

Please Don't Leave Me

Story Prompt: [F4M] [Request] Your busy, neglectful wife reprioritizes her values after you ask for a divorce [sad] and [desperate] then [lewd] ends in [wholesome] [Aggressive Fsub] [hints of jealous] [dismissive attitude] in the beginning, quickly becomes [codependent/yandere attitude] [Apologising] [begging]

.
Would like to see something like this, for more info to base it off of, here's a small description:

"Your wife has always been busy, just another side effect of being in a leadership position in her company, but for the past year and a half she's been pretty neglectful and dismissive of you and your relationship, on an emotional level and a physical one. After she misses another anniversary and is blatantly unapologetic about it, you start to think it might be time for you to part ways and find different partners. She doesn't react well to this news and starts to beg you not to leave, deciding that to try to convince you, she should show just how good of a wife she can be from now on. If you leave with your relationship intact, well let's just say she'll have no plans to make you feel unwanted ever again.

I knew something was up when I walked into the house, and it smelled a bit like someone had been cooking. I didn't even really notice it at first, but as I kicked off my heels and set my purse down, the smell of onions and garlic finally triggered something in the back of my head and I smiled to myself. You must have had company over. That's nice. You've been so lonely lately. I'm glad you finally listened to me and called someone up.

My phone goes off and I'm lost in my emails again. We're three weeks out from our busiest season and I've spent this week deep in the stages of planning for the next six months. I still have at least a couple of hours of work to get through before I crash for the night and I'm deep in my emails as I wander into the kitchen.

I'm brainlessly chewing on my thumb nail as I see that Greg, that useless wad of slime, just dropped the ball again and I'm digging into the details of the email chain as I open the fridge to hunt for something easy to eat, hoping for leftovers. When I realise the fridge doesn't have much to offer, I let it slam closed to move to the snack cupboard. I take a quick glance around the kitchen and notice that there are dirty dishes scattered across the counters, which is not how you usually leave things.

I look to the table and see that it's set with candles that have burned low, and a meal that looks like it looked amazing 2 hours ago and my heart sinks. Did your plans fall through?

I'm hungry. I take a moment to scavenge through the pantry and eat a couple crackers, before I look for you. I end up getting lost in trying to coordinate a threeway to figure

out how to handle the newest Greg situation and it's maybe 30 minutes later when I snap out of my digital haze and remember I was going to see what happened and find out why the table has an uneaten dinner on it.

You aren't in the family room or your office, and I'm lost on my phone again as I wander into the bedroom. I glance up quickly to see you sitting on the bed as I walk in and my eyes are on the screen again and I'm giving you a distracted smile and hello as I finish up the message I was working on. I see my phone is almost dead and step around the bed to plug my phone in, before turning the volume up so I won't miss anything and I finally set it down, letting out a sigh of tired frustration.

I give you another quick smile as I step into the bathroom to wash my hands, then I'm back in the room and my attention is on you. You look sombre and I consider, it's kind of weird that you are just sitting in the bedroom by yourself, quietly. You don't look up to me when I come in. You look like you are thinking about something really hard.

My phone chimes and I'm stepping around the bed, distracted, checking my notifications, my mouth running on autopilot, "It smells good in here babe. Who did you have over? I must have just missed them..."

I miss your answer the first time and it's obvious when I look up at you and give you a distracted smile, "Sorry, babe. Looks like another late night at work for me. Who?"

I'm a bit confused when you finally meet my eyes and I get a weird feeling in the pit of my stomach. When you repeat, quietly, that you had made dinner for us, I look at you confused, trying to remember if we made plans and I don't remember anything and I'm blinking at you a bit blankly as I struggle to focus between my phone and you. The phone is winning...

"Did.... we make plans?"

I glance down quickly to finish off my message and I see there is already a reply from my co-manager and I take a moment to respond, deciding it will be quick enough to answer. I half hear you, and pick up that you had made dinner for us, cause it's a special day, and then I'm trying to remember who is responsible for the starting meeting tomorrow and I look up just in time to see you close your mouth in an abrupt kind way. I can see a brief flash of disdain cross your face, then it's gone and I feel my stomach twist uncomfortably.

