

# The Dream

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*A young Master takes control of a willing lover.*

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My lover was more demanding than he had ever been. I looked at him longingly, with desire for pain and control in my eyes. A look he knew well. The gaze that he returned burned me, as he regarded me like a god looking down on his people. I am only one woman to one creator, and I am the most humble of any worshipper of a god. My Sir crossed the living room and backed me into our room, wordless. He stripped me naked quickly and teased my nipples with his fingers. I could feel him hardening against me. I did not speak until he began to cuff my hands together. "What are you doing?" I asked quietly, breathless. Master slapped my cheek gently and closed the black steel cuff around my left, then right, wrist. "Shut up. Don't talk," my lover said in a soft, stern voice. He looped a short piece of rope through the center link of the cuffs and tied it to the head of our bed. Then, taking the backs of my thighs with his calloused hands, he pulled me down on the bed, tightening me so I could not move my arms. Still fully dressed, Sir got off the bed and dug into our bedside cabinet, pulling out various items and placing them on the bed next to me: the small wood box that held nipple clamps, a scarf gag, a blindfold, and a set of Ben Wa balls; a pink dildo, tingling lubricant, and the flogger. From behind the cabinet, he got the crop. He ran the crop from my big toe to my knee, a little bit of pressure telling me to open my legs. The leather slipped under my knee, pushing up slightly. I bent my legs obediently, anxiously. Crouching between my obedient limbs, Master opened the wooden box and pulled out tweezer clamps. He smiled down at me and undid the pressure screw on both, so they would be as tight as possible. "But-" I began to protest. I had never made them that tight before and wasn't sure I could handle it. Before I could finish my outcry, he brought the crop down hard on my belly, forcing a moan from me. "Shut. Up." His face hardened as he spoke, but then softened as he attached them to my nipples, closing the tweezers slowly. I whimpered at the pressure, but the wonderful pain wasn't yet unbearable. "Are you going to be a good girl for me?" he asked softly. "Yes, Sir." Master kept his face passive and took the gag and blindfold from the box, then set the box on the bedside table. I lifted my head as he brought the gag to my face. He tied it on backwards, then twisted it around and I opened my mouth to take the knot of faux silk between my teeth. I could smell fabric softener, just barely taste it on my tongue. He put the blindfold over my eyes. I lifted my face towards him so he could pull the elastic strap over the back of my head. I loved being blind to his actions and bound, totally at the mercy of his mood. The anxiety overwhelmed me.

He tugged on both clamps at once, pulling a muffled moan from deep inside of me. The weight on the bed shifted and he was over me, his hands on either side of my arms. Sir's breath warmed my face and his teasing tongue ran over my top, then bottom, lip. I shivered. The bed moved around me as he rose from the mattress. "Put your legs down," Master said from the bedside. I obeyed. I could hear his footsteps and shuffling at the foot of the bed. Music came to life from the iPod docking station: A Perfect Circle, "3 Libras." There were more sounds, softened by the music. Barely audible movements and footsteps, then, for a moment, silence. A blow from the flogger came down on my thighs, then more in quick succession down to my feet, then back up my legs, over my belly and up to my chest. He stopped when my toes clenched and waited for my soft, subdued mewls to cease. I loved the sensation brought to my skin by the suede fronds. Oh, don't stop, I wanted to tell him. The sting from Cam's harsh blows, and the ensuing tingle as blood rose to the surface of my delicate skin. My clit pulsated as desire ravaged every sensible thought. He trailed the strands from my neck, around each breast, down my stomach, and in between my legs. I moaned quietly as the whip tickled the trimmed hairs on my labia and pushed my body up to him. He answered by swatting the dome between my thighs, once with the flogger and stiffly twice more with the crop a moment later. The sting was beautiful, and brought a muted cry from me. "Don't move," he said quietly. He continued to flog me, over and over, until I was shaking with anticipation. I faintly heard Master set the flogger on the bedside cabinet before he crawled onto the bed and moved my legs so they were spread and bent. Master's hands rested on my knees, and I could feel the side head of his cock, hot and hard, just barely touching the entrance of my very being. I wanted him more and more every second that he sat between my legs, not moving. No longer able to control my primal instincts to be filled with him, I pushed my hips up. Sir's hand moved from my knee and a second later brought the crop down hard in between my breasts. "I told you not to move," he said with a hard voice. I made a desperate noise and stilled myself, thankful that I didn't have to see the malice in his eyes. "Do you want this, baby?" he asked softly and pushed the swollen head of his cock into me. I nodded my head and felt my vagina tighten around him, but he pulled himself out instead of burying himself in my quivering walls. "Remember to hold still," he reminded me, and very suddenly he pushed himself into me completely. Almost violently, he fucked me. Fast and hard, with his hands on my hips, he pummeled my insides, making me strain against my handcuffs. I gasped and clenched my teeth down on the knot in my mouth, groaning harshly at the intense pleasure of feeling my dear Sir throb deep inside me. Then, just as it began, he pulled out of me. Master tugged on the clamps, reminding me of the sharpening, throbbing pain. I moaned softly, but he shushed me and brushed his lips over my chin. He kissed down my neck, suckled my collar bone. One at a time, he removed the nipple clamps and I bit hard on the gag to keep myself quiet. The sensation was breathtaking. Oh, fuck. Please! He took my tender nipples into his mouth and suckled gently, lovingly, one at a time. I could feel the ball from his tongue ring drag over my puckered skin. The throbbing in my swollen clit was almost unbearable. I needed him to fuck me, to make me come explosively around him. My body was desperate for release. Sir continued to suck and lick my nipples and breasts, but stopped for a second and the volume of Mer de Noms increased on the radio speakers at the end of the bed. Then he laid back

