

# Restraining the Personals girl

By eroticus

Published on Lush Stories on 09 Jun 2009

Copyright 2010. Nanouchka Multimedia

*She wanted to give up control*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/restraining-the-personals-girl.aspx>

As I get older, I find myself more interested in kinkier stuff, seeking to live out some fantasies. I found out that by posting online ads on a personals site with kinky scenarios, I get many more responses from ladies who are eager to experience something more than what I call the "in and out" encounter. I had made a posting in which I announced that I wanted to restrain a woman, and have my way with her.

Apparently, quite a few women have the fantasy of being overpowered because I got a few responses. Of course, many women have the fantasy, but few actually have the courage to make it a reality. Not so with Melany, or that was what she called herself. She wanted to have an experience where she is totally helpless, at the mercy of a man's lust. She wanted to be an object. After a few emails back and forth, we decided to set up a session.

She knocked at the door and I opened up, but took care to keep myself hidden behind the door. From behind the half opened door I told her to walk in, go forward a yard or so, and then to stop, telling her to not look to the side. I had put some curtains in the hallway of my apartment, so that the hallway was quite dark. She passed me and I closed the door behind her, commanding her not to turn around. Then I approached her from behind and put a blindfold before her eyes.

She was wearing a snug white T-shirt that outlined her upper body: her breasts were nice C cups, just the way I like them. She also wore a colorful cotton skirt that went halfway down her thighs. She had fabulous legs. She was in shape, but not in a hardbody type of way. More like well toned.

I lead her then into my living room, turned her around, and slowly and gently bumped into her, forcing her slowly backwards towards the large glass sliding door that gives out to my balcony. I had bought

a set of restraints that were attached to large suction cups. Those I had attached to the large glass door: two on top, and two on the bottom. I took Melany's right arm and attached her wrists to the right upper restraints. I did the same with her left arm, and then both legs in turn. She was positioned such that her back was leaning against the cold glass surface, her arms were spread apart above her head, and her legs were spread to a lesser degree, very similar to the position of Da Vinci's anatomical figure.

Melany was now fully restrained. I approached her, and then planted my hands on both of her perky breasts, and started to cup her breasts. I felt her nipples getting harder. I let my hands go up and down the sides of her body, finishing by cupping her buttocks in each hand. I took a step back, put my two hands near the collar of the T-shirt, and ripped her shirt apart. She let out a little gasp. Her lacey bra was in full view.

She started to breathe a bit faster, especially when I put my hands on her crotch. I could feel dampness. I immediately tore off her skirt. She twisted a bit as if she wanted to escape. Once again, I let my hands do the walking over her body, slowly tracing her outlines. I took my hunting knife and slid it between the valley of her breasts, grabbing the fabric strip between the cups. The coldness of the steel blade made her quiver. With a single pull I cut through the bra strap, making each cup fall sideways. Before she had time to recover, I did the same on the side of her panties which dropped immediately to the floor.

There she stood, fully exposed, naked, with tatters of fabric hanging down. Her breathing increased in tempo, and I could see a bit of moisture just below her landing strip. "Good, she is getting turned on," I thought.

Once again I started to slowly slide my fingertips over her body with a featherlike touch, while with my other hand, I slowly undressed myself. Once naked, I moved closer and moved my mouth onto her lips, slowly opening it with my tongue. I did not need to make an effort as soon our lips and tongues met. I started then to kiss her further: her earlobes, the back of her neck. She was trembling now as I made way down her arm with soft kisses, and then back up towards her shoulders, traveling to the other shoulder and arm, and returning to her breasts. I started to caress her breasts with the palm of my hand, slightly teasing her nipples that are now erect. I moved my mouth closer and took one breast in my mouth, while tracing the areola of her other breast with my fingers. I took one nipple between my lips and started to pull them. She started to moan now. Then, I grabbed her nipple slowly with my teeth, and pulled them with my teeth. Then I repeated on the other breast.

Melany started to wiggle, but her movements were limited by the restraints. I continued my voyage down her belly, slowly, moving my tongue up and down her landing strip, till I "landed" onto her pussy itself. As I started licking her up and down, teasing her clitoris, I knew that she was very close to

cumming already. So I held back a bit, but each time I did, she trust her pelvis forward, seeking my tongue. After a couple of times, she got so wet , I decided to give her relief and with a load moan she came hard, withering her body from the left to the right and back. She would have collapsed to the floor had she not been held up by the restraints. It was my turn now. I slowly put my hardon to the tip of her clitly, moved it up and down the labia, coating my tips with her juices, Each time I went up and down, I pushed a little deeper until at a given moment, my dick popped straight into her. I started to move slowly in and out of her, and with each stroke, slowly increased the tempo. Soon enough I was going in and out at a good tempo, with each trust being accompanys by Melany singing "aah, aah". It was a siren song that I could not resist and very quickly, I shot my load into her. While still in her, we kissed passionately. We stayed for minute or so standing, trying to capture our breath. Then I disengaged from her. Our juices were dripping slowly down her thighs. I untied her from the restraints and moved her forward. I did not remove her blindfold, however. I handed her a little cotton dress that I had bought at a discount store and helped her into it. Then I walked her to the door, gave her a final kiss, opened the door, turned her around and removed the blindfold and then closed the door behind her. Later on that night, she emailed me, saying what a great experience it was. She asked if we could do it again, but we agreed that it would never be as good as it was the first time, so, that plan was shelved. However, she said she had a girlfriend of hers that might be just perfect for this.....