

TIED UP

By DarkFox

Sarah steps forward, kneeling on the side of her marriage bed as a voice whispers into her ear, "Are you sure about this?"

The owner of that voice, her husband, draws a blindfold up over her eyes even as he speaks. Just like that, the world goes dark. She can feel it tighten as he ties it behind her head, the fabric catching in her long hair with a little pull that makes her wince. She doesn't speak, only nodding her head in assent, encouraging him to continue binding her.

They had talked for months about trying something new to find that spark in their sex life again, and now that it was finally happening she can't help but shiver with anticipation. She had read about bondage play before, and it always made her feel something akin to butterflies in her tummy. Something about the idea of surrendering control to someone else appealed to her. To know that someone else had control over her, and that they could do whatever they want, made her squirm. Her thighs rub together as she stands before her husband, letting him blindfold her. They had talked it out, picked a safe word, and planned to start light with him binding her wrists, but already she could feel her nectar dripping down her inner thigh.

She can't see him anymore, but she can feel his hands slide down from her head, fingers combing through her hair until they rest upon her shoulders, only to give her a little push. She catches herself just before hitting the bed, landing on her hands and knees in front of her unseen lover. Her head turns toward him, not that it does her much good. She waits, half expecting to feel his weight on her back, but nothing happens. She doesn't feel his weight shifting the bed beneath her, nor is he touching her anymore. The anticipation makes her squirm while she wonders if he is just watching her. He must be enjoying making her wait and showing her submissiveness to him.

The seconds tick by while she tries to hear him, but she can hear nothing but her own breathing. Part of her feels anxious, a little unnerved by the silent darkness that surrounds her, but another part of her burns with excitement. What was he doing? Her heat pounds in her ears. She shifts her weight back and forth on the bed, waiting for something to happen. Finally, she can't take it any longer, and she reaches up to pull the blindfold off so that she can see where he has gone.

"Dear?"

Sarah's hand never makes it to the blindfold. The moment her hand lifts off of the sheets she feels a weight land on the bed and settle at her side. A hand grabs her by the wrist to stop her before she can place her it hastily back where it was, letting her know she was caught.

"You didn't even make it a full minute," his voice broke the silence again. She feels his breath tickling her ear while he pulls her arm up behind her back. The awkward angle almost hurts, but she doesn't try to resist. She suspects that the real fun was about to start. "Remember our safe word?"

“Yes,” Sarah replies, her voice breathless as she feels the silk rope they had bought for tonight being wrapped around her wrist. The rope tightens just enough that she’s sure she won’t be able to get out of it easily. The pressure against her wrist was not quite enough to hurt. Her arm is then brought up again, over her head, and she hears the sound of the rope being looped around something else: the headboard of their bed. Just as she’s about to turn toward him, the rope binding her wrist grows taut, not tightening, but making it so that she can no longer pull the arm down. She feels the other end being wrapped around her remaining wrist before he knots that rope too. Another sound of rope against the bedpost, and that arm is pulled out from under her as well.

With both arms pulled out from under her now, Sarah falls forward against the bed with a soft thump, laying there and panting as she tugs against the ropes binding her wrists. They’re bound above her head and she is unable to get them free. She turns toward the weight on her bed, subconsciously wanting to look and see what he was doing next, but once more she finds herself surrounded by silence and darkness. It takes even less time than before for her to start wondering if he was still there. Was that really his weight on the bed, or her imagination?

A finger touches between her shoulder blades, and she nearly jumps. The tip of his nail trails down her spine, making her squirm as he teases her. He had barely touched her and she still found herself stifling a moan at the simple, teasing touch. They’d only just started and she was already excited... eager. That fingertip continues down her spine, only to stop at the small of her back to trace around the subtle curves of her body, more fingers joining it till his hand is caressing her hip. Sarah rolls to the side to lean into his touch, only for the other hand to make itself known with a slap against her ass. That surely leaves a red mark on her soft rump as a yelp of surprise escapes her. “H-Hey!”

Her husband just chuckles at her complaint, his breath against her ear. “No moving,” his breath hot against her, teasing the hairs along her ears. The subtle sensation sends a shiver down her spine. He was so close to her, she can feel the heat coming off his body. The blindfold made every sensation so much more... extreme. Her other senses are heightened by the deprivation. The lack of sight makes each touch more pronounced, even the stinging of her ass and ticklish hairs reacting to every breath.

