The Submissive Side of Lust - Part 1

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http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/the-submissive-side-of-lust-part-1.aspx

“Take off your robe and get in the tub.”

It’s only a few simple words but they’ve transformed me into a blushing little girl. I can feel it happening, the blood is rushing to my face as I start to turn red, my head is dropping down, my shoulders are rolling in and I’m biting my bottom lip.

The thing is I’m not a school girl; I’m a grown woman in my mid-twenties. I feel as if the boy I have a crush on in high school looked at me in the hallway or when I was a teenager about to doing things for the first time. Why do I feel this way? Why am I reacting like this?

Is it the tone of your voice or the look in your eyes? Could it be the way you’re commanding me to drop my robe?

I don’t take orders very well and I’m not use to being told what to do.

“I told you to take off your robe and get in the tub.”

I don’t know why but the firmness of your voice causes me to recoil. I’m intrigued by the fact that you’re commanding me to do this; no one has ever spoken to me like this.

Taking the thick terry cloth bathrobe belt in my hand I pull at one of the loose ends. The belt gives way and the robe falls open, just a few inches but enough to show that I’m naked underneath the robe.

Sliding my hand to my shoulder I slip the thick robe off my shoulder and let it slip down my arm.

Working my arm out of the robe I bring my arm across my breast to hide my breasts from you and I slip the robe off my other shoulder. The robe falls to the floor in a pile at my feet.

Crossing my arm across my breasts and putting my hand over my pubic area, I move toward the tub.

“Stop! Face me!”

I don’t know why but I stop and shift my stance so I’m facing you.

“Drop your arms to your sides!”

Like and awkward kid I move my hands to the sides and stand there. Fidgeting, I bring my hands up in front of my waist and play with my fingernails.

“You don’t listen well!”

I move my arms to my sides and stand there in your gaze.

“Lift your head up and look at me! Stand up straight!”

For some reason I’m overly conscious of my body right now. My mind is running through every meal I’ve eaten in the last few days. Have I put on weight, do I look bad? Why am I thinking about that when you’re ordering me about? Why am I responding to your commands?

“Very nice, very nice. Turn around!”

I lift my gaze to your eyes and quickly look away from you as your stare pierces me. I hesitate and start to turn and bring my hands over my bottom to cover myself from your view.

“I told you to put your hands at your sides!”

Quickly, I drop my hands. I’m nervous but excited. I don’t know what to think, I don’t know how to react to this.

I hear you moving off the edge of the sink counter that you’ve been leaning against. I can hear your feet on the cold tile as you move. I can feel your presence behind me. Why am I so nervous? Why do I feel like I’m going to explode?

I see the robe at me feet moving and start to be lifted and after a few moments it I see it floating

through the air to a chair against the wall. My breathing is rapid and shallow, I'm biting my lip again and my hands have come together in front of me and I play with my nails again.

I flinch as I feel your hands touch my shoulders and rest there. My body tenses and the muscles in my core tighten. My skin feels like it's been pulled tight on a drum. My nipples harden and stick out.

There was no reason for me to jump. It was just a soft touch of your hands on me. Your hands are sliding up to my neck, tracing a light line on my skin as you go. I can feel your breath on my neck. Your lips brush my shoulder.

Why am I so nervous, why am I wound so tight?

Your fingers are leaving little lines of fire down my back as you trace your fingertips downward and around my sides. Caressing around my sides to my stomach and then upward to my breasts.

The material of your robe comes into contact with my back as your hands cradle my breasts from below. Your hands easily wrap around each one of my breasts and your thumb and index finger come together on my nipples.

I bring my hands up and place them on top of yours.

"I have told you to put your hands down at your sides; there will be punishment for not listening!"

I don't know why but I drop my hands to my sides but I'm confused. What? What did he just say? Punishment?

Your hands hare still on my breasts and working me in a rolling caress from the base of my breasts to the nipple. Ending with a slight pinch and then starting again.

"Punishment? What are you talking about?" I ask.

"We're doing things a little different tonight and you will do exactly what I tell you to do, now no more talking!" is your reply.

The constant rolling pressure on my breasts and your voice whispering in my ear causes me to just grunt my consent.

One of your hands starts to trace downward, downward over my stomach and rests over my pubic bone. I feel the heel of your hand pressing into me and your fingers cupping down between my legs.

Your fingers are spreading my womanhood and I feel your finger entering me.

The constant pressure of your hand on my breast and your hand cupping my vagina is too much for me. My head is rolling back and comes in contact with your shoulder. A moan escapes from my lips. My legs start to quiver.

Suddenly, you pull me tight against your chest. You squeeze my breast and pinch my nipple and apply a glorious pressure to my vagina.

A purr escapes from my mouth as my orgasm washes over me. My legs start to falter, shaking as I try to stay up. Your arms holding me in a tight embrace so I don't fall. My breathing is ragged and in quick halting gasps.

As my orgasm starts to fade I feel your arms releasing me from your tight embrace.

"You will obey my every command tonight if you want to feel more orgasms like that tonight!" are the words that enter my ears.

With my voice sounding more like a croak than a normal voice I can only manage to say "Okay".

"Okay, sir!"

"What?"

A sudden squeezing on my nipple and pinching on my clitoris causes me to tense up and mutter

"Okay, sir!"