

Tied up with nylons

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A man finds that his girlfriend has a dark side

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For someone with such an enormous sex drive, Max had been surprised by his own willpower. His integrity had been tested more than once, as opportunities presented themselves. Being a senior salesman, he came into contact with a good number of hot, suited lovelies. Pencil skirts and sheer silk tights were never in short supply in his trade. Nevertheless he didn't succumb to temptation. It's not like she would know. She was four hundred miles away. However, there was something about Amy. If he merely contemplated betraying her, he saw her sweet smile in his mind's eye. Those keen brown eyes, which had first won him over. That cute, sexy face. How could he throw that away for a moment's pleasure? Max had never intended to enter into a long distance relationship but after two nights Amy had just blown him away. She, the smiling, cheerful barmaid and he, the lonely but dishy businessman. He didn't even go all out to pull her, they had just clicked. He was 23 and she was 21, which was just right for him. It might have remained a one night stand, but the sex was too good. Their love-making was athletic and energetic. Not only that but there was that emotional connection that they both acknowledged independently that made their short time together rise above the purely physical. The cuddles and the nibbled ear lobes left Amy feeling not just well satisfied, but cherished. After the first rampant night under those hotel sheets, they met again the following evening with Max promising he would come down again as soon as his busy schedule allowed. Max was based in one of the famous distilleries. The sparkling rivers and peat soaked west Highlands was his home and business. Max was as good as his word and four weeks later he was back in the west country. Amy, now trusting him completely entertained him in her own humble abode. It was a small flat on the edge of town but it was tastefully furnished to her requirements and she was happy there. Amy was a traditional west country girl, who had left college and gone straight into the hotel, where she was training to be bar manager. She was intelligent without being academic. She had a comforting, warm personality which endeared her to Max. While she was professional at work, she played hard and saved the best for Max. Such was their relationship for a few months. Every two to three weeks Max would catch the train to Exeter to be with his baby. They would have sex, go for a meal or a walk in

the park but mainly they had sex. In the July, it was Max's birthday. He and Amy had talked during one of their passionate meetings about likes and dislikes; about fantasies and fetishes. Max admitted to two. Amy wondered if, for his birthday she could combine them into one special treat. Amy was a good girl. As Max was to discover, she also had a dark side. ***** Amy sat in the hairdresser's chair. She was having her mousy hair dyed jet black. It was part of the effect. A new Amy. She was the same girl on the inside but she wanted her hair to match her lingerie. She was going to become a slut for a night. After her appointment she met her friend Kayleigh from the hotel. She had talked it over with her. Kayleigh agreed to assist with some of the logistics for Max's treat. Max had received the text from Amy. It just said to check in and go to room 22. He showered and made himself comfortable. The luxury of the hotel reminded him of their first time. There was a knock on the door and the maid entered with some fresh pillows. The girl was in the old fashioned French maid's outfit. Her long blonde hair, slightly tousled fell down her back. Her hold ups left a little bare flesh exposed beneath her little skirt. Max checked her out and his innate male urges were aroused. Then he felt guilty, he wanted Amy to be here. He needed to fuck her. A few minutes later, his suspense was over. His girlfriend tapped on the door and Max was delighted to see her, but why was she in the duffle coat? Was it raining? Her coat wasn't wet and why was her hood up? He knew it was her simply because no one else had that cute little up-turned nose. "Happy Birthday, Max. Do you trust me?" "Thanks, babe. Yes, what sort of question's that?" asked Max, struggling to interpret her odd attire. Amy pulled up the chair, which nestled under a little writing table in his room and placed it in the middle of the floor, a couple of feet from the end of his bed. "What's all this? You going to take your coat off, so I can see you properly." "Undress Max," said Amy calmly. "If you've got a surprise can't you just tell me?" "Undress, Max, and sit on the chair," said Amy again. Max decided to go along with her little act and took off his robe and sat on the chair. A slight thrill went through his body. He liked the role-playing but the duffle coat seemed to be a bit unnecessary. "Take the coat off, baby, and come and sit on my knee." Amy felt in her coat pocket and pulled out four white nylon stockings. "Put your hands down by your sides, Max." "Amy! What have you got planned!" exclaimed Max, acceding to her request. Amy left him with his wrists and ankles bound to the chair. "Have fun!" she said, as she turned out the bedroom light. All Max heard was the click of the door and was left alone in the dark, effectively unable to move. "Amy?" "Amy?!" Thirty seconds went by and Max sat there, his heart palpitating. "Ah you there Amy? Come on baby a joke's a joke." Max tried to wriggle free but she had tied him too tight. Max was now perspiring as all sorts of thoughts began to run through his mind. Before Max's anxiety had turned to panic, there was another click as his door opened again. Then another as it was closed. The light came on slowly with the dimmer, which Amy was operating with a remote control. She and Kayleigh stood in front of Max. Amy's coat had gone. Kayleigh was in her little maid's uniform, who Max obviously recognised from a little time earlier. Amy was in a short black skirt and black stockings and suspenders. Her blouse was a red satin one, the top three buttons undone, revealing her black lace bra. Max looked from girl to girl. For a moment he processed what he could see. He thought his girlfriend was sexy anyway, but now! He loved her new hair colour and her clothes. Now he knew why she had been so mysterious. "Wow, babe! You look amazing." Amy

