

Provocative and sinfully delicious - Dark Angel Review

Jude Mason

Come, explore with me...if you dare!



~ Sharon's Entertainment ~

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As seen on the website, Darker Pleasures

Sam had been watching her for weeks. He was sure she knew it, the way she showed off when he was there proved it. Most often he'd stand by the big Maple tree, leaning against it, peering into her bedroom window. Even his position had been her idea. Oh hell, better start this at the beginning.

"Sam, could you go around back and turn the water on for me, please?" Sharon asked. She had the hose out and the big bucket for washing the car, soap and sponge already in it

"Sure, where is it?" Sam had called back innocently as she dropped the bucket and headed for the front door. Sharon hadn't changed yet. She still had on her skirt and frilly blouse from her recent shopping trip. Washing the car had been a spur of the moment decision it seemed, when Sam had shown up.

"Big Maple, just to the right of it, you can't miss it," she'd yelled opening the door, "I'll be back in just a second; I have to get out of these clothes." And with that, she'd gone inside and that's when this story really begins.

Sam had walked down the driveway to the back of the house, and headed for the Maple tree. Sharon's back yard wasn't big, and that tree took up a huge chunk of it, but it gave great shade in the summer heat and it also kept her yard maintenance to a minimum. A few smaller shrubs against the back of the house, some viney things along the fence between her place and the neighbors, and that was it.

Sam spotted the tap just where she'd said it would be.

Her window was huge, and right there in front of him. When he'd bent over and turned the faucet on, he'd looked up, innocently, expecting to see into the living room or something. His jaw had dropped and he'd stopped breathing.

Sharon was in her bedroom, not ten feet from where he stood. Sharon was naked.

Sam froze. His cock had lurched threatening to tear a hole in the front of his shorts as it expanded, stiffened.

"My God," he'd sighed, afraid to blink in case she disappeared. Then, with his head swimming, he'd remembered to breathe. Tap forgotten, he'd straightened up and took another deep shuddering breath. Got brave and blinked.

She was still there. Sharon, red headed, outrageously busty, voluptuous, magnificent, mouth-watering Sharon. She had her back to him, at that moment, but even looking at her from that angle had him sweating in rivers. Her round ass and shapely long legs were like magnets, and he had no intensions of fighting the pull. She'd stood in front of her closet; arms outstretched reaching for what she planned on wearing he'd assumed. A handful of sky-blue something came with her hands when she'd turned and walked towards him.

"My God," he'd repeated and almost laughed. His vocabulary suffered greatly when he was shocked and turned on he'd mused. Nipples the size of dollars topped the most perfect breasts he'd ever seen. In all his thirty-four years, nothing as amazing as those had presented themselves to him. Round and firm looking, sitting high on her chest with a deep cleft between them, his mouth had watered just thinking of what he'd like to do to those beauties.

His hand had slipped inside the waistband of his shorts, as if it a mind all its own. He realized it only when he felt the grip on his cock, and moaned.

Sharon had tossed the blue bit of clothing onto the bed and Sam thought the show was almost over. But, to his delight it was nowhere near done. His vision of loveliness had sat on the lone chair in the room. One facing the window, but at a slight angle so he assumed she was looking at herself in a mirror. She'd reached forward and he wondered what she was doing, until her hand had reappeared, holding a handful of bright pink ribbons. There was a smile on her face as she'd

tugged and twisted at a nipple with one hand then wound the ribbon around the eraser sized nubbin of tawny brown flesh. She'd pulled; each time around she'd tightened it, making her nipple stand proudly out at least an inch from the surrounding mound.

He'd watched her take a deep breath before repeating the procedure with her other nipple. Each pull of her fingers, he'd echoed with his own, pulling and twisting at the aching joint between his legs. His shorts and underwear had become an encumbrance and quickly found their way down his legs, pooled around his ankles in his haste to free himself.

"Ah!" he'd sighed and felt his balls tighten.

More ribbon in hand, she'd leaned forward and her ample, luscious breasts had hung free of her body. He'd to squeeze the tip of his suddenly over stimulated cock when he saw her wind a length of ribbon around the base of her breast. Tighter and tighter she pulled it, forcing her boob to push further out. The flesh colored, turned that wonderful shade of mottled purple he'd dreamed of seeing. The other mound followed the first and he saw her frown when her wrist brushed a nipple.

