

Rattling Chains

©Sandra Fitzgerald May 2014

Large chocolate brown eyes stare absently. Liquid back liner surrounds dense lashes that feather flawless skin on every sweeping pass. High cheekbones with a touch of colour, full pouting lips glisten, rich and lustrous.

Dark hair cascades past shoulder blades, brushing the waist in soft waves. It too is warm and alluring; thick and healthy – a sweet temptation.

A long neck follows a heart shape face, squared shoulders to showcase full breasts. A firm fitting corset cinches at the waist, hugging the roundness of feminine hips, suspending matching black stocking to defy gravity and, perhaps, unsuspecting men.

A long breath is drawn to fill her lungs; an assertive step is taken back. Firm hands trace over lace fabric; satisfaction seeping into confidence with every second that passes.

She bends at the waist and trails fingers up the length of her toned lean legs, straightening seems, adjusting a garter belt. A placated smile edges at the corners of her mouth, then falters at the sight of gold.

Her pupils harden with focus and her jaw clenches as baritone voices carrying though the crack in the door.

Cupping her breasts, she makes a final adjustment and fingers the sheath secured in her cleavage. She looks to her stilettoed feet and shifts her protesting toes before tucking in her chin and glaring at the door. Languidly rotating she reaches for the handle and so, so slowly opens the remaining barrier that is preserving her safety.

Softening her expression, she keeps her head bowed and looks through her lashes, spying the figure sitting on the edge of the bed. He's older than she imagined, and far more striking with a thick head of dark hair, greying at the sides, electric blue eyes, sharp and knowing. Broad shoulder straining a white button down shirt tucked in at the narrow waist of tailored dress pants.

She stops with her legs straddling his, holding an intense stare as she tugs at his tie and frees the top button. She folds into his space and inhales deeply, savouring his unique scent, shivering as gooseflesh run riot over her bare skin. Tingling all the way to her fingers and toes, and weighing in her core.

Cupping the sides of his face, she delicately traces the tips of her thumbs along the length of his nose, over supple lips, the cleft in his chin. She follows the line of his strong shoulders, down the rise and dip of well-developed muscles, finally strumming his long fingers and lifting his hands to the back of her thighs.

A breathy gasp escapes as his hold tightens, along with the return of her smirk. Placing her index finger in the centre of his sternum, she bends a knee to the mattress, coaxing him backwards while climbing to situate herself so he is hard between her thighs.

She presses her palms into his defined abs and stills monetarily as he cups her ass and gently massages the globes of flesh.

It's easier if they don't respond, but they always do. It's better if they're unattractive, but they never are.

She balls the cotton beneath her hands and frees it from his pants. Drawing her lower lip between her teeth, she takes the shirt in a tight grip and rips the fabric apart, sending small clear buttons in all directions to expose a body any woman would desire.

Clenching her legs against his hips, she scratches the pads of her fingers down his torso, prowling as she hovers over him. The thin gold chain shifts from her breasts to hang between them; the heavy pendent tracing patterns over his warm skin, catching in the fine hairs, demanding her attention. Instantly she schools her reaction before he has a chance to notice.

Moistening her lips, she lowers her upper body, watching the chain piling between them. She licks and sucks a kiss to his chin, his jaw, the lobe of his ear, silently chanting 'this is the last, I can't do this anymore'.

Nipping the edge of his square jaw, she rises, narrows her eyes and squeezes the pendent sharply into her palm, tugging the chain from her neck and throwing it angrily to the window, where it rattles against the glass and falls, lost in the pile of lush carpet.

Narrowing her eyes, she fingers the curve of her breasts searching for the blade, securing it between her long digits. Flaring her nostrils she steadies, grinding her molars in search of the strength she doesn't feel, and whips out the knife with snake like speed only to have it immediately deflected and knocked to the floor.

The man suddenly rises from the bed, forcing her to fall back. Thrusting out her leg in sheer terror, she locks her stiletto under his chin. Crying out as she thrust the heel into the man's throat. Blood splatters uncontrollable as she recoils reflexively and leaps from the bed.

Scrambling for control of her racing heart and mind, she steels the robe from the hook on the wall and drags it crudely over her shoulders. Opening the door with blind determination, it's not until the cool metal of the barrel of a gun is pressed firmly to the centre of her forehead that it occurs to her the door was opening in on her, rather than being the one to open it.

An uncontrolled whimper passes her trembling lips seconds before her legs buckle beneath her.

She has defied her captures. Broken the rules.

She knows only too well, what comes next.