

# Wanting to Give More

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It's late in the afternoon and it hasn't been too long since you called me to come over. I could hear a need in your voice, I could hear the smile of the seduction. I was happy you were calling out to me; it gave me power, it gave me confidence.

I walk in to find you lying across this big bundle of white blankets in the middle of the bed. I am aroused by your nakedness. On each bed post rests a white silk scarf. The room is lit by candle light that casts a brilliant orange glow in the room. The shades are all drawn to shut the outside world at bay. The house is empty, just you and me, your invited guest.

Your body, the swell of your breasts as you breathe, has always excited me. That you picked me to be your young lover, always humbled me, but never diminished me. Yes, I am here to be your Master, your owner for the day; I know it, and my body and yours know it too.

Your heart pounding and your body is shaking at how turned on you feel, I know I don't speak out of turn when I say this either, because I can see it. I gaze at you, my eyes burning with a fire that entices and tempts you to feel the heat that is within me.

I stand there in only my briefs. Every muscle in my body is flexed like a jungle cat. I pace slowly, stalking. You take my breath away with your sexual movements on the bed, but I know you are looking at me. I can see the effect my slow approach is having on you. Your thighs rub together and your nipples become the red hot poker that I long to latch onto and nurse from.

This is the time I am in control, and I am taking advantage of it — taking advantage of the gift that is you, you giving yourself to me in this way. You know what you have done, and it is liberating for you to let go of all your control and just anticipate my next move. You quiver, your pussy getting wetter, your legs and thighs rubbing together, those soft sexual sounds escaping your lips — your motions so erotic and seductive. I see you struggle to give me more of yourself. You are reaching with more than your arms, your legs, your eyes. It is a reach that grabs me, a desire to catch you from falling. I am your anchor; I will be your core, your life saver.

I approach you, and wrap my large hands around your wrists, gently but firmly pinning them against

the wooden posts. Your own lips turn into a smile, both nervous and seductive. Your skin tightens, thrilled at the power you feel from me. I kiss you, hard and hot, thrusting my tongue through your lips. You can taste my desire, my need, but I am in control, and this you must feel as well.

I pull off my briefs almost violently, and throw them toward the floor. "Spread your legs," I command. Your nudity is deliciously tempting and your vulnerability is sweetness to me. You comply with the bark of my voice and I brush my fingers along your trembling inner thighs. I tie the silk scarf around your wrists, tightening them and making knots to the wood posts that stand silently at the corners of your bed, ready to witness how I claim you.

You moan, realizing that I have made you my captive, in the most vulnerable position a woman could know.

"I want to push you beyond every limit you can imagine, filling you with everything I have within me, my lust, my passion, and my seed."

You tremble to give me more, surrendering yourself...

Within moments, I have you begging for me to drive you over the edge, to pleasure you beyond your wildest fantasies by using you for my own pleasure. Pinned down and penetrated within an inch of your life, you have never felt so free. The scarves that hold you, release your fears, and you are powerless to stop yourself from exploding in orgasm. You start to scream as I lose control, but the sound is swallowed by my mouth on yours. I devour your need in a passionate kiss. I grab your ass and pull you toward me; instinctively you tighten your muscles and desperately push upward to meet me.

I have captured you, invaded you, controlled you with my every motion. You have responded like the wanton woman you have been freed to be. You are everything that I want in bed, you are mine.

You close your eyes to feel my powerful driving force of penetration. My demands are your torment and my commands are your pleasure. Your insides still trembling, your stomach tightens as I push myself deeper inside you. You struggle to free yourself and do not succeed — but you did not really want to. It just makes the event more interesting. Your nipples are rock hard and your breath comes in gasps. I slowly draw back and slide out of you. You moan ever so softly. I start teasing you. It is a moment in the stillness of reflecting, of wisdom, of knowing that you are mine, completely.

I was driving you crazy and you couldn't touch yourself to soothe the ache that burned deep inside of you. That was what you needed from me; that is what was my responsibility to give you. The gift of your submission is just that — a gift to be treasured, with responsibilities attached.

I whisper, "You are still mine, I'm not letting you go yet," with a little laugh of both satisfaction and excitement. I also am being tortured. I am throbbing — I want to give you more.