Both breasts bound, oh so sweetly bound, he'd thought and stroked the tip of his cock, luxuriating in the aching need that made him tremble. For an instant he'd closed his eyes, picturing his hands on her. Just his fingertips at first, sliding over the taut stretched flesh of her breasts - feeling the heat of her, and then carefully pulling on her ribbon bound nipples - stroking one then the other, while she arched her back pushing those lovely mounds towards him.

With a shudder, he'd dragged his eyes open, not wanting to miss the real Sharon. Fantasy could wait, he'd reminded himself, but to see her for real, well it may never happen again.

Blinking, mouth once more gaping in shock, she was gone. Frantically he'd scanned the room and felt his cock sag in response to his disappointment. Where could she have gone, why? Had she spotted him?

"Oh God," he'd moaned, dragging his shorts up. His cock was still swollen and when he bent it to get it back into his shorts another moan slipped out. Wriggling and squirming, he'd managed to get his fly done up and the water turned on all the way before heading around to the front of the house. He knew he was flushed, could feel the heat in his face. And every time he'd closed his eyes, she was there. And his erection had grown painfully against the leg of his shorts.

Sam had rushed around to the front of the house, not sure if she'd be there waiting or still inside. He'd crammed his hand into his pocket and took hold of his cock through the thin material. Furtively he'd tried to straighten the uncomfortable kink in the middle of his shaft, hoping Sharon wasn't able to see him through one

of the many windows.

And there she was. That tiny bit of pale blue material turned out to be a dress, summery and light, but enough to cover her from her neck down to mid-thigh.

Sam had stopped, dead in his tracks. He knew his mouth had dropped open again, but he couldn't make it shut. The muscles in his jaw just wouldn't cooperate.

"Thanks Sam," she'd called, and picked up the bucket of soapy water. A sponge in one hand, the bucket in the other, she headed for her car.

He couldn't move, couldn't answer her or look away. All he could do was try to see the outline of her breasts, of her nipples. Had he dreamed it all? He stepped closer, his hand still buried deep inside his pocket, trying to hide the embarrassingly large lump he knew would show.

She'd put the bucket down beside the car and pulled the sopping sponge out, then while he gaped and gawked, she'd run it over the hood. Leaning over, her breasts had touched the wet surface, the front of her dress dragging back and forth as she scrubbed. Rising, he'd seen the elongated nipples, the ribbon still tightly gripping them. Sharon had stood facing him, a look of innocence on her flushed face. As if she weren't aware of his hard-on, or his racing heart, or the tightly bound tits that she offered him.

"Thanks Sam, didn't you say you had chores to do?" she'd asked him and twisted her shoulders from side to side. Her breasts had moved, like puppies under a blanket they jiggled back and forth. The points outlined; the ribbon clearly evident around them.

He'd gaped and tried to swallow, but his mouth had gone dry as the Sahara and his face felt as if it had been burned by the hot desert sun.

"Yes, I-I do," he'd finally been able to croak.

He'd left then, the vision of her round firm breasts, barely concealed by the flimsy wet material, burned forever into his memory. The smile she'd given him as a parting gift, spoke of more to come, if he could just figure out what and how. His cock had ached. He'd flattened his hand over his erection, pushing it against his stomach to keep it from tenting the front of his shorts.

To turn away, lose sight of those amazing tits was the hardest thing he'd ever done. But he did it, with as much dignity as he could muster. Although how dignified was debatable, he'd hardly been able to walk. His erection was painful and he'd had to bend at the waist in order to make any progress at all.

"Thank heaven's I live next door," he'd muttered as he headed towards the gate separating their two yards. Once through, he'd double over and groaned. His

fist had automatically tightened around his cock. With his other hand he'd scrambled to get his short unfastened. The button had seemed to fight his fingers, but finally he got it undone and the zipper quickly followed. Naked from the waist down, he'd dropped to his knees in the grass and shuffled around until he was peeking through the lower branches of the hedge.

"Ah!" The soft moan came from nowhere as he spotted her again. He masturbated while watching her wash her car. Her tits bounced and jiggled as she moved, dipping the sponge into the bucket, walking around the car, driving him insane with lust. The ribbons had been plain to see and he'd ached to touch them, to add to her torment, but he hadn't dared to. Not then.

