The Submissive Side of Lust - Part 2

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http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/the-submissive-side-of-lust-part-2.aspx

What the heck am I doing?Did I just agree to be submissive for the evening? Where did that come from? Okay, well actually I know, it came from the perfectly placed hands on my body and the nervous tension coursing through me.

“Did you like that?”

I open my mouth to answer but I can’t. I can’t say anything. It’s happening again, my head is dropping and I’m starting to roll my shoulders in, I’m going back to my cocoon. Why can’t I just say “Yes it was great?” Instead I return to the blushing shy school girl.

A slight pain shoots through my body as I feel your hand make contact with my bottom. I arch my waist forward and away from you but I’m pulled back by your arm that is across my chest. What was that?

“Let me repeat my question. Did you like that?”

I’ve never told anyone before if I liked an orgasm or not. My orgasms are mine; they’re my feelings and sensations. They’re the moments when by body completely shatters into a million little pieces. It’s the moment when my body overloads my brain with an intense amount of stimuli.

Feeling the sting on my bottom, I sheepishly reply “Yes”.

Your hand starts to withdraw from my bottom and I belatedly add “Sir” and feel your fingers gently tap my bottom. This is going to be hard.

“Get in the tub!”

I quickly respond and move toward the tub. Lifting my leg over the side of the tub I ease the toes of my foot in, testing the temperature, before easing my foot all the way in. Once my foot is firmly on the bottom I lift my other foot into the tub. Bending at my knees I lower myself into the water and kneel, sitting my bottom on my ankles.

“Stop!”

What now? I did what he wanted. I’m in the tub.

As you walk to the side of the tub I keep my head down and try to focus on the water, just feeling the warm water on my legs and bottom.

“Look at me!”

Turning my head toward you, I’m looking straight at your hands on the belt of your robe. Your fisted hands on the loose ends of your bathrobe belt pulling them apart. Watching the ends fall from your hands when you reach the end and the robe starting to fall open. Your penis, as if it had a mind of its own, falls downward between the flaps.

On my goodness, you’re excited. I guess manipulating me turned you on, too. A smile crosses my lips as I stare at your swollen penis.

Shrugging the robe off your shoulders you let the robe fall to the floor. You look amazing, not overly muscled like some gym-rat, just a nice fit shape.

Why haven’t I really looked at your penis before? You’re a nice size, not so big that it’s going to hurt but big enough that I know that I’m being made love to.

While you step into the tub I shift to sit on my bottom instead of being on my knees so you can sit down behind me.

“Stop, stay on your knees!”

You’re standing in front of me. Your penis is right in front of me. Okay, maybe I was wrong; you might be bigger than I thought. Your penis is full but not erect. It looks like you may have been hard but have now started to relax but you’re still engorged, just not completely excited.

Drawing my hands up from my sides I place them on your thighs and start to slide them upward.

“Put your hands down by your sides!” you command in a deep voice. “You only do what I tell you to do!”

Now I’m a bit confused, you have never refused the touch of my tongue or the caress of my lips before.

“Look up at me!”

Again, the shyness in me comes out. There is something about being on my knees in front of you. Maybe it’s your penis being inches away from me or maybe it’s just the fact I’m kneeling and you’re standing over me. I’ve never given oral like this before; I’ve never had a lover stand over me.

“Open your mouth!”

What? I was just going to do that. How much have you had to drink tonight?

Drawing my hands up I take hold of your penis with both hands and start to guide your penis toward my mouth.

Your hand quickly moves down behind my head and grabs a handful of my hair and tilts my head back away from your penis.

“I did not tell you to touch me, I told you to open your mouth”

Looking up at you, I drop my hands to my sides and feel your hand pulling my head toward you. Your penis brushes my cheek and your tip enters my mouth. Your hand still pulling my head toward you as your penis fills my mouth. I can feel your engorged penis starting to stiffen and becoming alert to the touch of my lips.

Your hand is controlling my head, pulling me toward you and easing away and repeating this. Your penis is fully erect now. I can feel your penis touch the back of my throat and ease away. I can feel the warm of your body on my lips and I can hear the pace of your breathe increase with the pace of my mouth moving on you.

Suddenly you stop and hold me close and I feel your release start into to enter my mouth. The hot salty liquid wraps around my tongue and coats the inside of my cheeks and pools in my mouth. You only stop long enough for the spasms to stop and then you start pulling my head to you again.

Staying in my mouth. Your penis is still hard but I can feel it softening against my lips. Your cum still in my mouth, I can’t swallow your release until you pull out but you don’t pull out. You keep the gently thrusting in to my mouth up and your cum seeps out with each thrust. I can feel it on my lips and chin. I can feel it drip down onto my breasts and start to move down my body.