

# A Gift For A Friend

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Published on Lush Stories on 01 Mar 2007



*Man ties up his unsuspecting girlfriend and gives her to his roommate as a birthday present.*

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A Gift for a Friend A knock on the door brought me back from the book I was reading. As expected my girlfriend Amy waited outside. Unexpectedly Amy's platinum blond hair spilled down her back like a gleaming waterfall rather than the sporty pony tail she usually wore. The rest of her outfit was similarly impressive. A short jet-black cocktail dress and matching sandals perfectly set off her hair and the low-cut strapless top revealed her delicate white skin. Amy's legs hardly needed the stockings she wore but the way their tops were just barely visible at the bottom of her dress transformed look from just hot to naughty and outright sexy. "Wow, you look hot today," I complimented. "You did tell me to dress up for your apartment-mate Omar's birthday," replied Amy. With a slightly mischievous smile she added, "So are you going to let me in or just stand there oggling me?" "Ogging sounds good," I mischievously replied but I moved aside anyway shutting door behind my hot little girlfriend. Turned on by her sexy outfit and the surprise I had planned I pushed her back against the door with a long serious kiss. Recognizing my excitement Amy playfully ran her index finger over the unmistakable bulge in my pants and after a naughty lick of my ear she whispered, "Do we have time before Omar gets back?" A broad smile lit my face and I replied, "Of course," taking her soft hand and leading her back towards the bedrooms. In the hallway I took a left tugging my unsuspecting girlfriend into Omar's room instead of mine. "Why here" Amy asked in response to my choice of rooms. Leaning down I planted a gentle kiss on her neck before answering. "I thought it would be exciting knowing he might walk in on us at any moment," I lied. "Mmm it does sound fun," Amy affirmed with a kiss. "Maybe you could tie me up?" she asked in an uncharacteristically vulnerable tone of voice. I loved the way she got so turned on when she felt vulnerable. Wanting to be tied up made my plan so much easier I just hoped I hadn't overestimated how much she enjoyed it, or how attracted she was to Omar. "You won't have a choice in the matter," I declared. Demonstrating my intent I tightly grabbed her wrists in my hands and moved in for a fierce kiss. Judging from the way she melted against me I had chosen the correct response. Still locked in a kiss I forced her up against the wall pushing her wrists together up above her head. I broke the kiss and grabbed both wrists in one hand. With my free hand I cupped her chin and give her an impassive weighing stare. Seeing Amy's mouth hanging half open in desire and the way her eyes begged me to force myself on her caused my dick to harden instantly. Playing to the small webcam I had discretely placed in the corner to privately

record all this on my computer, I resisted the invitation and instead used Amy's chin to turn her head first to the left and then right as if I were inspecting property. The gesture wasn't lost on Amy and a gasp escaped her pleading mouth. Possessively I let the tip of my finger run down her cheek continuing down her neck and chest until it rested against the top of her dress. Driving home Amy's lack of control I hooked my finger down below the delicate fabric and ran it over the top of her breast soliciting another moan from my girlfriend. Suddenly, without warning, I spun Amy around and forced her up against the wall. Maintaining my solid grip on her wrists I pressed my body up against hers, pinning her to the wall. Hinting at what my control entailed I pressed the hard bulge in my pants against her firm buttocks, breathing heavily and grinding myself against my girlfriend at the familiar feel of hard muscle and soft flesh pressed against my cock. Grabbing something from the desk I surprised Amy with the cold touch of metal against her smooth flesh as I snapped a pair of handcuffs around her wrists. In response to the new restraint Amy tried to pull away but with her hands cuffed in front of her she could do little but turn me on with her struggles. Using the handcuffs to pull Amy's hands up above her head I used a foot to force her legs apart. Pressing my body up against hers I used my feet to keep her legs spread while I dropped my free hand down to her thigh and possessively ran it up over her body. Stopping at her breasts I pause to massage them while Amy fought futile against the handcuffs. Responding to my girlfriend's struggle's I whispered in her ear, "Such a sexy body and all mine to play with." Continuing to possessively run my hand all over Amy's body I made a point of showing the webcam my control over her desire as well as her body. Once Amy began to moan at my manipulations I stopped to nibble at her ear for a moment. Then, giving her time to appreciate the inevitable, I whispered in her ear, "I think its time to lose the dress." Once again Amy yanked at the handcuffs reassuring herself that she couldn't stop me. Slowly, as if to mock her struggle, I unzipped the back of the dress. Silently thankful for my girlfriends choice of a strapless dress for the evening I let the fine black fabric crumple in a heap on the floor. Stepping back to arm's length I appreciatively looked Amy's body up and down. Clothed only in a thong and matching bra plus sheer white stockings and a garter belt she made for an impressive sight. Spinning Amy around again I made sure to give the camera an unobstructed view so she could watch this with me later. Nakedness multiplying her vulnerability Amy's lips trembled in helplessness and desire as I lecherously looked her over. Aroused by the vision of a beautiful half-naked girl pinned to the wall I moved in for another kiss. Though Amy's eyes blazed willful defiance and she still struggled fiercely against the restraints her lips eagerly sought mine out and her body squirmed needily beneath mine. Breaking the kiss I threw Amy down onto the nearby bed. Making a quick attempt at escape Amy tried to roll away but before she could get anywhere I was kneeling atop her pressing her hands down into the mattress above her head. Breathing heavily Amy looked up at me, a mixture of desire and excited fear on her face showing she knew she could do nothing to stop me from using her body as I wished. Rubbing my cock with my free hand I thought about how Amy would be used this time and groaned but I dared not tell her until she was securely restrained. Grabbing the key from the nearby dresser I unlocked one of her wrists and snapped the metal bracelet around one of the bedposts. Quickly picking up another pair of cuffs I duplicated the restraint on her other wrist leaving her arms spread

