

Damsel In Distress

By gwen3445

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My fantasy is real life

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I have been divorced for over a year after twenty one years with one man. Now, here I am at 43 and alone for the first time in my adult life. It had hurt when he told me that he was seeing a younger woman and wanted to be with her. It hurt even more when I happened to see the two of them together. I was walking past a local bar and saw the two of them having drinks, laughing, holding hands. He had not held my hand in years. I felt even worse when I looked at her. I thought she looked okay but not beautiful. But, she did have on a rather low cut blouse and tight, short skirt.

“Hmmffff. Is that all it takes to get a man?” ,” I thought to myself.

Then I looked down at myself. I had on a pair of sweat pants and a faded-out red t-shirt. My hair was pulled back in a ponytail. I had been a cheerleader in high school. Homecoming queen. I had even done some modeling during college. Okay, maybe I had put on a few pounds since then. Maybe I had not paid as much attention to my appearance as I should have over the years. Why should I? I was happily married and I really didn't think about being attractive to men. I had my man and that was all that mattered.

“Well, I will show him what he is missing.”

The next day, I joined a local gym and began working out with a personal trainer. I realized quickly that I had not kept myself in good shape. The workouts left me exhausted at first but, as the months

passed, the pounds were peeled off and my muscle tone returned. I dropped four dress sizes. Down to the size 4 that I had worn when I got married. I also noticed that the men in the gym were looking at me. It felt nice to be looked at that way by a man again. But, I wasn't ready to look at them yet. In my heart, I was still in love with my ex.

That all changed about three weeks ago. I had decided that it was time to go shopping for some new clothes. And, I thought back to that girl that I saw with my ex. I really didn't know what to buy that would make me look sort of sexy. It had been a long time since I had even thought about that. So, I went to a little shop near my house. I simply told the clerk that I had a date that night and wanted to look nice for him. I didn't have a date but thought that would give her the idea of what I was looking for. Maybe I would actually have a date soon.

"It made me feel good when she said, "Honey, with your looks, we won't have any trouble finding something that will dazzle him. Let's see now. Well, with your red hair, I think we should stick with either blues or greens. I think something in green would really look nice. What are you going to be doing tonight?"

I told her that we were going to dinner at a really nice restaurant and then out dancing. I had not actually done that in years but that would be my ideal date, if I actually had one. I thought back again to the girl that my ex had been with that day that I saw them. I tried on several outfits but settled on one. It was a pale green dress. It was rather tight and short. The bottom had five buttons up the front. I could leave all or just some buttoned depending on how much leg I wanted to show. I almost didn't buy it as the neckline plunged rather deeply. But, again I thought about that girl that my ex had been with. I bought it. After I got back home, I tried it on again in the privacy of my bedroom. I admit that I thought I looked pretty cute and rather sexy in it. I hadn't felt that way about myself in a long time. Then, I put it in the closet. I didn't expect to ever really wear it. But, it was nice to know that I had something like that. Maybe one day I would have the chance to wear it for a man that thought I still looked sexy.

I crawled into bed early that night. For years I had loved to read romance novels, particularly the ones where the girl is captured by pirates, taken hostage by bandits, sold into slavery, or chained / tortured

in a medieval dungeon. I fantasized that I was that young, beautiful girl. Helpless and in the total control of some man. I read for a while and then fell asleep and dreamed that I was the girl in the book.

I slept a little later than usual the next morning, even though it was a Saturday, and was awakened by the ring of my cell phone.

“Hi, Gwen,” the voice on the other end said, “This is Josh.”

Josh was my personal trainer and I wondered if I had missed a scheduled work-out with him and he was calling to remind me.

“Hi, Josh. Did we have an appointment this morning?” I replied.

“No, no,” he said. “I was just calling to see if you might like to have dinner with me tonight.”

The invitation caught me off guard. Josh was very cute but he couldn't have been more than 25 or so. He had blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes. I admit that I had liked it when he was close to me while guiding me during our work-outs. His body was toned but not muscle-bound. I had wondered on occasion what it would be like to be with him but quickly wiped those thoughts from my mind. He was young, handsome and strong. I was just a middle aged, out of shape woman.

I hesitated in replying to his invitation. “Are you sure?, I said and then thought how dumb that sounded. He wouldn't have called if he wasn't sure, I guess.

“Of course, I am sure. I would love to go out with you,” he said. “How about I pick you up about 6:30 tonight.”

“Okay, that would be great, Josh. I will look forward to it.”

After we hung up, I jumped out of bed and did a little dance around my bedroom.

