



# “Titillation”

by **Sidney Sitravon**

*Erotic story for the FrolicMe.com, filmed by Anna*

Finally, it was her turn. She sat back and stared at her conquest. A beautiful male specimen, whose name she didn't know, and didn't care to learn. Just perfect. He would represent all of the men who had done her wrong. She would have her way with him, as many times as she liked. There was nothing he could do about it—not being blindfolded and tied to a chair, naked in her flat.

She ran her hands over her body, and between her legs. She was already aroused just thinking about what she was about to do to him...

For years she had been the one to never get what she truly wanted—from always being the bridesmaid and never the bride, to a long string of boyfriends that constantly let her down. Now it was work. She had been passed over for a promotion by her jerk of a boss for some supposed hotshot executive from another office.

No more. Not this time. She was getting what was due to her.

Maybe it was the four vodka martinis she put down before he arrived at the bar. Maybe it was the fact that she had simply had it once and for all, and it was time to get her share. It didn't matter. When he walked in she knew exactly what she wanted. She wanted a night with a complete stranger, and she wanted it her way.

He was hunky. Not just muscular and good-looking, he had something else. He had swagger. Enough swagger that as soon as he walked in no less than three women approached him.

"Over my dead body," she commented to herself.

Setting her drink aside she made her way over to him. Stepping her tall, red-headed figure in front of a tiny blonde, their eyes met. She knew he was interested, she could tell.

"Buy me a drink?"

She asked, but it was more of a command. He slipped some cash from his pocket and signaled for the bartender as the blonde stormed off. Five martinis in one evening might be a little much, but she didn't plan on drinking this one. Not if things went as planned.

"Thank you," she replied when the drinks arrived. "I was waiting for you to get here all night."

He smiled. It was a pretty funny line, she thought to herself. Except she wasn't here to make small talk.

"Here's the deal. Tonight is your lucky night. Tonight you're coming home with me."

His eyebrows raised. She knew she had him lured... now it was time to reel him in.

"This is how it's going to work. I live a few blocks away. I'm going to tell my girlfriends I'm getting an Uber home, and you'll meet me outside. I don't want you to say a word the entire time. You talk, and it's all over. Got it?"

His eyes roamed her up and down. She felt her skin flush under her short black dress as he mentally undressed her. She glanced over his shoulder toward her friends. So far they hadn't paid her any attention. She reached out and placed her hand on his arm, feeling his biceps through his tight shirt. God, she was already so wet.

"Please, just give me this one," she begged quietly to herself.

He slowly nodded.

She stood up and rejoined her friends. "Well, I'm calling it a night ladies. Got an Uber on the way."

"Already? The night's barely started," her girlfriend protested.

"Yeah, well, after today I don't feel much like partying."

Her friend's eyes immediately softened. "Oh, I'm sorry. Sucks about that promotion. Text us when you're home?"

"Always." She turned and quickly departed, before she lost her nerve.

Despite the four drinks she was immediately sober the moment the chilly wind outside hit her cheeks. She looked back and forth, her heart climbing into her throat for a moment not finding him. Then she saw him. He was standing halfway down the block.

She approached with as much confidence she could muster. "Shall we?"

She linked her arm in his and led him the few blocks to her flat. Her heels clicked on the quiet sidewalks, his breathing the only other sound in the crisp evening air. He hadn't said a word yet, just as she asked. "Could this really work?" she asked herself.

Her hands shook slightly as they took the few steps up to her flat and she turned the key in her lock, thinking how reckless her behavior was. Her roommate was away on a business trip, and no one knew she had taken a guy home—not that her friends would've even believed her if she told him her plan. She was never one to sleep with someone she just met.

"That's okay," she told herself. "Tonight is your night. Everything will be just fine." Her inner guidance had never let her down, and there was nothing at all worrisome about the beautiful boy standing beside her.

"Besides," she thought as she opened the door. "Once I have him where I want him, there will be nothing he can do to harm me."

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They entered her flat and she put on all the lights until it was bright as day. She immediately felt safer.

“Just double checking my roommate isn’t home,” she lied.

She moved into the living room, her man following behind her. She thought about asking his name, but didn't see the point. She wanted to know nothing about him. She didn't care what he did for a living, or if he had any money, or if he went to Oxford. She only wanted him for one thing... she just hoped he would be okay with that one thing.

She slipped a chair out from under her desk and placed it in the middle of the room next to her dining table.

"Sit," she instructed.

He gave her a brief look, then did as she asked. She went over her nightstand and slipped out a silk tie her ex had used on her once. She returned to the chair and held it in front of him. Was he really going to let her tie him up?

In response he lowered his arms to the back of the chair, then crossed them at the wrists. She bent down and secured his arms behind the chair. She unbuttoned his shirt and pulled down his pants, then retrieved a blindfold from her nightstand. She walked back and held it in front of his face. He nodded again. She pulled it over his eyes, then stood back and admired her handiwork. The knots weren't tight enough to really hold him, but they would do.

“Well, that was easy,” she thought. “Maybe I should’ve been doing this to all my dates.”

She quickly texted her friends she was home safe, then tossed her phone aside. Finally, it was her turn to get what she deserved.

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A bowl of strawberries called to her. She grabbed them from the fridge, her hips swaying lightly as she carried them back to her man. She plucked one from the bowl, dangling it in front of his blindfolded face.

“Open up,” she whispered, pushing the succulent fruit towards him. She teased the strawberry around his lips, drawing her long fingers through his coarse beard as he bit down and took it in his mouth, making a small grunt as he chewed it between his lips.

“Very satisfying,” she thought to herself.

She offered him another, this time dragging her fingers down his neck, over his chest. She set the bowl aside, and dragged those same nails over his bare thighs. She ran her hands up his legs, teasing him, and teasing herself at the same time.

