

TEASE MY STRESS AWAY

"Come here, baby," you tell me, leading me into the bedroom. "Just take off all those clothes and lay down on the bed. Then put this on," you say, handing me a blindfold. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

I watch you leave as you head into your walk-in closet, imagining how soon your body will look even more sexy in lingerie. *Though I guess I won't be seeing it... at first, anyway*, I think looking at the blindfold.

I take my clothes off, feeling as if I'm in a sort of trance. Just going through the motions. *No decisions to make*, I think to myself, as I lay down in the middle of the bed. I put the blindfold on, and adjust it until I can't see anything through the bottom. Then I wait. The anticipation grows stronger the longer I lay there, feeling the cool air on my skin. I can feel the tightness in my neck and shoulders as I attempt to relax, all the stress built-up over a week of long days at work, concentrating in my muscles.

A few minutes later, I hear you come back. You walk around the bed, stopping at each corner, as you take one of my limbs at a time and wrap the restraints around them. I let you, my limbs giving no resistance. I don't even tug on them to check them. I know they're secure, and I know it doesn't matter. *I'm in good hands*.

I feel your weight pressing down on the bed. I feel your warmth lay down against my side. The feel of fabric brushes my skin. Then your lips are on my own, kissing me. First you kiss me softly, gently, then more deeply. Your lips move from mine to my ear. I feel your tongue explore the ridges of my ear, and I feel my dick awakening at the sensation. Then I hear you whisper, in a voice full of empathy, "Rough week at work? Stress getting you down?" As you speak, your hand glides slowly across my chest.

I only grunt some assent, knowing you don't really expect an answer. A finger lightly circles my nipples, and then your hand massages my pecks. "Don't worry, babe. I'm going to take all of that away. Make it all better." Your mouth moves down to my neck and throat, gently nuzzling.

Your hand finishes at my chest and moves slowly down. It stops at my stomach, gently caressing it. I feel your fingers along my pubic bone, gently, almost tickling.

You know something about that area always makes me wish for more. You don't give it to me, not yet. You take your time.

I hear you speak softly again, "When I'm done with you, all that stress and worry will have long melted away. The only thing left in this world will be my touch... what it's doing... and what it's not. The pleasure you're feeling, and the pleasure you yearn for."

Your hand now travels further south, and I feel it against my thighs. It caresses up and down, slowly, exploring each thigh in turn, before moving towards my inner thighs. Another area you know fills me with desire.

"Give it all to me. All your stress and concerns. Let it all go. No amount of anxiety or stress can survive when your very soul cries out for me to make you cum. All the while, knowing I won't... not yet... not until I'm ready. Not until I know I've fixed every hurt inside you, until me... my hands... my mouth... my pussy... are the only concerns left to your needy brain. Me, and the incredibly powerful urge to cum, and the frustration of knowing you're helpless to make it happen," your voice has lost none of its softness, and yet I'm able to hear the unmistakable tinge of dominance it bears.

Your hand continues its tease of my inner thighs, now drawing closer to where I want it to go. Your fingers brush against my balls, ever so slightly on their way up before heading back down. I feel a shudder through my system at that smallest of touches, craving so much to feel it again.

"For the next... several hours, at least... you have no worries. No decisions to agonize over, no responsibilities, no one expecting anything from you. No duty. No control. You're putty in my most capable hands. I'll mold you into a ball of need, desire... and frustration. And then, finally, when I'm ready, I'll give you the release of all of that until you're emptied of everything but peace and contentment. We've a long road until we get there, however. When I'm ready will be long after you are," there's an undeniable strength underlying the softness of your voice. You speak gently, sweetly, with the love I know you feel for me. Yet, I know beneath it is a will of iron. You'll tease and torment me, mercilessly, knowing I want... need... you to continue, even if I'm crying out for you to stop. You know it's the only way to truly make me give up all the weight I'm carrying. You know me so well, sometimes, I think, better than I know myself. Perhaps it's

the real me, I wonder, that emerges in the midst of that helpless surrender to your torment.