She does her best to stay still for him as both hands start to move up along her back, fingers splaying out to trace every subtle curve of her body. She feels him tracing circles along either side of her spine, teasing her, but giving her no relief. She has no control. She is at his mercy, and he seems to be enjoying having her like this. Those fingertips soon reach her shoulders once again, and this time she feels him pushing down, his weight bearing down on her as he moves over her. She can feel him against her back, his legs on either side of her now, thighs against her sides, and more importantly she can feel his cock resting on her lower back.

Sarah tries to arch her back against him. She tries to encourage him to take his prize, but his hands merely move down and push her right back down onto the bed. He was having none of that; not done playing with her first. Moments later she feels the heat of his breath rolling over her back, just before his lips press between her shoulder-blades with a kiss. She then feels him nuzzling slowly up her back, till his next breath teases the back of her neck and her throat. He continues up and nibbles along the edge of her ear while he has her bound beneath him “Do you want it?” He whispers into her ear.

“Yes...” Sarah longingly answers. She practically felt like she was in heat by now, her pussy soaking wet between her thighs, wondering why he had not given it to her already.

“Beg,”

Sarah’s eyes widen beneath the blindfold. He wants her to beg for him. That’s why he is teasing her. He must want her to show how much she needs him. He required that she show that he is in charge, and in control. Even as those thoughts flash through her mind, the hands upon her back slide around her, drawing her half up off of the bed just so that those firm but gentle fingers can curl around her breasts. She moans, wantonly even, as his thumbs roll across sensitive skin, circling around the nipples while she squirms beneath him. She can’t help it as pleasure and need lace her every thought. “Please...”

“Not good enough,” that voice in her ear whispers tauntingly. His fingers pinch her nipples ever so gently, only to turn just far enough, twisting till it just starts to sting without hurting her yet. His act carries the silent promise of more to come if she doesn’t give in. She resolves to push that possibility another time.

“Please, fuck me... I need you inside of me... I can barely think, I want it so bad.” She lays it on thick and at the same time, she means every word. Her pussy is soaked, and is aching to be filled. She wants him inside her more than anything in that moment. If he wants her to beg for it, she is powerless to refuse.

Sarah finds her efforts rewarded, and feels him easing off her back. His hands slide down from her chest, moving back to her hips and down along her thighs. For a moment she worries he’s going to leave her there again, tease her by making her wait even longer, only for those fingers to trace a teasing arc around her thighs, and right back up between her legs. She can’t hold back the moan when his fingers press against her soaked mound. Her head tilts back, that cry escaping her easily as his longest digit presses between the lips of her sex and slowly curls up into her. The velvet walls of her pussy squeeze his invading appendage, her body trying to invite it deeper and encourage him. All the while she wants to push herself back against that finger, but the ropes tug against her wrist when she tries. There’s no give for her to do anything more than rock her hips in place for him.

His remaining hand strokes her thigh and he works his way down, pulling up against her legs while the fingertip inside her presses against the upper walls to make her lift her hips. He takes his time to coax Sarah into position for him with each touch. He works her up to her knees, with her chest still pressed against the bed and her arms bound above her head. Like this, she was presenting to him, her soaked sex offered up to him as droplets of her juices trail down her legs. Sarah wonders what she must look like right now. Having lain there on the bed for so long, had she left a wet spot behind when he’d finally lifted her hips?

The bed shifts beneath her as her husband’s weight moves again. This time she feels his hand touch her hip, taking a moment to stroke her side, and she can feel him move up behind her. She tries to spread her legs a little further in invitation, but he just seems to pause once more. As she lies waiting, she feels his first finger joined by a second, earning another pleased groan as the two digits slide into her, only to press open while still deep in those depths. This makes her walls part to show off the pinkish, sweltering hot recess of her eager sex.

She is certain he enjoys the sight of her there, presenting to him, her sex spread around his fingers. Sarah tries to encourage him to continue the only way she can while bound, swaying her hips side to side for him. That motion stirs the fingers embedded inside her, only for her to feel them

withdraw from her depths instead. Sarah turns her head back as best she can against the bed as though trying to see through the blindfold. She's about to complain when she feels what she had waited so long and patiently for.