"What, babe?"

You are quiet and I can see your jaw tighten and you are thinking, staring into me, hard, then something snaps and it just pours out of you. You are taking a step toward me and I

resist the urge to cower from you, then you are taking two steps away, pacing the room as all of your anger and frustration from the past year pours out. Your hands keep clenching when your words catch and your hurt and anger hits me hard.

My phone goes off and I look down at it instinctively and I know I've really fucked up because you stop in the middle of what you are saying and throw your hands up, turning away from me, stepping into the bathroom. I cringe and shoot off an answer to the message quickly, swearing under my breath; really great fucking timing. I'm setting it back on the night stand and following you to the bathroom, but you are coming out before I can catch up, your travel bag of toiletries in hand.

You pause with a huff and then wait for me to move out of your way, which I do, instinctively, looking up at you, worried, "I'm listening. Sorry about that. It's another Greg situation..." I roll my eyes to emphasise my annoyance and watch as you set the bag down on the bed and turn to me.

The sombre look on your face underlines your words; All I really hear is "divorce".

I feel the world slow down a bit as my body starts to tingle, and you are going on about how you think we have been struggling for a while and I'm never home and you painfully need more than what I seem to be able to give you. You seem to be holding back. You won't say the job is the issue, directly, but I can read between the lines.

I stopped listening closely when you go off about how you want to see other people and you somehow manage to bring up your gym girlfriend and I am torn between a crushing sense of sorrow that you would ever have to say these things to me, and a boiling anger that you would mentioned fucking Becky right now.

Blood is pounding in my ears and I realise I've been holding my breath and I release it slowly, waiting for you to finish, barely hearing your words over my own heartbeat. I feel a bit faint as my mind races and I lean against the nightstand to steady myself.

Tears well up in my eyes as I process what you are saying. You're talking about splitting assets now and the detail you are going into tells me you have been thinking about this for a while. I let out a choked sob when I see you pull a duffle bag out from beside the bed and say you're going over to your sister's place for a couple days.

"Babe, I'm so fucking sorry. I've been buried so deep into this project prep, I barely know what day it is. I really wish you would have confirmed the plan with me this morning..."

I'm immediately by your side, clutching at your arm, pulling at you, trying to get you to stop and talk to me. You pause and look down at me with so much hurt and resentment and grief, I feel something in my chest tear and my knees go shaky.

“You're not even going to talk to me about it? You're just going to leave?”

When you turn to step away from me, I trip trying to hold onto you and I let out a small gasp, clinging to your arm. I'm not entirely sure what comes over me in that moment besides the stress of everything crushing me and I feel something inside me snap. My foot catches on the corner of the bed and I'm falling to my knees awkwardly with a squeal of surprise as I try to hold onto you and you let me fall to the ground. You hesitate to walk away from me, awkwardly waiting for me to let go. I wipe the tears out of my eyes and sniffle, trying to collect myself before looking up to you, trying to meet your eyes and you keep them trained on some unseeable thing on the wall behind me.

I'm clutching at your arm then, trying to press up against your leg, like I used to, but my skirt makes it hard to properly press against you. I'm trying to pull your hand to my face and make you stay but you pull away from me and I let out a sob as my hands work to grasp at your shirt, then your belt, clinging, and pulling at you as I frantically try to stop you from leaving,

“Babe. please. Don't. You can't just leave me like this. I thought you were proud of me... I thought I was doing what you wanted me to do... I thought you were happy with me... I thought.... I thought I belonged to you.....”

You are pulling back from me with a mix of pity and disgust and I drag behind you, across the floor.

“Babe. Love. Please stop. I..... I love you.... Please, you can't leave me. Please. Master...”

