

# Turning Fantasy to a Reality Part II

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*Nudging forward...*

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His posture changed suddenly. A more stern look on his face, and his eyes severe. As I crawled forward I could feel the sweat in the palms of my hands. I had to do this right. I had to be perfect. He shifted on the edge of his bed and put his hand down to graze my cheek. The temperature outside was ungodly hot, but was nothing in comparison to the heat that was inside his room. He rustled the bag behind him and out came a black lace pair of panties. They were sheer and delicate, something I would have never bought for myself. He pulled me to kneel between his legs quickly lifting my hands together atop his knee. Eyes are the window to your soul I'm told, but his eyes told nothing of what he had in mind. Almost blank was his stare but the intensity of it caused me to draw in a quick breath. "Climb up kitten..get on the bed". His voice a force to be reckoned with. I've heard it on the other end of the telephone. There was no mistaken when he took on this alter ego, and nothing could make me stop now. A switch of sorts. His soft calming voice turning into that of my master. Before I knew what was happening, and because the strength of the weed he'd just fed me hit all at once, I found my hands bound with the panties to the frame of his bed. Bound tight. "You won't be getting out of these" his eyes darker than I had ever seen. Wiggling my fingers only seemed to make it tighter. My eyes moved between his, back and forth just trying to get a feel for what he had in mind. I looked to the floor where the bag laid, his eyes followed. "A curious kitten, eh? Intersted in what else is in there?" Silent, I simply nodded. Many times before when we played on the phone like this, his deamenor was that of a master who wanted full control. I needed to ask before touching, and when it was time ask to cum. His requirements then, and now here where we are both of the flesh, seemed like day and night. This was no scene in our chatroom, and this was no playing over the telephone. It was then he pulled to make sure my hands were still tight to the bed frame. He reached down to the bag and pulled out a red blindfold. Holy hell. What have I gotten myself into? The moment it snapped around my eyes he chuckled. "Remember kitten, this was all your idea. Don't think for a moment I'm not going to take advantage of your invitations. Maybe next time you'll think twice?" He put his hand through my hair. "You scared?" My initial reaction was to confirm with him that if I did get scared he would let up. This was the first time I'd ever been tied up like this, never mind the fact that I couldn't predict his next move, or see where he was. The blindfold definitely added to the feeling of being helpless. Supposing I'd wanted this to feel that "fear". Suppose I wanted to know what it would be like to be used in such a

way. "No" the word just fell out of my mouth. He laughed. He assured me he was going to take me to the darkest corners of my mind time and time again in conversation. Promised he would fulfill my every fantasy. In return I'd told him I would do anything to fulfill his. Anything. Here I lay, tied tightly to a black bedframe in lace panties, with my eyes blinded by a red satin blindfold. Jesus. The fear finally took over or what I recognized as fear. But the moment he kissed me, softly, and told me he loved me, the fear subsided into pure desire and need to be taken just like this. I found a man who would control me. It's what I've needed. One could say I'd bitten off more than I could chew. I knew in my own mind however, being this way for him already had my insides boiling over. My own panties gave way to the moisture that had been pooling between my legs. My knees bent up as I laid there waiting. Trying to imagine what was going through his mind, he was silent. "Look at you" he laughed while his hand slid between my legs. "You're fucking wet from this". I couldn't breathe, closed my legs on his hand and rolled to the side. He nudged me back, and began a gentle pinching of my swollen pussy lips up and down my slit. "Oh kitten, your fucking soaked, what kind of girl does that make you?" I knew better than to answer, and what the hell could I say? Fingers slid up and down, back and forth across the panel of my panties. It was magic the way he knew how to use his fingers in the days prior, would today be any different? Suddenly he palmed my mound and kept his hand there. In reflex I whimpered out to him. "Oh? You like that?" again his voice taunting, and I loved it. What kind of girl does this make me? I started to question myself for a moment, trying to make sense of this desire I had to be at someone's mercy. It takes a great deal of trust to put yourself in the hands of another. I trusted him, my body evidence, writhing for his next move. "Baby, fuck...this is so intense, please don't stop." Another rub of his palm, this time across my sensitive clit, over and over. "Kitten, I'm just getting started" a tapping of his hand up and down the center of my soul, followed by a single finger slipping inside the drenched material of my panties. "You love this" his mouth now right at my ear, whispering. My legs opened and closed, my body rolled from side to side until he stopped me, spread my legs wide open with his hands and leaned down to smell me. I could feel the coolness as he inhaled me in. "Oh shit, please don't stop" my voice quivered, and he knew he had me.