



A COMPILATION OF EROTIC SHORTS

N U M B E R 2

Best Kept Secret

I'm not letting this slide. I'm going to expose you for the naughty girl you are to all your friends, your family, everyone...

I close the door, letting the thick metal slide into place and bolt it quickly.

She stands in the chains, swaying back and forth lightly on her feet, completely naked apart from the blindfold and silk gag. Her hair is a mess, flailing in several directions, her petite frame a stunning little canvas, prepared for me to paint my punishment and pleasure on. Her breasts heave in place, her breathing already a little laboured, she knew what was going to happen and she was helpless to stop it.

This was perfect, all going to plan. I barely hear her through the gag, probably pleading for me to go gentle, they all do at the start. She is trying to get cute with her words, that wasn't going to happen. *Oh well*, we have a long time to change that.

My suit jacket feels heavy in the bristling Bel Air heat. It was time to lose some layers. I unbutton the navy jacket and hang it on the coat hooks by the door. My tie comes loose next, as I undo it slowly and lay it flat on the wooden table with the rest of my equipment for the session. It is sticky in here, small beads of sweat already forming on her chest bone, the heat through the floor to ceiling windows hitting her back and plump little backside. A big smile leaves me as I adjust the tripod and hit the record button on the camera, he was going to see everything I did to her.

Letting the sound of my loafers ring out, I walk towards her slowly and deliberately and undo my cufflinks. Clearing my throat, I keep my voice low and controlled, making sure she knew exactly who was in charge here.

"So...thought we could play innocent did we? You think because you think you're hot you get a free pass with me?" The cufflinks go in my pocket and I roll my sleeves upwards. Veins in my forearms are splayed out like a spider's web, running all the way through to my fingertips. It was time to get my hands warmed up.

"What made you so brazen as to come find me at the restaurant with my men?"

Of course it was all rhetorical, there was no listening to her through the gag but I wanted to watch her squirm a little bit, rub things in.

“Got away from college a bit early did we? What would that cute little boyfriend of yours say? Guess he’s not going to be in the picture much longer.”

She tries to turn her head away from me and I slap her backside hard, letting it ripple with my strike. I can still smell her fragrance, a smattering of bergamot and some woody textures in the air and all across her neck and collarbone. I can taste her building arousal on my tongue. *Fuck, I’ve waited a long time to have this naughty girl in this position.* She keeps her head down as I hold my fingers under her chin.

So be it, guess it was time to get things even more warmed up. A big sigh leaves me as I walk back to the table. It was nice to have choices. The flogger looks appealing but the riding crop even more so. It feels smooth in my hands, the sun bouncing off the leather and seeping into the fibres making it extra warm to the touch.

Looking back at her, I offer a simple ultimatum.

“Katy...If you ever want to see him again, you’re going to have to do some things for me tonight. My worry is you might get a little bit too into it.” Blackmail was not exactly something I was a stranger too, she was going to learn that.

She starts shouting through the gag, *that* was going to have to stop. Circling round her, I size up my first opportunity to teach her some manners.

“Shut the fuck up, no talking, I’m not letting this slide. I’m going to expose you for the naughty girl you are to all your friends, your family, everyone.”

I rip her hard with the riding crop on her fleshy posterior as she wriggles a bit in the chains for the first time. It leaves a nice red mark on her pale skin, running diagonally down between her inner thighs. The air is thick with her burgeoning arousal, the sun pounding through the window mercilessly as drops of anticipation form on her upper back.

“That’s better. Do what I say from now on.” She was a lot sexier submissive, just the way I liked it. “It’s going to make for a much better video. Maybe he’ll enjoy it a lot more when he sees it.” She starts thrashing around again, albeit with a bit less protest this time. I whip her three times on her backside with the crop, tearing into her skin, drawing some loud gasps through her gag. This girl needed a good dose of humiliation and I was going to give it to her.

Coming up behind her, I strangle her roughly with my left hand and pull her mouth closer to mine. I slide my right hand down there, going under and upwards with my

fingers, my lips inches away from her. She gasps through the gag as my fingers wipe a slick trail of wet excitement away from her. I wipe it on her stomach as her body shivers with nerves and lust.

“If you want to see your boyfriend alive again you’re going to do exactly what I say.”

I lean my ear into her lips, there was no sign of protest this time, a few murmurings as words fail her in a delirious state. She was becoming far more compliant, so quickly.

“Lean forward.” I wanted a view of her, her pert bottom, raised up in the air for me.

There was no holding back now. I start with my hands again, hitting her brutally every few seconds as she squirms less and less, resistance becoming futile at this point. It’s such a turn on to look at her from back here, her breasts swinging with each hit, her backside getting redder and more inflamed with each stroke. She tries taking in the oxygen through her gag, as each strike of my hands becomes louder. She’s bleating, straining in the chains as she straightens her back out for me. Next time I’d have her hands behind her back clamped in handcuffs.

Ever so slowly I slide my fingers inside her, letting her wrestle against my attack of erotic lust. She tries to steady her hips as I let my fingers writhe and slide inside her, pulling her towards me effortlessly. With each rap of my other hand on her backside she grows louder through the gag, her voice demanding a more fervent attack from my hands on her quivering slit.

Gradually, I build up the speed, the chains rattling against the bolts of the frame, the camera capturing every shuddering movement of her body. Her nipples are taut, standing erect as the sun splashes across her marked bottom, creating a beautiful kaleidoscope of colours across her curves. I place one hand on her hip as I work my fingers in and out of her, imagining what it would be like to lick her dry down there, to lash my tongue against her pulsing clit for as long as I wanted to.

I’m in no mood to get sentimental about this however. She was staying on my fingers for now. I could tell the boyfriend had never taken her through anything like this before. Of course, I was still debating what to do with him, loose ends and all, perhaps I was getting softer in my old age. I keep her still as I pulverise her tight entrance, sliding an extra finger in to apply more downward pressure on her g-spot. Even from behind her I can feel her heart hammering in her chest, blood rushing to her ears and every nerve ending starting to tense up as she senses the inevitable about to overwhelm her.

“Look at you, you’re going to cum all over my hands and you can’t do anything about it can you? You little whore.” My right hand moves in and out of her faster and faster, curling my fingers upwards as my left hand grips her throat tightly. I choke her harder and harder as she struggles for breath, her chest turning red. She was going to cum, “Who do you belong to now?”

Whimpers below the gag, she was resisting it even now.

“You tried to play the sweet girl when we first met. The naive college girl in the sundress lost, looking for directions. You don’t fool me, you’re in too deep aren’t you? Well now, I own you, you’re mine to play with however I want. Say you’re mine.”

I lean in to the gag to hear her, the silk brushing against my ears. Her lips are parting as my right hand accelerates into her twitching core. *She’s going to say it.*

“Say it.”

More hurried breaths as she tries to resist me. But I know she’s going to crack.

“Say it. You don’t get off until you say it for me.”

She relinquishes. “Oh my god. I’m yours. Please, I’m yours sir, I’m yours. I’m fucking yours. I’ll do what you want.”

My left hand clamps to her clit and rubs her furiously as my right hand continues its furious pace. Her juices flow down her leg and onto the floor in an endless stream as she cries loudly under the gag, panting against it and moaning as her body loses control, crumpling to her knees. My erection pushes against the seam and zipper of my navy pants, crushing against her back as I grab her by the waist and haul her back up from her, applying the first gentle kisses to her neck and hair.

“Look what you did to my floor, you’re cleaning that up.” I swing my hand against her backside again, imprinting another mark that will bruise nicely for the morning.

I unbutton my shirt, wiping beads of sweat down from my chest, the heat is stifling. I admire her body again, every contour, every line down her back and winding down to her hips, she’s my little blonde freak right now, ready for any command, no one to hear us for miles around. Wiping the sweat off her back, I whisper into her ear, lacing my voice with menace.

“The things I want to do to you. I’m going to destroy this sexy body.”

I take a few steps back and kick the loafers off, removing my socks and loosening my belt. I hear her groan and murmur again, knowing what is coming. My pants and boxers hit the floor and I hear her moan audibly, her legs already spread nice and wide for me, her flower drenched with sticky desire as I lean into her. I drag my shaft between her legs, across her delicate slit as she moans greedily, hungry for me to enter her and start pumping her but I'm in no rush either.

She stays leaning forwards for me and I enter her slowly, one delicious inch at a time. *Fuck, she feels so tight.* I pull out momentarily just to admire what I've done to her, my length glistens with rivers of her moisture which slowly seeps out onto the floor. For a few seconds I tease her with my head, rolling it around her opening, letting her get used to the sensation and plant my feet further apart than hers on the slippery floor to get the best angle, keeping my eyes on her heart-shaped behind. She groans loudly, taking deeper breaths to deal with me, clearly not used to someone of my size.

Pulling her backside into me I tear her body up to me vertically. It was time for the gag to come off, I wanted to listen to her scream. Rooting around in her hair, I undo the thick knot whilst maintaining my slow rhythm. In and out, in and out as the gag goes flying onto the floor next to the sprayed droplets from her earlier release. She looks so good down there, the visual of her inflamed rump and its heart shape, splaying over my hip flexors is almost too much to take.

"Good girl, that's more like it. Let's see just what kind of mix of punishment and pleasure you really like."

"Yes sir."

I begin a rocking motion with my hips, rotating and sliding my glute muscles back in and out with a thudding slap into her from behind each time. The sound echoes around the room, as all that can be heard is the rattling of the chains and our bodies colliding in throbbing harmony. I put both hands on her hips to steady my thrusts and run my hands down her curves. She looks too hot down there, my big girth appears so outsized next to her small body, filling her up all the way with each motion.

I could pump this girl full of everything and it was more than tempting but I wanted to see what she looked like with me in her mouth. I was going to have to show her what I could do to her with the slightest of effort. I can tell she is ready for another explosion, her nerve endings frazzled with the constant attack from my hips to her aching core.