The word is out of my mouth before I can stop myself and you finally stop, your jaw clenching, as you pause with me sobbing on you. Your eyes turn to me slowly and I let out a snivel of sorrow and fear and panic, reaching up to clutch at your arm, pressing against you again, my skirt riding up as I try to wrap myself around your leg.

“Master....”

It tumbles out of me again and I feel a stab of pain in my chest, remembering the last time you let me call you that, nearly 14 months ago, on that trip to Mexico. I realise it's been over a year since we had a proper, dedicated play session and I feel guilty. My stomach drops when I remember, you had asked me to make some time in my schedule, 6 months ago.

“Please....” I don't try to wipe the tears away this time, and my hands work to undo your belt as I stare up at you, desperately, waiting for you to give me any indication that my words matter.

The look in your eyes flickers and for just a second I can see a hunger there and then it's gone and all that's left is stony determination and you slap my hands away with a grunt of annoyance. I have them on you immediately, trying to grab at your shirt, sobbing.

"Please....." I finally manage to snag your wrist, holding your hand tight, close to me, rubbing my tears off on the back of your hand before kissing at you desperately, licking my tears off, wanting you to give me just a moment,

I can feel the tension in your body ease just the smallest bit.

"Please, you can't leave me. I need you... I didn't... I didn't realise you were so unhappy. You never said anything..."

I'm clutching at your hand, and I finally get off my knees, my grip working up your arm; I'm not willing to let you go until I have made my case and you have heard me out. You are trying to shrug me off, taking a half step back, and I see your eyes flicker.

"Please. Let me fix this. I'll do anything..." You are blurry in my vision and I wipe the tears away, whimpering for you, pathetically, pawing at your arm and chest, digging my nails in. Your hand is on my face, then, pushing me back firmly, and you let out a grunt of effort, yanking your arm free from me, muttering something about it's already done, then you are grabbing your duffle bag and turning to leave the room and I'm scrambling down the hallway behind you.

"I didn't mean to grow so distant. I thought you were proud of me and my career and my success. You said the time I put in was worth it. I didnt... I never realised it was upsetting you this much. I would have never taken the promotion if I knew this is how you were feeling..."

My hands are at your shoulders, and sliding down to grab at your arm, clinging to your wrist, trying to slow you down, and you do slow down a little, as I dig my heels in and you let out a huff of annoyance, letting me tug at you. Neither of us are moving as I jerk on your arm and you hold steady as I sob at you pathetically and you watch me with a look of pure pity, finally letting out an impatient sigh.

I take it as a sign that you are giving into me, but my heart falls when you work to pry my fingers off you and I sob as your eyes go cold to me again and you quietly tell me I'm making it harder than it needs to be, for both of us.

The tears are flowing out of me freely, my mascara and eyeliner running with them, and I don't really care that my silk blouse is catching the tears and staining. I can hear my

phone go off in the bedroom and I feel the instinctive twitch to check my notifications, and I know you saw it too.

Your eyes narrow and you take a deep breath, gently pushing me away as you shake your head, hesitating, your hands clenching a little, before stepping away from me, continuing down the hallway. I follow behind you, afraid to touch you, struggling to give you space, desperate, "Please. I will be lost without you."

As we get to the entrance way, you move to the closet to get your coat and car keys, and I move to block the exit, hoping to force you to give me time to make things better, pressing myself against the door, covering the knob, and watch you with teary eyes as you start to slip your jacket on, brushing the tears off my face, smearing my makeup even more.

"You are my master. You can't leave me. I belong to you," As you step toward the door and me, I tremble and whimper, keeping my eyes on yours, wiping the new tears out of mine quickly. Another step and you are close enough that with a single step, I'm pressed against you and I'm running my hands up your chest, trying to persuade you. I can feel your nipples, hard under your shirt, under my palms, and I tease at them, rubbing, hoping to shift your focus, letting one hand claw at your chest while the other slips around your neck, trying to pull your attention to look at me. You finally look down to meet my eyes and your jaw is set as your eyes work over my face. I can't tell what's going through your mind.

