath feathers over my cheek, my hair, and then my ear as he whispers, "Trust me."

A shiver of pleasure races down my spine. The bed shifts. I feel a soft, cool object caress my cheek, replacing his warm breath. It slides along my lips, under my nose. Oh! A rose.

He lets me inhale the sweet, heady scent for a moment, then slides it away, under my chin and down along my neck. I forget about my misgivings about being restrained and decide to relax and enjoy the myriad of sensations taking over my body.

He moves the soft petals of the flower along the underside of my breasts, tracing their curves. The velvet petals glide over my nipples and they tighten and harden under its silky cool caress. The rose moves down my body, over my taut stomach to my spread thighs.

He slides the flower down one thigh, and then back up again, pausing before it reaches my pussy, and then he moves it over to slowly slide down the other. The erotic torture is maddening.

He puts his hand under my hip and urges me to roll over onto my stomach. I obey. The rose now runs in a lazy serpentine path down my spine to the cleft of my ass. He guides the silky petals on a course around my ass, tracing a random pattern over each cheek, and then slides it slowly down the

crack. I push back, raising my hips up a bit, giving myself a wicked little thrill, knowing the view I'm giving him of my pussy. I feel the rose slide over my exposed lips, caressing them a moment. The cool softness feels delicious against the sensitive flesh.

“Mmm…” I moan softly.

He slides it down along my thighs as I again lay flat on the bed, down over the soft skin behind my legs, finishing its journey at my feet, where I feel him settling down.

He takes my foot in his hand, bends my leg at the knee then kisses the top of my foot. I’m very nearly purring with pleasure as it feels so nice, his lips on my skin. I give a startled yelp when he licks along the tops of my toes.

Oh, that’s…different. I think to myself.

“Oh!” I exclaim aloud when he takes my middle toe into his hot mouth.

“Oooh…that’s nice.” I had never had my toes sucked before.

“Mmm…” I sigh, as he takes another into his mouth.

I’m enjoying the smooth heat of his mouth and the slippery tickling of his tongue around my toes. He takes each of them in, sometimes alone, sometimes with their neighbor, running his tongue between them. It feels so damn sexy, and I sense a familiar tingling in my pussy- I never knew I could get turned on by a toejob! I giggle as the word pops into my head.

He puts my leg down on the bed and he urges me to move, reversing to my back once again. He gently parts my legs and I feel him settle between my thighs. His wet, warm tongue runs along the silky skin of my inner thigh, slowly working his way up to my sultry center. He stops just shy of touching my pussy. He blows a puff of hot breath on my exposed lips for a brief shivering moment, pulling a short gasp from me. He then licks his way up the inside my other thigh, but this time his mouth lingers at my pussy, once again deliberately exhaling his hot breath on me.

“Ahhhhh…” I sigh softly.

He runs his tongue up the left side of my mound, just catching the edge of my labia then repeats on the other side, teasing me, getting his wet tongue just shy of where I want it. Then, with deliberate slowness, he runs it straight up the middle, sliding up from the bottom of my pussy, his searing wet tongue easily parting my lips.

He’s tormenting me, running the wet, fleshy probe along my folds, drawing a low moan from my throat. I can feel my clit swelling, and I feel myself getting wet for him. He sucks each of my lips into his mouth in turn, then both together, drawing them in as he slides his tongue between them.

God, that feels good!

After that he moves up to my throbbing clit, but does not touch it. He gets oh-so-close and then backs away again as he continues the exquisite torture. I pull down on the rope, wanting to reach down and touch myself, the restraint just adding to my frustration.

“Please…” I moan. “Oh, please stop teasing”

His mouth leaves my pussy as he moves up between my legs. Suddenly, without any warning, his hard cock plunges into me!

The instant pleasure of his cock slamming into my soaking pussy catches me off guard. He’s big, and his length fills me. The tumescent flesh pushes out against the walls of my pussy, stretching me wide.

“OH!” I gasp, involuntarily yanking down on my restraint, pulling the rope tight. God, I want to touch him!

His steely shaft easily slides to its hilt into my wetness, and he begins pumping me with smooth, long strokes.

“Oh, God, YES!” I scream out.

“Oh, that feels so good! Fuck me!”

His cock feels wonderful; a hot, hard rod of flesh plunging in and out of my lush wetness. I draw my legs back to open myself to him more. I want him as deep in me as he can get.

Suddenly, he withdraws his cock from me.

“No!” I cry.

Just as quickly his mouth is on my clit. He begins licking and sucking at the swollen pearl and I cry out with pleasure.

“Oh! Oh, yes!”

He flicks his tongue over my clit and the delightful feeling builds in me. Oh, this is nice! This is what I want, what I need. I want to come so badly.

His mouth leaves my clit and he plunges his cock back into me.

“Ohhhh…” I groan. “Oh, you fucking tease!”

