

D&S Story

As I walk in to the room the first thing I notices is the wide array of candles you have set out. There must be 50 – in all shapes and sizes providing the only illumination for the modestly sized room. The queen-sized posted bed dominates the middle of the room; it has been stripped of blankets and is bare except for the black sheet that covers it. To the four posts of the bed are attached thin, strong lengths of nylon cord. The room pleases me, and you can see the hint of a smile cross my lips from your position, kneeling at the foot of the bed.

“Master, how may I serve you?” you ask with your head and chin respectfully held down. You are clad in a tight-fitting, lacy emerald, strapless merrywidow that gracefully accentuates the curves of your firm body. The garters run down your legs to lacy black stockings. You are wearing a very skimpy pair of matching lace panties, the crotch growing damp as you watch me move through this space. Your hair has been pulled back from your face in a loose bundle that flows down your back with a green ribbon. You do not wear any makeup or perfume with the exception of cherry red lipstick, making your lips appear as pillows on a tan bed of skin. You observe my power under dark denim pants, a black turtleneck shirt, and heavy, black leather shoes.

Seemingly without noticing that you are even in the room, I turn the stereo down, and cross the room to examine some of the candles that you have probably spent the better part of an hour arranging and lighting. The candles are not scented, they are pure bee’s wax though, and the sweet clean odor fills the room.

Other than the dresser, the bed, a small night table, and the candles the room is essentially bare and spotlessly clean. The blinds covering the windows have been drawn – well knowing that a mistake like leaving them open for our rendezvous would have been a painful. A simple chair sits at the wall opposite the bed.

I cross to you, towering over you, runs a hand through your gorgeous thick hair, pulling a lock of it up to my nose, inhaling its clean smell deeply. I smile and cross to the chair, sit, and look directly at you. Even in this light you notice that when my gaze fixes upon yours you tremble slightly and the hairs on your arms rise. I can sense so many emotions coming from you: the desire to have me take you in any way I wish, the anticipation of pleasuring me, the hope that I will in such a mood as to be willing to please you directly, and the slight smell of fear. Mostly there is the eager anticipation of my complete and utter dominance. You melt knowing that I will care for you as no other can.

I glance at my shoes, and without uttering a word you quickly scamper to my feet, and quickly remove the shoes and socks. As you kneel there you begin to rub my feet, knowing that they will be tired from a long day. As I smile again, you grow more confident that there will be no “lessons” to learn tonight. I then state calmly, in a soft clear voice, “I would like to smoke tonight.”

Understanding exactly what to do, you bow your head slightly, “Yes! Master” and leave the room with the grace that you always demonstrate moving about in the house. The lingerie that you are wearing perfectly accentuates your best features. You know that the garters and stockings are my favorites and you sway your hips to draw my attention there.

While away, I unbutton my shirt about half way before you return. You quietly approach me carrying a lighter and a joint. You assume your customary position, kneeling at my left foot. You raise the cigarette to your lips, light it, and draw in a long puff. Keeping the smoke in your lungs you move in closer to me and turn up your head towards mine. I look into your eyes and you can see how pleased I am by the twinkle in my eyes. Leaning forward I open my mouth and meets yours; as you begin to exhale the smoke from your mouth I draw it in – the smoothest hit one could ever imagine. As we smoke the rest of the marijuana in this fashion, your head begins to spin. You begin to relax enough to know that even if I doesn’t take care of your sexual needs directly that you will still end up completely and utterly satisfied tonight. You grow wet at the thought.

When I am high and satisfied with the drug, I tell you to fetch some ice water, telling you to drink a glass as well. You return quickly and deliver the water to my lips. Beginning to contemplate what I will do tonight; although very high and quite impressed by your efforts, I feel a hard edge. It will take some time to see how things play out.

“On the bed. Belly up. And take off those panties.” You jump to it almost before I have finished talking, seemingly automatically, as if you consider the commands as being *your own* desires. You stand in front of me, reach down and slide the panties down over your legs – knowing that I like you to keep the stockings and garters on, you always make a point of pulling the panties on last when dressing. You make a point pushing out your chest and looking up into my eyes as you slide them down your legs. I may be Master tonight, but you can still tease. You then walk to the side of the bed, swaying your hips at the same pace that you hope I will be thrusting into you later. You roll onto the middle of the bed, lying on your back, and knowing what is to happen you extend your arms and legs toward the corners of the bed.

I glance across your figure. Your legs are strong and the nylon of your stockings creates a most gorgeous texture. Your bush has been trimmed and brushed but otherwise retains its beckoning natural arrowhead shape. The merrywidow accentuates your waist. Your breasts, heading the call of gravity, rise only slightly above your chest. Strong shoulders connect to the neck where I love to caress you... where I know exactly how to kiss and bite to leave you squirming.

“Good girl,” I say. “Bind your legs.”