“Smile for the camera baby.” Ecstatic yells of pleasure leave her as I pound mercilessly, the sounds of flesh smacking against flesh piercing the walls of the room. We were so high above the world in the hills of Hollywood, I almost wished everyone could see us and the making of my own little film star. I hold onto her hair, yanking her towards me and attack her bursting slit faster and faster, grinding into her until she can’t take it anymore. I sense her bite down on her bottom lip as another wave of eruption consumes her body, it is more prolonged this time as a few seconds go by and she starts screaming with each push of my body into hers before unleashing a huge moan, her body quivering in place as I slap her face and bum. A massive graze from the riding crop is branded across her, pools of sweat gathering on her lower back as she slowly comes down from the highs.

“Let’s get these limbs free. Good girl.” I unclip each hold, one at a time, the chains collapsing to the floor either side of her, as she rubs her wrists and tries to steady herself against the frame, blinded by the scarf tie. She stumbles in front of me, like a deer on ice as I drag her across the floor closer to the camera by the hair. I’m rock hard and not waiting around, niceties could wait till later.

“You’re going to put me in that mouth.”

Her hands reach out for my quads, slowly moving up my legs as I push my length towards her lips, letting her get acquainted with it and letting her run her tongue up and down, against my bursting head before submerging it all in her hot mouth. She starts with slow strokes wrapping both hands around me and twisting upwards with each sensual movement of her mouth. I close my eyes and focus on the feeling as she tastes me perfectly, devouring me just how every good girl should.

I pull her back off it, my right hand matted in her hair near the back of her neck as she struggles for air, her stomach moving in and out rapidly trying to catch whatever oxygen she can. The blindfold is starting to slip off her head more and more, it wouldn’t be long before it fell off.

“Get your air, that’s it. This is going to be a very special video you know that.”

I hold her in place, looking back at the camera as she kneels, a little smile emerging at the corner of her own mouth as I start to grit my teeth with the growing pressure in my shaft. A little fleck of dribble leaves her mouth as she grips her hands on my stomach under the shirt, her nails dragging against my abs as she bobs her head back and forth on my thick girth. My hand guides her head in a more consistent motion, not letting her get too much time in between strokes. Her rest could wait till after my pleasure. I stare at the chandeliers on the ceiling, the reflection of us shining

against all the crystals and lights, it was impossibly hot, her back arching with her head movements.

“Don’t stop.” She is relentless, committed to only one task of getting me off, with the knowledge that only that might buy her boyfriend’s freedom. Her hands wriggle around me down there, sliding and slithering up and down and up and down in one fluid motion. She sticks her marked and bloodied backside up in the air as she works me impeccably on all fours. I can tell she loves this position. Complete submission. I grip the table and bear the pressure, several ropes and a clamp falling onto the floor as she reaches incredible speeds, gobbling every inch of me with each expert stroke.

I can’t stop it. It’s too good. I shoot deep into her mouth, my legs growing numb and my hands tingling as I grunt harshly and try to steady myself.

“Fuck. Oh god, that’s it, oh fuck. Swallow it all for me.” The sensation lasts several seconds as I reach for her head, pulling it away from all of my sensitive ends. For the next minute she remains on all fours, remnants of my vigour dotted around her lips as she licks up her reward from all along my shaft, appreciating my muscles along the way. Her fingernails digging into my legs and lower stomach before dragging across my chest and reaching for my face.

She gets off her knees and almost collapses into me as I clutch her throat with my right hand and forcefully slide my tongue into her mouth, ripping the blindfold off with my left. Her eyes are bloodshot but full of need as her gaze wanders to my lips. Speechless, she looks at me up and down as we continue to kiss, her mind only really just beginning to register her new feelings, her new devotion to me.

This girl was fun, something special, there were more than just a few scenarios I could introduce her to, more than a few shibaru techniques we could learn over the next week. I needed a vacation after all, running a drug empire was hard. Hitting the stop button on the camera, the screen blacks out and our short humiliation flick comes to an end. Her boyfriend was going to love seeing exactly what a real man could do to her.

“Don’t start falling in love now. I think I might keep you here a bit longer.”

She looks longingly in my eyes, my hostage was falling for me already, she wasn’t going anywhere by the looks of things. I return her gaze and see her brain working overtime to process what was going on, a tiny part of her was still clinging onto the notion of getting her boyfriend back. But her heart was losing the battle.

Don't talk, just relax, let me show you...



“Turn the AC on baby.”

The heat is merciless, the blazing highs of the Parisian afternoon, piercing through the windows. Flicking the switch on the fan, I look back to him lying there. He's impeccable, his stomach slowly moving up and down, hard lines marking the way to the top of his Levi's. Veins coursing through his big arms, running all the way to his capped shoulders and well-set jawline.

I rip my white tee off and undo my jean shorts, revealing new lingerie to him, a red ensemble from Agent Provocateur. He smiles and beckons me to him with his finger as I clamber on top and settle into the space between his chest and shoulder, safe from the stresses of the world. His body is my bedrock, a haven from home, the last few days had been a whirlwind since the chance encounter at the conference. The meal at Le Jules Verne in the Eiffel Tower, the strolls along the Champs Elysee and the passionate dance at L'Arc. My mind was awash with new emotions, new needs I'd never felt with anyone else before. Things I couldn't run from.

He strokes my hair and runs his fingers up and down my stomach, his talented hands moving delightfully against my breasts and my nipples hardening considerably

under his touch. I nestle into him, my tongue colliding with his and he parts my lips and tastes my burgeoning desire, my heart hammering away in my chest.

“You know this isn’t going to stay platonic don’t you little girl?”

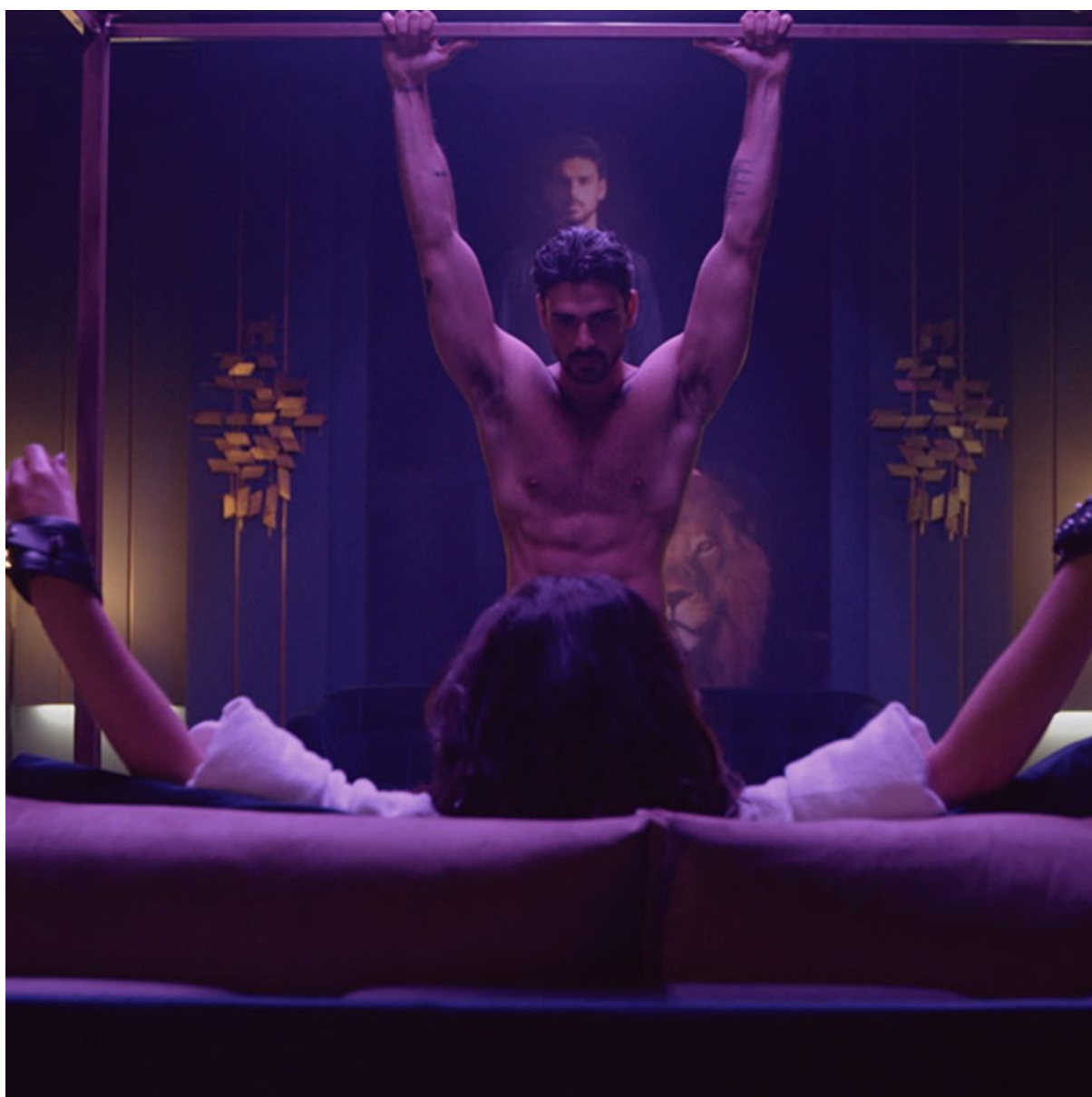
It was all happening so fast. We were perfect strangers caught up in an unravelling erotica. I was not prepared to stop it, despite all the baggage of my past, despite all the pain of my ex, I couldn’t stop this, I was putty in his hands.

“Come here.” His hooded gaze burrows into me as he gets on top, flipping me onto my back effortlessly. Everything passes by in a blur as he takes full control, his body moving like a snake across me, his firm stomach colliding with mine as our lips attach for an eternity. My breathing is shallow, hasty, as I try to catch whatever air I can but his sexiness is suffocating, his scent both an aphrodisiac and a cage for my pooling lust. He moves downwards on me, his mouth latching onto every inch of skin, adorning my body with tender affection as my hands run through his wavy black hair. His fingers start to tease the lining of my underwear, gentle strokes and light brushing against my bud, forcing my back to arch just a little bit more. Slowly he peels my panties off, his eyes never leaving mine as the first pangs of doubt creep inside my head. I wasn’t good enough for him, how could I be? A Greek God of a man, lying down in front of me, it wasn’t real.

