

Cool Metal

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A little edgy and erotic..

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Audri pulls into her driveway, breathing a sigh of relief as she steps out of her car and onto her driveway. The night is silent with the exception of her heels rhythmically clicking along the drive as she strides towards her front door. Standing before the door she fumbles for her keys in the dark. After what seemed like endless minutes she feels the cool metal against her fingertips and nearly smiles as she latches on. Any trace of a smile quickly fades as she realizes it is only her switchblade. She briefly grips the cool metal before tossing it back into her purse. Biting her lower lip, she suppresses the urge to cry and leans her weight against the wall. Exhausted, she ignores the cool jagged stucco pressing through her skirt as her body pulses with fatigue. The day has been long and she is in dire need of the comforts of her home... her safe place. Taking a deep breath and gaining composure she reaches into her purse again and with one quick motion she pulls out her keys. A smile tugs at corners of her lips. It is probably her first smile of the day. She quickly pulls herself upright and within seconds she is standing in her foyer. She takes a few steps and reaches down to take off her heels. She pauses as she hears a shuffle of feet, her pretty lips parting slightly in surprise. She waits..and listens, but hears nothing. She shakes her head-amused by her imagination. She reaches down again to remove her shoes, but she senses eyes on her and peers around. Again, seeing nothing out of the ordinary she laughs silently to herself. Adjusting her purse on her shoulder she momentarily forgets about her shoes and heads to her bedroom. She hears the familiar shuffle again and in mid-stride is thrown roughly to the floor leaving her breathless and the contents of her purse scattered in every which direction. Her attacker is quickly upon her with his weight pressing every inch of her into the floor. His voice is deep and calm as he speaks. The words chill her to her very core." Do you know what I'm going to do to you?" "Please, no..." "She whimpers her words muffled by the plush carpet. She knew his intentions. She could feel the hardness of his intention digging into the small of her back. She tries to move her hair falling onto her face blinding her from her surroundings. As if on queue she feels smooth silk over her eyes and in an instant her world is black. Grabbing her by the hair he forces her to stand on her feet. He uses his weight and large frame to pin her to the wall....leaving his hands free to explore. He reaches down and grips her inner thigh....gripping upwards and around until he reaches the curve of her backside... wanting to touch what he soon intends to take. He roughly runs his hands along the smooth contours of her body

until finally settling on her breast. It's then that she begins to struggle...hoping to worm her way free. Feeling a familiar cool metal against her throat she freezes in fear. She knows the metal all too well. She feels her body go weak and tears sting her eyes. "Please..." she murmurs. Clearly not appreciating her pleas he rams her firmly into the wall. His voice is dripping with sarcasm and his breath is unbearably hot on her skin, "No need to beg..." he mocks as he pinches her nipples through her blouse. She feels his weight shift slightly followed by his teeth biting down on her neck as he glides the cool smooth blade down her neck. "Face me" he commanded, shifting his weight slightly so that she could turn towards him. Slowly she turned, leaning against the wall. His body heat allowed her to know that he was close, but the blindfold kept her from knowing how close. For a second she was hopeful until she felt the shift of her blouse and the cool metal running along her breast and down her stomach as he sliced her blouse in two. Her blouse fell to the floor revealing her bare breasts. He paused for a moment to admire them and their dark peaks that almost seemed to stand at his attention "Little slut... you want it" he sneered. Silently she shook her head. Needing to see more he quickly slit her skirt from top to bottom. "Stand...with your legs apart." He instructed while admiring the dark patch of hair above her pussy. She did as she was told. Suddenly she felt the cool metal against her ankle. Slowly he started to slide the cool metal along the inside of her leg. She shuddered as the cool metal slid along her upper thigh. She felt as though her legs may give out beneath her. Smiling at her reaction he began to move upwards...sliding the blade across her stomach and over her breast until the cool metal pricked her throat. Smiling and pressing the blade firmly against her throat he took her nipple between his teeth and until he was sure it brought her pain. Her back arched and an inaudible sound escaped her lips. He stood upright and smiled a knowing smile. Sensing a change she stiffened and began to plead for her freedom, but was forced to her knees. Kneeling before him she felt the smoothness of his cock brush against her lips. Turning away she shamefully hung her head for briefly wanting to taste him. Ignoring her resistance he grabbed her hair and forced his throbbing cock between her lips. She unwillingly obeyed... parting her lips further... taking him deeper into her mouth. She glided her lips up and down over his cock...feeling his ridges along her lips and feeling him pulse inside her mouth. She felt the walls of her pussy contract as hot waves seared through her clit. She let out a small whimper realizing her body had betrayed her. As if sensing her thoughts he pulled his cock from her mouth and commanded her to face the wall on her knees. Trembling, she crawled into position somehow knowing this would have been the way he wanted it. "Put your hands....flat on the wall," he breathed. She did as she was told, but he mercilessly slammed her head into the wall. She began to cry, but he quickly yanked her by the hair making her suck in her breath....silencing her cries. He quickly knelt behind her. Without warning he entered her roughly....but she knew better than to make a sound. She bit her lip as his cock tore into her sensitive flesh. His cock thrust deeper with each stroke until she felt his cock ram into her cervix. She yelped in pain. He continued to hurt her this way as she felt the wetness of her tears start to roll down her cheeks. She found herself pressing against him as she let the waves of pain wash over her...pushing her to the edge. She rhythmically began to rock with him, but the cool metal on her throat reminded her who was in control. He slid the cool metal along her neck....over her breast and

down her stomach. The feel of the cool metal making her clit throb for attention.. He continued to run the cool metal until it reached the dark patch of hair above her pussy. He carefully placed the cool metal over her clit. She felt her clit throb against it...the contrast in tempature driving her wild. Pressing the cool metal firmly on her clit he rammed into her pussy making her cry out in pain. Satisfied that he hurt her he shuddered as he came releasing his hot cum into her throbbing pussy...she came as felt his searing hot juices inside her. It was then that he released her and she slumped to the floor. She heard movements that told he he was getting dressed. She lay there...blindfolded and exhausted...uncaring of the world around her. She hears a shuffling of feet and he is gone. Slowly, she rolls over and feels cool metal against her fingertips....she smiles and latches on.