Your fingers now touch my balls more frequently. With what feels far more intense than it deserves to, your fingernails scratch against them. Your fingertips and fingernails tease my balls, up and down, circling around each ball. My dick hardens further as I sink into the sensations.

"Yes... before you cum... long before you cum... you'll beg. Begging hardly does it justice, though, does it? Only through the most intense desperation, and with it the most sincere pleading, will you truly be able to let go of everything. When you fully accept that you can do nothing, say nothing, be nothing to influence when that release happens. When you truly accept that I am in total control, and that you are powerless to do anything about it. Then you will have let go of the world and its concerns," you continue speaking, almost matter-of-factly, as you predict this future of pleasurable torture. A part of me fears it, but mostly I long to feel that. To feel so safely and fully under your spell, bereft of any control or desire for it, only to allow you to do whatever you want with me.

"Yes... I want that. I want to be yours. I want to let go," I manage to whimper as your hand continues to tease my tender balls. I feel your hand cup them, squeezing them gently.

"You will, babe, you will. I'll get you to that state of helpless acceptance... of pure desire... of the most intense mix of pleasure and frustration possible. And then I'll keep you there. Long after your cries for mercy have faded. Cries for me to stop, for me to continue, for me to let you cum. Long after eyes clouded with tears. Tears of frustration, tears of unbridled pleasure, tears of release of stress and emotion. Until you've emptied yourself fully of everything else in the world," my dick stiffens further yet as your words reach those fantasies at the very heart of my being. I feel fear in the pit of my stomach, *will I be able to handle it?* Then that fear eases a little as I know, you would never give me more than I can truly handle.

"Every time I bring you to the very brink and then keep you there, you'll lose yourself in the moment. 'Will she let me cum this time?' you'll wonder, both hoping that I will and that I won't. All other worries and thoughts will cease to exist, and all that will remain is that dichotomy of wanting it to end and yet wanting more. You won't know what you want, not really. But don't worry, babe,

I'll make it easy for you. I know what's best for you. I'll decide when you cum." Finally, I feel your fingers moving up and down my straining cock as your whisper into my ear. Again, they have the lightest touches, so gentle, like a soft breeze. It's enough, though, to draw a moan from lips. Enough to cause a shudder of pleasure and anticipation through my body. As your fingers continue their sensual tease, I long to see what they're doing. I long to see your body in that sexy lace, and to look into your eyes. I know they shine with love, lust, and dominance. Even imagining that heady combination that takes my breath away.

As if reading my mind in some way, I feel your lips once again intersect with mine. You kiss teasingly, pulling back just as I move up to meet you. Your tongue runs against my lips, not quite allowing me to envelop it with my mouth.

Your fingers feel amazing on my hard dick, made so sensitive by the long build-up and light touches. At the same time, I feel the frustration building... the desire for more firm touches. For you to stroke me, squeeze me, suck me, fuck me... give me the pressure and contact I need. I start to buck my hips up, trying to somehow increase the stimulation.

I hear you chide me, "Tsk tsk... none of that now. Trying to maintain some control, are we? Remember... you have none. I will do whatever I wish, and you will lay there and feel it. And I wish to take my time... so much time. I wish to go slowly. So slowly... I don't think I'll edge you for a long time yet. Not until you're begging me to bring you there. Or long after. I wonder how long it will take for you to beg me? Really beg me... where I can hear the desperation in each syllable. And yet that will only be a shadow of the pleading you'll do later, when you've been on that edge you were craving for so long," as you explain all this, I feel you get up from my side. You straddle me stomach, facing my aching dick. I feel the warmth of your pussy on my stomach, and something else. *Are you that wet, already?* Now your weight prevents all chance of my moving up to meet you. I truly have no control now. In this position you're able to bring both hands to bear against my dick and balls.

I feel the nails of one hand dragging across my balls while the other moves up and down my shaft. Sometimes one finger, sometimes two, glide from the base up to where the shaft ends and the head begins. So many times, you do this, stopping as you reach the point I want you most to touch. You alternate between fingertips and fingernails, the difference in texture rocking my world each time. I lay in awe

at how much pleasure you can give with a single finger. So much feeling in such a small amount of contact. And so much frustration.