You swallow hard, although I do not notice it. You know that you will bind yourself much more tightly than I would; yet you bind yourself tightly anyway. You know that you will be very fortunate if you don’t have marks around your ankles or wrists tomorrow. I watch you tie the cords around each of your ankles, leaving only minimal clearance between your feet and the posts in a manner that

leaves your legs spread-eagled to the maximum extent. You continue to sit up, arms locked and supporting the weight of your upper body, they allow your chest to thrust out proudly.

I stand, walk to the bed and although still dressed, climb into the bed behind you. Having done this many times and you are not at all concerned. However, when I don't immediately take your hand to bind it, and when you hear me take something from my pocket your curiosity is piqued. Your first desire is to turn and look, but you catch yourself, realizing that I would have shown you if I had wanted you to see it.

Your world goes dark.

You are, at first, unsure of what has happened, but then quickly realize what has occurred. I have tied a dark silken blindfold over your eyes. In and of itself, it is not uncomfortable. This is, however, the first time that I've taken your sense of vision from you and when combined with the dizzying euphoria of the high you begin to develop a new set of nervous energies. Sensing this I whisper into your ear, "have I ever betrayed your trust? or hurt you?"

Instantly you relax. "No, Master, You haven't." The reminder serves to let you relax a bit more, and you lie down at my gentle push. Having bound your arms you know that you are completely at my mercy. You can no longer move your limbs or see. You can raise your hips off the bed to a degree, to strain forward and meet my thrusts. You can raise your head, to take me deeper into your throat should you I desire you to. In truth you are utterly helpless, but completely happy. You begin to focus on the sounds in this environment the only thing but your touch still left to you. You hear me removing clothes. For a moment you hear a click followed by a low-pitched hum, but it stops before you can identify the sound. Then for a period of about five minutes there is nothing. The only sounds you can hear are those of your own regular breath, the faint and steady beat of your heart, the whisper of a ceiling fan. You begin to become a bit nervous; you are completely and utterly vulnerable, unspeakable harm could come to you if I decided to turn on you.

You quickly dismiss this thought. I have and will *always* take care of you.

You first feel the faint, cool sensation on the soul of your right foot that quickly becomes the startling touch of ice. Reflexively, you pull your foot away, realizing only after the pain of the tightening cord has bitten into the flesh above your ankle that you will need to be far more controlled tonight than you usually are. The sensation slowly travels from the arch of your foot across your ankle, as the ice melts it leaves a wet trace on your stockings. The coolness brings about a shiver in you, you feel the hair on your arms and the back of your neck prick up. Your nipples grow hard from the cold.

I continue to slowly draw the ice up towards your sex. When it passes over the top of your stockings the touch of the ice directly on your skin brings out a visible shudder. I smile. The ice has now reached the top of your leg. Tracing a tight circle around your sex. The lips of your sex grow heavy,

red and wet in preparation for the inevitable. I withdraw the ice from you.

You then feel a cold drop of water splash on your right cheek then two drops land your lips, prompting you to seductively lick the moisture with the sexy sweep of your tongue across ruby red lips. Drops fall on your forehead, neck, cheeks, the hollow point of your neck just above your chest. The sensation of the water dripping then slowly rolling down your skin is almost exquisite. You relish the way I bring you to such exquisite and sensual perception. The drips stop.

You can sense me on the bed between your legs. From time to time my skin will touch yours, firing off a volley of desire to be touched everywhere. You can smell your scent as well as mine. The scents mingle in the cool air like lovers in spring. Each touch leaves you wanting more. You want to kiss, to be kissed, to feel my hand run up your thighs, to feel my lips on your nipples, to feel me enter you and stretch you.

Suddenly, both of your nipples are exposed to the ice; protected only by the thin lace of the merrywidow. You aren't quite sure whether the pain comes from the cold or the extreme hardening of your nipples, but you are sure that it is not comfortable. You bite your lower lip to keep from crying out; a lesson learned very quickly long ago. The sensation causes a creeping feeling, starting low down in your abdomen and working its way up.

An itch that you can't scratch.

Just before you begin to whimper and think that your nipples will become painlessly numb the ice is removed. You feel my hand grip the material of the merrywidow between your breasts and pull the garment down, exposing your breasts. You then feel the warm moist comfort of Master's mouth taking the cold and wet from your nipples. The contrasting sensations again bringing you greater pleasure than you would have suspected from this form of 'torture.'

Once again you are left in silence and without the sensation of touch upon your skin...it takes several minutes for your heart to slow and your breath to come easily again. Time, you realize, is becoming more and more difficult to judge while you lie here. You realize that acceptance is everything. You enjoy the euphoric spin of the marijuana high, reflecting back upon the sensations of the ice.