“David, I...”

“Shh, don’t talk, just relax. Let me show you.” He trails his finger against my lips, before moving back down between my legs, his big arms cradling my thighs and lifting my hips ever so slightly towards him. He holds my hands, gripping me hard, with the first caresses of his tongue as the first moans of a very long afternoon leave my aching lungs.

This man was winning me over in his sadistic and alluring way (365 Days tribute)



The towel drops from his waist as I try with all my might to keep my attention on his angular face a wry smirk wrought across mine.

“I guess you’re going to have to learn to stop when I tell you to, aren’t you? I guess you’re going to have to learn what happens when you’re petulant with me.” Running to the other side of the room, I try the door with several quick turns but it is locked. He wants me to beg and plead with him but I know my eyes are going to betray what I really want to see and what I really want him to do with me. Without warning, he throws me onto the bed, his muscular frame pinning me in the robe as I writhe under his body, unable to stop my wrists being bound in the restraints. He was going to do as he pleased, I knew he wouldn’t truly harm me but I was his. Thrashing and struggling with all my might against the restraints I feel my energy sapping away, I’m stuck. Slave to watch whatever he wants to tease me with.

“Look at you Laura, so predictable.”

“Fuck you.” The words feel far less potent than previously, I don’t know whether I truly mean them anymore or if my self-defence mechanisms were kicking in. This man was winning me over in his sadistic and own alluring way. I feel my eyelids flutter, the pangs of sexual longing burning in my throat and body as I struggle to stop looking at his perfect body, imagining all the things we should be doing together.

“Can’t take your eyes away can you baby girl?” His voice rumbles, low and commanding, there was no room for hesitation with Massimo. I try to rip my attention away from him, but he’s too imposing, too sure of himself. He’s got me where he always wanted me.

‘I’m going to show you what you’re missing.’

Tamed By The Killer



It was not every day you fell in love with the man you were supposed to kill. My tongue meets his through the hail of water spewing from his shower head, his other hand running from the bottom of my back all the way to my shoulder blades, cupping me with his thick muscles.

The first few weeks of capture were hellish, constant interrogation and breakdown. But he never laid a hand on me. I'd been warned of his charm, of his slick personality and heavy womanising but it didn't faze me. I spat, I screamed, I tried to fight it, to fall back on all my training, but I was exhausted, lost with what to do, I wanted to get to know him more. On the fourth week we had dinner, supervised by his guards, we exchanged stories, his seat barely feet from mine, the intoxicating glare from his smokey eyes sending me dizzy and starting the rampage of my heart as my own eyes struggled to stray from his lips and angular jawline. I was falling for him, hopelessly, there was a good man deep inside him, beyond the man forced to kill for survival, he was caring and passionate, I couldn't tear away from the lethal combination.

I wasn't me. I wanted danger, I wanted to break away from the rigid lifestyle, to go off script just once. What we had together was too good, not to indulge myself a little, to get greedy with him, to submit to something for once. One lonely night in the prison cell he came in, uncuffing me and leading me away to his villa. He stripped me down, my shaking body begging for relief and we climbed in the shower together, my hands gripping onto his neck for dear life. As we stood in the shower, our lips locked, my building desire emanated throughout my skin, the butterflies doing cartwheels in my stomach as my head rolled back to meet the water, letting his hands slide all across me.

Prince Charming turned out to be much closer to Prince Cruel



It had been proposed to me as a marriage of convenience, of two families coming together, of historical ties bound forever. He was described to me as my one true 'Prince Charming'. Of course, on meeting my Prince at the family palace for the first time I found out about his darker traits far faster than I had anticipated through his whispered tales and filthy desires away from prying eyes.

He wasn't like the books, like the sentimental movies where he waited on the princess at every turn and where he put the glass slipper on. He wasn't anything out of a fairytale but he was far more than I dreamed. On our second meeting outside the palace we met in his exclusive Mayfair ensuite in London, limitless champagne flowed and a delirious taste for the wicked rested on my lips. I found out what it was like to get petulant with him, to get demanding when I hadn't earned it. I saw the flash of anger when he pinned me to the table with one hand, parting me effortlessly, letting me get a glimpse of his power as his fingers clenched my neck. My pantyhose were ripped, my flesh was hit, my hands were bound, my teeth were sunk deep into my lips and my lungs hurt with each delicious blow from his powerful hips.

He didn't pretend to be a good man, he didn't disguise the bruises on my neck, the marks on my wrists and ankles. He was only interested in control with me and I was all too happy to oblige, I was all too happy to succumb to a Prince more cruel than charming.

Maybe there is such a thing as a perfect stranger



I knock on the door three times.

"Mackenzie, it's Jake from class." This was so unusual, complete strangers meeting like this. I lean against the door frame, letting my hips sag into it. I'm nearly as tall as the frame, the curses of being a football player, a wide receiver at that. The door flies open.

"Jake, hey come in." *Fuck, she looks hot.* Her brown skin shimmers with the broiling late Summer heat, her black hair flowing down to her mid-back, amber eyes looking back at me under seductive lashes, a light coating of lipstick accentuating the fullness of her mouth. She's wearing a frilly white top, quite a modest piece but exposing just enough to distract me. Ripped Levi's on her legs, several feet shorter than me. She smiles and moves to one side as I step through into her dorm room, all too aware of the scent she is wearing, a blend of rose and spice. Sunlight strobes through the room and onto her bed. It's a small room but it has its charm, she clearly takes care of it well. She shuts the door and sits on the bed in front of me, a mild look of apprehension on her face.

"Sorry this is so off-the-cuff." She laughs, pulling her hair back from her eyes, clearly shy about the whole thing. I didn't mind. There was something about shy girls that always got me weak. "I needed help and Laura said you really know your stuff." She looks up under her lashes, blinking a few times as I grab the chair and get comfortable.

We'd never spoken before but she got my number from my best friend. She was struggling in class, we were both finance majors. The professor had set up a scheme to put students together for study help. We connected in the WhatsApp group eventually.

"It's no problem at all, happy to help where I can."

"I don't have another chair, I can just open the books on here." She motions to the bed. A jolt of tension jumps within me. But I had to keep pinching myself, this was totally work-related, we didn't know each other. All innocent.

"Sure, let's start shall we." I clamber onto the bed, folding my right leg under my left knee, sitting on the other side of the books as she stacks a couple and an assessment sheet below them.

"Basically it is the Black Scholes stuff I've been struggling with. I'm getting all muddled up with the pricing." She taps the paper in several places. "I know its dumb, I've understood pretty much everything else, but this has bugged me for ages."

I can't believe how shy she is, such a pretty girl. Damn, her smile is everything, Pearly white flashes at me nearly every time she speaks.

Options pricing. It was super boring and dry, even I struggled to pay attention to it and I was the professor's prize student.

"Yeah I get you."

I briefly talk her through the equation and its application for the trades on the stock market. Even I was doubting my understanding of it at certain points.

I can see her furrowing her brow but it seems like what I'm saying is sinking in. She's a smart girl, she just needed guidance on a very particular part of the course.

"Thanks Jake. You know, I always wanted to say hi in class. You've got an aura to you though, it's intimidating."

"I get that."

"My friend always said you were a cool guy but I didn't know whether to believe her, the football guys are usually such jerks."

She giggles, flicking her hair again from her shoulder blade and onto her back letting it flop into place. *That smell is addictive.* The fragrance is driving me nuts from across the

book. *Does she feel it too?* Her eyes gleam like diamonds against bright lights, her body leaning more towards mine with each syllable that leaves her mouth.

"We're not all bad, just badly behaved." Smiling she puts her hands on her knees, running them unconsciously down her legs before realising I am looking at her.

I can't take my eyes off her. The book is turning into a blur. *I can't stop wanting her.* I can see her gearing up for another sentence as my hand pushes the books out from between us. I wasn't imagining this, the chemistry in the air was suffocatingly sexy, we didn't have to say a lot, her body was doing the talking.

"Erm. There was just one more thing on the options trades I was a bit unsure abo..."

She stops mid-way through the sentence as I make my move. My lips latch onto hers softly, she doesn't move back or jolt away, holding onto my shoulder as I caress them gently, letting their smooth texture roll over me before moving back. She keeps her head down.

"Jake...I...I'm sorry."

"I'm not." *Options could wait.*

I tilt her chin up, holding us in the moment, letting her know I was not playing around.

"I know we're supposed to be studying but it's hard to focus." She looks up with a meek expression on her face, a few seeds of doubt planting in her mind as her gaze flutters around my face, across my jawline and to my arms.

"I don't think we're going to be just study partners Mackenzie." Her eyes tell me everything I need to know, she's hungry for passion, for excitement, starved of adventure and too shy to admit it to the world. I lean in again, slower this time but with a bit more aggression as I take her lips, my other hand reaching to her hair and cheeks and brushing down lightly. I feel her breathing intensify, her lungs working harder to accommodate her excitement, her cheeks burning red with lust and the first blushes of desire. She tastes delicious, minty strawberry aroma lining spread across all of her tongue and spilling into my mouth.

"We're two complete strangers, I've never done this before." She bleats softly into my ears. I feel the first rush of arousal, her words a perfect aphrodisiac in the late Summer heat. *It was a hot scenario the more I thought about it.* I hold my mouth against her ear and whisper back to her, my other hand cradling her neck and grabbing a fistful of her hair as her heart hammers at a rapid tempo.

"Neither have I. It doesn't make me want you any less. Let me show you." I crawl further onto the bed getting in position on top of her, letting her admire me from below, my stomach over hers and our heads inches from each other.

She relaxes even more, her hands reaching out for my forearms and tracing up to my shoulders, letting her fingernails scrape across my exposed veins and muscles. Our mouths meet again in a satisfying clash as I stroke her neck and rub her collarbone and shoulders. *I want to move my hands across every inch of this girl and let her think about my touch for weeks on end.* It is a nice visual in this position, full control of her against her soft pillow, trapped under my kneeling body, her luscious breasts spread out under the white top as I see she isn't wearing a bra. My grip goes further south on her, letting my hands trail down the side of her, as she murmurs against my mouth, breathy short inhales between each embrace.

