

HIS DOMME'S FANTASY

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Fantasies are nighttime things. Arranging everything to put them into action is a morning thing. Occasionally, the two activities meet in the afternoon.

For the longest time, I craved having a sub bound a particular way - a certain way - a way that just, well, turned me on. For the past few days when I couldn't sleep, I'd dream about it and when I woke up at 3 a.m. with that warm and eager feeling in my thighs, I realized I had been thinking about it **very** hard.

It was time to allow the dream to metamorphose into reality. When I want something that badly, I do something about it.

It was easy to pack the bag. After all, everything was listed carefully on my mental spreadsheet and all I had to do was stuff them into the canvas container piece by piece. Two ankle cuffs. Two nicely padded wrist cuffs. Two locks. Done!

Good Dommies travel light.

Even dressing was simple: shorts, a T-shirt and of course, my white Keds. The sub in question had a particular penchant for my footwear and of course, white socks added to his thrill. But neither the day nor the scene was really for him; instead, this one was for me.

Nothing turns me on as much as watching my sub get excited. The more delirious he becomes, the faster I bolt into my own headspace. I had a feeling that his reaction this afternoon would be, well, rapid. It wasn't just my new sports car that did zero-to-sixty in however many seconds. Nope, my sub did it almost as fast. And at \$19.95 a pair for canvas Keds, he was a heck of a lot cheaper.

Smiling from my own joke, I sped over to his house and had him set the alarm. This was one scene I didn't want interrupted, well, not without warning, anyway.

He never shaves on the weekend and his two-day stubble - which always feels good as a thigh tickler - set my mood on high. I chose my favorite Oriental carpet - the one with the blue border - and had him kneel in the middle of it. Wrists and ankles cuffed quickly, he just looked at me with a little surprise. Where was the bungees, he wondered. The rope? The leather bands? The leash?

Not today... nope, today was for two little sturdy locks.

I'm glad he has enormously long arms because securing his wrists to his ankles didn't make him terribly uncomfortable, not for the first two hours, anyway. With him bent ever so slightly backward, his entire chest, midsection and delicious parts were virtually pointing toward me. I moved a rattan chair and sat in front of

him, placing my sneakered feet at his knees.

He looked down, then at me and smiled.

"Don't get any ideas," I cautioned him. "This is my world. It's just your time."

His eyes crinkled, like they always do when he's amused but not sure if he got the joke. This time, I was pretty convinced he was clueless, but he'd catch on soon enough. He always catches on, just sometimes a little late.

"Want a blindfold?" I asked casually so he wouldn't mix this up with standing in front of a firing squad. At first he shook his head from side to side, then he looked at me and asked, "Do I need one?"

"I have a new one," I pronounced gaily. "Leather and sheepskin. Take a look."

I always allow him to inspect new toys. Usually he comments favorably on the craftsmanship or something similar, but not today. This time, he was getting just a *little* antsy. By this point in a scene, he can usually figure out what I want but this time, he seemed unsure. I love him when he is uncertain. There's this tension that I adore and I love keeping subs in that uneasiness.

"Try it," I suggested and before he had a chance to complain, I wrapped it around his head, covering his beautiful eyes in a wad of sheepskin and leather. The buckle held it firmly in place and I didn't even have to ask if he could see anything.

One thing about this particular sub: put a blindfold on him and he's in instantaneous headspace.

"Now, don't think," I encouraged him, "and don't try to figure anything out. Just enjoy it." He had no idea how much that *I* would enjoy watching him relish the world and time I was just about to give him.

He nodded and I frowned a little, because when he can still hear and answer me, he's not inside that special place yet. I ached for him to be there - to jump right into the delirium I had been fantasizing about for days - but I knew better than to push him. We always take our time, but I was so eager I could hardly wait.

My thighs were tingling already and I hadn't been there but 10 minutes. Forcing myself to slow down, I took deep, even breaths and concentrated on his face, which was already beginning to evidence signs of strain and struggle. He was sweating and his thick brown hair was matted to his forehead. Gripping a handful in my fingers, I pulled his face up so I could see the agony and the excitement that was written all over it.

It's like magic, watching him enter his headspace. He goes slowly at first, then speeds up like an airplane taking off with that

huge whoosh and noise and if you wait just a second there's always liftoff. When he gets into his headspace, he's flying.

I could see his body relax. It was time.

Untying one of my Keds, I held it in my hand and allowed the canvas to grace his naked skin. A single shudder emanated from his core and released itself in a spasm so clear that I knew he was there.

The canvas danced on his upper body as I watched him react to my touch. First one shoulder, then the second, broke into a ballet of motion that greeted every nuance of the Ked against his skin. As I sat on the rattan chair, I brought the little white sneaker to his chest and drank in the glory of his reaction. As he sucked a great gulp of air, I felt my thighs tighten.

Leaning lower, I brought the white sneaker to his midsection and reveled in his swaying to my rhythm. By now, his entire body had joined the promenade and as he leaned toward the shoe, I moved it to his other side. The tempo was mine. So was the scene.