out in a Y and securely affixed to the bed posts. Selecting another device from the dresser I dangled a thick leather collar complete with metal rings for a leash in front of Amy. With both hands free it was a simple matter to fasten it around her neck, grinning amusedly at her futile attempts to stop me. Snapping the leash onto her collar I teasingly remarked, "There now you look like a proper sex slave, ready to be used for a man's pleasure." Then smiling mischievously I added, "I wonder what Omar would do if he came back and found you waiting for him like this." Despite the worried look that flashed across her face Amy was breathing heavily as I pulled her face up to mine with the leash. With the gentlest of touches I pressed my lips to hers teasing refusing to lean any closer and give Amy the deep kiss she so obviously wanted. Releasing the leash I let her unsupported head thump back onto the bed. Now that there was no chance of Amy slipping free it was time to reveal what I had in store for her but first I had to silence any potential protests. It might hurt a bit but a strip of duct tape would do the job nicely. Besides, duct tape looked way sexier than a bulging florescent ball gag. As I expected a surprised "Hey" escaped Amy's mouth when she saw the roll of tape but before she could complain further a six inch silver strip sealed her mouth. Anger flashed in Amy's eyes and she seriously tried to pull her wrists out of the handcuffs. I merely ran my finger possessively over her upper chest waiting for desire, fueled by her inability to stop the duct tape or escape, to overcome anger. Amy's expression suggested she knew exactly what I was waiting for, but knowing that I had that sort of power over her just aroused her further. With Amy finally silenced and securely restrained I leaned back in admiration running my fingers down over her bra, past her perfectly flat stomach and over the edge of her thong. Letting one finger dip underneath the elastic band I elicited a muffled moan. Continuing to stroke Amy's sensitive belly and tease her with short explorations under her thong I decided it was time to let Amy know what was in store for her. "So you know," I began, "I finally found a good gift for Omar's birthday." A quizzical expression crossing Amy's face at this seemingly unrelated announcement. "I'll give you some hints as to what it is," I continued. "It's already in Omar's room. It's soft, bigger than a bread box and I \*know\* he will like it." As I listed the hints I could feel Amy's body grow stiff beneath me as my intentions became clear. "I still need to finish unwrapping it," I added with a meaningful look down at Amy's bra and thong. Finally eliminating any remaining doubt I asked, "Didn't you find it odd I had all these restraints ready in Omar's room?" Finally realizing what I meant Amy worriedly shook her head no offering muted protests through her gag but I pretended not to understand her muffled demands. Calmly looking over my girlfriend's almost naked body I reiterated, "Yes I'm positive he will like his present." With a sly smile I added, "You aren't going to tell him are you?" Of course with the gag in her mouth Amy's response was limited to an indignant squawk. As it dawned on Amy that I might be serious she yanked and pulled at the handcuffs while twisting and turning to try to knock me off all to no avail. Ignoring her struggles, as well as the continued muffled protests, I calmly unsnapped Amy's bra revealing her pert breasts. Cupping one in my left hand I leaned down to suck at the other breast. Suddenly the protests were replaced with long muffled moan. Switching my mouth to the left side Amy's struggles tapered off unable to compete with the forced attention to her sensitive breasts. Sitting up again I kept Amy too turned on to fight by kneading her breasts with my hands. While Amy helpless writhed in pleasure in