The tip of his cock brushes against her thigh as she feels his weight moving up against her again. His tip leaves a trail of precum sticking to her thigh as it slides up and nudges the lips of her sex at last. She can feel him rocking back and forth against her to rub the head of his shaft against her mound, teasing her while his pre coats the edges of her petals. She wants to beg again, wants to scream for him to fuck her, but she is saved the effort when he at last pushes forward and starts to sink himself inside her.

Inch by inch that length slides into her body. She wishes she could see it, but somehow the inability to see or move makes the feeling of him sinking into her downright exquisite. The full feeling of her passage stretching to fit his girth spreads deeper inside her until she, at last, feels his hips flush with her own. She wants to savor the soft slap of his body against her own, the potent balls that pressed up against her clit at the apex of that drawn out stroke, but it is not to be. He pulls back from inside her before she can even get used to feeling so full again, just to drive himself into her once more.

Again and again his hips mash up against hers, rocking her body forward so that the ropes go slack, only for him to pull her back by the hip when he pulls out from inside her, making her tug against those ropes again. Every time their bodies meet, pleasure explodes through her senses. With nothing to see and unable to move, Sarah is left to focus whole heartedly on her lovers spire plunging into her. She savors the indescribable sensation of being taken so roughly, so completely. Every couple strokes he pushes himself to the hilt inside her and stops to rock his hips, grinding that length around in her depths so that he presses against her g-spot, and she can feel his balls twitching against her clit.

Sarah knows, as he embeds himself inside her, that his precum is surely already marking her walls, coating her depths and paving the way for a more complete contribution to her vulnerable womb. He could so easily fill her belly to the brim at any moment, just as they had planned. "H-Harder!" she manages to get out through her moans, only to hear a laugh in response. He gives her what she wants all the same, slamming himself into her hard enough that she almost falls forward, only to shove her hips back into his next thrust too.

Sarah cries out for her lover as her pussy convulses around his cock, every inch of his spire milked by the shuddering walls of her climaxing passage. Her juices squirt across the bed, soaking and doubtless ruining the sheets while he keeps working his throbbing length back and forth inside her. Those walls milking him prove to be his undoing, no matter how hard he likely tries to hold on a little longer. The balls against her clit draw taut, and Sarah feels them pulse, is treated to the sensation of his cock throbbing inside her. Thick ropes of cum pump into her again and again, every twitch of that length sending another sticky ribbon of his lust deep into her belly, filling her womb to the brim and then some.

Whole minutes pass before she becomes aware of anything more than the cock inside her; the warm pulses of his seed emptying inside her. She can feel some of it starting to ooze out around the length buried in her. The sensation of it dripping down her thigh just makes her shiver once more. There's a weight on her back now. She can feel his heart pounding in his chest, and hear him panting into her ear as he lays atop her. She tugs against the rope, and still finds no give. More and more,

however, she finds that she doesn't mind at all. She enjoys the afterglow and the warmth of his body against her own, and inside her.

His hands start to stroke her back and her sides again, lovingly tending to her as he finally draws himself out of her. The cock coming free of her depths releases a gush of thick cum that she can only feel spill from inside, leaving her to imagine what her well used pussy must look like now, coated in his seed and still gaping from the rough, wonderful pounding he had given her. She would surely be sore for hours afterwards, yet she cannot begin to complain. It had felt so much better than she had anticipated, at his mercy, blinded, and used as he pleased. She wanted more. Perhaps next time they would go further, and bind more than her wrists...

As the afterglow begins to fade at last, she turns her head towards him. Her whole body shivers beneath his own as she murmurs to him, "That was... amazing. N-next time... we can try more. If you want..." Sarah's voice trailing off at the end, just as she feels him nod against her shoulder. He's still panting too heavily to speak, but his pleasure is clear from the way his cock still twitches inside her.

Sarah feels his arms slide around her again, embracing her tightly against his chest. She can't help but smile. He seems to want to keep her tied up like this. His seed pools in her belly, some of it dripping down her thigh, and she finds that she likes how it feels. She didn't mind if he kept her tied up for a little longer. Her eyes close behind the blindfold, letting herself relax against her husband, focusing entirely on his warmth against her and his hands exploring her body. She can't stop him, and she doesn't want to. If this was what it was like to surrender control to a lover, she wanted to do it all of the time.

They had found the spark they'd thought lost, and it was primed to become a blaze.