Subject: Tonight

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light BDSM, M/F

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You return from lunch to find a dozen roses on your desk, six red, six white. You pull the card from the envelope. It simply reads, “Check your e-mail”. You immediately go to your computer and log onto your mailbox. You scan the messages quickly for my name. Once found, you click once on the following message, Subject: Tonight.
"Good afternoon. I hope this finds you well and in good spirits.
When you leave work this evening, you are free to do as you like for the first two hours. At 7:00 you are to begin preparing for my arrival. You will run a bath and light the candles on the bathroom sink. After taking your bath, move the candles to the bedroom. Please select appropriate music of your choice. Re-light the candles in the bedroom and turn off all other lights in the house.
You have an hour and a half before I arrive. Use your time wisely. When I arrive I will find you alert, attentive and kneeling on the floor. Do as I have come to expect of you and do not disappoint met. I’ll be there promptly at 8:30.
Until then."
You click the e-mail closed and lean back in your chair.
Once at home you eat a leisurely dinner and try to relax while mentally preparing for the night that awaits you. We haven’t played together very long, but the time we share is as intense as those that have been together for years.
You watch the clock closely while biding your time with inconsequential things. As instructed, you move to the bathroom at seven pm.
I throw on a pair of baggy 501’s and a white T-shirt. I cuff the sleeves while thinking of what else I may need to add to my bag. I put a hat on and tie the laces of my steel-toed boots. Gathering the last of the things I need, I head out the door. I am early, as planned.
When I arrive outside I see there is a light on upstairs. I’ve already forgiven this slight indiscretion in my head. I check my watch and see that you still have seven minutes in which to complete your tasks although you should already be settled. I wait in my truck, head back against the seat.
With only a few minutes to spare you light the candles on the headboard and blow out the match. You put several CD’s in the stereo and turn it on. Moving between tasks easily, you check your watch. You hurry to turn out the lights, assured I will be arriving soon and then sink to the bedroom floor on

your knees.
I look up at the house and check my watch one last time. I intend to leave you a few extra minutes in which to allow you to enter the space you need to be in. I know you are running later than you should be and I don't want you to be unprepared. I use the spare key hidden under the mat to let myself inside your now darkened home. Instead of seeking you out immediately, I walk slowly around the house. Your still-wet towel is over the rack in the bathroom. There are dishes in the sink. I hear that you've chosen a Lords of Acid remix CD and agree that it seems fitting.
You hear my footsteps, heavy on the stairs. You close your eyes for a moment trying desperately to clear your head. You re-cross your wrists behind your back and breathe out as quietly as you can.
I find the bedroom door closed when I reach the top of the stairs and I listen closely for any forbidden movement to be heard from you inside. You are in the exact spot I would have chosen for you if you'd been directed specifically and I smile inwardly at your thoughtfulness. I slide through the door quietly. You are kneeling in the floor to the left of the bed, facing away from the door. You are completely naked and the soft light glimmers off the hair spilled down your back and shoulders. Your arms are pulled behind you, wrists crossed over each other, hands unclasped.
I take a few steps toward you, moving slowly. I can feel the electricity in the air around us already. Circling around you I see that you are attempting to suppress a smile and it forces me to do the same. I drop to one knee behind you and grab your hair quickly with one hand. I pull your head back sharply forcing you to look upward. You breathe in quickly but don't say a word. I pull you in such a way that forces you to look away from me and I lean in to bite your neck. You moan softly and I bite you again, harder. I feel you flinch a bit and kiss the mark I've made softly before letting you go.
"Trying to get away already?" I tease.
"No," you say and then add "Sir," as an afterthought.
"Good. Be aware of your ability to get away however."
"Yes," you whisper softly.
"And how would you choose to do that?" I ask, inquiring as to your safe word.
"Red".
"Great, we've got an understanding then," I say into your ear and kiss you on the cheek. You simply nod and I stand behind you again.
I casually retrieve my bag from the doorway and bring it back to where you are seated. I pull from it a set of heavy black metal cuffs and ratchet them through once for your benefit, just so you hear them and start to think of the possibilities while I empty the rest of the bag. I lay out a light, long tailed black leather flogger just within your line of vision. A heavier rubber flogger stays beside me, curled into itself.
I reach for your hands and feel you recoil somewhat and am assured you are not quite in the right frame of mid yet. Your head drops to your chest as I cuff your hands slowly. I stand and pull upwards on your newly bound hands bringing you to your feet. I push you forward to the bed and grasp your hair again. I force you to lay with your head to the side and then let go. Your bed is perfect to fuck at because of its unusually high height. I hold your wrists with one hand and kick your feet apart with my

boot. I run my nails along your back, leaving light red marks from your neck to your ass. You move ever so slightly beneath my fingertips. I hear you breathe out heavily when I slide a finger into your waiting cunt. I add a second and slip easily within you. I move inside you slowly at first, increasing at times before leaving you to ask for more. I tease you this way for a long while, alternating between fast and slow movements or pulling away from you completely. I am careful not to allow you to get off. You lay facing the closet, trying to breathe normally. You feel every movement inside your cunt and scream inside your head each time I take my fingers from you. It is difficult for you not to speak, not to beg. These are the rules of this game we play, however, and you comply, however unwillingly.