I think humorously of how before I met you, I thought handjobs were mundane... almost disappointing. Better than nothing, but only just. The least popular item on the sexual menu by far. I would imagine in the moment, how I could do this very thing myself. And I had much more practice at how to do it just right. I would hope that whoever was doing it would soon move down and use their mouth.

Along with so many other things, you'd shown me what untapped potential the average handjob has. You could make me feel more with your fingers than most women could with their mouths, tongues, and pussies. You could make each stroke of your hand contain all the intensity of a tight, wet pussy or a soft, warm mouth. Of course, I still longed to feel your mouth and your pussy as well. But somehow, I never wanted the handjob to end. If only, in some universe, I could have all three at the same time.

I come back to the moment as I feel your fingers stop their up and down torment, and now I feel them converge on my head. The fingers of one hand all surround my head from above, and I imagine how they look almost like a claw. They move inward right below the head, and then glide back up and off of me. The pressure on my neglected head feels like lightning running through my nerves, and my ardor is ignited even further. They begin touching more lightly now, but twisting as they move up and down. I feel the light pressure on my frenulum, and I moan again. You apparently notice my reaction, and I feel you stop the twisting. One finger runs slowly... painstakingly slowly... up the bottom of my shaft, and then just as it reaches my frenulum you take it away. I try to move, but your weight effectively holds me down. I hear you chuckle slightly, knowing I want that touch back so badly. You repeat your one-finger stroke a few more times, and then finally you don't pull away. The finger runs against my frenulum, and I moan softly.

You continue these light fingertip touches for so long that I feel I have no idea how long it's been. It's that combination of intensely pleasurable and mind-bendingly frustrating and it drives me crazy.

"Want to see what I'm doing?", I hear your silky voice ask, looking over your shoulder at me. Suddenly a hand touches my cheek, and then I feel the blindfold lifted off. I look up at you, blinking slightly from the change in light. Even the

relatively dim light of the room seems bright after the total darkness. I see your mostly bare back, the strap of your black, lacy bra, and the top of your ass with the thin strip of cloth going across and in between.

My eyes drink in the view of you, and focus on your face as you look back. A smirk forms on your bright red lips as I feel your hands again teasing my cock and balls. Your head turns back to watch what you're doing, and I know that I'll be unable to do so. Something about being able to see again, but still not being able to see what you're doing to my dick is very erotic. I stare at the top of your butt cheeks, presented as you lean slightly forward to better engage my cock.

I hear you speak again, "I know what you're probably thinking... any moment now, she'll switch to touching me more... giving me more pressure... more contact. Surely, she can't continue this light teasing much longer," I see you lean to the side, and your hand stretches out to a laptop sitting on the bed. I hadn't even noticed it before, focusing so much on what little of your body I could see. You hit something and I hear a show start to play. "If that's what you're thinking... you're wrong. I have all the time in the world to tease you. Nowhere else to be. So, settle in, you've got a long way to go yet."

I lay my head back against my pillow, willing myself to endure the teasing. You've never done this stage of it this long before. *What do I want more... you to stop this form of torment and move on or for you to keep going?*

I feel your other hand leave my balls and travel up my cock. I feel the flat of your palms against me, and the telltale twist as your hands roll me in between them. *Another move I never knew existed, before you*, I think. The twisting motion feels luxurious, and your hands slowly move up me as they continue. I can't see them, but I know they look like someone trying to start a campfire... except my cock is the drill. *And no one would try to start a fire that slowly*, I think. Your hands reach my head, and it feels incredible, before moving back down my shaft. It's another move that feels so good, but also promises me no real satisfaction.

Finally, your show ends, your hands having spent the entire time on various forms of lightly teasing me. "Good episode, don't you think?", you ask, looking back at me. I can see from your smile that you know I had no attention to spare for the show. I think and can't even come up with what show it was.

