

Cowboy

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Published on Lush Stories on 07 Jul 2012

A true story about my last relationship.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/cowboy.aspx>

D and I had been together only a short time, about two months. We had met on an online dating site and surprisingly got along great. The let down came when I realized that he had an array of emotional conflicts, and try as I might he wasn't going to be the fire blooded Dom I needed. My family loved him, my heart cared for him but I sensed I needed more. August came around and that is when things changed. I was trying to introduce him to my dark desires. Wearing more revealing clothing, buying spanking implements to play with, dildos, and rope. All in hopes to turn him Dom. This night was special. We were celebrating his roommate's birthday with a group of his friends, most of whom I had only met once or twice. I was dressed as sexy as I could get with a black cocktail dress, black ankle boots, and the necklace that he had gotten me to wear as my "public collar". I felt sexy when I looked at myself, but when a few other females showed up and his attention strayed, the feeling diminished. Now I have never been the type to be outgoing, I have been described as having silent confidence, whatever that means. Nonetheless I start to have anxiety when I am in groups of people. This night was no exception. As we all started drinking I struggled to keep my anxiety at bay. Knowing tonight would be difficult since we were headed to a busy bar, I pre-gamed a bit more than I should have. I was feeling flirty. As our group of about 6 people were on our way out the door, I heard a few people greeting someone and a new voice enter the mix. That is when I got my first look at Cowboy. He was 6'1 lanky and tan, dressed in tight jeans, a black button down dress shirt, and the best part of all... cowboy boots and a camouflage cowboy hat. I knew I was staring but I didn't care. The clicks of his boots on the cement floor were music to my ears as he strode over and introduced himself, "Hi I'm Cowboy". I shook his hand and made small talk, to this day I can't remember what about. I was too concentrated on his soft green eyes that were making me want to melt, and the smile that was telling me he knew exactly what he was doing. It wouldn't be until later that I would find out just how in control he was. We finally all headed to the bar, and the night got crazy. At some point in the night my anxiety kicked in, I told D I was getting upset. His solution to the problem was a simple "Just drink more" . Now one thing about my personality is that my submissive side takes the forefront when I drink, so I took his suggestion as more of a command. Other than a few random moments I do not recall anything specific from that night after I took his suggestion. Over the next four months I continued to try to teach D about BDSM and my interests in D/S. However, my efforts slowly

diminished and my interest of what lay behind Cowboy's inviting exterior increased in silence. I would see Cowboy every now and again at social get togethers and he was always flashing me the "I know what you're thinking" smile, but I never told a soul about my growing lust. Around December, D and I ended things. The blame was put on me and I was okay with it. Even though I was sad to lose someone I did care for, I felt liberated from trying to force things to work. All the friends I had gained stopped talking to me, but the lovely Facebook kept me informed of what everyone was up to. March rolled around and I decided to send out invites to a campfire for my birthday in April. Hesitantly I invited Cowboy. I was nervous about what can of worms I had just opened by doing so. Two days later we exchanged numbers so he could RSVP. I was filled with the excitement of a school girl who just found out her crush knew she existed. "Come hang out" was the text I received on a Sunday night a week later. I thought my chest would explode my heart was pounding so fast. I took a quick hot shower, all the while thinking about the water being replaced by his hands as it glided over my skin. As I drove to Frickers where we were to meet I had to remind myself every few seconds to play it cool. Once there, I sat beside him and waited a few awkward minutes where he paid no attention to me. All the while taking in his facial expressions, his features, his mannerisms. Then in one swift movement he stood, like a sky scraper by my 5'2 frame. "Lets go out to the patio". I smiled and silently followed. Once outside we chatted about trucks, and our individual up bringing. I relaxed quickly and my smartass side came out to play, which he enjoyed as I saw the fire behind his eyes grow with each jab I threw. After about three hours of talking and laughing he once again stood confidently, "Lets go". Simple words to a vanilla gal, but to me it set a blaze on my skin. We got to my car and as we pulled away our mutual smartass jabs continued. "Where to?" I questioned him more eagerly than I wanted to sound. He laughed at me with his eyes more than his voice, as he guided me to his place. Once inside, I quickly slid into the comforts of the couch, he soon followed. After about two minutes he made his move, trailing his fingers over my hand. It took all I had in me to keep track of the conversation and not lose myself in the sensual touch. "I have to do this before I forget," he spoke sternly and turned away to plug in his phone. With slight sarcasm I responded, "Yea, your phone dying would not b-", with one swift turn his lips were entwined with mine, just as his hands were entwined in my hair. I broke, I had an orgasm at that exact moment that overtook my whole body. I was praying I wouldn't leave a wet spot on his couch. He pulled me up to straddle him and as I did I heard the most animalistic groan I will ever hear. I could have almost had another orgasm. We stayed like that for a while just kissing, me teasing his lips making him crave my kisses. Then in true Cowboy fashion he took my hand and led me to the one place I craved and feared. He lay me down, stripped and then sweetly started to undress me. I stopped him as he got to my jeans and gave him the 'you gotta earn that' look. He lay down between my legs and slowly and methodically seduced me, touching me softly, kissing me firmly, growling in my ear. Then he did something I didn't expect, he rolled away and lay next to me. "Don't take this as a threat, but I know I have the power make you do what I want you to, but I am trying to be respectful of you so I wont do anything you don't want". I was stunned. Either this was a ploy to wrap me around his finger, or he was a true blue gentleman. I knew there was only one way to find out, and it would be the first battle I ever lost. So I said the one

thing that a girl should never say to a Dom she isn't sure about, "I don't take that as a threat Cowboy, I've known since the first day we met you were Dominant. I'm submissive so I know I can handle you". With that he stood up grabbed my pants by the ankles and ripped them off in one swoop. Roughly grabbed my thighs and pinned them down, and started eating my wet pussy like it was his last supper. I wiggled as hard as I could to get away from the assault he was causing, I was not used to such intensity down there. That just added to his furiosity, he pinned my thighs with his elbows and my wrists with his hands. I was helpless and about to explode. He looked up at me and quickly said, "I cant live without eating pussy". That sent me over the edge I had my second orgasm for the night. As I was recovering he snaked up between my thighs and slowly rubbed his dick against my wet and craving pussy. I just moaned at him as he teased me, he was watching me, my reactions. I couldn't handle any more, I grabbed him and slid him in. With that he went to town filling me on every thrust. I was in heaven. He was hitting every spot perfectly. There was no need for me to hint at what I wanted, he just knew, and he was good at what he was doing. Finally after about two hours and four positions, he had me on my stomach thrusting really slow with his body weight laying on top of me and my hands pinned down by his. He growled soft and deep in my ear and sank his teeth into the sweet spot between the neck and collar bone. I felt his cock stiffen harder than I thought it could, and in that moment we both came with such fire that we sounded like animals. He kissed me softly and rolled off to the side. I recovered moments later with a smile big enough to be seen from Neptune. As I started to get dressed he grabbed my arm, "don't", he softly commanded. Then he pulled me into his warm body we talked to each other as we drifted to sleep