

# Two Little Words

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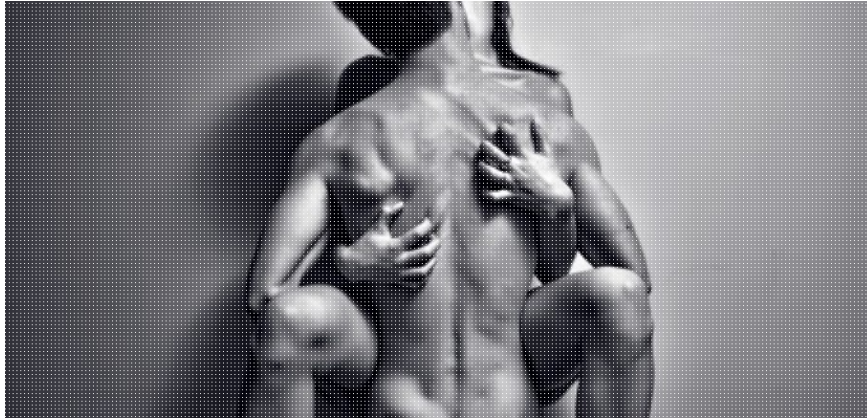
A man gets a romantic birthday surprise from his girlfriend. Light bondage, fellatio, and passionate sex.

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â TGIF,â Mark thought, as he turned the key and swung the door to the apartment open. Claire had to be home. The thick wooden door of the upstairs apartment in old Victorian home was unlocked. â Anybody home?â Mark called. There was no answer.

He walked inside carefully and spied a note on the dining room table. It was in Claireâs handwriting.

*Waiting to give you your birthday present. Go to the bedroom. Get naked. Sit in the chair. Iâll be there soon.*

*Love,*

*Claire*

Mark smiled to himself. His girlfriend had not forgotten his birthday, and this sounded like a fun surprise. He left his things on the table and went to the bedroom as the note told him to do. The room was dimly lit with a few candles, and he could hear water running in the bathroom. Claire was brushing her teeth. Through the crack in the bathroom door, he could see her dark blond curls dangling above the sink, as she bent over to spit. Within seconds, Mark had stripped off his shirt, khakis, and boxers.

One of the wooden dining room chairs they had bought at the Goodwill store was positioned so that it faced the bed. Mark sat in it, as the note had told him to do, his back facing the bathroom door. He was sporting some wood already wondering what Claire had planned for him. Although she worked as a librarian, Mark had always been impressed with his girlfriendâs creativity. She seemed to have a knack for keeping him on his toes.

The water stopped running in the bathroom. The sound of Claireâs feet on the tile floor echoed quietly. He heard the door open. The hairs on the back of Markâs neck prickled. She was walking up behind him now. Her cool hands caressed his shoulders. Claireâs lips touched his ear, as she whispered, â Hey, Baby. Are you ready for your birthday surprise?â Her hair draped softly on his back, as she planted kisses in a line down the side of his neck. Then, her hands rubbed his shoulders, giving him a gentle massage. They moved down his arms, as she crouched behind the chair. â What was she doing?â

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He felt something soft and silky encircled his wrists. It was a scarf. Claire tied his wrists together. She giggled a bit, as she did this. The knot felt loose. Mark knew he could get free easily. They had tied each other up before only once, and this was the agreement. No pain, and the one in âbondageâ always had to be able to get free. âAm I your prisoner?â Mark asked jokingly.

âHmmm. If thatâs what you want to call it.â Claire answered. âAre you ready to play?â

âSure.â He answered, looking down at his hard member, which was now standing erect, pointing up at the crystal chandelier above the bed.

âOkay. Well, here are the rules.â The sultry voice explained. She walked around the chair with a deliberate stride, so he could get a good look at her for the first time. âYou can only use two words, âyesâ and ânoâ.â Claire said. âIf you want me to keep doing the action I am doing to you, say âyesâ. If you want me to switch and do something different, say ânoâ.â

âOkay, Mistress Claire. Do what you will to me, I will not tell the truth.â Mark joked and casually blew a puff of air up to remove a lock of hair from his eyes.

His girlfriendâs green eyes sparkled. She was wearing a pink bra and panties, and a pair of high heels. Not too much clothing to remove, just enough to look sexy and make him wait a little, building anticipation.

She stepped slowly toward him, and straddled his legs. Sliding down his body seductively, Claire began kissing him. Her hand reached down between them, and started stroking his cock gently. Mark kissed her back, his tongue grazing the inside of her soft full lips. He moaned. A shiver of passion ran up his spine, making him want more, but then he remembered the game. âNo,â he said quietly, pulling away from her and grinning mischievously. He wanted to see what she would try next.