"No? You didn't watch it at all? I wonder why...", you trail off, as both your hands massage my balls, one on each side. "Had other things on your mind? Hopefully that means you didn't have any room for work stress in there either. Maybe we should keep going, just to be sure," you laugh.

I groan slightly, feeling as if I want... need... more substantial touches. It feels good, but the frustration is starting to overpower the pleasure.

"I think I'll give you a little of what you want... just a little...", you say, and your touches stop. I can't see it, but I hear you open a bottle of lube. Then a moment later, your hands are back on me. One hand holds the base of my cock in a ring, the rest of your hand resting against my balls. The other then begins stroking me, from the head down.

Your hand is tight against my head... gloriously tight. After so long of only feeling those light, loose touches, it feels incredibly powerful. It's almost too much, my cock has become so sensitive. It's so tight... but also so slow. *Was that lube or molasses?* I joke to myself, feeling your hand move as if it's nearly frozen.

As your hand crosses to my shaft, I feel an intense wave of pleasure and frustration. It feels like entering your pussy, with it clamped down around me, but much slower than I would ever slide into you. When you reach your other hand at the bottom of my shaft, I wait for you to reverse direction and go back up. But you don't. Your hand leaves my dick, and then I feel it back at the tip of my head. You repeat the action, so slowly stroking downwards again. Only downwards.

I'm not sure how such a slow touch can feel so intense, but it does. My muscles tighten, bracing myself against the intensity, as you move down. I groan, attempting to will your hand to move faster. It doesn't.

"Are you liking that, babe? Slow and steady wins the race," I hear you chuckle lightly as you continue the strokes, over and over, never increasing speed. "From your reaction I think this is really... getting through to you. Tell me, is it frustrating?"

I'm not sure if your question is rhetorical or not, but I attempt to speak through clenched teeth as your hand moves down my head again, "Uhhhh, fuck. Yes. It feels... so... good... but so... frustrating. Can... you go... faster, please?" I manage, as those strokes dominate my consciousness.

I hear you laugh a little again. "Of course, I can, babe!" you answer brightly.

I let out a sigh of relief, hardly being able to wait for the next stroke to be faster. When it starts, though, it feels exactly the same as all the others.

"I *can*... but I *won't*," you say, and you seem quite pleased with your little joke. "Maybe eventually but remember... we're in no rush tonight. I'm going to take my time with everything. Every little step, every escalation of sensation, is going to last until you're not sure you can take any more. I want to hear you moan in pleasure and frustration... I want to hear you beg."

I groan at that, unsure if I'm disappointed or relieved that you didn't do as I asked. The slow strokes are so intense, but I know they're never going to get me to the edge. I won't be able to cum from just those. Somehow the knowledge of that makes each one much more frustrating than seems fair.

"Since you like these so much, I think we'll keep them up for a while. Let's watch another episode, yes?", you hit something on the laptop and again and show starts up.

I moan softly, not knowing how I'll get through an entire episode of these painfully slow strokes. I also know, with a feeling of both fear and warmth, that I'll have to. My toes curl with each stroke, and I moan involuntarily. By the end of the episode, my legs are shaking and I'm mumbling "please".

"You know," you say, looking back at me, "I think that episode was even better than the last one. I can't wait to find out what happens next. Don't you just love a show with a good build-up to a dramatic climax?", you smile knowingly at my state lost between pleasure and torment.

You climb off of me, laying down against me again. My eyes grow wide, seeing you from the front for the first time. Your breasts are pushed up tantalizingly by your black bra, and I imagine my mouth wrapped around each nipple.

Your hand runs through my hair and massages my scalp. I feel your lips against my neck, your tongue moving up and down, sending a shiver through me. You kiss your way slowly up to my ear. "Mmm, enjoying yourself? I know I am. That work stress doesn't stand a chance, does it?"

Your hand leaves my hair and touches my cheek, lovingly. You kiss me deeply, and I breathe you in. You move back to my ear, and then whisper, "Especially since we're just getting started. You haven't even gotten close to the edge yet, have you? You're going to forget what it's like *not* to be at the edge, soon enough. But not too soon..." My dick throbs as I hear you say all this.

