

Allie's Birthday Present, Part 1

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SassyCheerGirl gets the first part of her birthday present

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For Allie This story was written for Allie as a birthday gift. Happy Birthday, Trouble! Monday You wake up lying on your side snug, warm, and comfy nestled in the sheets but sstill tired from working the night before. Consciousness comes slowly and reluctantly this morning, the desire to just stay in this Never-Never Land of semi-consciousness hard to resist. You eventually find the strength to flutter your eyes open and you see the clock on the nightstand blinking 10:30 at you. Sighing that you have to be at work again in just a few hours, you consider the value of sleep relative to the meagre pay you are getting for your exhausting job. A cloud moves and the sunlight, even filtered as it is by the closed blinds, is suddenly too much to bear so your eyes flutter closed again. You think about the sexy dream you had last night. The details are eluding you at the moment but you remember some delicious feelings and feel a twinge from below that agrees that it was a very hot dream. You stretch your body long and catlike in the bed and consider making another attempt to wake and get out of bed. Your hands stretch up above your head, pushing against the headboard that they find there, when suddenly, you feel two strong hands on your wrists, holding them in place. Your eyes shoot open in panic and you see him beside you. Recognizing your lover instantly you relax just a bit, but your heart is still beating fast in your chest at the surprise. You feel straps being fastened around your wrists and feel a mix of excitement and alarm, setting off a fluttering in your tummy and intensifying the tingling from below. Still adjusting to the surprise and not knowing what else to say, you say what was in your mind just a moment ago. "I-I have to go to work soon." He looks down at you with his deep dark eyes and smiles one of his sexy but evil smiles at you, reminding you how powerless you are to resist this man. "You're not going anywhere right now, Allie." You twist a bit against your bonds and whine, "But I have to pee," making one last, if very lame attempt to protest. He laughs and says, "Then this is going to be very hard on you." He runs his long fingers through his short black hair and looks you over. "I have some plans for you for later this week and I need to make sure you're ready." He chuckles. "Don't worry, I know you'll enjoy them." He pulls the comforter down slowly, then the sheet, leaving you covered by just your nightshirt. "W-what do you have planned for me?" you ask, trying to find your voice. He kisses you softly on the lips and simply says, "Shhhh," as he pulls back,

leaving you tingling and a little worried. "Kinda bright in here, huh?" he asks. "Not really," you respond, your eyes having already adjusted, only belatedly realizing that the question was rhetorical. Ignoring your response, he opens the nightstand and pulls out a sleeping mask, pulling it over your eye and returning you to darkness. You want to move your hand to shift the mask but your bonds keep you held firm. "Shhhh baby, just lie still for now," he reminds you. You feel his hands lightly touch on your thighs and you stop moving, giving him control of your body. His fingers move slowly and lightly on your thighs, waking your nerves there, tracing little swirls on your skin, and you start to hope for what is coming. Reaching the hem of your nightshirt, he takes hold of it, and lifts it slowly up over your hips. You can feel the weave of the fabric and the slight breeze of it on your skin and marvel at how sensitive he has made you so easily. With your hands tied and your eyes covered, there is nothing to distract you from the range of sensations on your skin. He works achingly slowly, rising slowly upwards. Your legs fall open on their own, a combination of hope and lust making this move inevitable. He traces his fingers along the edges of your high-cut red panties, starting at the hips and tracing lightly and maddeningly down between your legs, following the folds at your legs but not touching the more delicate ones that need touching the most. "Gawd you're a tease," you protest, hoping he's not going to drag this out too long. "Is that a problem?" he growls evily. "No," you admit in a slightly defeated tone, feeling the tingling below, and knowing that he knows full well how much this is affecting you. "That's the right answer," you hear the grin in his voice as he trails his hand down to your crotch. You open your legs wider to encourage him and he strokes you over your panties. The feeling of his stroking is muted through the cloth but you are definitely getting wetter. The fabric is saturating with your juices and you know that the wet spot will soon be visible through the cloth. He pushes the fabric into you, stroking the increasingly wet cloth against your slit. Your hips start to move as you try to increase the pressure and try to get more direct contact but he backs off in response, denying you your growing need to be stroked harder. He strums along your fabric-coated slit, riding up and down your lips, first just the outer ones, then working his way to the inner ones and then between those, touching you everywhere--everywhere but the place you want it the most. The tease of it is driving you mad, causing you to gyrate and thrust your hips in a futile effort to make him touch you there. Your need builds, your clit is hard and tingling, begging, almost screaming to be touched. Just as you think you'll lose your mind, he makes a quick stroke up your slit and stops, just for a moment at just the right point. You breathe in sharply as he makes intentional contact with your irrationally sensitive nub and thrill for a moment at the sensation. He removes his hand and then strokes again, making contact again with your nub. He strokes your clit slowly, sliding over the silky fabric, circling around it, building your pleasure. You feel pressure building for your orgasm overlaid on the growing pressure to pee. He's taking you slowly higher, and higher. His fingers touch you just the right way to cause you to shake with each contact, but not enough to give you your release. You feel your pussy clench against the fabric, sucking on it, wishing it was him, wanting to be touched, needing to be filled, but being denied. You're moaning now, gyrating against his hand. Wanting to cum, needing to, but he maddeningly keeps teasing you, controlling your rise. "Fuck me," you whine. This line a guarantee that you'll get exactly that from just about any guy. He just chuckles and keeps