She moved around to his back. She stripped his shirt from his shoulders, and began caressing his neck. She stretched her hands down the front of his long chest, dragging her nails over his hot skin, and over his hard nipples. She titillated him with her slow movements, massaging his shoulders and stroking his beard softly, taking her time, enjoying her treat.

She sat back on the table beside him and stepped her high-heeled leg onto his thigh. Dragging the long spiked heel of her black pumps across his body, she spread her legs over him. She balanced one leg on his shoulder while she spread her legs farther apart, dipping her fingers inside her panties, softly touching herself where she longed to feel him inside of her.

She slid from the table and surveyed her man. She could tell he was hard under his white cotton shirt that loosely covered his cock. It was time to use that hardness for her pleasure. She slapped him lightly across the thigh as she peeled back his shirt and bent down beside him, a subtle reminder she was in complete control. She took hold of his manhood, enjoying the texture and heavy feel of his long, thick cock. She kissed down the sides of his stomach, then took him in her mouth.

He moaned. She knew he was desperate to free his arms from his restraints, but she wasn't going to allow it. She took him deeper in her mouth, sucking on him, letting the slurping sounds of her lips on him echo in the room. All the while her toy kept perfectly silent. She sucked him hard and fast, licking down the sides of his shaft, drawing him into her mouth with delicious ease.

Her arousal grew. She needed more.

She stood up and peeled off her tiny pair of panties, then tossed them to the floor. She hiked up her dress and straddled him. She stroked his cock a few more time, then kissed him. He moaned beneath the blindfold. She caught her reflection in the mirror, her arms extended over his shoulders, holding onto the back of his chair as she lowered herself down onto this complete stranger.

"God, you're being bad," she told herself. She didn't care. She wanted him... more than she had wanted anything or anyone in a long time.

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She lowered her body onto his thick shaft, taking him between her lips. He was large. So much larger than she expected. She felt herself spreading open to accept his girth. She ground her hips down on him, squeezing her breasts as her long, red hair fell around her face.

He started to talk.

"Oh no, don't you dare," she chided.

She gathered up her dress and stuffed it into his mouth. Much better.

She continued grinding her body on him. She could feel herself getting wetter by the moment, his thickness surpassing anything she previous had experienced. He was so long, and so hard. She loved the feeling of him inside her. Already she knew it would hurt when he left. There was nothing to be done about that. When it was over it was, "Out the door, love." As mysteriously as he had entered her life, he would vanish.

But not yet. She wasn't nearly done with him.

She slowed down for a moment, dragging her hands across his chest and down his perfect body. She turned now so she was facing away from him, her dress falling from his mouth and down her body, exposing her breasts. Her black pumps pressed into the hardwood floor as she ground down on top of him. She cried out, not caring if he heard how aroused she was. It didn't matter. What was he going to do? He was tied up.

She shifted her pelvis. Down she moved on him, twisting her hips, his long cock hitting her front wall in just the right spot with each downward thrust. She took hold of his thighs. Around and around her hips moved, her weekly dance classes finally being put to good use. She was driving herself wild with pleasure. She was in pure heaven.

If only it could last.

She stood up and turned to face him. She straddled him, pulling her legs up onto the chair as she rode him to her climax. She called out, her orgasm washing over her in a delicious wave of pure pleasure. She held onto him as she caught her breath. He still didn't make a sound.

"I think it's your turn," she finally whispered to him.

She climbed off his lap and knelt beside him. Taking his thick cock back into her hands she stroked him gently, pumping him up and down until she watched his beautiful cock twitch and he came onto his stomach.

She smiled, watching her complete stranger catching his breath under the blindfold. She walked back over to the table and popped a strawberry in her mouth. Her adventure was complete. As promised, she kissed him, and sent him on his way, without a word.

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The next morning she awoke. For a moment she thought it had all been a dream, but her slight headache and her clothes strewn about the room brought it all back. She smiled to herself as she stretched her long legs out in her bed. She had done it. She had finally treated herself to something she deserved.

She made her way to the kitchen, casually sipping her morning coffee when she glanced at the clock.

"Oh shit." She had completely forgotten the new executive was starting this morning. She grabbed her purse and dashed off, pulling on her heels and she flew out the door.

Somehow, she made it to the office on time. Her supervisor was walking down the hall just as she sat down at her desk. She flipped open her laptop and quickly opened a few emails.

"Oh, there you are—I just wanted to introduce you to Trevor. He will be the new executive on the team."

She looked up, and froze. Her heart leapt into her chest. It was him. The well-dressed hunk in the Armani suit standing directly in front of her was her man from last night.

Trevor smiled, his outstretched hand suspended in the air before her. It had to be a dream. It had to be. She tentatively reached up and shook his hand.

“Uh, nice to meet you, Trevor.”

The twinkle in his smile said it all. She stared at him, unable to pull her eyes away. Her supervisor gave her an odd look, then continued.

“Well, anyway, I’ll let you two at it. She’ll show you the ropes, Trevor. Just don’t let her tie you up all day.”

Trevor grinned. “Oh, I don’t mind... in fact, I like being tied up every now and then.”

Her supervisor shook his head again as he walked away. “Whatever. Just get me the presentation by this afternoon, or I’ll rethink giving you the promotion instead of her.”

Trevor’s smile remained on his face.

“So, do you happen know anywhere a guy who is new in town can get a drink around here?”

They stared at each other. Maybe it was fate. Maybe it was the most ridiculous coincidence ever to happen to her. It didn’t matter. She felt the immeasurable confidence from the previous night return.

“No,” she smiled. “But I do know a great farm stand where they have some lovely strawberries.”

He grinned. “Even better.”

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