“Wow! I actually have a date for tonight. Then I calmed myself. Maybe he just wants to talk about our fitness program or something. Maybe he really isn’t interested in me as something other than just trainer/student. I went through the day with highs and lows in my expectations. And, what should I wear? What if I dressed up really nicely and his intentions are totally something else?”

I laid two outfits out on my bed. One was a nice, conservative pants suit. The other was the green dress that I had just bought. I decided to let Josh decide which I would wear.

The doorbell rang at exactly 6:30 and my heart skipped a beat. I had already fixed my hair and put on my make-up but had on a bath robe when I answered the door.

“Hi, Josh,” I said. “Sorry for the bath robe but I wasn’t sure what I should wear. I thought I would let you decide.”

I was a little surprised when he took a step forward and gave me a kiss on the cheek. He was in a

grey suit with a red floral tie and looked like he was out of GQ.

“Here, have a seat on the sofa while I go change.”

I ran upstairs and quickly put on the pants suit.

“Here is the first option,” I said.

My modeling experience kicked in and I turned around slowly in front of him. It was nice to feel a man’s eyes on me. He smiled pleasantly but I could tell that he really all that thrilled with the outfit.

“Give me a second and I will change into something else and you can let me know which you like best,” I said as I ran back upstairs.

“Okay,” I thought to myself, “Here goes.” I slipped into my new dress and gulped as I looked at myself in the mirror. The work-outs had been worth it I thought. I decided to just unbutton the bottom two buttons. The dress was pretty short anyway and with those two buttons undone, my legs showed to about 2 inches below the top of my stockings when I walked. Josh was about 6’3” and so I decided to put on a pair of deep green, 4” heels. They are a little uncomfortable to wear for a long time but it would make me taller. That would be good for dancing, if that is what we ended up doing.

I came back down and modeled my new dress for Josh. This time, I saw him sit up a bit. I watched as his eyes looked up and down several times. His smile was definitely broader.

“Wow,” he said, “you look stunning. I choose this.”

We drove to a very nice restaurant not far away. We had a nice dinner and some wine. We chatted easily about my progress with him in the gym. Things got a little uncomfortable when he asked about my divorce but he didn't press the issue. It was sort of nice to have someone to talk to about it. He asked if I had been dating much yet and I told him that he was really my first date since the divorce. Maybe I shouldn't have told him that. He probably thought that I was some depressed ex-wife that just couldn't get over my grief and depression. He was right to some extent but I was having a good time tonight.

After dinner, we went to the lounge where they had a band. We danced and had some more wine. With each dance, he held me closer to him. It felt so nice to be in his arms. Finally, he looked me in the eyes and kissed me softly. I hoped he didn't feel my body tremble. It was a kiss like I had not felt in a long time.

Although, my heels were nice to dance in, my feet began to ache. He asked me to dance another dance and I told him that I needed to get my heels off. I told him that I had not dressed up like this in a long time and I wasn't used to wearing them for this long.

Josh smiled and said. “Well, let's get you off your feet. How about coming back to my house for another drink?”

Although he was almost twenty years younger than I, he had a way about him that made him seem older and more mature. He was confident. Here he was asking me back to his place on our first date and yet he did it so smoothly that I couldn't say “no”.

We got to his house and went into the living room. We sat down on the sofa and he put his arm around my shoulder and pulled me toward him. We kissed again but this time our tongues touched and we pressed our lips tightly together. Passions arouse in me that I had not felt for many years.

He then stood up and asked, "Hey, want to watch a movie?"

He did it so abruptly that I thought maybe he hadn't enjoyed our kisses and was wanting to change the mood of the evening. I felt a little disappointment.

"Sure," I said.

"Well, I have some fun and somewhat different ones if you are up for it. Some may be a little daring for you, though."

He must think I am a prude, I thought. Not knowing exactly what he had in mind, I said, "I may be a little older than you, but I still like to have fun. I am up for whatever you think is fun." When I saw the start of the movie he had selected, I gasped a little and wondered if I should have said what I just did.

It started in what appeared to be like the dungeons that I had often read about in the novels that I had read. It was dark and damp looking. Torches glowed in the background. In the foreground was this scantily clad girl and a rack. In the background were two other girls with their wrists chained above their heads to a wall.

Josh sat back down beside me and smiled. "The other day, during our work-out, I happened to see a book in your bag. I don't remember the title but the cover picture showed this girl tied to the mast of a

pirate ship. You like to read about things like that?" he asked.

I blushed and really didn't know how to respond. Finally, I said, "I have my fantasies like most people. But, they are just fantasies." I turned to look back at the movie when I heard a loud clanking sound. The man in dungeon was turning the crank on the rack. I watched as the girls arms were pulled tighter and tighter over her head. She let out a slight whimper.