I begin to peer below her frilly top, running my fingers across her chest for the first time, skimming her nipples slowly under her dress and teasing them with my fingertips as she bites down on her lip for the first time. I maintain the pressure, easing her into it as she

looks down at my hands, urging me to squeeze a little harder each time and plant my lips back on her. Kissing her neck, she groans again, so easily turned on, I love her little reactions to every touch, hyper sensitive to whatever I want to do with her. Dragging my mouth to her collarbone, I suck lightly and move my attention to the top of her delicate breasts. *The top is too constricting, I'm getting it off her.*

"Sit up for me." She complies, arching in the air as I wriggle her out of the top, freeing her body. For the first time I get a full visual of her stunning upper body. Her breasts are even bigger than I thought, her skin burning hot against my palms as I move them around her hips and back up to her chest, keeping eye contact with her the whole time, fluttering eyelids looking back at me, closing as I got nearer to her upper erogenous areas, playing with her, teasing her exactly as I wanted to. Her hands clasp around my back to steady herself as I kiss her nipples one at a time and massage her tenderly.

"Lie back. Good girl." Flopping back onto the soft pillows, I roam my hands more energetically across her, thinking how hot it would be if we had some oil. But it doesn't matter, *she's my very own goddess right now.* As I move further and further south on her, my hands start caressing the top of her thighs through the jeans. Her hands go to my head rooting around in my hair slowly urging me ever lower.

I'm delirious for this, a slave to the moment. I spread my lips across her lower stomach and unbutton her jeans one rung at a time. She squirms with her eyes closed, the anticipation getting too much for both of us. As the pants come off her ankles, I'm met with silken white panties, her legs writhing around slowly on the cotton sheets and her head propped against the pillow looking back at me dreamily, a mischievous smile etched across her.

"Jake." She purrs through gritted teeth as my hands caress around her aching core, inching ever closer to her down there. I rub her with one finger through her panties, feeling how excited she is for me as her stomach begins rising off the bed. Looking impossibly cute and vulnerable, she hums and exhales slowly, letting the pent up frustration out of her.

I spread her legs a little and hold her inner thighs, lapping up around her outer folds. I'm too overcome with need to bother with stripping her off fully, so I move her panties to one side, exposing her fully. I brush my finger against her down there and she mumbles in erotic agony turning her head into the pillow as I tease the hot anticipation out of her. Increasing the speed a little more, I wait until her hands grab the headboard and then move my head between her legs, she looks down at me, amber hues glazed over with the thoughts of deep pleasure. I lock my gaze on her and slowly pull my tongue against her, inserting it inside her and teasing her with the tip. My own arousal growing stiffer in my pants ready to burst out of my boxer shorts.

"Fuck, oh my god." Her legs crease together with the initial pressure from my tongue, her gaze stays on mine as I lick her down there, tasting her sweetly. Her hands grip my hair harder, yanking firmly on the first few lashes of her pulsing slit. *She tastes incredible, sweet and juicy, just perfect.* I change up the direction, up and down, up and down and side to side.

"Keep doing that Jake, oh my god, your tongue is so big." She lets out a louder moan, trying to hold the ecstasy back, her thighs clamping against my head and her hands holding on for dear life digging her nails into my hair and scalp.

I don't let the pressure up, sensing exactly the rhythm she wants, a nice slow and unrelenting curling motion against her. Her hands go to the sheets and bunch them up in her

fists as the intensity builds inside her. *She's exactly where I want her*, her enjoyment spurring me on to attack her soaked flower even faster.

Gradually I build up the aggression on her pulsating clit, flicking continuously against it as she throws her head back deeper into the pillow, tossing and turning each way and raising her hips to grind against my mouth even harder. But I want to send her over the edge. She's impeccably wet for me, her breasts heaving to the ceiling with each stroke of my tongue. My left hand keeps her hip in place and I tease her opening with my right, inserting two fingers inside her, eliciting a loud groan.

"Jake if you keep doing that, I can't stop, I can't."

I begin to work her with my forefinger and middle finger as my tongue continues its assault on her clit. Pushing downwards, I let my fingers spread out inside her and coil them again in a continuous motion

"Jake. Oh my gosh. Keep going, keep going. I'm gonna. I'm gonna!" She chokes on her words as her lungs try to push all the air out, she's rendered speechless by the explosion about to take hold of her. Her hair splays out across the pillow, her eyes clamped shut and her mouth wide open ready to shout for me.

"You're there, cum for me, good girl." *I'm loving every moment of this, controlling her to climax like this. Fuck, I've craved this badly, this girl is just my submissive type.*

My tongue slides over her bud relentlessly as my fingers drive ever deeper on her, delivering perfect blows to her quivering opening. Her hands go to my hair again, matting her fist in my locks and beginning to shudder quietly for me.

"Holy shit. I'm there, oh my, Jake!"

She screams, a guttural cry bouncing around the room. It's only now I notice the windows are open, the whole street can probably hear us. Her legs wobble endlessly on the sheets, her hips shooting towards the ceiling again as my fingers ease their pressure, letting her come down very gradually and gently. A series of slow groans leaving her as she bites down on the pillow and tries to roll over onto her side.

"Shh, don't want to make the other girls jealous do you?"

She looks at me through bleary eyelids, barely able to open them with the intensity of her climax. We take a few seconds, lying there in the boiling sunlight pouring through the windows, the first droplets of sweat forming on her chest and lower neck. I rest on my forearms stroking her hair gently.

Eventually we sit up, positioned in my lap and on top of my legs, as I wrap my arms around her and stroke her back tenderly. She pants lightly before going back to my ear and whispering with a voice like honey drops.

"I want you inside me Jake." *I want the exact same thing.*

I flip her onto her back and kneel by her feet peeling away her panties to her ankles and letting them fall off the side of the bed.

She's not ready to go too rough with me. I can see that.

"Let's go slowly." She nods with her bottom lip curling inwards, holding her eagerness barely under wraps. *I'd been in this position with so many girls but this feels totally different, the air was electric, her skin was on fire below, my own body was completely wracked with nerves in the best possible way.* I gradually drag my boxers down my legs as she eyes me up from the end of the bed, a flicker of delight moving across her. As I unsheath myself I get the first glimpse at how hard I am, like steel, bursting almost. I grip it in my right hand and balance myself over her, holding her face with my left. There is no rush as I tease her with

just my head, sliding it against her, creating a delicious friction that makes me grunt a little louder. She murmurs again, even louder this time, closing her eyes and throwing her arms behind her head on the mounted pillow. I inch inside her at a deliciously slow pace, watching her reactions with each inch of me. I hear her whimper and clutch at the bed again, tearing into the fabric with her nails.

“Oh Jake.”

“Look at me, good girl.” I hold her neck in place as I begin to rock back and forth inside her, driving as deep as I can and drawing out surprised gasps of ecstasy from her throat. She feels heavenly, so tight and hungry for me, wanting to claw her nails against my upper back and dig into every inch of muscle. There’s nothing in the world distracting me as the fierce clash of our hips builds into a sensual rhythm as she pulls herself towards me with every stroke.

“That feels so good.” She buzzes quietly, her teeth gnashing against her bottom lip before I grab onto her mouth again with a furious passion and she returns with equal fervor. Planting my hands next to her hips on the bed, I tense my glutes and pump into her with a circular motion, our firm stomachs brushing against each other as the feeling hardens me fully inside her. I feel like my erection is about to burst out of its seams.

“You should have warned me how big you were.” We both laugh as I tug on her lips again, my tongue flailing wildly inside her mouth and I maintain the nerve-tingling pace, letting my length come a long way out of her each time before plunging it back in gradually, frying both of our nerves with shocks of pleasure. It’s almost too perfect, too romantic for such an encounter as I reach for her hands, pinning them above her head and strain against her, each of us daring the other to start blinking first. As our eyes stay open as she pants harder, her breath colliding with my shallow intakes and her scorching skin rubbing against me. The top of her collarbone is turning redder, as her arousal builds for me again.

I stay gliding inside her. Back and forth, back and forth as she takes me exquisitely, her slit gripping me tight and leaving a wet trail along my length. The mirror on her wardrobe is distracting me, I want her to look at me when I take her. *There was only one way to do it.* I retract from her and pull her by the legs towards me.

“Turn around for me.”

She quickly faces away from me, moving her hair from her upper back and giving me a perfect view of her heart-shaped backside. We both look in the mirror at the same time, the fizzling atmosphere driving her wild as I look into her eyes whilst slowly guiding myself back into her. Her head rolls back and I cradle her neck with my forearm. We spoon gently, my hips gliding against her. We face the mirror on the wardrobe so I can show her exactly what I’m doing to her. A vicious smile forms over her lips as she gasps for air, my other hand reaching to her clit and rubbing her in a circular motion again, working with the rhythm of my plunges. Her chest is damp with exertion as the heat begins to take its toll on us. Instinctively I reach out for her hair and hold it taut as my hips sway against her and her backside ripples with each increasingly violent impact.

The sound reverberates through the room, my groin slapping against her skin as I clutch my hand to her mouth, her biting lightly on my fingers to stifle her own moans and dampen the oncoming waves of sensation.

“Look at what I’m doing to you. So fucking hot.” I pull her head to pay attention to the mirror, the impossibly hot scene of our steaming bodies colliding in the suffocating heat. With her surging excitement, she grips me firmer and firmer, my own breathing starting to speed

up as I murmur down her ear and try to steady myself. Whimpers leave her lungs as her skin pulses with the throes of our passion.

I can't hold it, she's going to make me explode everywhere at this pace. There's nothing quite like getting the best angle on this girl's body.

I bend my leg and collide with her more forcefully, our sweat-riddled bodies clamped by moisture, her back pinned to my chest and my right arm around her neck in a close bind. Our slippery bodies move faster and faster as she begins moaning with all her might again. Her hourglass figure turning me on more than I could ever imagine. My other hand rests on her hip as she closes her eyes, her voice rising again to the same crescendo as before. I feel her nearly there.

