

Adrenaline

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Journey into our deepest desires

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Adrenaline! I can't begin to contemplate the complexity of this chemical that controls so many of our urges, our desires, giving us the propensity to fight and to fuck in equal measure. It is not for me to analyse and to decipher the intricacies of such chemical reactions with-in our bodies but more for me to understand it and how it translates into the situation that I find my-self and my guest in at present. For some time now I have been watching her shiver and convulse whilst emitting muted whimpers in the corner of the room. Gone is the conceited confidence that allowed her to pour scorn down upon me with her brash and high handed manner, her withering gaze falling upon me like ice laden daggers as she dismisses me out of hand. I long to see the fear and terror that is now replacing this gaze but not yet for it's too soon. This moment has been coming for her these many day and weeks that slowly became months but still I held dear to my plan for I knew that this time would come eventually. How high minded and callous she had looked at me as I held open the door for her to climb into the car as I hovered obediently awaiting her command. In a moment of stark and sudden realisation she had glimpsed only my hand as it forced the mask down over her face and the brief force of her defence collapsed into darkness. My own eyes are drawn inexorably towards those painted talons that are now encased by silver bracelets of hardened steel in place of the trinkets and baubles that dripped from her slender wrists. Raised as they are now above her head they appear to have lost the power that wielded those painted claws like blood red stiletto blades on the tips of each finger. Now just whitened claws hanging limply as the blood refuses to climb back to feed them as the weight of a body draws down upon them. She knows that I am here for every now and then she raises her head and sniffs the air like the animal that she is rapidly becoming as nerve endings strain and her senses return to the base instincts that should have ensured her survival but have been lost or abandoned through a life made too comfortable. Every inch the modern business woman, brash and hard but no more I feel for her time has come. My feet stir the hardened earth of the cellar floor as I shift my weight forward to move out of my chair. Her body stiffens and the dirty white silk of her blouse loosens enough for me to catch a glimpse of the white lace and silk of the bra that holds such ripe firm orbs. How many men have desired to touch and to take comfort in those breasts I wonder and how many of them would love to see her now? Muted cries of alarm sound now as she feels my presence more closely and at last my fingers find the softness of her hair, tumbled locks that cascade

onto shoulders heaving with, heaving with what I wonder, desire, fear? A combination of both and lust perhaps as a fantasy too shocking to expose even to her most trusted of friends but this is no fantasy, this is reality. Her head jerks back as my hand wanders down to her throat and she struggles to swallow as the dryness of her oesophagus tightens and cramps. The shoulder that peeps out of the material is white and almost seems to shimmer before me. Her legs fight to take her weight as my hand continues its journey and only now do I allow my-self to slide hand under silk and caress this mound that heaves beneath me. The nipple is brown and almost lost in the darkness of this dingy underworld of my own creation but I will not sully the scene with the presence of un-natural light. Her nipple is stiff and proud as my fingers twist and tease before pinching hard into flesh as she cries out and tries to escape. Ripe mounds of flesh lie beneath my grasping hands as I roughly control her movement by squeezing and pinching, pulling and tugging her body as she rolls across the wall, shackled hands gripping at chains that bind her from above. Heaving her chest rises and falls in quick succession as she breathes through the rag that binds her mouth and tortured gasps of air escape her nose as she fights to gain enough breath to resist what is to come. Her eyes are bound and must remain so but it hurts me not to be able to witness the stark terror and see the pupils dilate even in this half light as she see what is to befall her and when. Ripping the material from her slender frame my eyes devour her taught stomach and I trace the outlines of ribs and muscle with a tempered blade before sliding and slitting my way into her bra. She slumps and the magic of adrenaline is converted into lactic acid as her muscles fill and she struggles to maintain in charge and control of her body. Shivers give way to resignation and the helplessness of her situation sends shock waves through her mind as I feel her body go limp and accept that escape is futile and no longer an option. The Stockholm Syndrome reconsidered and refined into a sexual act of submission, a willingness to partake and to please perhaps but her other intimations suggest other-wise. Adrenaline fuses through me now as this is the moment that I have been waiting for these long and lonely months. Stomach muscles clench and tighten but for nothing as I force my hand with in this tight band of material. The waist of her tight woollen skirt is gripped and her languid form is dragged upwards and hangs briefly whilst I reach for my tools. I can't help but shake as I too am consumed with an energy that suffuses my body and mind, blood rushes through my veins and thunders in my ears and down comes the blade to sever and slice, the knife slashes again and I release her body to slump once more and hang before me. Tearing material is dragged from her protesting form as I pull out the ragged shreds of her once designer covering. She shuffles and rolls but her tether forbids her the discretion she seeks and she once more return to her former position with back against scuffed and ragged plaster. Only her lower half lies upon rough hewn carpet laid with- out care or attention to her requirements but more to save my own discomfort for the purposes to come. She lies there before me in hooded denial of what is about to happen. Lithe limbs in damaged and torn stockings shift her weight as those long hours of intense physical exercise on the tread mill offer up their accumulated bounty. As she moves I smell the musk scent of her sex rising up and filling my nostrils with the sweet perfume of her womanhood. This smell that has driven me as she has walked past me so many times before, surrounding her like a sexual aura. Only now can I truly imbibe in its delicate fragrance as I move my face downwards and