I move my fingers quickly within you, once again bringing you to the edge. With my other hand I unbutton the top button of my jeans and pull hard to the side. Each button releases with a popping sound I know you'll identify. I am packing your favorite dick, the one we shopped for together last spring while on a long weekend alone. I let my jeans drop down just enough to be able to adequately move. I remove my fingers from you and wipe them quickly on my pants before stepping in closely to you, letting you feel me against your ass. You begin to struggle slightly as I can hear the cuffs clanking against each other. I put my hand on your shoulder and push you firmly onto the bed. I move one of your feet to the side with my boot, forcing your legs further apart. I hear you mumbling under your breath, some things I cannot comprehend. Keeping my hold on your shoulder, I use my other hand to guide my cock into you. You are already incredibly wet and I don't initially hold back as I normally would. I push hard into you, filling you completely, and stay there. You are arching your back, pushing back against me. I lean over you, still inside, and bite your shoulder blade. You yell out when my teeth hit your skin and I let it linger for a moment too long. As I kiss a line down your back, I start to move my hips away from you, pulling nearly all the way out. Your hands are clenched tightly to each other between us. Upright, I fuck you hard and fast, allowing you to get off with a muffled scream. I slow my movements when you come but do not stop. I know that I, too, am close to that edge. You are still moving against me rapidly, trying to get control of the pace I've set apparently against your wishes. I thrust deeply into you before pulling away with each stroke. I can tell that it is driving you crazy, that you want more. I hold your wrists at the cuffs when I get off with a quiet string of profanities. You cry out again only a moment later and I lean against you on the bed, still deep inside of you.

You groan deep in your throat when I stand up again. I put my hand on the middle of your back and pull out of you. I check your hands and notice they are fairly cold for such a mild night. I reluctantly retrieve the cuff key from my pocket. As I slide the cuffs from around your wrists, I rub the indentations in your skin with both hands briefly before letting each one free.

I pull lightly on one wrist, turning you to face me. When your gaze reaches mine we kiss for the first time tonight. It's long and intense, the story of our lives.

I leave you standing at the side of the bed while I find the flogger laid out previously. There is just enough light from the candles in the room to see a look within your eyes that never ceases to be enjoyed by me tremendously. That expression of half anticipation, half apprehension. I take your hand in mine and pull it in front of you, turning you around to face the bed again. I pull you in close to

me from behind; your scent, your hair in my face, everything about you fills my senses pushing them into overload. I hear you sigh quietly when I shake myself out of thoughts and take a single step backward.

I am only mildly taken aback when you put your hands on the bed to hold yourself up without being instructed. I allow a smile to cross my lips only because you are unable to see my reaction. I move away from you and stand there silently, watching. I grip the flogger in my hand, spinning it around, feeling the tails whip against my leg softly. I squeeze the handle tightly, feeling the leather give a bit. I know that you are anticipating the first strike and I let you stick it out much longer than necessary. The tails hit you perfectly, first shot, and you recoil from the timing of it. I hit you several more times in succession before stopping to run may nails along your back. There are already faint red marks forming on your backside. I bring the flogger down on you again, harder during the next few tries. I don't allow you much time to drop into your space. The next blows are landed more lightly, hitting your shoulders and upper back. I begin to move more rapidly, using a figure eight motion, hitting your ass on each opposing side. The marks are clearly visible in the nearly darkened space. I see your arms starting to shake and turn up the heat. Switching to the heavy flogger, I strike you hard, each blow landing perfectly where I like. You are moving around a lot and I notice your knees trying to give out on you. I back off for a moment, smacking you on the ass with my hand a few times and rubbing the now welted area harshly. You drop down onto your elbows, unable to continue to hold yourself up. You lay your head on your hands, putting all your weight against the bed. I run my hands along your back alternating between rubbing you lightly, tickling you and scratching my nails along the fresh markings. You are unbelievable like this and I don't want it to end quite yet. I push you forward with one hand at the base of your neck, forcing you to lean completely onto the bedside. With my other hand I reach one of the candles from the night stand. I bring it back to you and hold it high above you before tipping it to the side, allowing the hot wax to escape its confines. You jump hard against my hand still holding you down and I push back against you. I know you are surprised by the abruptness of the wax searing your skin over the marks I've already left on you. I move close to you so you can feel me right behind you and rain more heat upon your flesh. As I replace the candle on the night stand, I let you go with my other hand as well, though you do not move at all. I look down the length of your back for a long moment, the welts competing with the long lines of wax for attention. The streaks of red from the flogger are patched together like a checkerboard. You lay still against the bed, breathing heavily, covered in sweat. My hands go to the markings we've made, flicking off pieces of wax as I go. I scrape my nails along you, peeling off chunks of hardened white candle.

When I pull you up from the bed you wince in pain as you turn towards me. Kissing you is now exhilarating, the things we've experienced between us resonating with noises from within.

Before we sleep I check you over; rub aloe into your stinging skin. The sex after such an experience is always multi-dimensional, a time we have that allows us both to release the feelings from earlier. I sleep lightly afterwards, taking care to check on you throughout the night.