

# Be Mine

By SirNathan

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*Ever wondered what it was really like? Here's an example!*

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"I'm glad the day is done," I say, as I sit back in the couch and sigh with contentment. I raise the remote control and turn off the television. Sitting at the end of the couch, you smile softly and hesitate, unknowing of my intentions. "Would 'now' be a good time to show you what I bought today?" "Sure. I'd like that." I am pleased you remembered my earlier request. "All right. I'll be right back." "No rush, I'll make coffee." "I can't help it. I want to rush," you say, grinning. I smile back warmly, enjoying your eagerness. You stand and walk from me, stopping by the low bookshelf. With a glance you confirm I am watching and smile to yourself. I nod as you light your aromatic candle. We decided a long time ago that lighting your candle meant you wanted to feel it. 'It.' Your submission to me. You tip your head back and sniff the air, momentarily closing your eyes. You pinch your nipple and our eyes meet. "I'll be right back, Sir," you say, grinning. "I'm looking forward to it." You giggle and shake your head. "I hope you're not disappointed." I smile to myself. You would look good in a Hessian bag. "I am never disappointed by my good girl." Once made, I return to the sofa and place our steaming cups of coffee on the table and wait. Our timing is good and in moments you turn down the lights a little before entering the space in front of me. Mimicking a runway model, you stop and cock your hip, then turn and stride across in front of the raging fireplace. I nod and smile, watching you in appreciation. You stop and pivot, taking your 'hand on hip' stance once again. As a mock presenter, you pretend to hold a microphone and you speak in an unfamiliar tone, holding back your giggle. "Cherie looks lovely in green pyjama pants with a little frog motif, complimented by a tank top. Note the thinness of the tank top, and Cherie's nipples showing right through. Perfect for the relaxed evening at home." 'Cherie' walks across in front of me, pirouettes and finishes with the now familiar 'hand on hip'. "Looking lovely," I echo. You blush and hold your pose, wondering what might happen next. I sense the end of your 'show' and stand, walk toward you and clap lightly. "Lovely, my pet. Truly lovely." Reaching for you, I take your hands in mine and lean down intimately, kissing your forehead. We smile at each other and I walk backwards, leading you to the sofa. Releasing your hands, I motion to a position directly before me, and say, "Stand here." I sit down and you stand where I indicate. After a moment's silence, I speak. "Take off the pants." You do not hesitate. "Stand proudly, you are beautiful." You blush and straighten your back, smiling softly. I lean forward and hold out my hands for you to take. "Straddle my legs and sit." You take my offered hands in yours and set one foot on

either side of my legs, sitting down and opening yourself to me. I guide you into a comfortable position, smiling into your eyes and holding your arms out a little, admiring your beauty. I reach up to gently cup your face, kissing you tenderly, caressing your lips lightly with mine. You moan softly and close your eyes in pleasure as we kiss passionately. I feel the soft touch of your fingertips about my waist and your tongue eagerly returning my kiss. I slide my right hand around behind your head and into your hair, taking hold and separating our mouths. "God, I've needed you, pet. I've been thinking about this all day." My smile fades, becoming much more serious, thrilling you to the core. Gently I pull back on your hair, exposing your neck and hear you moan softly in anticipation. I hesitate then lean in, gliding the tip of my tongue down your neck to your collarbone. I kiss it and you shudder, butterflies taking flight in your stomach. Dragging my nails down your back and across your hip, I reach up and cup your breast, feeling your nipple press into my palm. You moan again, leaning into me. Slowly I kiss my way back up your neck, enjoying the long beautiful trek back to your open mouth. You nibble softly on my bottom lip. I strike my tongue deeply into your mouth and swirl sensuously. You gasp, breathing hard and returning my kiss, holding me tightly at my waist. I break the kiss and look at you with passion in my eyes. "Feel my cock," I whisper. "Y... Yes, Sir," you mumble. Trailing your fingertips down my chest, you reach lower and smile as you run your fingers over it. "Mmmmm..." "It's my cock. Say it." "Your cock," you whisper, blushing. "Mmmmmmm..." "Keep still," I say, reaching between your legs and stroking through your slick hotness. "This is your pussy or your cunt. Say it." You shudder and your blush deepens. "It... It's my pussy." I grasp your nipple tightly, squeezing. "It's wet. Tell me it's wet." "My pussy is wet." I roll your nipple softly and you moan. "Ohhh..." "Good girl." I kiss you firmly again and slide my fingers back and forth over you. "My good girl..." I can hear you breathing unevenly, trembling, and trying not to move. "Move back and forth against my fingers." I hold my fingers still and watch as you tilt your hips and move your ass back and forth, stimulating yourself on my fingers. I pull them back a little, out of reach. "More?" I tease. You move your hips closer, searching for them. "You want them, don't you?" "Y... Yes, Sir," you stammer. With my hands on your thighs I lean back against the couch to watch you. "Slide two fingers into yourself." You wet them in your mouth then reach between your legs and push them slowly inside. "Don't move." You moan softly. "Deeper. Feel them." You close your eyes. "Feel how hot you are inside." You whimper softly. "This pussy is mine." You shudder. "Roll your hips at your fingers. Keep your fingers still." I lean forward and flick my tongue over your lips. "God, Sir," you moan. "Fuck your fingers." You start sliding them in and out. "Fuck them." You gasp, fucking them harder. "Push at them. Use your hips." "Goddd..." "Stop." You hold still and whimper softly. "Don't move. Slide them slowly out." You tremble as you do. "Good girl. I want you to pinch your nipple with your wet fingers." "Which one?" you ask, your hand floating in mid-air. "This one," I say, flicking it with my pointed finger. You bring your fingers to your nipple and grasp it tightly. Your mouth opens and your eyes close. Your head falls back. "So pretty." I take your wrist in my hand, dragging your fingers from your nipple, bringing them to my mouth. "Mmmmmmm," I murmur as I suck them. Sliding them from my mouth, I say, "Look into my eyes," and you do. "I am going to love eating you." You shiver with excitement, watching me with a heated smile. "Oh, you like that idea, do you?" I ask, smiling. You