I watch as your hands move to yourself, one massaging your breasts over your bra and the other your pussy over your panties. "Mmm," you moan, locking your eyes with my own. I have trouble deciding where to look, your eyes or your hands, so I split my time between both.

"Teasing you always gets me so hot. Could you feel my pussy getting wet against your stomach? I could," you say, your fingers circling your fabric-covered clit. "Maybe I need to prove it to you."

You slide your panties off, and you hold them up to my face. I smell your arousal on them, and it only turns me on even more. You set them aside, and then touch your now uncovered clit. I stare at your bare pussy longingly, imagining both my face and my dick buried in it. You seem to notice the target of my view. "Like what you see?"

I nod, knowing you know very well I do.

"Maybe you'd like to see it a little closer?" You straddle me again, but this time across my chest. Then you move your pussy up above my mouth. I can see the wetness glistening on your lips. I move my head up and stretch out my tongue, trying to lick you. You're just too far away, as you know too well.

"What? Not close enough?" You laugh a little, and then settle your pussy firmly on my mouth. I taste you, sweet and tangy and pure sex. You grind against my face as I lick, moaning. I look up and see your one hand is grasping the headboard, the other grasping your breasts.

"Fuck... this is always the best after some long teasing. You get so into it when you haven't been allowed to cum. Mmm. Why do I ever let you cum, again? Maybe you don't really need to," you tease me, still grinding against me.

"Maybe I should tease you all night, and then just leave you, hard and desperate," My dick swells at hearing this, and I both crave and fear your denial. You've never made me wait after teasing me so long, but I know it's within your power.

You moan more loudly as my tongue circles your clit and flicks it lightly. Suddenly I feel you shake and your weight bears down more strongly on my face. Then you moan the loudest yet, cumming.

"Fuck fuck fuck," you say, sliding off me. "God that's good."

You reach a hand behind you and grip my dick. "I see you're still hard. I think you liked pleasuring me. And maybe also the idea of me making you wait? I was just kidding, but I think I'll have to seriously consider it now..." Your hand lightly strokes me, up and down, at a reasonable speed now but loosely. I feel your pussy against my chest, your warm juices dripping onto me. Your hand tightens ever so slightly, and the increased stimulation feels amazing. It's not long before I feel myself starting to get close. Just as I get close, your hand lets go.

"Getting close, already? Hungry for more?" As you let me cool down a moment, I watch as your hands go behind your back and unhook your bra. It drops onto my face, and I shake my head trying to dislodge it so that I can see your now bared breasts. You laugh at my effort, and then pick up the bra and move it out of the way. My eyes glue to your breasts. Your nipples stand out, obviously very hard. They look inviting. "Enjoying the view? Or maybe I should just put that bra back on..." you say, grinning.

Then you lean down, lowering them onto my face. I feel their warmth and softness against my cheeks. You move up slightly and lower first one nipple, then the other, against my open, eager mouth. I kiss and lick and suck at your hard nipples. It's not long before you straighten back up. "Now, now. Wouldn't want you to be too spoiled. Besides, I think you've had plenty of a break now."

You kiss my lips, and it's incredibly hot knowing you're tasting yourself on me. Then you kiss your way slowly down my body, brushing your breasts against me as you go. When they reach my cock, you brush each nipple against it, back and forth. I feel your warmth and the hardness of your nipple against my dick, and yearn to feel it trapped between your warm breasts. After you tease me for a while, you oblige me, and envelop my dick in your breasts, hands pressing them

firmly against me. Then you move up and down, sliding me against them. I moan again, loving the sight of what you're doing just as much as the feeling.

As suddenly as it arrived the warmth leaves, and my dick points back up in the air. Your mouth goes back to slowly kissing your way down. You get to my pelvic bone again, and lick and kiss first one side, then the other. You look up at me and see my head move backwards as I moan and want you to move further down. You finally do, but not where I want you, not yet. You kiss down my thighs, settling on my inner thighs, before licking me so lightly on the bottom of my balls. The warmth and wetness on my balls is explosive, and I wait for you to move further up. You do, but as with everything you take your time. You lick and kiss each ball, and then finally move to the base of my dick. You lick slowly up and down my shaft, and I moan as I imagine your mouth wrapped around me. I watch as you begin kissing me along my shaft, your mouth opening a little and your tongue touching me at the same time.