"Jake, don't stop, don't stop, please, at the same time...kiss me."

She dips her head down to kiss me as I take her delicious body with all of my might, pulverising her into the mattress and letting her moans ring out all through the room and down the corridor. *I can't stop.* The sensation overwhelms me completely. I spurt inside her in waves, releasing myself vigorously as she quivers in my arms, her legs shaking again and her body overcome with involuntary tightening as she contracts around me, squeezing her legs together and forcing more out of me each time draining me dry. I cover her mouth with my hands as she screams into my palms almost in unison with each of my own groans.

The aftershocks don't stop as she shudders quietly on the soft sheets, I'm too sensitive to take much more but I stay deep within her, beginning to apply gentle kisses to her upper back and neck, my lips lazily exploring her ear lobes and collarbone again. Purring, she turns back to me, eyes expending a tremendous effort to open and see me. She buries her face into my neck and reciprocates, her lips dabbing my neck and greedily eating me up. Slowly I pull out of her and caress her down, getting her to relax more and more as my hands run through her hair.

I could stay here all day doing this, her body, her curves, her scent, everything was addictive, like it was meant to be between us.

Gradually I flip over onto my back and stare at the ceiling, her head lolling onto my chest and her fingers grooving down into my collarbone. We lie there, drenched with the effort and silent for a few moments as she catches her breath and moves her ear closer to the beating of my heart.

"I had no idea studying could be so much fun."

"Me neither. If only we could do that in lectures." She laughs into my arm before kissing my shoulder and nuzzling into my pec. *I love holding her like this. Something feels right with this girl, I can't place it and my cynical side was always wary with such things but maybe there was such a thing as a perfect stranger.*

She learnt every lesson I wanted her to



The lobster is delicious, freshly caught from the bay. My villa is cooler this time of year but I'm not one to complain after the torturous months of intense heat. My Patek strikes 9pm as the wind sifts through the trees overhead and the sound of our forks hitting the plates rings out across the patio. Cyndi Mason, a girl with dreams bigger than her station is sitting at the opposite end of my long table, anger wrought across her face.

She had been sniffing around the accounts far too much for the big boss's liking. It was one thing to have some press curiosity, but this girl was tenacious and of course that was not good for business, it wasn't good for him, it wasn't good for me, it wasn't good for the whole operation. So I intervened.

Of course, nothing would have been so complicated if I hadn't developed some feelings for her. Intelligent, brave and a whole bundle of energy designed for a hundred women wrapped into one. She was a tall girl, dark olive skin, heavy black curls set against her gentle features, a fiery and full bodied American Latina. Wearing one of the Saint Laurent cocktail dresses I had spare in my wardrobe.

She looks up at me through hooded eyes, a menace to her expression. A smouldering look that would wither lesser men.

'You should eat more. Get your energy up.' I speak gently, going back to my own plate to spoon up another mouthful.

'Fuck you. I'm not your property. You don't get to talk to me.' She motions like she is spitting on the plate and offers a little smirk to me. She wants me riled up. My

bodyguards raise their eyebrows, Silvio shuffling his weight forward towards her to reprimand her, but I put my hand up. Brats were going to be brats.

‘Fine, that’s an expensive meal you’re wasting. Not sure it is wise to do that.’

No response this time.

I sigh and wipe my lips with the napkin, undoing the top button on my white dress shirt. Here we were having a nice meal under the moonlight and she seemed completely incapable of appreciating it. She had been feisty from the moment my men picked her up snooping around outside the lawyer’s office. *There was something about the feisty ones that struck a nerve with me.* I had to be alone with her to straighten things out properly.

‘Silvio, Pietro, you can leave us.’ I clap my hands and motion them down the steps by the far end of the garden. Silvio looks at me for a split second before nodding and the two walk quickly to the steps to go to the front gate of the complex. She watches them all the way before looking back to me with scolding eyes.

‘Glad you could find the balls to talk to a woman all alone without your goons staring over everything I do.’

I snicker. ‘You know...most other *capos*, they wouldn’t be so...understanding of all this petulance.’

‘A girl can be so lucky.’ She throws her head back exposing some of her upper chest for me. If she thinks she can control this conversation with the little displays of snark she is mistaken.

‘You’re lucky you’re alive Miss Mason.’

‘Call me Cyndi and cut the pleasantries. You’re the last person I need them from.’ She spits food out again onto the table. My mouth twitches, my lips curling upward into a snarl as I start to get angry with her, truly for the first time. She had no appreciation of what I had rescued her from. The mouse trap she had walked into with the big boss.

‘Cyndi. You’re no prisoner here you can leave any time you want, but you really ought to be a touch more grateful. I’ll cut the pleasantries, of course you know the danger you face.’ I wave my fork at her, a piece of calamari stuck to the end, trying to accent my point. But there was no reasoning with her.

‘I’m done with you.’ Murmuring quietly she turns away from me, one leg folded over the other and looking out at the stars on the far horizon.

I get up from the chair and slowly sip from the wine glass. The ‘*Occhio di Pernice*’ from Avignonesi, one of my favourites from Southern Tuscany. My eyes are glued on hers as she sulks and watches me warily in her chair. Putting the glass down, I move slowly over to her, my hand skimming over the long table top, admiring the fine cloth and the handiwork put into it, passed down from generation to generation of my family.

‘You’re only alive because I intervened. There’s some very bad people who want you dead for what you were doing on the Saggiatore accounts.’

'I can take care of myself Gino.' Her voice wavers, shuffling in the chair with her hands moving to her legs. *Submissive now*, far from the hard-headed journalist I had picked up on the beach after the yacht crash. Already less combative than a few minutes ago.

'Oh really. What evidence have you given me so far to believe that? Getting shot at, getting tracked across half of Lombardy and nearly being found on the yacht. You really know how to keep a low profile.'

She pouts and keeps silent.

'This is going to work if you work with me. I don't want to have to save your life for a third time this week.' I emphasise the third by stabbing my fork sharply into the table and standing over her. Her hands are glued to the arms of the chair watching me like a hawk. 'Remember you're safe here. Have I harmed you once since you arrived?'

Her expression noticeably relaxes as she turns her gaze back to me. Soft and tanned features look up at me, the fullness of her lips and the delicacy of her cheeks becoming apparent to me for the first time in our little adventure of a meal. Chest slowly heaving in place, she tries to curtail her emotion and get the control back to her voice.

'Maybe...Maybe I was being rude. I appreciate you finding the yacht. I just don't appreciate being locked up like this. I've never been unable to go anywhere in my life.'

'You're no prisoner, you can go when you want, but you know like I do that Milan is not safe for you right now.'

Falling into the chair she lets out a loud sigh and folds her arms.

'What am I going to do?' She's deflated and exasperated.

I offer her a comforting touch on her shoulder with my hand. She doesn't remove it but stares into the distance.

'Come, I want to show you something.' I beckon her with my hand.

'What is it?'

'Some history.'

She moves her plate to the side, half finished and dabs her lips with a napkin. As she stands up to follow me she reveals more of her smooth legs, impeccably delicate, almost seeming to never end. I swivel on my heels and lead her through to the lounge of the villa. Sliding the glass door out of the way we step into the air conditioned room and I switch a few lights on.

'Woah. I hadn't seen this room yet.' Her jaw grows slacker as she looks across all the artwork and finite details of the floors and walls. The books stacked up on the shelf in the corner alongside the finest rug I had had custom made by a Napolese designer.

'Wait till you see the next one.'

I lead her through the expansive corridor, the minimalist sculptures and art pieces lining our path to the bedroom. Grabbing for the huge knob of the door, I

swing it open to reveal the master bedroom, overlooking the hills, completely tranquil, a serene oasis where I could come to relax when the world was feeling heavier. Of course the first thing she notices is the landscape painting on the wall near the long wardrobe. I see her notice and guide her towards it.

'It is the small village not far from Milan where my family grew up for several generations. It reminds me of a few things every day.'

'Who painted it?' She admires the details as I settle close to her.

'My great grandmother painted it in World War One. When everything seemed like it was falling apart, she persevered to create something beautiful.' I run my hands down the frame removing a few specks of dust and take in the full glory of the painting for the millionth time.

'This painting is beautiful Gino. It's a real treasure.'

'My great-grandmother was an incredible woman. You remind me of her a bit. Smart, determined, willing to do whatever it takes. I like that about you Cyndi.' I point to her and wave my finger back and forth to emphasise the point. I think I see her blush for the first time, rosey dimples coming to her cheeks.

'Thanks Gino. Genuinely, thanks.' She smiles coyly. *I like this side of Cyndi Mason.* A more exposed side, not so guarded against every question and intrusion. 'For such a hard-headed man, you sure have good interior design taste. I'll give you that.' She jeers.

'I'm so blessed to have the acknowledgement of the great Cyndi Mason.'

'I like the bed as well. Classier than I imagined.' I see the hints of a wink forming as she wanders around the edge of the duvet, running her fingernails across the silk sheets and admiring the patterns on the pillow. One of the straps of her dress is beginning to fall off her shoulders as she strokes the sheets, the heady fragrance from before attacking my senses, the sensuality of her disarming me one move at a time.

She turns to face me again, the black dress laying precariously on both shoulders now, nearly slipping off. She was still sweaty and feeling the heat from outside, a small bead lazily falling down her collarbone to the tip of her breasts.

'Do you have a change of dress or something else I can slip into? I'm really warm in this.' She hooks her fingers under the shoulders and fans herself rapidly, her gaze sticks into mine, seeking something, an erotic dazzle in the sombre lighting of the bedroom.

'I'm sure we can find something.' I go to the closet, tapping the button on the side to open up all of the compartments and try to find something similar. There's a Burberry piece I like for her but a Dior floral dress that's not as heavy on the skin catches my eye more. Taking the hanger I click the button to automatically shut the glass doors of the wardrobe and a beeping rings out as it rapidly clicks into place.