laugh softly and whisper. "Yes, Sir." Grinning, I tease, "Well, you'll have to be good then." You nod eagerly then giggle. I watch you blush more. "You're such a dirty girl." You laugh softly and protest. "Not usually." "Ha! We'll see about that." I smile and watch as your eyes sparkle and you nod again. You know I am right. "Look." I nod at your crotch and you look down. "I'm so wet," you whisper, astonished. Our eyes meet. I speak to your soul. "There is nothing in the world I want more right now than to feel your hot breath on my cock." You lick your lips, eyes smouldering. "So I am going to stand. And you are going to kneel." I look you up and down. Your nipples are like pebbles. Hard as rocks. Shadows from them fall across your breasts. "Please..." "Please? I am not asking you." You swallow. "Get on your knees, dirty girl." You almost hurry, pulling your favourite cushion under you. I lean down and kiss you, then stand up, unbuckling my belt. I look down on you and smile. "You are so beautiful." I slide my belt from my jeans and thread it loosely around your neck, slipping it through its buckle. I hold the end of it in my hand. "What are you waiting for?" I ask, grinning. Trembling, you eagerly reach for the button on my jeans, undoing it and drawing down the fly. You hook your fingers in the pockets and draw them down, your eyes watching as my cock springs forth. Helping me step out of them, you smile impishly and lean forward, breathing hotly along the length of my cock. "Mmmmm..." I moan. You smile up at me and extend your tongue, brushing it lightly over the tip. I run the fingers of my free hand through your hair, then tighten them. "Look up at me." You do. "Do you know how amazing you are?" Your eyes smile. "Bite me gently." I feel your teeth so softly. "Show me your passion." You slip your mouth over me, sucking and biting more urgently. Then, looking up at me, you suck down my length, then slowly and lightly drag your teeth back up again. "Oh, yesss..." I whisper in pleasure, my ass tightening. I watch as you do it again. I groan, my toes curling, whispering, "God. I'm so hard." You hold me in your mouth and I groan again feeling your tongue dancing on the underside. My breath hisses between clenched teeth as I feel your mouth slide further down and suck harder. "Fuck..." I mumble, "Mmmmm..." I fold the belt in my hand and tighten my grip in your hair. Holding you close and limiting your movement, I close my eyes and savour the feel of your tongue and your sucking mouth. You moan softly and I can feel it. I open my eyes to look down on you. Your eyes are closed in rapture as you suck my cock. My eyes roll back into my head. I need to hold on. The sight of you excites me. You are so hot and so happy. My cock glistens as it slides in and out of your mouth. Your cheeks hollow and I feel myself throb. I feel you pulling against my grip in your hair. I guide you in longer strokes and my balls tingle. "Mmmmm..." I moan, mindlessly. I look back down on you. You are looking up at me. God, you are beautiful. You watch my eyes and slide down lower. "Oh Jesussss..." With my fingers tight in your hair, you start to move your mouth up and down my length, as much as I allow. You reach up to hold my thighs but I stop you. "No hands. Pinch your nipples." Without hesitation you reach for them, pinching them tightly. I guide you in longer strokes, right to the back of your mouth. "Look in my eyes," I insist, shaking. You look up at me intently, my cock sliding in and out of your hot, sucking mouth. You pinch tighter and moan around my cock. I shudder with the vibrations. "Pull at your nipples." You pull at them and suck harder. "Now your clit. Pinch it for me." Holding your head firmly, I feel you shudder. I can't help myself as I move my hips, slowly sliding in and out, impaling your mouth. "Soothe your clit." You stroke slowly between