Your mouth then sucks on the side of my shaft, and you slide up along me. You reach the head, and briefly you suck on the bottom of my head. I moan loudly, and you take your mouth away for a moment before putting it inside your mouth. You look up at me, mischief dancing in your eyes, as you take me in deeper without closing your mouth around me. I feel the warmth of your mouth and I need to feel the pressure of your lips and your warm wet tongue so badly. Then you back your mouth off of my dick and give me an evil smile. "Did you want something?"

"Fuck... please... suck me...", I plead, wanting it more than I've ever wanted a blowjob before.

You bring your open mouth back to my dick, and I feel your warm breath on my head. You start to insert it, and then stop. "No... I don't think yet."

You straighten up, and I see you apply some lube to your hands. Your hands then wrap around my dick and twist and pull apart. It's the most pressure you've given me yet, and an involuntary sigh of pleasure escapes my lips. You keep going until you can tell I'm close, and then stop. You give me a moment, and then continue.

"I really don't understand most men. They have all this stress... and want someone to relieve it... so what do they want most? Some go get a massage..."

someone rubbing their back, shoulders, neck... it feels nice, sure, but it's no dick massage. Right?"

I can only grunt an affirmation, feeling your hands against my sensitive dick.

"Others, like you've done with me in the past, get their wife or girlfriend to give them a blowjob... and their woman wraps her warm, wet mouth around their hard cock and sucks... and sucks...", you say all this slowly, emphasizing syllables to make it sound even sexier. "And then finally sucks out all their cum and swallows it down her throat as the man moans and groans with the pleasure of that explosion."

I gasp, hardly able to contain my desire for what you just described. You have to stop, as I got really close just thinking about it. After a break you stroke me again and continue, "But we know, better, don't we? Just imagine... all that warmth, and wetness, and pressure, that hot mouth sucking away at that needy dick... and then bam, all that cum spurts out. What a waste, right? Isn't it so much better to prolong it... wait... make it last for hours... unable to cum, even when you beg me for it? All your stress and worries completely dissipated as the need to cum absorbs your very being... but only receiving denial," you have a smirk on your face now, knowing how torturous it is to hear you describe exactly what you just denied me. I realize it may be more torturous because I recognize some truth in what you said... I want you to suck me off... but I also want you not to and to continue the pleasurable torment.

"And then other men, they strip their woman naked, squeeze her naked breasts in their hands, before flipping her over. Bending her over the bed, exposing her tight, inviting pussy. Then shoving their hard dick inside her pussy, all the way in, feeling all that warmth and wetness and tightness. Hearing her moan and feeling that pussy clamp down on their dick. Fucking her... so hard... faster and faster... until they spray all their cum deep inside her pussy."

Again, I gasp in need, and again imagining what you say gets me close again. "My, you sure are getting close quickly." I feel you pat my balls lightly as you wait for me to calm down. You touch me again. "Hmm, where were we? Oh yes, fucking that wet pussy and cumming all over inside it. Yet again, such a waste. If they only had someone willing to take control... tease them... bring them to the edge of cumming... over and over and over. All the while telling them 'no cumming!' and making them beg and plead to no avail. Making them wait... and wait... as they

get brought to the very brink again and again, just to be denied. So much better, right?"

I groan, feeling both that it *is* better and that I also want that normal blowjob or fucking. "Aren't you so glad you aren't fucking me from behind right now, slamming into my ass over and over, until you cum? Or having me wrap my sweet lips around your cock, and slide you in and out as I suck the cum right out of you? You're so lucky," you smile that evil smile again, knowing exactly what you're doing to me. I get close again, and again you stop and wait a moment before continuing.