His orgasm had been intense. He remembered seeing her standing, facing him with her hands behind her head as if stretching. Her nipples protruded towards him, as if calling to him. His cock had contracted then grown huge and taut in his fist before sending a long ribbon of come into the hedge. He was sure she must have heard the guttural sob that followed, but his eyes had automatically closed as he climaxed. He remembered how his heart had pounded, how the sweat had felt cool on his back as it ran into the crack of his ass. And he remembered opening his eyes to see her gazing towards him, an expression of desire so powerful on her face that he wanted to reach out and touch her.

He didn't, not then and not the next time he saw her binding her breasts.

Every weekend, on Sunday, he snuck over in the afternoons when he was sure she was home. He'd stand beside that Maple tree and spy on her, his shorts around his ankles, his straining hard-on in his hand. Sometimes she'd bind her breasts just as he'd seen that first time. Other times she added clothespins or hair clips to her gorgeous round breasts. He watched as she tugged on her nipples, stretching the dark nubs until he was sure the skin was going to tear. He'd seen her use elastic bands on her nipples, winding the rubber bands tighter and tighter, until the tiny bit of dark flesh that was left exposed was deep purple.

And each time he saw her, he'd come gloriously, hips thrusting forward, his legs tensed, shooting geysers of his cream into the wind. Afterwards he'd feel guilty for peeking, feeling as if he'd somehow taken something from her. When all he really wanted to do was knock on her door and show her how much he loved seeing her. Wanted to know her inside and out.

Sam was sure he'd fallen in love with her.

It all came to a head when he found the note she left him.

A Sunday like any other, the sun was out, the wind rustled the leaves in the Maple tree and Sam had just reached it. And there, pinned to the trunk where he normally stood, was a piece of pale blue paper.

His hands began to tremble. Somehow he knew it was about to change, but he was afraid to find out how. His mouth was suddenly bone dry, and when he reached for the note, he saw that his hands were trembling. He read:

Sam,

I know you watch me and I know you masturbate when you do. I had hoped you would come in or ask me out. Please don't keep me waiting forever.

Sharon

For an instant he couldn't believe what he'd read. Deep inside, he knew that she'd directed him to the spot, but he'd shied away from really understanding it. All the weeks of clandestine beating off, spying on her, she'd known about. Known and approved of it seemed from her note.

His erection had waned, but when he looked up and into her window, she was there. Naked and looking out at him, her hand gripping the ribbons he'd become so very fond of seeing.

Sam took a deep breath and headed for the back door. Heart in his throat, he knocked and felt his cock stir. By the time he heard the doorknob being turned his erection had returned and he was ready for her.

"Give me the ribbon." His words were softly spoken yet firm and the naked, smiling woman handed them to him. Her hand trembled, and his was steady as he took the dozen or so strands from her. "You're gorgeous, Sharon, and I want you desperately, but first show me where the clothespins are."

Looking into his eyes, she nodded then turned away. He followed, his eyes glued to the gentle swaying of her ass as she headed towards her room. On the way, Sam peeled out of his T-shirt and kicked his runners off, sending them skittering across the floor to land with a thump against the wall. He'd long ago quit wearing underwear while watching her, so all he had on was a pair of loose fitting cotton shorts. The front of them was tented and when he glanced down he could see a wet spot where pre-come had begun to leak.

She led him into her room, now so familiar it was as if he had walked into his dream. He'd been right about the mirror, a vanity with its large mirror stood just where he thought it would, beside the window. The Maple shadowed the room

from the hot afternoon sun. He felt his color rise when he noticed that she'd have had a perfect view of him, then smiled. At least she'd know what he looked like and that he wanted her.

She stopped in front of the vanity and pulled open one of the drawers. Inside was an abundance of ribbons, clothespins and more. He stepped beside her and slipped his arm around her waist and felt the soft mound of her breast pressing against his side, eyeing the jumble of torture toys.

"Thank you, Sharon." He kissed the soft curve of her cheek and turned her towards her chair. "Sit down, just like you were going to play by yourself."

Her chin quivered, but she did as she was told. He knelt before her and looked into her lovely blue eyes. "Sharon, I've wanted to do this ever since the first time you showed me. I just didn't know how to take the first step - but you did. We'll talk later, I promise. This isn't all I want, I want to get to know you, but I think right now both of us want this more. I'll stop if you want me to, just say so, okay?"

She lowered her eyes for just a moment, and he saw her take a deep shuddering breath before she lifted them again. Tears trickled from the corners, and at first Sam thought he'd gone too far or too fast, but when she spoke he felt as if a large weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

"I've watched you for months, ever since I moved in here. At first I thought you must be married. I'm really glad you're not," she blushed then, but went on with a rush. "I'm not good with people, but I wanted to know you. I guess I saw something in you, something I needed. I wanted you to know what I like. I mean about my tit torture thing.