stroking you, reminding you again that he's not a typical male by any measure. "Dear Gawd, please fuck me," you beg, needing him to give in, wanting this as much as you've wanted anything. "Not yet Allie," he chuckles. "Pleeeeeease," you moan, getting close now and desperate for the feeling of him inside you, or at least to feel his fingers directly. "You're getting close aren't you?" he asks needlessly, knowing he can see your body writhing on the bed "Gawd yes," you respond around your panting. He strokes you faster now, and harder. Your body starts to shake. The war between letting go and holding on becoming desperate. You need to cum so badly but are afraid to let go. You're vibrating now, approaching the edge. You're making whimpering, whining noises, still hoping he'll unmute the pleasure. Your pussy sucks and clenches against your sopping wet panties, your thighs soaked despite the fabric. You feel the end coming, the tingling starts and then.....nothing. He takes his fingers away and leaves you on the edge. You hump the air hard and fast trying to find him. You yank against the straps, desperate to cum and happy to take care of it yourself, but to no avail. You're making a keening whimpering sound of need. "Aaaaarrrrruuuuhhhhhh." You try to close your legs, hoping the friction will finish you off, but his body is between your legs and prevents it. Your body is spasming with need but all you can feel are his hips clamped hard between your thighs, holding your legs apart as you gyrate against the air and your panties. You feel his fingers tracing feather-light circles on your thighs. You beg, scream, yell, and moan, debasing yourself in the hopes that he'll let you cum. "Shhhhh," he admonishes, "I forgot to tell you earlier, but you don't get to cum today," he says in a husky near-whisper "WHAT?!" you yell, the desire changing to a combination of confusion, frustration, and even anger. "No, Allie, you don't get to cum today," he repeats softly, the evil dripping from his tone. "But, but, but...." You protest, still moving in need, but knowing he's not the kind of man to give in so easily. "Shhhh," he repeats, "it's all part of my gift to you." Whimpering and whining, you realize you'll just have to take care of business when he's gone. "Oh, and when I say you're not allowed to cum, I don't just mean that I won't do it, but that you're not allowed to touch yourself either." "Oooooo, gawd, but I need it so bad." "I could help you with that...." he offers, his tone cryptic. "Gawd yes, please....please help me....I need to cum so bad." "OK, just this once...next time, you're on your own," he says and you feel his fingers hooking into your waistband. He peels your panties off, the fabric pulling at your delicate folds as it comes free. The cool air of the room hits your wet heat and you feel more exposed than you ever have before. "Mmm, looks hungry," he observes as your pussy sucks at the air. "Gawd yes," you yell, waiting for his fingers to finally touch you, to give you the only thing you want in the world at this moment. "Well, I can just do this one thing right no..." "ANYTHING!" you beg, "Gawd, I NEEEEeeeeed it!" You hear him rustling with something. "OK baby, here you go." Suddenly you feel something hard and shockingly cold being pressed against your molten lips. You yelp at the shock, trying to move away but you can't. "AAAAHHHHHHHHhhh," you cry, feeling the ice cubes melting and the cold drips running down to your cheeks. Your legs try to close, this time to stop him from touching you, but they slam into his body just the same. You feel your impending orgasm run screaming from your body and you are just left with the cold wet feeling between your legs. The aching need that was there just moments ago being replaced by the ache and frustration of the cold. "There.....all better now?" he asks coolly. You nod, feeling tears streaming

past the mask. "Hmmm, not talking, maybe you need more ice." Your body tries to sit up but can't so you just studder, "N-n-n-no, I'm good, please no more, please." "Are you going to thank me for helping you?" he says as you feel his weight shift back on the bed "Yes Sir, thank you...thank you Thank You THANK YOUUuuu." "That's better." He removes your mask with his cold wet fingers and smiles at you. "I have something special planned for your birthday but there are rules to go along with it." Your eyes adjust to the light and you blink up at him, finding and getting lost in his eyes. "Rules?" "Yes. I will be playing with you over the next few days but you will not cum until your birthday. You will do as I say anytime I want to play with you and you will NOT touch yourself unless I say so. Do you understand?" "Y-yes sir," you stammer, worried about what you are agreeing to but knowing that you always love what this sexy man does to you. "Good. So no cumming until I tell you to, right?" "Yes sir," you say. You're starting to squirm a bit with the need to pee. "And you know what'll happen if you break the rules," he reminds you and your mind jumps back to the last time you dared to defy him. "Y-yes Sir. I-I'll be good," you say, your voice small now. He smiles again, undoes your bonds and helps you to a sitting position. You feel the gushing of your pussy, a combination of your juices and the melted ice, as you sit up, the aching there somewhere between sexy and just plain uncomfortable. "Good girl, now go pee." He gives you a hard SPANK on the ass as you rush off to the bathroom, your mind racing with what the next couple of days will hold for you, but knowing that this man has always made your submission worthwhile. (to be continued....)