She has removed the black dress revealing a purple bra and panties and a breathtaking body, flowing curves and soft skin I want to dive into. I hand her the Dior dress and she looks at it curiously but almost impassively before placing it down

on the bed and rubbing her arms with her hands. Her hair drapes down past one eye and onto the top of her breasts, the dim lights shimmering off the black surface.

'I can get you another one, I know Dior is too low for your exacting standards.'

She stays quiet but her expression betrays exactly what she is thinking.

Despite the air con, the temperature in the room is sizzling. The first throes of true sexual tension begin to filter into the sticky atmosphere between us, our eyes locked on each other's, her dark brown piercing into me, her breaths more and more choked. The intake through her nose gets quicker and quicker.

'Take your bra off for me.'

There's a second pause as the electricity in the air pounds the oxygen. It's pure bliss watching her like this. She smiles, a naughty smile with one side of her mouth as she unclips her bra and pulls her arms loose before placing it down on the bed. She's not so shy as she grabs her hair and lets her breasts hang loose for me.

'Good girl. And your panties.' She's more nervous but still ready to comply.

My forefinger and thumb go to my mouth. I'm inquisitive and watching *everything* as she slowly drags her panties down to her ankles, giving me the full visual in one long tease. Stepping out of them, she stands quietly and lets her hair flop to one side again. Her big breasts stand firm, her nipples nicely erect as I close the distance between us. My shirt touching her chest and the pounding of her heart beating through to mine.

I unbutton my shirt one at a time, letting her get a full visual of my stomach and arms as I unfurl myself away from the sleeves and let it fall to the floor. Unzipping my pants I unhook the holds and step out of them just leaving my boxer shorts on. I hold the tension for a few seconds longer and then start to unravel the boxers down my thick quads, rolling them way down over my calves and towards my ankles. She stares downwards for a long time and takes a gulp before wetting her lips to speak again.

'I didn't know you were hiding such...assets. Mister Minotta.' She lifts her eyes and tries to rip her focus away but she can't. *I want her completely mesmerised, hypnotised by my body and what she knows I can do to her with it.* I love the power I can have over her, the attention my body yields. *This woman was made for me.*

'You don't know a lot of things about me Miss Mason.' I stand just before her, letting her eyes wander across me again, the flickers of wanton need dancing in her pupils. I admire her too, my hand draping across her neck and running to her cheek and mouth brushing my fingers against her moist lips before dropping to her breasts and stomach.

'Hmm, like what?'

I stroke her curls back from her eyes, keeping her gaze on mine for as long as possible as our lips come to mere centimetres from each other. Her cinnamon fragrance buries me in a storm of lust as I trail my finger from her shoulder to her neckline and all the way down her body, letting my index finger drag agonisingly

slowly against her opening as the first murmur of pleasure leaves her, her head lolling backwards and her neck jerking up to my mouth.

‘Let me show you.’

I lift her up without warning. A shriek leaves her but quickly turns to a ravenous look as her legs instinctively wrap around my waist. She clutches on tightly as we dance in the middle of the room, our bodies swaying with the passion as my hand goes to her throat and my lips steal her breath sharply. Reciprocating, her lips grip onto mine furiously, burying her desire into me as I try to keep my balance.

‘Gino. What if Luigi finds out about all of this. You, me? He would kill you.’

‘Forget Luigi for tonight. I’ll handle him. Tonight it is Gino and Cyndi.’

She clings to me tighter as I walk with her to the bed and throw her down admiring her naked frame. She’s spectacularly curvy, just like I imagined and it is driving me crazy looking at her all naked for me like this. I want her thrashing around against my headboard and clinging onto the bed post until her grip fails her. Her body is my playground tonight.

She writhes on the silk sheets as I lean over her and support my weight on my forearms, my mouth is busy latching onto her neck and collarbone and my hands are wandering down her gorgeous body. *I’m consumed with wanting her. I’m consumed with her being mine.*

Caressing her neck and shoulders and applying soft kisses I eventually move down on her, my hands exploring her upper quads and inner thighs. Parting her supple legs and moving all the way to her delicate flower. *I can’t resist. I want to feel her on my fingers again.* Locking our lips and working my tongue against hers, I slide my finger inside her and allow the gasp to leave her lungs and fall into my mouth as I curl my finger upwards and manoeuvre my thumb to her sensitive bud, beginning to rub her there in a circular motion.

She shudders as my thumb rolls against her and my finger curls inside her at a slow and steady pace. Her back arches and her hips jolt forward to meet my movement, her moans becoming more and more audible.

‘Gino. Oh wow. That’s heavenly.’

There’s no relenting today. I continue my attack on her down there, inserting my middle finger and curling upwards with both, feeling the pressure grow inside her against my fingertips. Her moist opening drenches my fingers as she struggles to hold back her excitement with each punishing push of my hands driving into her.

She tugs on the pillow and grasps it between her teeth. But it’s no use. She can’t stop the eruption about to hit her. Mercilessly I move my fingers up and down inside her and rub her in perfect unison with my thumb, accelerating her to the edge.

‘Gino. Oh gosh. Oh wow. Oh, fuck!’ Her eyes crease and her teeth sink into her bottom lip as a powerful groan forces its way out of her, her body writhing and turning under me, little involuntary flicks of her nails into the first layer of silk on the bed as she clings to me. Her hurried breaths calm down as I return to kissing her,

appreciating every moment our bodies collide. Her hands rushing to my firm stomach and burrowing into me as far as she can.

I retract my fingers and balance on my knees above her, her hands running through her hair and resting on her forehead to recover quickly from her first high. My shaft is pulsing and deliciously stiff, her opening already soaked with the attack from my fingers. Grabbing her hips, I pull her towards me with my biceps and gradually insert every inch inside her, the sensation is mesmerising as she drips all over my length and moans with a deep rumble from her chest. Panting takes hold of her as she tries to regain her breath. I grip her just above her hip bones and fill her up all the way with each stroke as her hands reach for the headboard behind her steadying the blows.

The mattress moves back and forth below us, her head sinking into the pillow as she tries to look past her flowing mess of hair covering her eyes. Her fingernails trace down my stomach before going back to the oak board. Keeping her hips raised in the air and my own back straight I fire my glutes and strike against her in a rocking motion. Back and forth, back and forth letting the craving take hold of me. *I want to grip every inch of her, pull her hair hard and make her scream my name.*

‘That feels amazing.’ She bleats at me. Her cinnamon scent wafting all through the air as her body moves like a snake against me, wriggling all the way up to the hilt, her warm slit gripping my shaft more firmly than anything I’ve ever felt before. As the pressure begins to build again I switch the position, throwing her legs on my shoulders and get prepared on my knees again, angling even deeper inside of her. She winces and clutches onto me, tearing into every muscle. Her eyes roll in her head as her breaths become more and more staggered.

‘Look at me. Good girl. No turning away now.’ I grab her chin and pull her attention onto me. ‘You’re going to keep learning to do things my way.’

I pump her into submission, not allowing her a break as my body slaps against hers for a continuous minute, no breaks as her pleas for me to go faster grow to a deafening peak and her abs start to tense, her stomach contracting involuntarily with each blow from my groin into her quivering slit. Her legs start shaking on my shoulders, her hand going to her own mouth to try and stymie her cries of pleasure and her exertion begins to spill all over my length slowly dampening the silk below us. My hands steady her hips as I hold myself deep inside her, pinning her legs behind her head and grinding against her slippery bud.

‘Oh my god. Gino. I can’t believe you just made me do that.’ I put her arms above her head and lap her mouth, our tongues colliding wickedly in a heat of pure sexual need as I stay inside her and gently roll my hips, letting her come down from her first high. Her hands go to my glutes and rip my flesh, dragging down in continual strokes and guiding me to the perfect spot.

Animated, she pushes me down onto the bed and climbs on top, facing the other direction towards the mirror.

‘We look so good like this Gino. I wish someone could take a picture of us right now.’

She squats down with one hand on my shaft and eases herself onto me. Taking huge breaths again to settle down. She looks spectacular from here, her backside melding into her large hourglass figure and her toned upper back muscles beginning to clench. A few whimpers leave her as she tries to adjust to my size again. Her fingers scrunching together to bear the initial fullness.

‘That’s it, good girl. You take me so well don’t you?’

She nods quietly and moves up and down slowly, almost all the way to my tip and my base, letting her hips and backside do all the work.

I slap her from behind to get her into motion, her backside rippling with each vicious hit. Her body starts working furiously hard for me, gripping tightly onto my throbbing erection as she looks at us in the mirror. She speeds up, using the motion of her hips to wriggle on me. The visual is almost too much as I feel her wetness seeping down onto my stomach and inner thighs.

‘Ooh gosh. That feels so fucking good. You’re so hard.’ She cries out, her dark brown eyes looking at our hot reflection, admiring herself and my thick girth spreading her nicely down there.

Her hands go to my legs to try to keep her balance as she goes up and down for what seems like an eternity. Louder moans start to take hold of her as I try to maintain my composure, trying not to look down at the impossibly sexy scene unfolding on my lap. I matt my fist in her hair and rip her towards me so her back arches. She could try all she wanted but I was in charge tonight.

With my hand holding her hair she rocks her hips against me, my stomach beginning to clench harder. She works harder to please me as I tug on her hair and whisper naughty sentiments down her ears. The rest of her is still as her glutes grind on me, relieving herself all the way to my throbbing head, bulging every time she pushes her slick core against it. *This visual is driving me wild, seeing her hourglass figure working against me so well like this.* Her brown back is wet with the exertion of her efforts, her breaths short and hurried, her heart pounding hard and her nerves frazzled.

She’s close again but I want her in a more submissive position. *We’re going to finish exactly how I want to.*

‘Come here.’ I pull her into me and growl down her ear, her sweaty back clamped to my chest. Lifting her off me I stand up off the side of the bed and drag her ankles towards the edge. Holding myself taut, I slide inside her again putting my arms under her and lifting her into my embrace standing up. Walking around inside her to get used to the sensation, we move towards the wall, exchanging rushed kisses and hot gazes.

I drive my hips upwards, supporting her on my thick legs between my chest and the wall. Heavy gasps leave her as she tries to steady the building sensation.