drink in her smell once again wishing only to taste from its place of origin. Again I force my attention to return to the task in hand. White lace fringes tiny silk briefs and beneath these the whisp of carefully considered and trimmed hair that has come to surprise me in such an unexpected moment. I wonder at who has access to such an intimate act in her life? Does she clean and prepare her-self prior to engagements, taking delight in shaping and shaving, in trimming but always leaving that soft covering that directs ones gaze downwards towards this valley of pleasure. I had always imagined her as shaven down there but this sudden touch of femininity distracts me for a moment. Only the glimpse of her pink labia between thighs clamping together in a futile attempt to arrest my further advance bring me back to reality as I force my knee hard in between her this and she crumples before me. Gently my fingers find the entrance to her mound and tease the lips apart so that finally I can gaze into her flesh. Soft petals of flesh protrude along the sides and my fingers tease them to enjoy the suppleness and delicacy of their folds. The dark opening clenches before me and my own longing grows into a throbbing torch in my groin. I seek a look at her tight puckered arsehole that hides in the darkened shadow of her- self but I am denied this treat and must once more focus my attentions on her nakedness. She raises her buttocks and thrusts up at me, obscenely gesturing her opening for my inspection. This was not how it should be. I wanted her to fight and to scream but of course her muffled and gagged mouth will not allow this. She opens her legs before me and I see the trickle of moisture that has escaped from her open and puffed cunt, slick against the material of her panties pushed roughly aside. Sticky white juice that glistens like a tiny silver stream is dripping moisture into the dark recess of her most secret and intimate of holes. Her shaking and twisting was the orgasm spoiling through her flesh, spending her and leaving me hard and wanting, unable to slake my desire with- in her. I was to be the one to finish, to fill her with my seed and to wash in her depths as I soiled her from with-in. Anger and resentment fire from my very soul as I rage at the unfairness of it all. An age of exhaustion washes over me as I reach once more for the key to her freedom. The act is over the power returns to my guest as though it had never left. I watch disconsolately from the corner as she rises and looks scornfully down upon me, unfettered hands returning those soft folds of flesh once more behind the silk covering of her panties. Firm ripe breasts like crests upon her chest rise over me as I cower down in a crumpled heap. Her pitying gaze is thrown across me as she looks down at the limp piece of flesh that dangles between my legs, all power gone, all pleasure denied. She walks purposefully towards the light that shines down from above, the top of the stairs visible now her mask has been removed. The tightness of her buttocks as she walks slowly up the stairs is my last and final glimpse before darkness returns and I slink silently over to where she has lain, sniffing her scent and licking at drying residue that clings to the rug. Once again I must await the chance to enjoy her and for the burst of power to rush through my chest as our games are played out to a new and exciting tune. We crave the adrenaline that feeds our desires, supports us in our hours of need and fuels the excitement that allows us to discover anew the feelings of empowerment, subjugation and humiliation that combine to create the eclectic and hedonistic mix that has become our marriage. I must await the return of my mentor to decide on our next act of adventure and self-discovery and to hear her whispered suggestions of how and where we shall next

be pleased and by whom if she so wishes. Such sweet torture must work both ways and it is to her that I answer and to her that I must ultimately give the power to for she is the dominant force that guides us.