

The Tormentor  
by Carol Sandford

~HmMMM, I wonder what your going to do tonight?

Will I be revered, and admired. Will I be stroked like it was our very first time, with gentleness, and care, and consideration. Will I be kissed like I was as fragile as a butterfly?~

It was hard to tell as you lay along beside me, naked and aroused and thoughtful. At least I knew you were going to go slow.

Very slow.

Your fingers trailed a path along my inner thigh and I found myself trembling with anticipation. You nibbled on the hollow of my throat, and I drowned in the tangy scent of your aftershave driving me wild along with your lips and fingertips.

I couldn't stop my body from arching, reaching for heaven. But heaven was only a pulse away and you were denying me, driving me crazy.

I didn't realise I was scratching you until you flexed your shoulder, but the groan of agony was swallowed with a moan of ecstasy and I couldn't help grinning in the darkness.

Your repaid me by tormenting me further, brushing me so close, so very close, you chuckled at my silent scream of feigned indignation.

I scratched you again.

And then I heard it, ~Beg~

I opened my eyes and found you staring intently at me with that same tormenting smile upon your lips.

I blushed, glad of the darkness, ~No~

Your palm lay flat against my heat, but you wouldn't move, no matter how much I squirmed beneath it.

You thought it again, ~Beg, Deanna~

I brought his mouth down to mine and gave him an earth-shattering kiss. I forced my tongue inside his lips and beyond, fastening his head with my hand and began my own erotic torture.

His battle was lost, he couldn't resist the pull of his loins that danced along with what I was

doing to his mouth, and nor could my own limbs. I fought against his restrictive hand, but the restriction added to the torment. I tried to move my legs but he foresaw my intention and pinned me down with his.

I almost screamed aloud.

Perhaps I really did, because the kiss suddenly intensified. The kiss became a desperate struggle for something more. Something much more carnal. Seconds later, even he couldn't resist the longing of my body as his hand began to move.

But not enough.

~Please, Will~

I felt his victory, but the victory was mine as I began my climb to oblivion.

It didn't take me long to be reduced to a trembling jelly, and all along, Will watched with fascinated triumph; Another notch for his make-believe bedpost.

When my various pulses had calmed enough for me to think and move coherently, I pushed against his chest and he gladly fell back, pinning his hands behind his head, an expectant grin lighting up his face.

I kissed and tugged at a nipple, gratified by the sudden jerk of his body as it sent a ripple throughout him. But I wanted some noise, I wanted to hear him groan...loudly.

A long nail dragged slowly along his ribcage didn't do it. And nor did putting the tip of my finger in his mouth, urging him to suckle it, along with draping my breasts on his magnificent hairy chest.

I got it a moment later as I ran a trail with my tongue down to his belly button, setting off every sensitive nerve ending within his body,

"Deaaaannna!"

It was my turn to grin at him in the darkness. It was my turn to be the tormentor.

"Beg"

