A Little Light Teasing (a Love Story)

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This is a story of submission, and of orgasm delayed.

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This is a totally factual tale of dominance and submission, of phenomenal orgasm without friction, and it is not a work of fiction.

"I need to come," she said. I continued what I was engaged in.

She repeated, "Please, I need to come."

Hearing the pleading in her voice, and not wanting to deny my darling anything, I thought about the matter before I replied, "I hear you, but I don't think you mean what you're saying."

"No, I do, really. I need to. I need to."

"You can wait, and I think you want to wait," I said, as I continued what I was doing.

For a few moments there was only heavy breathing and gasping from her, and the occasional sharp intake of breath. Then she said my name a few times: "Asher Asher Asher, please Asher Asher, I need to come now. I don't want to wait. Please, now!"

Despite her insistence, I was unperturbed. From experience, I know my Lila, and on this occasion I knew she could wait. Further, I knew that she wanted to wait, that her orgasm would be stronger and better if she waited. She knew, and I knew, and each of us knew the other knew. We play this somewhat elaborate game, with me denying her orgasm and her begging for it, until I finally relent.

Often, I surprise her when I do.

In fact, she could come anytime, and we both know it. She's really in charge of her body, but she wants my permission to climax, and I want her climax to be as big and as explosive as it can get. So we work hand in glove to make it happen. I deny her my permission, and so she waits.

"Soon, sweetheart, soon enough, but not just yet." I continued what I was doing, as she panted and gasped and longed for release.

My ministrations continued for another couple of minutes, as she almost silently murmured my name and the word "please" repeatedly, occasionally insisting, "I can't wait. I need to come NOW!"

Finally, when it felt as though she genuinely could not wait, or should not wait anymore, I relented. "Come for me now."

Not sure she was hearing me correctly, Lila asked, "Can I?" So I repeated my instruction, and the top of her head nearly came off. She cried, she screamed, she wailed, and she howled. As I said, "Come again for me, sweetheart," she did. Over and over, three, four, five times she came, each orgasm stronger and longer, as I urged her on. Finally she told me she needed to rest and catch her breath.

What was I doing to cause these massive climaxes? I was talking to her. What was she doing to make herself come like that. She was listening.

Nothing else occurred. No touching, no tweaking, no fondling, no licking, and no penetration. No erogenous zones were actually stimulated physically. Her mind did it all. Well, she credits my voice for a lot of it, but I know better. It's all her. She listens to me and follows my instructions, but it's her mind that provides the orgasms.

This is not an experience we've had just once, never to be repeated. No, I assure you we do this all the time. It changes a bit, depending on circumstances such as how much time is available, but it's just about always that good. Once we knew we had only nine minutes before we would be interrupted. After seven of them and at my instruction, she started coming and had three strong, quite gratifying orgasms before we had to quit. Just from my voice in her ear.

And all this happens long distance, over the phone.

I am not dominant, and Lila is not submissive in other areas of our relationship. When she asks me for advice with a decision, I tell her what I think, and she decides. She does not ever take orders from me. She takes my feelings and preferences into account in all things, just as I do hers. But I'm not in charge, by any means.

But when we have sex by phone, we have discovered that it's beneficial for her to be denied permission to touch herself, until and unless I say she can; and also for her to delay her climax until I tell her she can have it.

Sometimes, pretty rarely in fact, I wait too long, and she just can't help herself. She has her orgasm without my permission. It embarrasses her, and she apologizes. This too is fun, and I always forgive her. So far anyway.

This works for her. This works for us, because her orgasms are so explosive and so numerous. It also works because we are so in love.