Claireâs mouth twisted into a sly smile. Without saying a word, she leaned back and unhooked the pink bra she was wearing. She dropped it to the floor, as her eyebrows raised in a playful expression. Then, she elevated her body just enough to brush her hard nipples against Markâs cheek. He tried in vain to catch one of them in his mouth. His tongue licked wildly, eyes looking up at her face. He stopped and smiled. âNo,â he said again with intense eye contact, as if this would help her read his mind.

His kind mistress stood up and backed away. This time, she went down on her knees to do his bidding. Looking up coyly at him, she began licking his cock, long slow licks from the base to the tip; then, kissing his head all around, little wet kisses that made him shiver again and again. The prisonerâs breathe quickened. Dripping spit down onto his member, she looked up into his eyes. Then, he felt her beautiful soft lips slide down enveloping him completely. Claireâs hand circled his cock and glided up and down. She sucked deeply, tonguing his sweet-spot hard on the way out of her mouth each time. Her other hand reached down and lightly stroked his balls.

Mark moaned. His legs tensed. His hips thrust up slightly. For a moment, he was lost. Then, remembering the game, he said in a breathy voice, âNo.â

Claire stopped sucking. She paused, holding his cock firmly in her hand. âOkay, Baby. Iâll switch it up for you again.â She stood up and bent toward him. A passionate kiss, as she slipped her panties down and onto the floor. Mark felt her hands sliding up the back of his head, caressing his scalp, as their tongues played. She playfully grasped the hair at the back of his head and held him tight. Her kiss was hard, and she made pleasure noises. Her bare breasts rubbed against him, beckoning for his touch. If his hands had been free, the thin strip of pubic hair that adorned her below would be in reach.

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Suddenly, Mark could stand it no longer. The silk scarf was easy to discard. His arms reached forward and grabbed her firm round ass with both hands. He pulled her toward him, pressing her body against his chest. He began sucking and kissing her nipples fervently. Claire's head fell back. She let out a breathy cry that sounded both surprised and pleased. Then, her hand reached down to position his cock. She glided gently down. Down. Down. The lovely wetness of her swollen lips encircled his member. Mark squeezed her ass harder with his hands and began moving her body up and down. Little by little, she opened to take in his full size. They kissed and moaned with pleasure, working themselves into a slow rhythm.

Claire began swiveling her hips a little, grinding against him. Her muscles inside gripped and pulsed in orgasm. He held her back, as it arched, then his hands moved back down to her ass. She was moving like a snake or some kind of well-oiled machine now, and he knew he would cum soon.

There were times when Mark had discipline, and there were times when he just wanted to let go. Now, was a different sort of mood altogether. He sat back in the chair, regaining some composure, and said firmly, "Claire, I'm not doing this."

Gradually, her motions slowed. She was in that half-woman-half-animal state, mid orgasm, hardly cognizant of his orders. Except for a little pulsing down below, her body stopped moving. She ran her hands up through her hair, pushing it off her face, breathing heavily and looking at Mark with a dazed expression. She didn't weigh very much, so it was hardly any effort at all when he lifted her off his lap and stood up. They embraced, breathing heavily. Only a few seconds passed before Claire found the words to ask, "What are you doing?"

With a devilish grin, Mark lifted her again, this time wrapping her legs around his waist. He turned around. It was a small room. The wall next to the bathroom was only a few feet away. He pressed Claire's back against the ancient peeling fuzzy wallpaper, and they resumed kissing. He slipped inside her once again, this time effortlessly. Almost instantly, her body resumed the rhythmical pulsing of orgasm. Claire's hips moved in quick jerking motions against him.

Now, everything felt right, exactly as he wanted it, and all Mark could think about was the pressure building inside him. He pushed hard into her repeatedly, making her scream loudly. Their heads separated slightly, as he pumped harder and faster. Something fell off the wall and onto the floor, but neither of them cared. She just screamed "Oh God! Oh my God! Mark! Yes! Ah-ah-ah-ah!"

The familiar tickle at the base of his cock propelled him over the edge into the throws of orgasm. Her wetness poured down his legs onto the floor. His body went into spasms, as he shot cum deep inside her. He cried out in ecstasy. There were no words, only love for her and the raw feeling of their bodies still sliding together. For a brief moment, Mark thought how good it felt to keep his cock inside her this whole time. Gradually, they slowed to a stop. Claire's legs still shook slightly, as she gripped his waist. He pressed his body close to hers up against the wall, and they kissed once more, a long kiss, the kind of kiss that made them both feel as if energy really passed between their bodies. Time stood still.

At last, he released her legs, letting her feet touch the ground. She was a good nine inches shorter than he was. Their bodies now stood close, and he kissed the top of her head. With her face resting against his chest, Claire said in a half whisper, "Happy Birthday, Loverboy."

"That was the best present ever." He answered. His head rested comfortably on top of hers, smelling the light scent of her hair, "Thank you, my Love."

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