**Handcuffed Naked to the Sink**

by TheBlushingPrincess

**Part 5**

It's true that Morgan had been naked with guys before. But always in a sexual setting. Nothing like this! In fact, she was incredibly shy about her body. Even with long-term boyfriends, she preferred the lights off and, unless showering was part of an intimate encounter, she was even very private in the bathroom. She never paraded around naked in front of a boyfriend. She was always careful to have her bra and panties on... or at least be wearing a towel.

But to be like this? Completely naked, with one hand cuffed behind her back and the other outstretched and away from her body? Completely exposed? To Dylan, of all people??? No. Never anything like this.

She couldn't figure out what was going on. Why was Dylan toying with her in this way? She just didn't get it.

Dylan was at least seeming to pretend to try to get her out of the cuffs. He walked around her back, and as he did, he couldn't help but take in the view. He gently took her wrist as he examined the cuff.

"Morgan?"

"What!" she answered, exasperated.

"Your fingertips seem cold."

She wasn't cold. If anything, she was starting to sweat.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, I'm just concerned. For your safety. You know? I mean, with these cuffs on, I want to make sure you're not losing circulation."

The cuffs were fine. They were plenty loose around her wrists. Not so loose that she could escape, but certainly loose enough that her circulation was just fine.

"Dylan! I'm fine! Now please! Get me down!"

He walked around the front and looked her in the eyes.

"I'm just concerned. Your fingertips seem cold. But look at the rest of you."

He glanced up and down her incredibly beautiful naked body.

He continued talking. "The rest of you seems warm. Do you have a fever?"

He touched her forehead to see.

"No! I'm fine!"

"I don't know. I realize this is a little awkward, but let me check something."

"What do you mean? What are you doing?"

"I just want to check your body temperature."

"What???"

But before Morgan knew what was going on, Dylan was kneeling down in front of her, face to face with her perfectly smooth pussy. Then he reached out with both hands and started to gently caress her thighs with his fingertips.

"DYLAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING???"

"I'm just making sure you're temperature is okay, with the circulation issue at your wrists."

Morgan squirmed at his touch. As much as she was mortified, it didn't stop his fingertips from tickling like crazy. And the more he caressed, the more violently she squirmed. Though she dare not laugh. To admit her ticklishness would have been far too humiliating.

"Your thighs seem okay. What about your belly?"

"DYLAN! I'M FINE! STOP TICKLING ME! I MEAN... OH SHIT... I MEAN STOP CHECKING MY TEMPERATURE!!!"

Dylan's fingers started cascading over her toned and naked belly. Crisscrossing, figure eights, every patter. A light, gentle touch. It tingled. It felt good. It felt hot. But it tickled like shit.

"FUCK! DYLAN!"

She squirmed but still withheld any laughter. No way was she letting him know how ticklish she was.

"Morgan, your belly seems warm," he said, as he continued to lightly tickle her belly and sides.

"DYLAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING???"

"Yes. Definitely warm. And I'm sorry to say, but I really better check your breasts."

"WHAT?????"

"You know. For temperature. I mean, if your chest is overheating, we'll need to do something."

Morgan began tugging at the cuffs. She didn't care if she ripped that faucet out of the counter. No way was she letting Dylan grope her breasts like this.

But no luck. She was stuck. She realized the shouting wasn't getting his attention. She'd have to try another approach.

"Dylan, yes, okay? My breasts feel warm. Okay? They feel warm. You don't need to check. The best thing you can do is get me out of these cuffs. Okay?"

Morgan hoped that would avert the groping of her breasts. She waited to see his response.

Of course, Dylan was happy to play her game. He knew exactly what she wanted next. At least he thought he did. And he was hoping she would enjoy his next move.

He stared at her breasts, and then made eye contact.

"Your breasts are warm?" he asked, confirming.

"Yes, Dylan. They are warm. You don't need to check. Okay?"

"Okay."

They looked at each other in silence. They were both sweating with anticipation and tension.

Then Dylan walked away from her, toward the refrigerator.

"I know just what we need to do," Dylan happily announced.

"What do you mean?" Morgan was still attempting to twist and turn her nudity away from him, but there was clearly no point. Still, she couldn't help but continue to try (which looked all the sexier to Dylan, seeing her twist and squirm to no avail).

Dylan opened the freezer and reached in.

"What are you doing???" Morgan demanded.

"Easy, Morgan. Ice." He turned around, holding a cup of ice from the freezer.

"ICE???"

"That's right. We need to cool down your breasts. Your whole body, really. If you're temperature isn't properly regulated, and you just told me that it's not, we need to cool you down. For your own safety."

"DYLAN!!!"

Dylan pulled up a chair in front of the helpless Morgan and took a piece of ice. Using his hand, he melted one corner of the cube and ever so slowly brought it to within a fraction of an inch of Morgan's left nipple. He held it there, in anticipation. Her eyes were fixed on the cube. Her nipple involuntarily went hard, as if it was reaching out to touch the ice.

All eyes locked on her left nipple, the softest and pinkest of nipples Dylan had ever seen, the ice came closer. And closer. And closer. And then...

Shivers. Freezing hot lightning. Morgan screamed.

"FUCK!!!"

Her body shifted, attempting to move away from the cold. But Dylan put his left hand behind her back, holding her in place.

"Easy, Morgan. Easy. It's all for your safety."

Morgan had never been iced like this before. It stung. It overwhelmed her senses. But strangely, she stopped twisting away. Instead, she was actually leaning into it. Just a bit. Hesitant. But leaning in.

No longer needing his left hand to hold Morgan's back, Dylan picked up another cube with his left hand. He wet a corner with his mouth and touched it to her right nipple. Making tiny circles with the ice, Morgan's body was both on fire and at peace. She was starting to let it happen. She was letting Dylan touch her. And for now, she didn't seem to be protesting.