I felt warmth rush between my legs. Part of it was from the blood rushing to my pussy and part was Josh's hand that he had placed on my exposed thigh. I looked down and saw that my dress had fallen open further and was exposing my legs almost up to my panties. I again looked up at the movie as the helpless girl was stretched even tighter.

Josh kissed me again as he ran his hand further up my thigh. Almost without realizing it, I put my hand on his crotch. I felt his hard cock through his pants.

Suddenly, he stood up again, took my hand and whispered, "Come on, I have something to show you."

I followed him without even thinking. He led me down some stairs and into his basement. It was dark and my eyes took a while to adjust. When they did, I could faintly make out what appeared a room like the one I had just seen in the movie. There were metal rings on the wall. And, in the middle of the room was a long, heavy table with chains and pulleys. Josh had a rack in his basement.

"How did a forty three year old, divorced woman get herself into this situation," I thought. "And, why did I feel so turned on by it."

I had noticed that Josh has walked behind me but felt him begin to unzip my dress. I just stood there and he slipped my dress off my shoulders and pulled it down and over my hips. I was standing there in my bra, panties, garter belt and hose.

“Want to live out your fantasies, Gwen?” Josh asked as he took my hand and gently pulled me toward the rack. Why I don’t know but I followed him without resistance. Different scenes from the novels that I had read flashed through my mind. I now was that helpless girl that I had read about so many times.

Josh put one of his arms behind my back and bent over to put his other arms behind my legs. He easily lifted me up and put me on my back on the rack. Neither of us said anything as he attached leather cuffs to my wrists. As he walked down to my ankles, he let his hand run down my body from my neck, over my breasts, across my stomach and down my legs. He pulled my right leg to the side and attached a cuff to my ankle. He then did the same with my left leg. The ropes were not tight and I was still able to close my legs a little and move my arms. But, I was tied to his rack spread-eagle.

Josh moved so that he was standing behind my head and I couldn’t turn enough to see what he was doing. Before I realized it, he had forced a gag into my mouth, cinched it tight and fastened it behind my neck. I let out a started “Mmmmmmmffffff”.

“I do have neighbors and don’t want to have them hearing all the fun we are going to have,” he said.

I watched as Josh began turning a large wooden wheel at the bottom of the rack. With each turn, my wrists were pulled further over my head and my legs were pulled further apart. He stopped when the ropes were taught but to the point of really stretching me.

Josh began slipping his finger under the top of my bra. “You know,” he said, “I knew when I first saw you a year ago, that we could turn your body into the way it was twenty years ago.” He slipped his finger further under my bra until he was touching my nipple. “And the female body is even more sexy when it is stretched just a bit,” he whispered.

While he was touching my breast with one hand, his other hand moved down my stomach and under the waist band of my panties. I closed my eyes and clinched my fists as he gently touched me between my legs.

I then felt the ropes tighten further. My legs were spread wide and my arms were pulled further above my head. My shoulders began to ache. I tried to move for the first time and found out that I was completely helpless. I was unable to move. For the first time, fear jolted me back to the reality of my situation. I tugged on the ropes in fear and tried to tell him to let me go. Only a muffled mumble came out.

“I hate to ruin those panties and bra,” Josh said, “but I will buy you new ones.” He then proceeded to cut them away.

I was now totally naked, bound to his rack. I was his to do with as he wanted. I truly was the girl in those novels.

“Now, for some pain, Dear,” Josh said.

I watched as he put clamps on my nipples. Pain shot through them but quickly eased to an ache, except when he would give the clamps a twist.

He then began to rub and finger my pussy. I could feel the wetness and warmth.

“Are you enjoying yourself? He asked.

Without thinking, I nodded “yes”.

Josh then stopped and began taking pictures of me. I just hoped that they didn't end up all over the internet. He read my mind and assured me that the pictures were just for him and me.

Chris then moved over to a corner of the room and undressed. He returned and mounted my stretched body. I felt him enter me and passion and desire overwhelmed me. I wanted him to fuck me so badly. His cock moved inside me and I screamed with pleasure. He pounded himself deeper and deeper inside of me. Our orgasms exploded at the exactly together.

Josh and I still see each other every once in a while and I have been the damsel in distress a number of times. We always have a lot of fun. But, Josh also made me realize that I am a desirable woman. I have found other bandits, pirates, and dungeon masters.

And, I sometime put on the green dress and look at the pictures that Josh took. Maybe I will be on the cover of a romance novel sometime, so look for me.