response to my manipulations I described to Amy what was going to happen. "Once I finish striping you I'm going to tie your ankles to the bed so you can't close your legs. I will keep teasing you to make sure my present is nicely wet and ready to fuck. Once I'm satisfied your ready I will blindfold you and leave you all alone tied to the bed." As I continued my description Amy continued with the pretense of struggling but based on the volume of her moans the situation was turning her on despite of herself. "When Omar comes back he will find a hot naked woman tied to his bed with a message telling him your his birthday present. You know he's fantasized about you forever so I'll leave it up to you to guess what he's going to do." Abandoning Amy's breasts I turned around and knelt over my girlfriends nearly naked body. Sitting back over her stomach and using my weight to control Amy's fading struggles I slid her thong down her long shapely legs. This left my girlfriend wearing only a pair of stockings and a garter belt, the minimal covering calling attention to her nudity more than offering any decency. Placing my hands flat against Amy's hips and lower stomach I placed my weight on them, holding Amy pressed motionlessly down on the bed, and hoisted myself to my feet but instead of trying to break free Amy only emitted a muffled moan at the pressure of my hands near her needily aching pussy. A gentle stroke of Amy's thigh produced another moan. As I had suspected the idea of being tied up and left as a present for another man had turned her on more than I had ever seen before. I knew putting the rope around her ankles could be difficult so I continued to stroke her thigh as a distraction. As I let my fingers drift down onto Amy's inner thigh she involuntarily spread her legs, desire overriding any rational preference she might have. Moving my hand in between Amy's thighs I lightly brushed my fingers over her already quite wet lips. The moan this caused was loud even through the gag. Continuing my teasing touch of Amy's privates I slipped a loop of rope over Amy's foot without the slightest protest from my preoccupied girlfriend. Intensifying Amy's distraction I allowed my finger tips to slip between her labia while I repeated the process with the other foot. Judging from Amy's reaction she wouldn't have cared had I cut her foot off. Continuing to tease Amy I looped the rope up over the same bed post to which her wrist was handcuffed. Pulling on the loose end Amy dutifully bent her knee back, further opening her crouch up to my ministrations. Tying a one handed knot I leaned over the naked body on the bed to duplicate the process with the other leg. When I removed my hand from between Amy's legs to add a knot to the second rope Amy grunted plaintively and tried to yank her legs away but I had the rope already looped around the far bed post and had tight grip on the loose end. Tightly tying the rope back on to itself I eliminated any possibility for Amy to escape but her feisty nature required that she at least try to escape. Besides, I strongly suspected her complaint now had more to do with sexual frustration rather than her now totally unavoidable fate. Ignoring the fuss Amy was making I ran my fingers down from her neck down to her thighs, "Wow are you hot like this. I'll have to ask Omar if your as good a fuck in this position as you look." Hearing herself casually talked about as a sex object and knowing she had no choice in the matter Amy's hips twisted needily on the mattress. "Now just to make sure Omar knows you're for him," I said casually. Picking up a marker I continued, "Since you can't tell him yourself you're his birthday present I better put a label on you." Naturally resisting the debasement of being labeled Amy tried to pull away. Wisely though I had waited until she was fully restrained to attempt this and despite

her objections I easily wrote 'Happy Bday' across her chest and 'Fuck Me' in large letters on her stomach. "Now he knows your his present and even has a suggestion for how to play with his new toy," I commented with a smile. "Now the only thing you still need is a blindfold." Staring at the naked, blindfolded, bound girl laying on the bed I commented, "Wow, that really turns me on, especially the way it says Fuck Me on your stomach." I began to massage Amy's breasts as I continued, "Makes me wish I was the one who got the present, but then I wouldn't have the fun of giving my girlfriend away." Continuing to knead one breast I moved the other hand back in between Amy's legs. Teasing her again for a few minutes I cruelly stopped and waited a minute while Amy's expression clearly begged for me to continue. Leaning over I sucked at her breast for a minute before returning my hand to between her legs. Seemingly taking pity on Amy I stopped teasing and slid my fingers deep inside her. Between my mouth at her breast and my fingers sliding in and out of her body before long the muffled moans rose to an intense pitch. I could tell Amy was approaching orgasm. With an expertise born of familiarity I continued for another thirty seconds, bringing Amy just shy of orgasm, before stopping. "Enjoy being used," I said, confident she would. "Someone, probably Omar, should come here soon." I teasingly added so behind the blindfold she might wonder who it was, " Then turning around I walked out of the room leaving my frustrated girlfriend alone in the darkness of her blindfold to listen for Omar to come home. Closing the door to my room I sat down at my computer I pulled up the feed from my webcam. Watching my girlfriend squirm helplessly on the screen I slipped a hand down my pants and waited eagerly for my housemate to return. Quale:quale@eroticimagination.org  
Comments, suggestions and ideas welcome.