down beside me and rested his head on my chest. I didn't understand what he was doing. Had he lost interest? Did I move too much when he fucked me? I made a soft sound in my throat. "You are an impatient girl, aren't you?" he asked. I could hear the smile in his voice and was so relieved to know that he wasn't done with me. I am, Sir. He moved a little next to me and I felt his arm brush down my belly and he pushed my legs apart gently with the base of his hand. Then the cool tip of my twisted, pink dildo brushed up and down the inside of my swollen lips. The tingling lube that he put on my toy felt incredible on my clit. I moaned luxuriously, knowing that this was going to be incredible. Slowly. Sir pushed the toy into me up to the first twist in the silicone. Then he pushed it all the way in, stopping for a moment at every dip. With measured movements, he fucked me with my toy, attaching his lips to my nipples one at a time as I moaned and writhed under his knowing hands. He increased speed, and was soon pounding me hard, stretching me, bringing me to the verge of orgasm. My hips arched to meet the blows, screams of pleasure filtering through the saliva soaked gagged. My Master's teeth bit down on my nipples, bringing harsher cries. I strained hard against my handcuffs, the steel cutting into my wrists. The precipice of ecstasy was right there. I was about to tip over the edge, explode into a million pieces and fall out of the sky. But just as my walls began to clench around the now warmed silicone he pulled the toy all of the way out. I shook my head frantically, keening, begging as well as I could to get him to let me come. I could not taking any more. I was throbbing with anticipation. "Do you want to come, baby?" Sir asked sweetly. He was tugging on my painfully tender nipples. The frustration had me close to tears. I nodded furiously, still pulling at my bindings. FUCK ME! I was screaming in my head. I was ready to beg, do whatever it would take. "Do you think that you've been a good girl?" he asked and stroked his hand gently down the side of my face. His touch gave me goosebumps. Yes. I nodded and relaxed my body. Master moved from my side and crouched again between my legs. His cock quivered and he pushed his head into the wet entrance of my body. I tightened around him and he groaned, giving me the gift of his pleasure. It's yours, take it. Sir pushed himself in, hard, until he could stretch me no further. He held himself there and spoke to me. "Are you ready, baby?" he asked with a ragged breath. I nodded. I've BEEN ready. As soon as I nodded, my Master rocked his hips against me and began to fuck me wildly. It only took a moment for me to reach my peak again, and as I began to throb around him he thrust, impossibly, harder, and I came, screaming and grunting through clenched teeth. Oh, God, Master! I felt his cock surge and he came just after me, filling me with his cum. His thrusts slowed, and stopped, and he laid down on me, his head resting on my chest as his breathing slowed. Sir reached up and pulled the wet gag out of my mouth and pushed the blindfold up off of my eyes. I took a deep breath and my body relaxed under his weight. Sweat rolled from his forehead onto my skin. We didn't speak. He looked up at me lovingly, and he was no longer Master, my Sir. After a few minutes, he untied the rope holding my arms up. I rested my cuffed hands on my belly and waited as he unlocked the cuffs. My arms were sore and stiff. Once the cuffs were off, Cameron rubbed the deep red lines on my wrists gently. "How do you feel?" he asked me with a knowing smile. "I'm wonderful. So wonderful, Cam." "Thank you," Cameron said. "No, babe, thank you. For the play time."