your legs and I feel you tremble. Holding your head still and rocking my hips back and forth, I gasp, "You have beautiful eyes." They smile up at me and I slide back and forth a little faster, fucking your mouth. I watch as your fingers move faster between your legs. You are keeping up with me. I grit my teeth and groan, fucking your mouth faster. The friction and heat are unbearable. I can't stop. It's too hot and it's too tight. And so wet, like your hot cunt. "I'm gonna cum," I gasp. Fucking your mouth faster and faster. Holding your head tight with my eyes closed. Breath whistling between clenched teeth. Faster. Moaning. Shuddering. Holding you. Fucking your mouth deeply. Feeling it. Feeling it happening. Rushing. Pulsing. My eyes clamp closed as cum launches from my cock. Holding you tight, I feel you sucking and swallowing, moaning around my cock. "Oh, God..." I gasp, my thighs trembling. "Oh, my God..." You continue to suck, more softly now, your eyes on mine. "That was... that was beautiful..." You moan softly, sucking and staring into my eyes. I watch as you pull back and savour the taste, rolling my cum around your mouth. You tilt your head and swallow and without hesitation suck me into your mouth again. I slide your head back as your hand comes up to grip me. My cock makes a popping sound as it slides free of your mouth, slick and wet and throbbing before your face. Pulsing in your hand, a lazy bolt of cum emerges from the tip. You pull forward against my grip in your hair. "Please," you beg. I release my grip. "Get it." You open your mouth, tongue extended, and approach from underneath. Capturing it on your tongue and following it to its source, you suck me into your mouth again. "Get it all," I insist. You suck hard again. You can't help it. With your tongue stroking firmly on the underside you draw what remains to the tip of my cock. Alternately you suck firmly then softly, keeping it in your mouth and ensuring you do as I asked. As I tremble in the remains of my orgasm, I see you smile. My loose grip in your hair tightens as I gently pry you off. I stand before you, one hand in your hair and the other tight around the belt and I smile. "Cum for me," I demand. "Show me." You smile hotly as your fingers quicken on your hard little clit. Reaching down with your other hand, you slide two fingers into your hot cunt. You move your hips against them. "Taste me while you cum." You close your eyes and savour my taste. "Fuck those fingers." You moan uncontrollably. "Fuck them harder." You grind against them. "Show me your passion." You thrust them into your pussy harder. "Let it go." Across your clit your fingers are a blur. "Be mine." Your hips buck against them. "Show me!" You moan loudly. "Faster." Rhythmic noises come from your mouth. "Pinch your clit while you fuck your pussy." "Oohhhh..." "Harder." "Oohhhh... Oohhhh..." "Fuck your fingers harder." You start to tremble. "I said faster. Now, fuck it." You start to moan almost continuously. "Faster on your clit." Your tremble gets stronger. "Hold it back, then crash into it." Your eyes are shut tight. "Be mine." Your moan rises in pitch. "Be my dirty girl." You convulse and scream. I hold your hair in my hand. It must hurt the way you pull against it. You don't seem to notice. You just scream and shudder. Your hands slow down and you slump with your ass resting on your heels. With your chest rising and falling, you gulp breaths, head down and nipples swollen. Blushing so strongly and so beautifully, I can't help but admire you. "You are gorgeous." You tremble and I repeat myself, whispering, "You are so gorgeous." For a moment I admire you then scoop you up into my arms and immediately you slip your arms around my neck, holding on. "You are still shaking," I whisper in your ear. You bury your face in my neck and mumble something. "I didn't hear that. Say it again." I smile

into your eyes as you lean up and look at me. "I'm yours." I smile and kiss you tenderly and you kiss me back. Your fingertips are light on my skin, caressing, thankful. I smile at you and take your hand, leading you to my chair. I sit down on it and guide you onto my lap. You moan softly and curl up against me as I wrap you in my arms. You whisper into my chest without looking up. "... I love being like this... Thank you, Sir." I hug you and rock you gently back and forth, whispering, "You are welcome." You look up at me and trace my cheek with a fingertip. I kiss your lips softly and hold you gently, cuddling you. "Let's go to bed."