Sweat drips off her chest onto mine, our bodies moving in beautiful harmony, her hips thrashing against mine.

‘Gino. Fuck me, please, harder. Don’t stop. Don’t stop!’

I comply, tasting her desire for another wobbling orgasm on my tongue. My hips pump into her mercilessly, clattering against the wall as her hands go to my glutes, ripping into whatever flesh she can with loud roars of ecstasy. My lower stomach brushing against her bud and heightening the pleasure beyond all belief.

‘Oh my gosh. Show me, please sir, show me.’ I slap her face hard, trying to leave a bruise for the morning as her teeth dig down into her lips and her hands clasp to my neck harder than ever. It’s romantic almost, our eyes locked in a staredown, daring the other to blink first as I pound furiously. *The feeling is beginning to build down there for me too.* The dim lights bring a glow to her face, a sweet red appearing on her left cheek from the force of my slap and scratches on her neck from my chokes. She wraps her legs around my core even tighter, trying to squeeze for dear life as I grip her hands with mine and grind against her, our lips colliding in a sweet symphony of pleasure.

This is incredible. I’m getting so close. Each movement of my groin pummeling her into the wall echoes around the room as she closes her eyes and stifled cries escape her. My skin reverberating against hers and the slapping sound of our bodies the only sound now besides her desperate begging in my ear.

‘Gino, please, please, please!’

I grab her neck and pump into her as hard as I can, impaling her further with each strike. The rhythm is unstoppable as her head drops onto my shoulder and she starts to wail endlessly, almost sobbing against my upper back.

‘Oh gosh. Don’t stop. Don’t stop. I’m there, I’m there. I’m there!’

She shouts against my skin. Her screams shaking the mirror and windows as I release inside her, holding myself there with her quivering body flailing against the wall. She’s unable to speak as her legs slide down my slippery torso trying to hold onto anything they can. Her stomach tenses again and I gently bite against her nipples before licking them clean. Contractions surge through her every few seconds as she sucks oxygen back into her lungs and cuddles against me, gripping onto my back and glutes. Slowly, I carry her back to the bed and we collapse in an exhausted mess.

I hoist a pillow under our heads and let her fall into my chest, nuzzling against me and purring with a deep satisfaction. We stay there in silence for a few minutes as I stroke her hair softly and kiss her forehead, wiping the drops of sweat away from her brow. The moonlight seeps in through the far window, splashing onto our bodies as the quiet of the late evening takes hold of us. There’s nothing except the heavy rise and fall of our chests and stomachs.

Suddenly she clears her throat and flutters her eyelids at me, speaking with a hushed voice.

‘I guess I had more to learn from you than I thought Gino.’

I laugh and hold her chin towards me.

'I'm not all evil on the surface you know.'

'What else can you teach me?' Her fingers move across my abs and towards my chest, her palms flat against my thick-set pecs before tracing the veins down from my inner shoulder to the front of my biceps. Looking down at her, my mind begins to conjure up a million scenarios with this woman.

'I had a few things in mind.'

She was going to learn every lesson I wanted her to in and out of the bedroom.

The new king tamed me in the little cottage deep in the woods



The clock strikes Midnight and there is a strange aura moving across the town. All I hear are the creaks of anxious men patrolling and hushed whispers of terrified women and children.

Suddenly a loud cry rings out from the castle walls. And horns and drums are beaten for the first time as the attack becomes imminent.

'They're here. Take cover.'

I watch in horror as waves of men descend upon the wall. Our troops try to fight back but the first rows are crushed completely as arrows and swords strike through the blackened sky. It wasn't long before it became clear how outmatched we were. The castle was lost and with it the throne. I rush around amongst injured bodies and screaming women as I try to find the Royal hand. Out of smoke and flames, he emerges carrying a wounded arm and grimacing with each step.

'Princess run, now!'

'Where is Prince Frederick?'

'Nobody has seen him m'am, you must flee now!'

The men are through the castle walls, laying siege to the buildings and burning the cattle huts to the ground. I had to escape somehow, anyhow, with anyone who would follow. The forest was the only way.

'To the forest. Everyone now!' Several women and children follow me as the men stay behind to continue fighting valiantly, to hold on to whatever they could.

We make our way over some rubble and into the forest, bundling over rocks and roots as fast as we can, the moonlight just about showing the path up ahead. The ground is soggy and wet, weighing every step down as I try to figure out the best direction to run in. There was nothing, no guiding point, no stars in the sky, we just had to keep going.

It isn't long before the invaders figure out what we are doing. A bugle rings out as several horses and men start chasing after us. If we were all moving as one target, we were easy prey, we had to disperse.

'Martha, Beatrice, lead the others that way, we have to disperse, it is the only way, meet me at Castle Twofell in three days if you make it. Godspeed.' I hug the women and push them in the opposite direction to each other as they quickly become dots in the distance, some children following closely behind.

Hiding beside the tree, I hear the men arrive at the spot where we dispersed.

'Gregory, you take the left, Yanold, you take the right. Leave the princess to me.'

The groups of men and horses go in separate directions but I sense one man left behind, he's waiting for me to make a move, he knows I'm here. I peer around the tree and make out a tall figure, no horse in sight. My blood is ice cold, my heart hammering away inside my chest, I feel like I am going to explode. I make a dash for a faint light in the distance as quietly as possible to clear some space between us.

'Princess, stop! The fight is over, you must surrender.'

Hearing me, he sprints just behind in the footsteps about one hundred metres away, he's very quick and it wasn't going to be long before he could catch me.

He chases me through the narrow escape as my breath grows shorter and shorter, I would have to stop and face him. But I couldn't do it out in the woods, it was too dark, I was finished out here. Taking cover behind the nearest redwood, I search frantically for anything nearby. Just as I begin to lose hope amidst the dense trees and endless darkness, I see a faint glow. *The cottage, on the edge of the woods.*

A light hangs off the cottage in the distance but there is no one inside, there had to be something there I could use to defend myself. Using every last ounce of my energy I sprint to the door, scrambling up the steps and fling it open, thankfully it is unlocked and I rush inside slamming it firmly behind me and look for something to barricade it with. Sadly there are no chairs but there is a small kitchen with a few forks and knives. I had to use whatever I could. There is a big carving knife for turkey and pig left out on the round table, grabbing the hilt I back away from the door and holding it strongly, conceal myself in the darkness.

Shaking and struggling to keep my focus, I hold the knife out and try to settle my breathing down besides the fireplace. There is a bed just behind me with a headboard, but the floorboards are making a lot of noise and there is nowhere better to hide. Crouching down, I hug my legs and take a few longer breaths, sucking in the oxygen as far as I can manage.

The steps to the door creak loudly as my hands waver beside me with the knife, completely overcome with pain and anguish, all the running had taken a lot out of me.

Bursting through the door he burrows into the darkness and slams the oak behind him. A few minutes pass by as he roots around in different corners by the kitchen, only to see the fireplace in his peripheral vision, the moonlight beginning to strike against the stone. I curse and swear under my breath, he was going to find me, it was time to resist.

I'm not going to be captured without a long fight, there was no way he was getting the better of me. Leaping out of the darkness I hold the carving knife up to his chest, threatening to plunge it deep into his sternum.

'Stand back, don't you touch me.'

For the first time I see his face, angular features and a stern expression, framed by long black locks down to his shoulders. He's actually handsome. In the face of such circumstances it was mildly ridiculous I was thinking about such things but I couldn't help myself. Still, stabbing him was going to be an enjoyable experience.

'You don't look so sure about that.'

I lower the knife slightly to get a better look at him, he's in full army regalia, a cape covering his back but barely any of his front, and a thin veil of cloth over the top of his thighs. Striking muscles rippling across his stomach reflect the dim light in the cottage and I see veins protruding from his forearms and biceps. There is a Royal insignia on the cape, he was an elite soldier at the very least.

'I mean it, don't come any closer.'

He takes three more steps forward, closing the distance between us, the knife barely centimetres from him now and yet he isn't fazed whatsoever. I stare at him again, my veneer of strength disappearing rapidly. As I meet his crystal blue eyes he rips the knife away from me, like treats from a baby and tosses it to the ground. Trying to pick it up he holds my arms in place. My face turning red with rage, *how could I be so stupid? I should have stabbed him at the first opportunity.*

'Your Prince Frederick betrayed you and led your father along with everything.'

'Lies.'

'Why were they nowhere to be seen during the attack? They wanted to get out of the kingdom before we found them.'

'Frederick has been at war for six months, of course he wouldn't be here.'

'Has he? Or has he been plotting to remove you from the helm?'

‘What the hell are you talking about?’

‘The Port Terrendale treaty, he signed away the rights to the land, he told King Mayden he could have the throne, your father was looking for a way out, it was just so lucky I got wind of it first.’

‘And who are you?’ I spit down at his feet as he tightens his grip on my arms and slaps me across the face, it’s a brutal blow but something stirs within me. He is vicious with me but it isn’t entirely cruel or malicious.

‘Prince Jaestrom, of the 12th Kingdom.’

‘I don’t believe you.’

‘You keep looking at my crest a lot. I think you do believe me, you just don’t want to accept I’m going to be your king.’

‘Over my dead body.’ I spit again as I see his patience wearing thin.

‘You must listen to me, my Princess.’

I rip my eyes away from his dark stares and try to think of something else, anything else, I didn’t want to give this man anything, I didn’t want him to know just how much he was in my head already.

‘Prince Frederick never loved you, he used you, for his own pleasure and games. To accumulate his own power, you and your father were the useful idiots.’ He explains it all so matter-of-factly, looking me up and down casually as he does so.

My heart freezes as his words start to make more and more sense. In six months, there had been no word from Frederick, no letters, no notes, no messengers, he had abandoned the castle and me and my father, old and infirm had gone along with everything he wanted. Now my father had disappeared and it was becoming blindingly obvious that Frederick had had something to do with it.

‘Frederick is a traitor and I know deep down you know it too.’