One of your hands plays with my balls while the other strokes me again. "You haven't answered any of my questions, babe. What's up with that? Not sure if you like this? You want me to just stop? I can do that, if that's what you really want." I feel myself get close again, and you pause yet again. "Maybe I'll just go wash up and we'll call it a night, huh?"

I quickly protest, "No... no... I love this, yes, yes you're right... this is better!"

"Oh, I'm so glad you think so," you say as your hands go back to their attack of my dick, "Well, if you're so certain, maybe we really should make you wait until tomorrow to cum. Or maybe the next day... or... how about next weekend? Imagine... a whole week of teasing. Of having no relief... no satisfaction... only that constant horniness and need to cum. Getting stronger and more potent all week long."

You stop your stroking as I reach the edge again, your other hand continuing to play with my balls. It keeps me at the edge a little longer. Then you stroke again. "Hmm, yes, I think this is a great idea. No cumming for a week. Why didn't I think about that before? It seems so obvious now."

I groan, at this point not sure if you're just messing with me or serious. I hope you're just messing with me... though some part of me hopes you're not.

After you have gotten me to the edge what seems like countless times with your hands, you flip around so you're straddling my stomach again. You give me a few more edges like this, and then you start your dirty talk again. "Mmm, this dick sure is hard. I bet it would feel really nice in my mouth. Like a big lollipop. I could just lick it and suck on it, feeling it twitch around in my mouth. Sucking it closer and closer to cumming."

You stop again, giving me a moment to recover. Then I see you backing towards me. You place your pussy back above my face, and I can see how wet it is again. "Maybe you can convince me to try it," you say, as you lower your pussy back on my mouth.

I don't need to be told twice, and I quickly pleasure you, tasting and smelling you again. I feel you lean down into a 69, and then I feel your tongue moving up and down my dick again. Suddenly your mouth envelops my hard dick, and I feel you suck. It feels like the most incredible thing I've ever experienced, after waiting so long. It's not long at all before I'm close, but somehow you know. Somehow you always know. You take me out your mouth to let me cool down. All the while, I try to focus on pleasuring your pussy, which is hard to do in the midst of the sucking.

After a few minutes of this I make you cum again, and hearing you moan into my dick gets me ridiculously close again. You stop, lowering yourself off of me and taking me out of your mouth. "I think that was a close one, wasn't it? Whew, wouldn't it be a shame if I let you cum?"

You flip around and straddle me again, this time sitting on my legs, my hard dick right against your pussy. You smile at me as you grab the lube again. I let out a sigh, knowing the lube means I'm in for another grueling handjob.

"I don't think you're nearly desperate enough to cum, yet. But I'll bet next weekend you will be. You'll be plenty ready then, I think." Your hands stroke me, and with the speed and tightness I know they only have one objective. More edges. You quickly give me another. "Hmm. But will I be ready? That's a good question, isn't it? What if I'm having too much fun? Enjoying your needy desperation too much to end it?" I get close again. "I guess I might have to make you wait longer. Surely, not two weeks. Although that does seem like a nice, round number," You tease me with this, and one hand leaves my dick to massage your breasts. "You like things that are nice and round, yes? Maybe that's a better idea..."

You continue this torture until I've gotten close several more times. Then you lean back and start rubbing me against your clit. I hear you moan. Then you lift yourself up, and I feel you put the tip of my cock inside you. You let it linger there, just inside, just enough to feel your warmth on my head. Then you slowly move up and down, fucking just the head. "Mmm, that's good, isn't it? Should I just fuck

you like this from now on? There's really no need to take that whole, big, hard dick inside my poor tight pussy is there?"

Somehow even with just the head inside you, you manage to get me close. You pull me out for a moment, and then continue. "Yes, this seems perfect. Just the head. What else could a man need?" You get me close one more time, and then you start taking me deeper. It feels amazing. I know it won't take me long to get close like this. "I think I might need more of it though. I want you to fill me up. Fuck me deep."

I get close yet again, as much from your words as the pussy I've been craving. You stop with me all the way inside you, and I teeter on the edge. One of your hands moves back and massages my balls. Then you start fucking me again. You lean down and put your breasts in my face, and I eagerly bury my face in them. I kiss and lick your nipples, before you pull them back away.

