

A Sensory Delight

by Bernie Roehl

Just before I slip the blindfold down over her eyes, I see it -- that tiny flicker of fear. Even though she came to me of her own free will, even though she trusts me enough to give herself to me, there is still that tiny bit of uncertainty, of not knowing what I have in mind, or what I will choose to do with her, or what pleasure or pain I may inflict.

I thrive on that. Seeing that momentary "fight or flight" reaction, knowing she is unable to do either. With her wrists chained overhead, her legs spread open and her ankles fastened to the rings in the floor, she is in no position to flee or to fight back. All she can do is surrender herself... to me.

I glide my fingers down her arms, and I see the soft, tiny hairs rise. I lean in close, and feel her breath against my skin, her breathing fast and shallow. I run my fingers down the side of her neck, and she trembles slightly. I cup one breast in my hand, and I can feel her heart pounding, racing. I grab her hair and pull her head back so I can lick her throat. Her skin tastes salty from her sweat. I inhale, and I can smell her arousal, wafting up from between her legs. I gently pinch her nipples, and I hear her gasp.

We haven't even begun yet, and her body is already giving me pleasure. It is a sensory delight, and I will be savouring every moment.