We stand there, quietly for a moment, as I sob, my shoulders shaking with sorrow, and you, still, quiet, patiently waiting me out. I'm pleading with you then, my voice quiet, my hands working up your shoulders and your neck to caress your cheeks. You grab my wrists, pushing them away from you, then we are struggling and you finally let go of my wrists when I let out a whine of pain from how you are squeezing them.

There is a look in your eyes then, and I recognize it and I know it and I'm reaching up to caress your face again, standing on tiptoe, feeling like I have found a crack, "Please master, I know I can make it up to you. I'm so sorry..." I'm biting my lip and meeting your eyes with a desperate eagerness coursing through me. I let out a small squeal of pain when you slap my hands away and you sneer at me with disgust before your eyes are looking up, searching for something I can't see, before you are dropping them, with a sigh, to pierce me.

You hesitate a moment longer, searching my face, then your hand is slipping your jacket off, tossing it to the side, and you are wrapping a hand around my throat, pushing me back the last step against the door hard, with a frustrated, annoyed growl that you are just not sure anymore. I tremble as you undo your belt and slide it out of the loops in your pants to wrap it around my neck, slowly tightening it, till I whimper and sob in

submission, feeling the leather press into my skin as tears run down my cheeks and my lip quivers. You tug on the belt wordlessly and I sink to my knees in front of you, my eyes refusing to leave yours, afraid you might change your mind if I look away.

There is barely enough room between you and the door for me to kneel comfortably and my neck is craned back to keep contact with you. I painfully want you to touch me, and you simply wrap the belt around your hand, pulling it taut, looking down at me, with a cold expectation. Your voice is low as you finally give into me, simply telling me, "prove it".

Your tone is so cold, it sends shivers down my back, and I nod in agreement as my sobs catch in my throat and my hands at your waist, hurrying to undo your pants, more tears spilling down my cheeks as my fingers fumble. I manage to finally get your pants down and I immediately press my face into your crotch, the smell of the fabric of your underwear barely covering your scent.

The whimpering, desperate moan that pours out of me is muffled as I use my nose and my lips to find the outline of your cock, then I use my lips to wrap around your shaft, pinning it. My tongue works over your shaft, and the moisture on it is sucked into the fabric of your underwear immediately. I work to replace the saliva, whimpering in a panic, working my mouth over you, over the fabric, toward the head, trying to massage you with my lips.

My fingers are searching for your waistband as my face presses into you and I feel you shove my hands away. I understand immediately, no hands, and I groan, realising my job just got a little harder and I nuzzle lower into your balls, working to get your underwear soaked, eager to show you how desperately I need you. I can feel your cock, soft between my lips and under my tongue, just beginning to warm up to me, pulsing as it starts to harden, slowly. You let out a groan and press your hips forward, pinning my head between the door and your crotch and I moan back, closing my eyes, twisting my head from side to side so I can feel your balls and cock drag across my face, ignoring the heat of rug burn on my cheeks from the friction of the wet fabric.

You dip your hips a little and I sit up to grab at the waistband of your underwear with my teeth. It's a struggle as they get caught on your hips and your ass and you eventually get tired of my increasing whines of struggle and help by sliding them the rest of the way down. I let out the most pathetic whimper of thanks as I hear you scoff at me and I go back to pressing my face into your cock, and sliding lower, my lips finding your balls and kissing and sucking at them as your cock flops to rest on my cheek.

I can hear you tell me to look up, and I do as I'm told, my eyes finding yours as I continue to suck at your balls, feeling them twitch in my mouth and you lean over me, bracing against the door as you grind against my face harder. My eyes are straining to stay on yours and I whimper and let your balls pop out of my mouth, letting them drag

across my lips and my cheeks, the slobber smearing across my face. Your cock throbs against my face, then you're pulling back, my mouth opens wide and you are sliding the head of your cock between my lips.

