Tempted, Teased and Tied Up - Part 1

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http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/tempted-teased-and-tied-up-part-1.aspx

Preface

I'm lying here idly dragging my fingertips across my smooth stomach and into the little puddles of warm cum. These little puddles of cum were three hours in the making, three hours of teasing you. When you were finally free it didn't take long, only a few short minutes and I think even you were surprised it ended so fast. It was worth it to see the look on your face when you finally were able to cum, a mix of beauty, passion and anguish. I know you will get even with me for what I've done to you but it will be well worth it.

My body bares the marks of the final flurry of aggressive passion when you took control of me. There's a deep red mark around my upper thigh from where you tried to rip my panties. My panties resisted you and dug into my skin before finally giving way and tearing. Dark chocolate is on my face and hands, in my hair and smeared on my body.

The bed sheets, pillows and blankets are in a tangled mess on the floor. The silk scarves that I used to bind your ankles and wrists are either torn or lost to the messy floor. My torn panties flew across the room and are nowhere to be seen.

I'm not really worried about finding them. To some degree it was all part of my plan. My plan to tease you until you had the overwhelming urge to take me however you wanted me.

My plan worked perfectly.

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Part 1

The plan is really quite simple; it’s not to take over a company or rule a country it plainly to seduce you in a very memorable way. I know all the little things that you like but I needed to find a way to include them all into one evening. I needed to be risqué, slutty, dominant and submissive all in a few short hours.

My appearance needs to be appealing but not overtly sexy so I pick a simple black pencil skirt with a silk white blouse. My hair pulled up into a bun and held in place with a simple clip so my neck is visible and finishing off the facade was a pair of black heels. A pair of black stockings covers my legs. It’s a cute facade designed to hide what was underneath. Something I didn’t want you to see until the right time.

This was all in preparation for the first step of my plan, being a little risqué.

With you returning home in the middle of the winter this was going to be a little easier. Wearing a long wool coat and a silk scarf wouldn’t be out of place.

The table I had reserved for us was between two booths and was tucked in the back away from the main room. The room was dimly lit and full of shadows, I think restaurants do this to create ambiance but it wasn’t going to matter tonight.

Our waiter escorted us to the table and I took the seat next to you tucked up against the wall and kept my coat on. When you sat down your body was perfectly placed and blocked the view of me from the main room.

Waiting until after we had ordered our drinks, I excused myself and went to the ladies room. It was a short walk that took forever. Fighting to control my nervousness and not stumble I kept thinking that everyone in the room knew what I was about to do.

My mind was racing through the details of my plan when a little feeling of cowardice started to come over me. Upon entering the ladies room I went to the stall farthest back. Slipping my coat and scarf off, I hang them on the door hook and started to unbutton my blouse. My hands shaking as I undo each button.

The door to the ladies room swings opening causing something in the ceiling to make a banging noise causing me a moment of panic. A surge of heat rushes through my body as if I was a little kid getting caught doing something wrong.

Forcing myself to take a deep breath I try to calm my nerves and continue unbuttoning my blouse.

Finished, I slide my blouse from my shoulders and slip it into my bag and start to undo my skirt. Reaching behind me my fingers unclasp the hook inside my skirt and I slowly start easing the zipper down. Lowering my skirt to the floor I silently step out one leg at a time and place it in the bag.

The door to the ladies room once again opens with the same banging noise and elicits the same panicked response as before. But this time she leaves and I'm alone again. Taking a moment to regain my composure, I slide my coat on and feel the coolness of the nylon lining against my skin. This acts to calm my nerves and build up my confidence.

Throwing my scarf in my bag, I step out of the stall and move to the counter of sinks. Standing there I take a moment to look in the mirror to make sure everything's in its proper place and fix a few strands of hair that have fallen. Pulling my coat out and away from my body, I look at my reflection in the mirror. The contrast of my fair skin against the black stockings is striking. Letting a nervous smile come across my face, I wrap my coat closed. I don't fasten the buttons but rather just hold it with my hand. I bite my lower lip, close my eyes and take one last deep breath as I grab my bag and move toward the door.

Stepping out of the ladies room I start toward the table. No one seems to take notice of me and no one should because with my coat on no one can see the changes underneath.

Approaching you from behind, you don't see me until I stop at your side. I drop my hand from my waist and place it on your shoulder as my coat falls open.