Once again there is the sudden shocking touch of ice on skin. This time however it is too much for you and a small gasp and whimper escapes your lips as the ice works its way into you. You bite your lip hard, almost drawing blood. You pull hard against your restraints, feeling the nylon begin to bite a bit. Your eyebrows knit themselves together above your nose and you feel tears well in your eyes. The ice is large, but not larger than me. It is not, however, nearly as yielding or gentle. It is shocking to you, bringing you instantly back into the moment.

I watch your response with a nearly clinical eye, intrigued by your strength in not crying out. You are a good submissive and know your place in our little fantasy. You know that I, as your Master for

a night, will do you no harm. Indeed, I stop when I see your breathing grow fast and a few drops of seemingly out of place sweat appear over your brow. The ice cock is removed and quickly replaced with my mouth and tongue...lapping at your sex, warming you and once again creating the extreme contrast of pleasure and pain.

Your head swims again. I'm almost more expert at bringing you off than you are. My tongue, lips, and fingers dance skillfully across your clit, along your lips, and inside you. Your honey flows with the melt water from the ice cock, you know you will be sleeping in a very large wet spot tonight but you don't even begin to mind. You know that you will be Master in the future and the wet spot will be mine then.

Master's tongue is quickly bringing you to the point of no return. Your hips rise from the bed as if they have a mind of their own, offering your sex and ass to Master fully. The nylon of the ropes strains as you pull against it. Again you find yourself biting your lip – this time to stifle the cry of preorgasmic pleasure that wants to escape. You feel the build up, the tension in muscles from your neck to your toes telling you that the edge is almost crossed. So close... so close.

Then nothing. I am no longer there and try as you might to will the orgasm to cum, the sensations abate and you are left with little more than a deep-seated yearning.

An itch you can't scratch.

Again time passes. This time however you are not given the luxury of catching your breath and regaining your composure. Your first sensation this time is the humming sound that clicks on somewhere at the foot of the bed. Your face lights up. A favorite toy of yours. You feel its faced paced vibrations first on the calf muscle of your left leg. I trace it up the inside of your thigh, much as I had just done with the ice. Your sex drips in anticipation, your nipples hard. It reaches your pussy and you try desperately to mount it, attempting to spread your legs wider so that I will understand just how badly you want this, but knowing better than to ask for it directly. I take my time, toying with you, teasing your clit for a moment. Then your lips. I let it slide down the river of juice flowing down from you to your ass. The head of the device passing over your anus, you shudder, an unexpectedly good feeling. It slides back up the river, the head slipping into the folds of your sex. You begin to shake with excitement. I ease it in, then out... a little deeper with each stroke. Soon your juices cover the device, while considerably smaller than master it provides a sensation that no living thing can offer.

You begin to reach your orgasm more quickly this time. It is also a more urgent feeling. Bigger. A moan escapes your lips, a visible shudder. Every pore is on fire and focused on your climax. You ache for it.

Again nothing.

You almost cry out at Master. How cruel he can be.

An itch you can't scratch.

I touch it to your lips. You smell yourself completely soaking the mechanical phallus. Knowing how much it pleases me to see you taste yourself, you open your mouth wide and allow the device entrance, probing for it with your expecting tongue. You never get more than a passing taste of your salt though. It is gone.

Master is keeping you guessing tonight. As it should be – variety is the spice of life. Your taste lingers on your lips like the smoke did. The pheromones stir my passions incredibly. A world of odor that drives me to become fully aroused. My sex, stiff and long, wanting only to enter you.

I am on you then. Kissing you passionately, kneading the globes of your breasts, nibbling on your neck. My hands exploring every inch of your body. You return my kisses with everything in your soul... it is all you can do. Unlike the focused intensity of the ice or the vibrator though, Master's body is providing pleasure to every sensitive point you have. The heady lustful feeling begins to build again but more slowly this time. Twice you have been brought to the edge and your body hesitates at going there again only to be denied. Master is playing you as a concert pianist would a grand piano. As the keys are tapped your head and heart race.

Master, almost roughly, spreads your legs to their limit. Yes! Finally! you think. I roll my pelvis to meet yours -- cock raging. I penetrate you with reckless determination. You feel as if you will melt as I finally slip into you, stretching you and filling you, emotionally as well as physically. The length of my sex sliding into you is just as it should be. Everything down there is swollen and wet. You feel my strong hips grind away. Long thrusts mixed with small ones. The gentle pressure of my pelvis on your clit. Each thrust bringing you closer and closer. Almost forgetting to breathe; you are so focused on this experience.

Your orgasm and his occur in almost perfect synchrony. You are surprised by how suddenly it takes you. You are completely amazed at the intensity and duration. It is a flooding ego-less sensation in which you lose the boundaries between yourselves. Uniting, you merge; an animal-creation-orgasm. Nothing other than this moment exists, could exist, will *ever* exist. The experience you have waited for so long to have. Every cell in this new being sings out. The last thing you remember before passing out is the sheer bliss of submission.

The itch has been scratched.

Author's Notes: This was the first story I wrote (erotic story that is). Hope you enjoyed it!

