

My blindfold fetish

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Musings on why I might enjoy being blindfolded

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This is the story of one experience I had when I was 19. I'd been dating this guy named Rich, and we had pretty typical sex several times a week. So... I really enjoy wearing a blindfold during sex sometimes! (I mean, if it's more than a quickie.) I don't care for bondage or pain, but being blindfolded is quite a turn on, and has been for years. It seems I often ended up being intimate with guys who were turned on by me wearing one. I was unsure about it the first time a guy I was dating suggested it. I nervously agreed, then was amazed at how not having the sense of visual feedback and awareness affected me. As you may know from my other writings, I am both married and involved in an affair. It has been a long time since my husband wanted to use a blindfold on me, years ago he used to all the time. The man I am intimate with now likes it too, but we are often too rushed for anything more than a quickie. So back with Rich, we had been having sex a few times a week like I said, and whenever he would get close to cuming, if I had my eyes open he would tell me to close them and keep them closed until he was finished ejaculating. I thought it was curious. So one time as we kissed I asked him straight up if he would like me to wear one. He said he had never been with a girl who did but said yeah. So I wore a makeshift one made from some old nylon stockings, it worked. Perhaps I am sensing the extra arousal it gives men by limiting my senses or masking part of my face. I've always enjoyed wearing costumes, so maybe that is part of it. Being kissed or sexed while wearing one adds an element of uncertainty that makes my juices flow, literally! Part of me wonders if the guy kissing or enjoying me is really the same person that I was with when I put it on. "Oh what a trip, that's so sexy," Rich said as he kissed me heavily and soon was inside me. I was surprised how wet I was without any foreplay. He slid inside quite easily, dissolving into my warm liquidy velvet. He mashed his nose against mine and started squirting within me very soon, moaning and twitching around in severe delight. God, I love feeling a man cum so hard. After, he said to keep it on as he laid on top of me, panting, flaccid but still inside. His fingers began caressing my face and hair, and exploring my mouth and tongue, me still blindfolded. When I'm blindfolded, I love indulging whatever a man wants. Rich asked to inspect my tongue, and I happily let him play with it and move it exactly the way he wanted, stiffening him noticeably. I don't fantasize about being with multiple men at the same time, but not knowing for certain who is on the other end is both disconcerting and highly arousing to me. Maybe it's related to being somewhat shy. Maybe it's part of being somewhat

submissive, though I have no urge to have a dominate "master" so please don't ask! I could feel Rich growing large inside me again already after a few minutes. Wow, I kept thinking, this is so amazing, feeling how aroused he was this time. He began sliding slowly in and out of me, the warm goo of our just-finished session oozing out and running past my anus. He softly moved his tongue around parts of my face except the blindfold, massaging my face, and just like that I came quickly but satisfyingly, overwhelmed by the erotics of the situation. If I am excited by losing control somewhat, perhaps that explains why my sex drive increases more when I'm drinking, even a moderate amount of alcohol. Guys have told me I have an amazing improvement in sexuality if I've been drinking! As I lay there glowing and musing, Rich soon after came inside me once again, moaning beastily, like a man getting sex after spending years on a desert island. On the flip side, I don't care for guys wearing blindfolds. I wonder if someday I will remove the blindfold and find a different man than I expected. I wonder how my body would react to that, with shock, with disgust, or perhaps even with an orgasm.