

# Turning Fantasy to a Reality III

By Needs

Published on Lush Stories on 29 Oct 2008



*Can't stop now...*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/turning-fantasy-to-a-reality-iii.aspx>

"Shit, you make me so wet" whimpering through my words. Silence remained, which added to the lure of it all. Back and forth his tongue flickered out to tap at my pussy, my hands twisted and pulled at the bed frame, the friction of the lace against my soft skin almost burning. "Sit still kitten, your going to hurt yourself" he mumbled with his lips pressed against my sex. Instinctively my hips thrust upwards, feeling him there like that urging my senses awake, needing to feel more. Suddenly I felt his mouth just at the base of my neck, licking upward to my ear. His breath was so warm, still smelling of the weed, with light undertones of my cunt. Bending and twisting my neck to feel him, searching for a kiss, but instead feeling his finger as it traced the outline of my mouth. "Give me a kiss, baby, please let me kiss you" I hoped the "please" would make him feel that I really did need to feel that at this moment. His tongue snaked around my mouth following the path his finger made, saliva off his tongue drizzled across my opened mouth. "Don't kiss back kitten, don't you dare kiss me back" his voice deep and seductive. It was almost impossible to just be kissed and not kiss him back, but I opened my mouth and waited for him. A warm, wet trail of his spit dripped into my mouth landing on the top of my tongue. "Jesus, fuck!" I simply couldn't react any more real to how I felt. My mouth closed on it, letting the flavor of his mouth mingle with mine. He laughed a devilish laughed, and kissed at my mouth then, I wanted to hold his face to mine, wanted to feel his tongue deeper, instead he leaned back from me, his hands tugging my breasts from the cups of my bra. Amazing how his hands covered my breasts fully like they did. He plucked my nipple with his fingers and bit lightly down on it. Moving from side to side, nipping at them, and bringing them fully erect. "Kitten likes", he growled. I hiked my knees up, losing more and more control of my nervousness and wanting more of him. desires, his every move thus far perfection, and just what I had imagined. Pressing my knees to his back, proof that I was reacting the way I normally had, insatiable for more of him. The blindfold twisted around as my head fell from side to side, and quickly he pulled it back over my eyes, then spanked my pussy hard. "Bad kitty baby, keep still!" Somehow the spankings there seemed to be pleasing enough to make me want to come, my legs lay flat to the bed and I whispered out to him once again. "More, please?" Without another word he moved between my legs and pressed my knees firmly to the top of his bed. The heat in the room at this point was almost unbearable. I could feel it over my body after every move he made. The sounds he made and the way his fingers held me

open under my panties forced a long heated whimper from me, then he pressed his mouth over the panel between my legs. The only thing separating him from my pussy a thin strip of satin. A steady flow of warm air from his mouth made my legs stiffen, my hips thrust forward nudging at his chin, grinding at him as much as I could. "Jesus, it's like your desperate for this. Are you a desperate whore kitten?" His voice gruff which made more cream gather between my legs. "You like that don't you? Answer me." I fought the urge to yell out "yes" and whispered in my little more submissive voice back to him. "Yes, I do. Please, for god sakes don't stop." He often teased at how much I beg when I really want something while we "phoned". I didn't think I had it in me to do it for real, yet I did. He just laughed, and kissed at my pussy again, this time tapping lightly across my now sensitive clit over and over before sliding the panel aside and making contact with me. I squealed with delight so he moved his mouth up and down my slippery slit, knowing I had more in me. "Damn it...don't stop please...don't stop." Drool trailed down my ass and slipped between my ass cheeks. Everything below my waist on fire, ready to blow. "Nasty slut" he whispered and dove again, sliding his tongue over my swollen pussy lips following the contours of my folds. Defenseless and vulnerable I squirmed under him moaning and writhing. The need for release was inevitable, the way he moved his warm tongue through my opening for "tongue fucks" cannot be described. My hips moved in small circles under him then I felt his thumb press tightly to my now aching, throbbing clit. "You're going to come for me. But not until I tell you to. Do you understand?" He could make me do anything at this point. And I was confident he would take that to the fullest extent. At least I'd hoped he would.