"I've always felt like such a freak. I know I have big boobs, and guys like that, but I've never found one who'd treat them like I want, need. You saw, and you liked what you saw. God, I sound like such a pervert." Her head dropped and Sam thought she was going to cry. Reaching around her, he pulled her close, comforting her.

"Sharon, later, we'll talk later, but right now, I want to show you how much I enjoyed your shows. Is that okay?"

"Yes, Sam, that's why I left the note. This was driving me crazy," she whispered against his neck. "Seeing you out there, wanting you."

"Hush," Sam said and eased her back. "Do you like them slapped?"

"Yes."

"Good, I've been thinking about this for weeks. Put your hands behind your head and push your chest out."

She instantly obeyed and Sam's breath caught in his throat. She was gorgeous. Her huge breasts rode high on her chest as she leaned back, pushing them towards him. The nipples were already tight and the areolas crinkled up around them.

He still had the ribbons in his right hand and he tossed them on the bed. Selecting one strand, he took her breast in the other hand and pulled the luscious mound towards him, while winding the ribbon around the base. Pulling it tight, he tied it and tucked the ends in. Her breath brushed against the hair on the back of his arm and made him shiver and he looked up at her face. Her mouth had sagged open and her eyes were fixed on his hands. Smiling, he stroked her breast, running the fingertips around the circumference, then towards the nipple.

He stopped before he actually touched the nipple and went to the open drawer. Behind him, he heard her groan and his smile widened. Rummaging around he pulled out two elastic bands, but before he turned back, he reached down and rearranged his cock. A gentle squeeze made it jump in his hand, and he felt the shaft swell even more.

When he turned to face Sharon, her eyes dropped to the waistband of his shorts. His gaze followed and it was his turn to feel the heat of a blush. The head of his cock poked over the top of the waistband and was covered in pre-come.

His embarrassment didn't last long. Using the tip of his finger he gathered some of the sticky wetness covering his cock head, he pressed it against Sharon's lips. She sucked it in, her tongue caressing the length of his finger as he slid it deeper into her mouth.

"Good girl." Pulling his hand away, he tweaked a nipple. Pulling on one, he twisted it between his finger and thumb, then letting it go, he moved to the other. Back and forth, a little harder each time until she was gasping. Even then he didn't completely stop, just changed his tactics. He dropped the elastic bands for the time being and took a nipple between each of his thumbs and fingers then lifted them. He kept lifting until her breasts rose, their weight dragging on her tender nubs.

She opened her mouth to yelp, but he let go before the sound erupted. Raising his hand, he waited until he was sure she saw his intent, then let fly. The flat of his hand landed squarely on the side of her left tit and sent it careening into the right. The breath escaped her with a soft whoosh, and her eyes widened with surprise.

Sam let the momentum carry him. He raised his other hand and brought it down sharply against the soft flesh of her other breast and smiled as it flew to the side, crashing into the right one. Back and forth, one open palm then the other, he swung. The sound of his hand connecting with her tit reverberated through the room. He altered the direction of his swing and began directing his hands to the undersides, or the soft inner cleavage. The print of his hand appeared then was

blurred as he continued. A lovely shade of pink deepened to crimson before he finally halted.

Gasping, they looked at each other. Both of them were covered in sweat, his hands tingled from the blows; her breasts were a lovely mottled purple and red. Again he reached for them, one plump mound in each hand, he caressed and twisted them. Her nipples poked deliciously into his palm.

A tiny, breathy voice interrupted his pleasure, "More."

He stepped away, but just long enough to drop his shorts and step out of them. His cock ached, and he gripped it hard. Standing with his knees pressed against hers he batted her nipples with the head of his cock. In seconds a ribbon of pre-come joined them. He could only keep it up for a minute or so, or he'd have shot all over her huge globes.

The elastic bands caught his attention and he bent to pick them up. The memory of seeing her use them almost sent him over the edge.

