

FIFTY SHADES OF GREY

By E.I. James

Kneeling by the door, I am naked except for my panties. ...I'm excited, aroused, wet already. ... I glance down quickly, staring at my hands, positioned with care on my spread thighs. ...He's naked except for those soft ripped jeans, top button casually undone. ...“Don't start with your smart mouth in here, Miss Steele. Or I will fuck it with you on your knees. Do you understand?” ...“I am going to tie you to that bed, Anastasia. But I'm going to blindfold you first and”—he reveals his iPod in his hand—“you will not be able to hear me. ...Taking my hand, he leads me over to the antique four-poster bed. There are shackles attached at each corner, fine metal chains with leather cuffs, glinting against the red satin. ...“Wait here. Keep your eyes on the bed. Picture yourself lying here, bound and totally at my mercy.” ...In his right hand is a flogger. ...“I will use this. It will not hurt, but it will bring your blood to the surface of your skin and make you very sensitive.” ...He drops the flogger on the bed, and his hands move to my waist. “You won't be needing these.” He hooks his fingers into my panties and sweeps them down my legs. ...“Stand still,” he orders, and he kisses my behind and then gently nips me twice, making me tense. “Now lie down. Faceup,” he adds as he smacks me hard on the behind, making me jump. ...Slowly, he slides the mask on, pulling the elastic over the back of my head, and I'm blind. ...he drags me down the bed so my arms are stretched out and almost straining at the cuffs. ...A frisson of trepidation mixed with tantalizing exhilaration sweeps through my body, making me wetter. ...Parting my legs, he cuffs first my right ankle and then my left so I am staked out, spread-eagled, and totally vulnerable to him. ...Something almost unbearably soft brushes against my neck, running languidly down my throat, slowly

across my chest, over my breasts, caressing me... pulling at my nipples. ...

It's fur! A fur glove? Christian trails his hand, unhurried and deliberate, down to my belly, circling my navel, then carefully from hip to hip, and I'm trying to anticipate where he's going next, but the music—it's in my head, transporting me... the fur across the line of my pubic hair... between my legs, along my thighs, down one leg... up the other. ...And still, the fur is moving down my arms and around my waist, back up across my breasts. My nipples harden beneath the soft touch, and I'm panting, wondering where his hand will go next. Suddenly, the fur is gone, and I can feel the fronds of the flogger flowing over my skin, following the same path as the fur, ...suddenly, sharply, it bites down on my belly. “Ahh!” I cry out. It takes me by surprise yet it doesn't hurt but my skin tingles all over. He hits me again. Harder. “Ahh!” I want to move, to writhe—to escape or to welcome each blow, I don't know; it's so overwhelming. I can't pull my arms... my legs are stuck... I am held very firmly in place... and again he strikes across my breasts. I cry out. And it's a sweet agony—bearable, just. ...He hits me across my hip, then moves in swift blows over my pubic hair, on my thighs, and down my inner thighs... and back up my body... across my hips. ...This time, it's his nose and lips that take the place of the fur... running down my neck and throat, kissing, sucking... trailing down to my breasts... Ah! Taunting each of my nipples in turn, his tongue swirling around one while his fingers relentlessly tease the other. ...He moves down to my belly, his tongue circling my navel, following the path of the flogger and the fur. I moan. He's kissing and sucking and nibbling, moving south, and then his tongue is there. At the junction of

my thighs. I throw my head back and cry out as I almost detonate into orgasm... I'm on the brink, and he stops.

No! The bed shifts, and he kneels between my legs. ...His hands travel quickly down both my legs, squeezing and kneading, bringing life back into them. Then, grasping my hips, he lifts me so my back is no longer on the bed. ...He's kneeling up between my legs, and in one swift, slamming move, he's inside me. Oh fuck! And I cry out again. The quiver of my impending orgasm begins, and he stills. The quiver dies—oh no, he's going to torture me further. “Please!” I wail.

He grips me harder. ...His fingers dig into the flesh of my behind as I lay panting, so I purposefully still. Very slowly, he starts to move again... out and then in... agonizingly slowly. Holy fuck—please! I'm screaming inside. And as the number of voices in the choral piece increases, so does his pace, infinitesimally, he's so controlled... so in time with the music. And I can no longer bear it. Please,” I beg, and in one swift move, he lowers me back onto the bed, and he's lying on top of me, his hands on the bed beside my breasts as he supports his weight, and he thrusts into me. As the music reaches its climax, I fall... free-fall... into the most intense, agonizing orgasm I have ever had, and Christian follows me, thrusting hard into me three more times, finally stilling, then collapsing on top of me. As my consciousness returns from wherever it's been, Christian pulls out of me.

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