

Cabin Fever

By LunaClaire

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We take a drive in the country to a place we have never gone before for the weekend. We drive deep into a wooded forest and pull up to a stone cottage. You begin putting away the groceries and I begin lighting a fire in the den to take the chill out of the air. I take in the bags placing them in a hidden bedroom, pulling the door closed tightly behind me. You wonder perhaps what I am doing, but you know it has something to do with my plans for the evening so you don't pry. Inside the room, I take a deep breath and begin an assessment of the room. There is a large down filled bed made of heavy black iron. There is a stone fireplace to match the one in the front room and I light a fire in here as well. I open a bag, pull out several large candles and an incense burner lighting them both, setting them in strategic positions around the room. There is a thick, heavy rug in front of the fire place and I take several large pillows from the bed and place them on the floor near the fireplace. With these preparations made, I pick up a small bag and join you in the kitchen. I drop the bag at the end of the counter and you look at it suspiciously. You have fixed a light meal which we share in front of the fireplace, sipping wine, talking quietly. The scent of the incense has now filled the room with a warm musky smell, very sensual, an essence we frequently use during lovemaking. You smile at me from across the couch as you slowly begin to realize what pleasure lays ahead. We sip our wine, kissing passionately, touching each other. I sense your eagerness and ask if you are ready to move to the bedroom and you nod your head yes. I walk to the counter to retrieve the bag, setting it down between us. In an outside pocket there is a black blindfold which I pull out and place gently over your eyes, securing it tightly. You smile as you love this game, eagerly awaiting my next move. I move down in front of you and remove your boots and socks, my hands rubbing up your length, pulling you to a standing position in front of me. I reach forward, releasing the fastener of your jeans, sliding the zipper slowly down. You reach down to grab your waistband to assist me and I catch your hands, kiss them and place them back at your sides. I begin sliding your jeans off your hips and down your legs kissing the soft skin as I peel your clothes off. You step free of the jeans and I lay them across the couch. I pull your sweater over your head leaving you standing in front of me totally naked, beautiful and curious. I kiss my way up your body as I slowly rise to my feet. I reach for the bag and pull out a pair of metal cuffs. You hear them jingle together and feel their coolness as I snap first one cuff around your wrist and then the other. I take your face in my hands and kiss you deeply, a wicked grin appearing at the site of you blindfolded and cuffed in front of me. I take you by the hands and lead you to the bedroom. As I open the door you can smell the incense fully now, hear wood cracking in

the fireplace and feel the surrounding warmth in the room. I lay you down on the rug in front of the fire and begin applying a massage oil all over you, rubbing it deep into your skin. It tastes of cinnamon as I take your breast into my mouth licking it softly. The heat in my mouth and breath activates the warming action of the oil and your body warms quickly. After coating the front of your body, I raise you from your soft bed and move you forward to the fire. There is a raised stone hearth which I guide you to step up on. I raise your hands to rest on the mantle and secure them on a hook holding your hands motionless. Moving back down behind you I begin coating your back with the oil, spreading your legs slightly on the hearth. I reach around you cupping your breasts in my hands, moving my now naked body in close behind you. I kiss your neck, nibbling you lightly, licking my way up to your ear. I whisper in your ear, telling you how beautiful and vulnerable you are standing here as my left hand slides down to cover you with my palm, feeling your warmth and growing wetness. Your nipples slide smoothly under my fingers as they grow harder under my touch. Your body weakens for a second leaning into me for support and I hold you closer. My thumb traces small circles over the top of your clit, fingers playing lightly in your hairs, parting your lips. With my feet, I spread your legs further apart opening you to me. I slide a finger gently inside you moving easily in the mixture of your juices and the hot oil. I feel your muscles stretch as I slide another finger inside you, my thumb now pressing against your hard clit. Together our hips begin to rock with the motion of my fingers as they move in and out of you. I bite your shoulder softly as my fingers stroke your nipples. Your soft moans encourage my movements, moving faster over your body. I feel your muscles grip my fingers as your first orgasm explodes inside you. As your body begins to quiet, I remove my fingers, raising them to my mouth to taste you, sucking your juices off greedily, savoring the sweetness. Your taste on my tongue makes me eager to taste your soul and I move down to kneel between your legs on the warm hearth. I take your left leg and drape it across my right shoulder. I whisper, "Can you feel the extra strain it puts on your right leg?" You whisper "yes", saying it makes your knees even weaker. I kiss my way up first one thigh and then the other stopping frequently to nibble certain spots. I take your butt in my hands and pull you forward to my eager mouth. The fingers of my right hand spread your lips as my tongue probes gently into your valleys and peaks, circling the center of your wetness. My lips brush across then come to rest on your clit which swells to meet my kiss. I suck you deeper into my mouth, keeping constant pressure on your clit, not willing to let go. My tongue pleases you this way for several minutes, until I feel your body begin to arch in preparation for orgasm and I stop, leaving you hanging on the edge. Slowly I trace circles around you again, teasing you and you moan, begging to be released from your torture. I laugh softly and slowly enter you with my tongue, gently at first, slowly increasing depth and speed. Your hips thrust forward to welcome my tongue, urging me deeper and deeper inside. You plead to have your hands released so I reach up and free the cuffs from their lock. With your hands still restrained, you reach down and bury your fingers in my hair, soaked now with the heat of our passion. Sweat pours down my back, dropping to the stone where it sizzles and disappears as steam. Your hands pull me deeper still, my face coated with your sweet juices. Your body begins to jerk like bolts of electricity are running through it, breathing now in rasps and sobbing for air. I place your leg back on the hearth and hold you tightly until the spasms subside.

Once your body has calmed, I take your hand and lead you over to the rug, laying you down and propping your head and shoulders with large soft pillows. I release the cuffs and offer you a drink of cool spring water as you lay back against the pillows trying to regain control of your body. I tell you to rest for a few minutes and I remove the blindfold covering your eyes. Your eyes are aglow as you look around the room for the first time. Your breathing is beginning to slow now, but your body is covered with sweat. I kneel down beside you, pulling an ice cube from the glass and raise it to your lips tracing your soft skin. I begin running it slowly from your lips, down your neck and across the pulse now throbbing again in your neck. The ice begins to melt as it slides down to your collar bone, down between your breasts, across your hardened nipples and comes to rest in your belly button. I bend over your body, sucking the ice from you and crunch it between my teeth. Smiling, you reach inside the glass pulling out another cube and place it in my mouth. I interpret this as an invitation to further explore and take the cube between my teeth and move in between your knees. I bend my head forward, touching the ice to your most sensitive spot and you gasp with the sensation of the coldness against your heat and wetness. I take your clit in my mouth, sucking the ice cube over and around it, making your body squirm. Your hand finds my hair again, gesturing that you are enjoying this attention and my pace quickens. I slide the ice past your lips and it disappears inside your warmth. My tongue quickly follows, probing inside for the ice, moving it slowly around inside you, melting rapidly now. Your hands reach down to give attention to your nipples as my fingers begin to stroke your clit. The ice is gone, however my tongue continues to work inside you, reaching deep to find the source of your heat. Your muscles begin contracting around my tongue as your body tenses for an orgasm. Your lips quiver as the emotion overcomes you and your body is once again set free. I move upward to lay on top of you, my own body releasing as I feel the spasms occurring deep inside you. You run your nails down my back bringing tiny welts to the surface to acknowledge my pleasure, bringing chill bumps to the surface. We kiss and lay together for a while, touching, relaxing in the closeness of our bodies as we drift off slowly into sleep.