There wasn't an inch of his skin that I didn't allow my Ked to palpate. I nudged it against his belly, his thighs and his neck. I stroked it on his face and his arms and allowed his fingers to try to grab it unsuccessfully from me. And then, the most amazing thing happened.

He didn't just groan or moan. His lips parted and he said the single word that makes me hotter than any other word he has ever uttered.

"Please."

Throaty and full of air, his single plea drove me closer and closer to my edge - to the magical place I yearned for and had fantasized about for so many days and nights. His voice was husky and sexy and deferential all in one syllable. Holding onto the arm of the chair for strength, I drove my instrument of torture closer to the place I knew he'd be unable to resist - the place that would push him to the brink of madness and challenge his obedience.

Glancing at the clock on the wall, I calculated I had been there more than an hour. I knew his knees had to ache and I was certain that his arms were exhausted, but I didn't care - not at **this** moment. All I wanted was to enjoy his suffering for me. And I hungered to hear him beg.

'Please' was good, but it wasn't great. It wasn't enough.

His whole body was involved in playing out my fantasy. Swaying and dancing and lunging and humping, he tried to force my hand down, down to the miraculous venue of his enjoyment, but this scene wasn't his: it was mine. I wasn't ready. Not yet. Soon.

I had more to hear from his lips and more to see from his body.

Feeling like the bottomless pit of desire, I required what I knew he was capable of giving me. Lust is one thing, but complete capitulation is a higher degree - and I wanted it.

He had to beg.

His words fell out of his lips and I am pretty sure he never let them go past his brain. They dribbled out too fast, too loudly, with too much passion for them to have been edited. Pure desire was oozing out of him as his hips sought contact with the single sneaker in my hand.

"More," he tried to no avail, then, "please."

The word 'please' just gets to me. There's something about honest begging that makes me a little crazy. When my sub begs, I'm never sure I can control myself so I always try to hang on to something substantial, like the arm of the rattan chair.

He pleaded for more and I allowed him a single poke of my sneaker to oozing penis. As he gasped, I felt my legs shudder and knew the time was close - for both of us. With a sudden frenzy, he raised his voice from a whisper to an immense growl.

"Now!" he demanded as I smiled at his unseeing eyes. "Please!" he shouted as his hips bucked and humped toward my chair. "Oh, god!" he beseeched me with a full-throated song that was music to my ears.

He was dripping all over the carpet and onto my other white sneaker. Later, I'd allow him to lick it clean, but for now, there was more - much more - that I coveted. Getting him to his edge was one thing, but taking him over it was my fantasy.

Removing the lace from my sneaker, I extended the shoe and captured all of his organs inside the widened canvas. Juxtaposed with his scream of delight mixed with the agony of his passion, I felt my lips curl upward. Closer. I was getting much closer.

My fantasy had taken on a life of its own.

The clock on the wall said an hour and thirty minutes. Tired and thirsty, I left him with the sneaker dangling on his elongated organ as I retrieved a Diet Coke from the kitchen. There was something wonderful about watching him enjoy himself in my sneaker as I inspected the scene from a room away. In his state, I'm not sure he knew if I was in the room or not - or if he cared.

He had his sneaker and I had my sub on his knees bound ankle to wrist in an incomprehensible frenzy and screaming for more. My fantasy had come alive and I intended to drink in every thrill it offered. 'Wet' no longer described it. We were both gushing.

When I removed the sneaker from his penis, I felt him lunge for me - well, for the Ked, anyway - and widen his knees in expectation. I don't think he was really thinking. Instead, I

believe his mind was in the clouds and his body talked to me through motion.

That's when I realized he was there: on the edge of his personal nirvana, a delicate place, a location in which he requires prudence on my part to make sure he's all right. The only problem was that I was there too.

Waves began in my toes and began rushing toward my thighs. I didn't have much time left and neither did he.

If he made one of those fabulous little noises, I was going to lose it, right there. I studied his lips, his mouth, his cheeks full of two-day-old beard and waited for it. The feeling was pulling at my insides, drawing me into myself as my mind shrieked for me to guard him - to make certain that he was safe.

I refuse to allow him to go to that special place alone. It's a promise I made him and I always keep my promises.

There was only one choice: I knelt in front of his writhing body and held him in my arms, but first I put the magical sneaker between us and used my body to press it against his own. In our private huddle, I felt him hiss into my ear, "uhhhhhh."

And I was gone.

I'm not sure whether I fell or jumped over my edge but with him in my arms, I had leaped to somewhere glorious. Wave after wave washed over me and his glorious groaning filled my brain with a kind of lusty greed that made me demand more and more. I couldn't get enough of watching him and holding him and feeling every drop of his strength ooze into my arms. If I hadn't bound him securely, I'm sure he'd have fallen over in his thrilling climax which filled my white Keds to overflowing with the glory of his passion.

We knelt there, breathing into each others' ears, trying unsuccessfully to compose ourselves. Heck, I didn't set up this scene to find an even keel; rather, I arranged this to fulfill my fantasy and along the way, his own.

Which I had just done. Which made me smile, from ear to ear. He could clean it up later. Right now, we both needed a hug, which was exactly what we were doing. After all, that's one of the best parts.