You fuck me until I get close so many times, and the begging pours out of me. "Please, please... please...", I simply say.

"Please what? Oh, I know. Please don't let you cum? Please keep you on the edge? Please make me wait a couple of more weeks to cum?", I hear evil laughter from you as you tease me.

"Please... let me cum... please...", I beg again.

"Ohhh. Let you cum? That's what you really want?" you say, and I feel you pick up speed. Just as I feel myself getting so close, you lift up off me. My dick flops around, looking for any stimulation it can find, but finding none.

"No, I don't think so. I promised to make you beg, *a lot*. We've really just begun that, right? I think I know how to make you beg more, though."

You flip back around straddling my stomach, and I hear the lube bottle open. *Fuckkkkk*. Is all I can think. *I need to fucking cum so badly*.

You start torturing me with your hands, and get me close again and again and again. I beg you until I feel like my voice is hoarse. Tears appear in my eyes as the frustration mounts.

"I think you're getting pretty desperate now," you say, as you continue stroking me, "But really, this is nothing. I mean, just imagine how much more desperate you'll be in a couple of weeks. You'll be like a walking hard-on," you laugh at your little joke, but I find no humor in it anymore.

You keep this up for what seems like hours but was probably another half hour or so. I've never wanted... needed... to cum this badly before. At the same time, I feel completely helpless and surrendered to you. I can't even beg anymore.

You look back at me and see the change in my face, my eyes. You nod, and then lay back down next to me. "I think you're finally there. All the stress and cares of the world bled away. I love to see that, babe. I love to see you finally relaxed, finally letting go of everything." You kiss my ear as you say this. I feel so loved, but also so frustrated... so horny... so out of my mind in need.

You move down to my legs and lick my balls as your hand strokes my dick, which is still ridiculously hard. You get me close again, and I can only moan softly. Then your mouth wraps around me and you suck and stroke me while one hand massages my balls. I get close so quickly again. "Mmm, you're so easy to get close now. I bet in the next hour I could get you close dozens of times."

You seem to put that to the test and get me close at least 5 more times with your mouth. I'm beyond the need to cum now. I feel like I *am* the need to cum. It defines me. And I lay strapped down, tortured by a beautiful seductress, unable to do anything to make it happen.

"Ok babe. Before we stop and wait for another time, there's one last thing I need you to do," you tell me sweetly, and then your mouth engulfs my sensitive dick again.

Fuck, is she really going to make me wait? I wonder, not sure how I'll handle it. But hearing it makes me somehow even hornier.

You suck me, sliding up and down, over and over. Then you stop and look at me again. "I really need you," you start, before sucking me again, now getting me closer and closer. You stop for just a moment to say, "cum for me!", and then your mouth is around me again, sucking me harder and faster. Moments later I obey, I feel it happening before my cum even erupts, and then it's pouring out of my dick into your mouth. I moan the loudest I ever have, my toes curl, my legs shake, my entire body seems involved in the most incredible orgasm of my life.

Your hand strokes me as your lips wrap around my head, gently massaging me. I cum for what seems like minutes. You open your mouth and I see my hot white cum dripping down onto my dick as you stroke it. It somehow makes it even hotter. Finally, my tensed body relaxes, and I lay back, completely spent.

You look at me right in the eyes and swallow what's left in your mouth, and then smile a huge smile. "Fuck, that was hot, right? So, did I take away all that stress?"

I can barely speak I'm so exhausted, but I also have a feeling of immense contentment and just of... being loved. "It was... beyond amazing...I don't have... the words", I manage to stammer out.

Your smile grows even larger. "That's what I was going for," you say, and wink at me.

"Thank you, baby," I manage, feeling truly grateful.

"Of course, babe. I think we'll have to do this again. When is that big project you're on due again?"

"Two weeks..." I say, feeling myself start to fall asleep.

As I pass out, I hear you say, "Two weeks then. We'll do it again in two weeks."