**Needing to Cum**

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The morning sun warmed the bedroom, and I snuggled down under the sheets, still half asleep. Slowly I became conscious that the other half of the bed was empty. I stretched out, enjoying the half dazed relaxation. Almost instantly, I was aware of the aching need of my body. For days He had denied me an orgasm, until I was at the point of near madness. Of course, simply being denied an orgasm was one thing... being teased and brought to a peak over and over without release, for several days in a row, was another thing entirely. I had long forgotten the reason behind this. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I think it had to do with patience... or more correctly, my LACK of patience.  
  
This morning, however, the reasoning was not in my thoughts: my thoughts centered on my aching need, all I could think about was wanting to cum. How different from before our relationship. I wiggled against the sheets, grinding my pussy down on the mattress, with no relief at all. I could hear the shower running down the hall, and without thought, my hand slipped lower, gliding over bare skin and parting my swollen lips, as a moan escaped my mouth. Just one time, I thought... He'll never know... and then I can deal with this again. My fingers circled my throbbing clit, and I knew I could cum quickly, quietly, and maybe even doze off again before He finished His shower. The wetness coated my fingers, and my breath came faster as I neared the climax I so desperately needed and wanted. Suddenly, without warning, He appeared beside the bed, growling my name in displeasure, and His hand wrapped around my long hair, pulling my head back. I squeaked, trying not to pull away, wanting to keep my hair.  
  
"Just what in the hell do you think you are doing??" He demanded. I tried for a sweet, sleepy look, stalling for time, wondering just what in the hell I WAS doing, and how I was going to explain this.  
  
" I.... uh... I... Good morning, Master", I managed to stammer. I tried not to look at His eyes, so filled with anger.  
  
"Give me your hand... NOW", He demanded. I tried to casually wipe my fingers on the sheets as I withdrew my hand. His tongue flicked across my fingers; in a move that any other time would have felt erotic. His hand in my hair tightened and He growled low in His throat again. "Get up, slut" He barked at me, and I tried to scramble out of bed, with His hand wound in the long tangled mess flowing down my back.  
  
"Do you have anything at all to say?" He demanded. My heart skipped a beat, and I felt a flash of fear, followed by anger: I'm rarely disobedient- but I just couldn't take any more of this, and it angered me to be pushed to the point where I disobeyed Him. My eyes flashed as I raised my face up to look at Him.  
  
"Yes! I do have something to say," I retorted, fighting to keep calm. He nodded at me to continue.  
  
"I can't take this any more! It's too hard. I can't focus at work, I can't concentrate on driving, I can't think about anything at all except wanting to cum!" my eyes filled with tears. " I can't keep on like this, Master. I need to work, I need to focus, and I can't. It's been days now like this. I know You have a reason for this, but I can't see that anymore, I can't benefit from a lesson I can't comprehend!" my voice wavered and became higher. " I'm sorry, You know how much I hate to disappoint You, You know I have been trying to obey You..." my voice broke as the tears began to fall. His grip on my hair loosened, and I dropped to my knees before Him, head bowed and crying. He stood there before me for a moment, and then sat on the side of the bed. For a couple of minutes, the only sound in the room was my muffled sobs.  
  
"Come here" He softly said, so softly that I had to look up. He patted the mattress beside Him. I sat beside Him, wondering what was going to happen. His strong hands wiped the tears from my cheeks, and He softly kissed my forehead. "So you need to cum, do you?" He asked, but His voice was lighter now. I nodded my head. "I didn't hear a response."  
  
"Yes, Master, I need to cum" I whispered. Even after months of our relationship, my cheeks flamed as the words left my mouth. His hand cupped my chin, raising my face to His. His eyes were dancing, and I could see the smile behind the stern look He was trying to give. He knows how hard this is for me, to ask Him for this. "Tell me, " He whispered against my ear, His hand smoothing my tangled hair. "Tell me how much you need to cum. "  
  
I took a breath. "Oh, Master... all I can think about is cumming... I ache..." "What aches, my sweet?" He asked. I groaned inwardly, part of me hating this and part of me wildly turned on at having to talk about this with Him.  
  
"My clit, Master... it just throbs... I need to cum... please Master... " I can't look at Him. His finger caresses my left nipple, and we both watch the aureole pucker and the nipple harden. We both know how turned on I am getting.  
  
"Stand up for me" He directs, and I stand before Him. I can smell my own wetness, and with Him sitting in front of me, I'm sure He can, too. He reaches into the stand beside the bed, pulling out a length of silken cord. He wraps the cord around my waist, letting the ends fall down over my ass. His hand taps my thigh, directing me to spread my legs wider. He reaches between my legs, pulling the cords between my cheeks and up between my swollen pussy lips. I gasp as His fingers spread my lips, positioning the silken cords on either side of my clit. He pulls the cords taut, retying at my waist again. My clit, framed between the cords, throbs with my pent up need. We've done this before, and I know how hard and swollen my clit will become. He knows it too. He stands and kisses me deeply, my moan echoing into His mouth.  
  