He’s inches from me now, the knife long gone out of my hands, I keep glancing at it but my willingness to grab it is fading as he delves his sexy gaze into me. He’s quite disarming so close up, his thick set chest muscles right by my face as I turn my head sideways to try and tear myself away from him. But he leans over me, towering with his divine locks draping down to his trapezius muscles and his finger going under my chin.

‘The thing is, I didn’t chase you halfway across the forest just to have a pleasant chat and share some thoughts. Your kingdom is mine now my sweet little princess. And with it, you will be mine too.’

‘My kingdom will never be yours.’ *The other half of the statement slips my mind completely, I was quickly losing any control of the situation.*

His vice grip loosens slightly on my arms for a second but I’m quickly reminded of his power as he puts his hands to my neck without warning, quashing the fits of rebellion in me. His eyes explore mine as he looks me up and down, admiring my body and pursing his lips slightly at the prospect of his capture. I can’t help wanting what I want right now, I want to fold into him, to belong to him.

'Here's what your eyes tell me princess. I don't think Prince Frederick ever fucked you very well did he?' He's completely abrasive with his language, unapologetic in wanting to have me right here and now and it is getting too sexy for me to take.

'And what is it to you?' I snivel at him with a sprinkling of contempt, trying to demean him.

'It's everything. I never was one for asking for what I want or what you want.'

I try to push him away but my arms are weak, my legs completely useless after all of the running and my heart was desiring exactly the opposite. *I'm crumbling and paralysed to stop this Herculean man doing what he needs to do with me.*

'But I can feel exactly what you want anyway.' He hikes up my cloth down there with his free hand, the other still crushing my neck and slicks it slowly against me, rolling the wetness onto his fingertips. As flames of lust dance in his eyes he lifts his dripping finger to my lips and dabs them lightly. 'Can't I?'

I whimper but it's useless, I was done for, my body had betrayed me. Admiring me once again, his free hand goes to my top half and begins to tear downwards revealing my aching breasts.

He's incredibly strong, ripping the golden layers off me with ease as his mouth attaches to every inch of open skin on me. I tear at his back with jagged claws but he keeps a knife to my throat, my teeth gnashing together and my head flailing back as he kisses all of me expertly, forcing my lungs to work even harder than they had on the run. It had been so long since I had felt the touch of a real man, it was driving me over the edge.

'I know what you want, princess. I've seen the primal urges in you. I think I can let this knife go can't I?'

I stare down at the blade by my throat as he removes my last piece of clothing, tossing it to the side of the bed. My eyes flash at him and I smirk ever so slightly, trying to get a rise out of him, my bad side had taken over and I wanted to see how far he could take me. He launches the knife across the cottage and grabs the back of my hair, sucking on my neck with forceful blows before ripping my eyes back to his.

'Foreplay is going to have to be skipped.' He picks me up like a feather weight and throws me to the bed aggressively. His cape comes off to reveal a huge upper back and taut muscles across his chest, it's like a slab of rock, leading to his immaculate stomach muscles. He's perfectly proportional, not overly big, but there was no way I was going to be strong enough to resist him.

There is already sweat building up across my collarbone and chest, the air in the cottage is stifling and humid, I'm drenched down there, begging for him to take me. He unsheaths himself rapidly, revealing his enormous size down there and my teeth dig down into my bottom lip, preparing for whatever he wants me to do. The last vestiges of resistance stir within me as I punch and scrape at his chest but he pins my arms to my side, his blue eyes stealing all the erotic tension in the room and

injecting me with it. As I stay pinned he grabs his bulging head and drapes his pre-cum against me, circling my opening with strong strokes, just teasing me with his width, before he plunges deeply into me and clenches my hands.

His glutes and hips start to rock into me and I already feel a huge buildup claiming me. Our bodies cling and grind together as I pull my feet to his lower back and slide across his thick skin. All I can do is hang on as he begins to pound me faster, my hands prisoner under him as I feel truly helpless for the first time in my life.

I don't know if we are fucking or fighting as my teeth latch onto his neck and I bite down but it feels heavenly. He mounts me, weighing the underside of my knees down and pins my legs all the way back. Starting slowly he glides himself into me, as I choke on the suffocating air around the room. All I can feel is the long protracted stroke of his magnificent cock, easing past my sopping wetness, through my sticky pubic hair. I can sense his gaze on me, the smell of his pheromones overriding any remaining want to protest I might have had. It is slow at first as I get used to his length, my arousal glistening his beautiful member and our breath colliding in mid-air as he rides me with a serious passion, brushing my clit with every motion of his pelvis. *Fuck, this was going to drive me over the edge so quickly.*

My eyes roll in my head as I struggle to adjust to just how big he is and he isn't letting up, spreading my ankles with his solid grip and pounding me into the bed. Several choked moans and pleas leave me as I stare down at the absolute mess he is making of me, my juices flooding all over his iron-set stomach and cock. But this man was not going to get romantic here, he had only one thing on his mind. His hands go to the sides of my stomach and he rocks back on his knees, lifting me to meet him as my hands flail back into the pillow. With one hand draped on my sweaty stomach, he starts pumping into me furiously, in a devastating rhythm and I just can't hold back.

'Oh god. Please. I can't. I can't. I can't fucking hold it. Oh my god.'

An explosion sets off inside me as he drills into me from his knees, water dripping from his arms onto me with the exertion. My eyes are gone, my body shuddering uncontrollably as he doesn't stop, my words blocked on my own tongue as I open my mouth wide, only to silently scream and throw my head back. The first wave crashes to a halt but a second much bigger eruption builds in me and I yell at the ceiling with my hands dragging through his black locks and grabbing his neck to stabilise myself. Tossing me aside to recover he grabs the base of my neck and whispers into my ear while his finger mops up my spillage from my throbbing slit. He pats me down there, wiping himself off on my back.

'Oh my fucking god,' I bleat. The redness has no room to go anywhere else but all over my face as he takes his shaft out of my pulsing core and pushes it into my mouth, completely in control of me.

'I always knew what a dirty slut you were deep down princess, you just didn't have the man to bring it out in you.' I shake my head back at him, unable to speak as

he drags the heavy load out of my lips and flips me over quickly. *He was in charge here, not me, I was learning swiftly.*

'Lean forward.' I comply, raising my bottom to him, as he massages it tenderly for a few seconds before delivering a thunderous slap to my left cheek. 'You look very good from back here.' He slicks his cock against me down there and I feel a dab of pre-cum mixing with my excitement. He wipes a pool of sweat down from my lower back and moves his fingers to my upper mound, teasing my clit through my hair. With one hand he grips my long-flowing hair and with the other he keeps circling me, his steel-like shaft sliding into me one delicious inch at a time.

He maintains the pressure on me down there with his fingers and I lean back to meet his chest with his length still caressing my inner walls. I want to kiss him but he holds me there, agonisingly, just smiling down at me as the quivering starts again. Gradually, he moves his fingers away and makes me lean forward again, pushing my head down and raising my rear up to get an even better angle on me. From out of nowhere he spans me extremely hard four times, leaving my legs trembling and my pleas increase in volume for some mercy.

'You're going to be mine aren't you? You're going to be my slutty little princess' He delivers another violent spanking to my ripped bottom, bruising me repeatedly as he slaps me viciously in the face at the same time. I'm immobile with my hands held behind my back as his upper thighs begging to slam against me, his hips the only part of his god-like figure that keeps moving in a circular motion against my dripping holes. The sound of our skin slapping against each other reverberates against the stone as I feel a tear of pleasure and pain drip down my cheek. Balancing on my elbows I know the inevitable is coming and he is completely primal, fucking me like he wants to impregnate me a million times over. His hands alternate between holding and guiding my hips and pulling at my hair. The pressure is unbelievable, our groins clashing in a sweltering exchange as his massive cock makes my jaw fall to the pillow, mustering all of my capacities to control my oncoming orgasm.

'Fuck, that feels so good. Show me how much you want this.'

His hand goes to my mouth as a blistering orgasm takes my body hostage, he looks at me like he wants to breed me in captivity, like he wants me as his one true sex slave for eternity, his thick girth drilling deep into me and his powerful frame holding me down as I quiver and tense my abs under him, my eyes beginning to roll again. Tears stream down my face as he thrusts into me deeply, his rough and blood-covered hands on my shoulders, pinning me in place as I try to grit my teeth through the sweat and the anguish. He's far from done though, tearing me back up to his sticky body as he devours me, ripping into my lips and tasting the burgeoning pleasure.

'You're going to be my fucking queen aren't you?' He spans me mercilessly over and over again as the bed rocks side to side with each punishing blow. My hands are now immobile on my back, there's nothing I can do about it, I'm going to

be a new Queen, taking entirely new kinds of orders and instructions from now on. He pumps into me over and over and over again, a hypnotic tempo setting in as my voice echoes around the cottage with each piercing shot. *I'm done for.* Shouting in anguish into the pillow with my hands still behind my back, my body shivers and my nerves tingle as a slow-rolling orgasm takes hold of me. Crying into the bed, the ecstasy lifts me to new heights I had never felt before. *I feel myself given over to him entirely.*

‘Say it.’ He growls down my ear.

‘Yes sir. Please sir. Anything. I’m your Queen.’

I scream as he releases inside me, filling me up to the brim with his juices, but he doesn’t stop pounding me, his hips meeting the inflamed rawness of my aching backside. My hands were still where they were on top of my lower back. Despite squeezing inside of me, he continues vigorously, staying hard within me for a few more minutes with what seems like an endless number of firm thrusts before he slowly comes down and lets go of my wrists, collapsing onto the bed with me in a withered state beside him.

His arm goes behind his head as he settles his own breathing. I’m barely conscious myself, curling up with whatever I can whilst trying to catch his attention. He is flat out, his shoulders wriggling and twitching as he flings aside some stray hairs from his face. We lie there for a few minutes speechless as the first break of light begins to creep through the windows and the first throes of birdsong can be heard in the trees. Slowly I begin to touch his arms and drape my finger across his biceps, looking for the compassion in his eyes and seeking his approval. As he drifts to sleep, he wraps an arm around me and I snuggle into a much needed embrace, thinking of all the many things we would have to discuss at sunrise.