

# Waiting.....

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*Wait and see.....*

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I started this as a means to get to another idea I have, but I got so into the intro, I thought it worked as a story on it's own. I will post this and then post it again with my original ending so you can make up your own mind. I walked through the door, following your instructions to the letter. I sat on the chair you had left in the middle of the room, put the mask over my eyes shutting out the light. The chair was wooden, with a spindle back which lowered and came round the sides to make 2 arms. I put my own arms on them and sat, waiting. The room was dark anyway, as the curtains were drawn shut keeping the early morning sun out of the room, but the mask over my eyes made it impossible to see anything. I sat, listening, waiting. My eyes kept flickering open, brushing the silk lining of the mask, the softness of the material feeling cool against my eyes, waiting. The chair is comfy, like an old worn wooden chair can be sometimes, after being used for decades. The wood feels cool against my bare skin, but so smooth and silky, just a little rougher than the silk on the mask. I'm still waiting. I know I mustn't move. You told me not to. I have to sit, just like this and wait. I don't know what I am waiting for, you never tell me. But I want it to happen, I always do. So I wait. I think of the last time you made me wait, I waited for hours. But it was worth it. Please don't make we wait so long this time. I don't know what makes me wait for you, you have some kind of hold over me, and I have to do this, I have to wait. I have to wait. I want to go, but I don't. I wait. Suddenly, I know you're there. I don't hear you, your too clever for that. I feel you, moving the air in the room as you walk. You open the curtains and I feel the heat of the sun blasting on my naked body. I sit there enjoying the change, because that means it will start soon. I feel you next to my right arm, then the silk ribbon goes round my wrist. I know it's silk ribbon because you always use silk ribbons. You are always gentle when you tie me up, it feels so sleek and warming to have the ribbon wrapped around and my arm. Then I feel it, as you bind my arm to the chair. You start just below my elbow and go down to my wrist, gently but firmly wrapping me to the chair. I can't move my right arm now. I know I can't without even trying, because you always make it so that I can't. But I don't try, because you told me not to. Now you're on my left side, and I feel you with the ribbon again. Again you wrap it round my arm, and then bind me to the chair, from elbow to wrist. And I know I now cannot move either arm. But I won't try to move. You told me not to. I wait for it to begin. But it doesn't. I don't hear you move again, I don't feel you move again. I wait. The sun continues to beat down on my body as I wait. You've never done this before.

You don't leave me like this. When you get me how you want me you start. Why haven't you started? So I wait for you to start. I want to try and move, to shake the chair, just to know you are there. But you told me not to move, not to struggle, so I don't. I wait. I like the waiting really, deep inside. I like being under your spell, you having control. But right now, I don't want to wait. I want you to start. Because I know that it will be great when it starts, it always is. That's what makes me wait. So I wait, naked, tied to a chair in the sun. I wait for you. I wait to hear you. I wait to feel you. I wait for you to touch me. I wait for you to kiss me. I wait for you to pleasure me. I wait...