smiled wryly. She licked her lips and walked around slowly to the back of Max's chair. Kayleigh stepped towards him and knelt down a few inches from his toes and looked up at him sexily. Max's cock began to stir as Amy massaged his shoulders. Kayleigh began to stroke his feet. She ran the outside of her hands inside Max's calves. "Ooh, that feels good. Who's your friend Amy? I thought she was a real maid." Amy said nothing but kissed Max on the cheek and then kissed his lobes softly, blowing her hot breath into his ears. Max shuddered. "Tied you up good didn't I Max! All those years in the Brownies. You learn about knots, if nothing else." Kayleigh sat up on her knees allowing her hands to drift further up Max's firm, downy legs. Amy joined her, kneeling by her side. "What do you think to Kayleigh? Eh, Max?" "Hmmm...yes, very nice." Amy traced a finger along the outline of Kayleigh's face. She looked up at Max and then watched his cock grow harder as she ran her fingers through Kayleigh's hair; playing with it. "Would you like to watch us kiss, Max, before we undress... oh maybe you want us to undress each other. Would that be nice?" Max's cock got harder and harder and was almost standing up as Amy put a hand on the back of Kayleigh's neck, just before their lips met. "Wow! Oh yes! You two look so beautiful!" exclaimed Max. He wanted to stroke himself, but all he could do was sit there with his cock pumping and throbbing. The girls continued to kiss each other deeply, making a wonderfully wet sound as their lips parted. They continued to French kiss as Max groaned. This was one of his fantasies - to see his girlfriend kiss another girl. They were rolling their tongues together, exchanging saliva, kissing softly. Max's could just watch as his cock twitched, helplessly. When at last their lips parted Amy unfastened the buttons on the black half tunic of Kayleigh's maid's outfit and then started to undo the buttons, which were set in the lacy bodice. Kayleigh turned to her friend and did likewise. One by one Amy's buttons were popped open, revealing more of her black bra. Max was soon feasting his eyes on Kayleigh's white brassiere, his mind running ahead, anticipating what lay beneath. Their bras still in place, both girls stood up and deftly undid their skirts and let them fall casually to the floor. Max's cock was as hard as it could get, or at least that's what it felt like. Not being able to relieve himself or be touched was a new experience. His confinement was both frustrating and exhilarating. "Hmmm, your cock looks good, Max. I bet you'd like us to touch it. What do you think, Kayleigh? Shall we make him wait?" "Awww poor boy. Yes let's get naked and then we can lick it together," said Kayleigh coolly. At Kayleigh's words a thrill of delight rushed through Max's body, making his heart skip a beat. Amy smiled and licked her lips, feeling faintly amused by its rhythmical twitching. She stood behind her friend, kissing her shoulder as she slipped one bra strip down Kayleigh's arm, followed by the other. Kayleigh turned to face Amy and disconnected the catches on Amy's bra, which was front-loading. Almost simultaneously their bras fell away revealing each girl's pert, up-tilted tits. Max drank in their perfect young bodies, lit so seductively in the half light of the bedroom. Kayleigh's nipples were so ripe and succulent; Amy's just slightly puffy with a corona of goose bumps. Both girls walked towards Max and then stroked his torso. Kayleigh teased his nipples gently and Amy leant towards him. His girlfriend waved her breasts tantalisingly close to his face, as Kayleigh rubbed her soft legs against his. Max groaned at the unbelievable treatment he was receiving and yet they had barely touched him. Kayleigh looked him in the eyes as she lowered Amy's panties. Max gasped as he glimpsed her