God, he’s killing me! I think.

I love the feel of his cock in me, but I know I can’t come just from fucking. I’m just not wired that way. But oh, this feels so good. He fills me up with each delicious thrust, his hips smacking against mine.

He pulls out again and resumes his oral assault. He continues teasing me this way, alternately licking and fucking me, torturing me, bringing me close and then pulling away until I am begging for release. I am gripping the rope with my hands now, pulling it tight, clutching at it like I would the bed sheets if my hands were free.

“Please,” I moan when his mouth is on my clit again. “Oh, please don’t stop! Please make me come!”

He doesn’t answer, but I feel him slide two fingers into my wet cunt and he finger fucks me as his tongue works my clit.

“Oh, yes!” I cry.

I feel the orgasm building again, that wonderful tingling feeling focused around my swollen pearl.

“Please don’t stop!” I beg.

He doesn’t.

His tongue moves faster, applying more pressure, and he pushes his fingers as far in as he can and holds them there. I’m climbing up that hill, getting closer and closer to exploding, moaning continuously, caught in the whirlpool of sensation flowing around my hot center. Then I’m on the brink, and my body stiffens, hovering on the edge as he laps at the core of all my pleasure. My head rolls back, my mouth locked open in a silent cry, my mind and body trembling in anticipation of the exquisite release I know is moments away and then…

“AhhhhAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHH!” I scream as the orgasm crashes through me, the overpowering eruption of pleasure and release racking my body.

My back arches, pushing my breasts forward, and my hands pull down hard on the restraint, my eyes clenching shut behind the blindfold. I feel my pussy contracting around his fingers, bathing them in my torrid juices as he pushes them deeper inside, pulsing around them again and again, my hips driving up against his mouth while his tongue is still grinding against my clit.

I cum for what seems like minutes, my mind lost in carnal ecstasy, and I can hear myself crying out over and over as wave after blissful wave rolls through me. He withdraws his fingers and I feel his body between my legs. He slides his cock back into my quivering cunt, and I let out a long, low groan. I hear him moan as he enters me, the first pleasurable sound I have heard him make.

He begins fucking me quickly, urgently, pounding hard into my still throbbing pussy. He lowers his full weight onto me. Then leans to my right, and his hand slips down under my left ass cheek and he grips it tightly, pulling me against him as he thrusts his cock into me. He feels somehow bigger in me, or maybe it’s me that is tighter around him after cumming, but I don’t care why, he feels amazing.

“Fuck me!” I gasp.

He’s breathing heavy now, pounding me harder and harder. I can tell he’s not holding back. Before it was about my pleasure, and now it’s his turn. I roll my hips against him as he fucks me, pushing myself forward to meet his thrusts.

“Come on!” I urge. “Fuck me!”

“Oh, God, that feels so fucking goooood!”

I hear him grunting as his cock hammers into me, his breath hot in my ear. Our hips slap together in a fast, fleshy rhythm. He speeds up a bit more and I know he’s close. I want him to come, to feel the way I just did.

“Cum in me!” I whisper in his ear. “I want to feel you.”

A few more strokes and then he thrusts hard into me, his body stiffening, his hand squeezing my ass, our hips locking together as I push mine up against his and I squeal with delight as I feel his cock pulse, feel his hot seed splashing deep within me.

“OHHHHhhhhhhhhh!” He groans, and pumps me once more, then holds himself still, his cock continuing to twitch as he empties himself into my pussy.

“Oh, oh, yes baby!” I whisper softly as he languidly fucks me, draining the last of himself into me, my pussy sopping wet from our combined juices.

I feel him slide out of me and I give out the little sigh of relief and disappointment that I always feel. He lies down beside me and he lifts the blindfold. I see those dark brown eyes and sexy cleft chin, and the very familiar grin that tells me he is very pleased with himself, and I can’t help but smile back.

He leans in and kisses me deeply, something I’ve wanted the entire time. Our tongues play in each others mouths and I feel myself melting inside. He breaks the kiss and reaches up and unties me. I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him again.

“Hi.” He says when we finally come up for air.

“Hello.” I say playfully.

“That was…interesting.”

“You like?”

“Mmm hmmm…” I reply. “Do you know what my favorite part was?” I ask.

“What?” He says, that big grin still on his face

“The part where you cleaned my room! That got me sooo hot!” I say, laughing. “You can tie me up and fuck me anytime as long as you clean my room first!”

He slaps my ass and rolls onto his back, laughing along with me. “I don’t know, that’s a hell of a lot of work,” He exclaims.

I prop myself up next to him, giving him a good view of my breasts.

“Oh, but I’m worth it”

He leans in and plants a kiss between them.

“You sure are.”

I stroke his hair and hold his head to my chest.

“I love you, babe.” He says, his voice a bit muffled.

“Me, too, baby. Me, too.”