"Yeah, baby, more" he murmured and took hold of one of her nipples. It was crinkled and tight already, but when he twisted it around the moan she let loose added to his pleasure. Another twist in the opposite direction and he was satisfied that the tiny bud was as hard as it could get. He stretched the elastic and fed her nipple through. Pulling it taut, he wound the rubber band around the base of her nipple, down over the areola. By the time he'd finished, all he could see was the tiny red tip. Turning to the other nipple, he drew it out as far as he could and pinched it hard, then twisted it. He wasn't surprised when Sharon pushed her chest out further, wanting more. His fingers had become slippery with sweat and he had a hard time holding the rubbery nubbin, but he persisted. A few minutes later he had the elastic band stretched and wound around both of her nipples. They stood out proudly, high on her breasts, pointing towards him.

He flicked one with the tips of his fingers and she gasped. The other got the same response. Sam used his fingers for a few more flicks, then grinning, stepped a little closer and used his dick. The sensation was amazing, the tight hard nub tapping against his sensitive glans and the way she stared made his blood boil.

He couldn't wait any longer. Pressing his cock between her tits he thrust his hips forward and sighed as he felt himself being swallowed by her abused mounds. With a hand on the outside of each tit, he squeezed and groaned as the pressure drove him higher. He felt his balls squirm and move upwards in their sack and he bit his lip trying to hold off, just a little longer. When he felt her chin touch the tip of his cock he groaned and held still. Just his hands moved on her tits, massaging himself and her, tormenting them both.

"Sam," he heard her say, and he looked down at her. Eyes as blue as the sky stared back, full of wanting and desire. Lips, luscious and red, parted, inches from

his cock. He groaned, feeling the soft brush of her breath caressing his crown, the tip wept copiously, anointing her tits.

"I'm close baby, so close." He barely recognized his own voice; it was so harsh with need.

"Sam, come," she whispered, then stronger, "Please, I want to feel you come on my face, and my tits. I've dreamed of it. Then fuck me. Please, Sam." She pushed her chest out with renewed vigor and slid her hands around his thighs. She held him, caressed the back of his thighs with her small hands, while he fought for control. When she flicked her tongue out and lapped at the tip of his cock he was lost.

He couldn't stop himself then. Her wanton invitation and the feel of her satin smooth flesh, was too much. He plunged between her tits, holding the snugly around his cock and groaned when the first jet of come shot forth. The first stream landed in her hair, a ribbon of his essence adorning her curls. The second glistened on her brow and trickled down her nose. He squeezed her breasts, milking the last of his pleasure from her, and shuddered when he erupted one more time. The last oozing pearl of come, trickled over the head of his cock then touched her flesh, where he smeared it around with his fingers.

She lapped at him again and his cock lurched. He wanted her to clean him, to spend time licking and sucking on him while he lay back and relaxed, but he remembered her request and dropped to his knees.

With her tits in at his chest level and her legs pushed open she was more than ready for the fucking she so richly deserved. He knew he wouldn't be able to maintain his erection for long. So taking firm hold of it, he rubbed the bulbous head over her sex and plunged in. Like a velvet glove, she held him. Caressed him with muscles he had never felt in a woman before, but swore he'd feel again.

"Yes," he hissed as he hit the bottom of her, felt the tip of his cock touch something deep inside.

She clutched at him, her fingers clawing at the muscles of his upper arm, trying to pull him close. He leaned against her, the twin mounds of her tortured breasts supporting him as he rammed himself in and out of her sopping wetness. Her inner muscles milked him, drawing the last of his come into her depth.

When he pulled himself away then bent forward to grasp a nipple in his mouth, she exploded. His teeth raked along the tip of her nipple and she screamed her pleasure. Sam held her ass, pulling her hard onto his cock, and felt her spasm, then again and again. Her sobs matched his; the music of lovers resounding as each strove to give the other more pleasure.

Finally he was spent, and she collapsed against his chest her head resting on

his shoulder. Her breath tickled his neck and ear, but he wouldn't have moved for the world. His arms found themselves around her, holding her close, treasuring the woman he'd searched for, for years

A whisper in his ear, "Sam, I've got to unbind my tits, they're getting too sore."

"Of course, let me help you." And he did, untying the knots, carefully unwinding the ribbon he'd been watching her use for weeks. It had begun to fray he noticed and thought it might be time for some new. The elastic bands were more painful, but as he plucked at them he saw her shiver, her knees tightened around him.

"Thank you, Sam."

"Sharon, I think I love you." He confessed, and bent to her breast. Sucking carefully on the sore nipple, he plucked the other elastic off. Her shudder and the way she tightened her thighs got his cocks attention.

"Good, I've wanted you since I first saw you." She kissed his shoulder and added, "More - please."

The end

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