moist, shaven twat. He had never wanted her pussy so badly. Amy smiled as she turned and prolonged his torment, sitting at his feet and stroked his ball sack with her finger tips. His scrotum had gone taugth like a huge walnut. "Watch Kayleigh, Max. She's going to take her panties off for you. Is that good, Max?" As Amy spoke, she brushed the underside of Max's cock with her index finger. At the same time Kayleigh eased her knickers down inch by inch. Her little muff was trimmed into a neat strip, her moist pink lips nestling between her legs. Max's tongue rolled involuntarily along his bottom lip as his breathing grew deeper. Max watched - he was transfixed with nervous anticipations as Kayleigh walked towards the chair. Amy stroked Max's cock, just a little - just enough to heighten his visual stimulation. Kayleigh made as if to climb on the chair, but she turned and took an opaque bottle from the small chest of drawers and handed it to Amy. The spellbound captive of the girls' game watched, almost unable to believe his eyes as Amy poured little rivers of baby oil onto Kayleigh's body. At first Amy rubbed the slippery substance all over Kayleigh's body, rolling it round and round her breasts and belly. Then, she stood face to face with her friend. They kissed softly, before rubbing their bodies together in a gyrating, gliding movement.. After a minute or more, Amy's body was almost equally covered in an oily sheen. Both girls turned towards Max, deliberately exaggerating their gait, swaying their hips. Max gasped and then moaned as Kayleigh knelt on the chair, straddling Max, rubbing her breasts in his face. She moved her body in a figure of eight; her body touching his. Her soft belly brushed his cock. Max yelped, causing both girls to giggle. Max tried to speak but no words would come out, his body was becoming a singularity of sexual frustration. His mind and body was absorbed with pre-orgasmic tension. He felt that almost the slightest friction on his cock would make him come. The girls knew this and held back. For a while they just stroked his legs, occasionally looking up at him dolefully. They exchanged the odd kiss, one or two on their lips, another on their neck. "I want you to cum in me, Max. I want you to fill my pussy with your cream," said Amy. "But not before I've watched Kayleigh take you in her mouth," she added. "I'll be gentle, Max," said Kayleigh. You'll hardly know my soft warm lips are gliding over your nob." "Are you ready, Max?" said Amy, firmly. "You can't cum. You have to hold back for me, Max." Max's breathing grew deeper and more forceful as Kayleigh moved closer. Even before she had touched him a little precum oozed from his slit. Then Kayleigh moved closer still, stroking his shaft tenderly. Max shivered, almost shrinking back, not wanting to let Amy down. He had to fight it. He wanted to give in to his urges, to let the experience take its toll on his cock. Somehow he held off. Kayleigh smiled mischievously and stuck out her tongue a little and then hovered over his engorged penis. She allowed a little sloop of saliva to roll down over his glans. Then she licked his shaft, before closing her lips around the head. She used the lightest contact - an almost feather-like pressure on his penis. Max winced with a pleasure, which was as close to pain as he had known. Amy stood facing Max, fingering her molten wet pussy as she watched her friend give him the slowest blowjob it was possible for a girl to bestow on a man. Max's face was a picture of anguish - a mixture of pleasure and torment, as his whole body tensed in the chair. Every sinew of Max's toned frame was held tight. He was being pushed to his limit. His breathing was now laboured, at times shallow, as Kayleigh took him deeper. Then she rolled her tongue around the ridge of his helmet and then up the pink flushed banjo string. Max began to

tremble like a leaf, his moans an incoherent plea for release. Amy stood up and tapped Kayleigh on the shoulder. In a second Amy was facing Max, leaning on him with her hands around his neck. An instant later her dripping wet pussy, now virtually running with juice slid around Max's rigidity. She kissed him on the neck running her finger nails over his back as she began to rock back and forth on his cock. "Oooh, Amy! Oh fuck, Amy!!! AMY!!!" Amy thrust her body up and down on Max's cock, rubbing her love tunnel over it. Max pushed his face into Amy's hair as the burning sensations grew stronger and his balls filled to the brim with spunk. His cum had been built up slowly but surely, until now there was a massive cataract waiting to spill out and sate his desire. Amy's thrusts became more urgent, grinding on his hardness, bringing him to the inevitable conclusion. "Max, come! Come for me! Come now!" Max was gasping and blowing as the final throes of pre-orgasm gave way to a bursting, insane climax. "Aaaaaaaaaaahhh....Amy!!! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarghhhhh!" Max's body trembled and as he emptied wave after wave of spunk deep into Amy's pussy. "Oooh fuck! Amy, Amy... ooh that's so good!" "That's it my darling, let it all go!" "Aaaaaaaaaah...aaaaaaah... oooh." Max's hips juddered a few more times, as he pumped the last of his seed into his girlfriend's vagina. Amy stroked his hair and kissed his temple affectionately. Kayleigh perched on the bedside table, opening a bottle of wine as Amy untied the four pieces of hosiery, which had secured Max to his chair. "Did you enjoy your birthday surprise?" asked Amy, with a twinkle in her brown eyes. "Oh, baby! I love you so much!" was Max's heartfelt reply.