He breaks His mouth away from mine. "Who owns you, My sweet?"  
  
"You do, Master."  
  
"And who controls your body?" He asks, His fingertips brushing my nipples. " You do, Master, " I manage to whisper.  
  
"And who controls your cunt, your clit, your orgasm?" He demands, His fingers pinching my hard nipples.  
  
I can barely respond, "You do, Master".  
  
"Lie down on the bed" He demands. After I lie down, He checks the cords quickly; to be sure they remain in place. He binds my wrists with more of the silken cording, and clips them to the headboard . My breasts jut out, my nipples brushing against Him as He works. He wraps cording around my thighs, just above the knees, and connects those cords to the bed frame, and then my ankles are bound. My legs are spread wide, and the coolness of the room air washes over my wet pussy. His finger traces along the edge of my sopping wet slit. "My sweet, you are not to cum unless I say you may cum, is that clear?" He asks. I nod mutely.  
  
"So you need to cum, do you?" He chuckles. "Then I think you shall cum, over and over. I can't have you unable to focus, unable to work or drive. " His finger softly strokes my puffy lips, so gently and slowly I want to scream. He moves to between my legs, admiring His work. " Your clit is so red and swollen" He tells me. I nod again. He lowers His head between my wide spread thighs, His eyes watching me. I shudder as His warm breath covers my swollen throbbing clit. He moves to reach into the drawer again, and I can't see what He brings out. My body jolts as something flicks over my clit... after a few strokes I realize it's a fine paintbrush. He teases my clit with the brush, circling it, stroking it, and running the tip of the brush along the ridge of my hood. My moans grow louder with each stroke. " Please... Master... please" I beg Him. He chuckles again. " Oh, not yet, my sweet. We need to discuss something first."  
  
I try to focus on His words. That sounds to me like the start of a punishment lecture.  
  
"Haven't we discussed communication?" He asked. I nodded wordlessly. "And did you communicate to me how you were feeling?"  
  
I shook my head. " Why not? He asked, still tormenting my clit with the brush.  
  
"Because I was trying to please you, Master... " I manage to say.  
  
"Your communication skills need work, then" He tells me. " You know you are supposed to communicate any and all relevant information to me. I'd say being that distracted is relevant."  
  
I nod again.  
  
I hear a noise, and I can't identify it. The brush swirls over my clit again, and I cry out at the sudden burning sensation. I can smell the Tiger Balm as it covers my clit. Within my bonds, I writhe and whimper. He sits back and watches me. Tears form in my eyes. I can't escape the sensation... almost painful, a deep tingling. My cries excite Him, they always do. He sits and watches me writhing and whimpering, my head tossing back and forth, my hips arching. Slowly the sensation fades. My body relaxes, slightly. "There, my sweet, I think that's a lesson you will remember?" He asks.  
  
"Yes, Master" I whisper. He reaches for a mirror, showing me my clit, peeking out between my bare puffy lips, jutting out hard and red. The black silken cords framing my red clit hold my attention in the mirror. The pad of His finger rolls across my clit, and I arch my back and shudder. His finger slowly strokes over my clit, and I buck my hips up, trying to force Him to move faster. He chuckles at me again. " Such a horny slut" He whispers to me. Suddenly He pinches my clit between His fingers, moving His fingers up and down, stroking my clit like a tiny cock. My body tenses and He reminds me " Not until I say you can". I whimper again.  
  
His hand moves away, and then He rests the palm of His hand over my pubic bone, pulling back the hood over my clit. I can hear the buzz of the tiny but intense bullet vibe in His hand. He holds the vibe directly against my clit, and I shriek out. "Cum for my, my sweet slut" He orders, and I cum, shaking violently, screaming His name. I can't stop cumming, over and over, until I am gasping for my breath. My muscles are screaming, writhing against the bonds. He pauses, cupping His hand over my pussy. My wetness coats my inner thighs, dripping down my ass. " I think you need to cum again" He smiles, and before I can respond, He holds the vibe against my clit again. In seconds I begin to spasm, writhing beneath His touch. I can't tell if it's many orgasms, or one gigantic one, but it seems to go on forever.  
  
Somehow when I open my eyes again, He is lying beside me, stroking my hair, kissing my face. The bonds are removed, and my body continues to shake against Him. I cannot speak, can only turn my head towards Him, and His mouth captures mine. " Sleep, my sweet" He whispers in my ear, and almost immediately I fall asleep.