I barely hesitate before working you into the back of my throat, leaning onto you, gagging as you fill my throat. All I can think is, I know you like it best when it's sloppy, and messy, and deep, and I set to work to give you just that kind of experience, focusing on sucking and moaning for you, trying to ignore how my stomach turns when I press down on you hard, your head hitting all the right triggers to make my body heave. I ignore my own instincts and bob on your shaft, moaning and gasping around you, trying to fit all of you into my throat, showing you how much I need to be filled with you.

I press my face onto you harder, my nose pressing into your pelvis, my tongue licking at your balls as I groan for oxygen and breathe you in, instead. When I finally pull back, I gag and gasp around your head, sucking the slobber off it, coughing as I try to catch my breath before I'm trying to take all of you again, drool dripping down my chin, and your cock as I work you in and out of my mouth, focusing on your eyes, and your small sounds of pleasure as you watch me.

I keep it up, getting increasingly desperate when I pause at the base of your cock, feeling you get harder and thicker in my throat, making it harder and harder for me to take all of you, my throat straining to stretch for you. I ignore the pain that has formed on the one side of my jaw and gargle on you instead, my tearfilled eyes struggling to focus on your cold ones as you press your hips forward, holding my head steady, pinned between you and the door.

I can feel your pulse through your cock on my tongue and you flex in my throat, forcing a groan of discomfort out of me, hesitating as you take me in, your jaw flexing. When you finally pull out, you pull away from me entirely, your cock popping out of my throat followed by a stream of my drool and slobber. I can taste you mixed in and I sob, leaning forward to lick and suck you clean and I feel you reaching down to pull me off my knees.

I'm sobbing and panicked as I cough to catch my breath and words are tumbling out of me in a whine, trying to break your cold stare, "You mean the world to me..." I'm stumbling to my feet and trying to grasp at you and you are pushing me away to pull the door open and I'm sobbing and trying to grab at you, barely registering that you are half naked and I am a sobbing mess and the whole neighbourhood could see us if they wanted to.

You lean against the door frame, muttering something about how I'm not very convincing with my mouth full and gesture down at your cock as you undo your shirt to move it out of the way.

"I'm nothing without you..." I'm sobbing and confused and panicked.

When I move to drop to my knees again, you let out an impatient sigh and stop me, grabbing my arm, tugging me back to my feet, shoving me to turn around. I understand then, and I'm bending over for you, supporting myself on the doorframe with one hand, the other reaching between my legs to push my panties out of the way and spread my pussy lips for you.

I feel your hand come down on my ass hard, and I let out a squeal of pain as you yank my skirt up around my waist and spank me again, harder, forcing me to scream. Your fingers work to grab at my panties, pulling them even further aside so the elastic digs into my thigh and I feel your sloppy, hard cock slide between my asscheeks, up and down, over my asshole as you grab my hip with one hand. I moan and grind back on you, feeling your cock move on me, the wetness of my drool and your precum lubricating it as we grind.

I can hear your breathing, heavy but even as you stop moving and you let out a grunt of impatience, I'm moaning for you, wanting you inside me, moving my hips to keep the friction up. I'm breathing hard, focused on you, as my hand slips from my pussy to wrap around your shaft, stroking you, trying to guide you into me. I have to stand up on my tiptoes to get the angle right, sliding your head along my pussy lips, mixing the slobber and precum and pussy juices all together, making you slippery in my hand. I whine as I almost work you in then you slip and I let out a small desperate sob, shifting my hips to get it right.

Then I feel you, your head hot, and hard barely inside me, pulsing. You grunt and steady yourself, then I'm pushing back on you, feeling as your cock slides into me, slowly, wriggling my hips to get you in, struggling as you stretch me. My pussy catches on you to strain, just a little, before you sink into me. We both let out groans as we come together and I feel your hands on my hips for just a moment before they are gone and I am left to slide on you.

I brace myself on the doorframe and start to ride your cock, moaning with desperation and embarrassment as I struggle to get a rhythm and you are making sounds that suggest you are less than impressed with my effort. I try to increase the pace, throwing my ass back on you, trying to get you deep, before squealing when my foot slips and I almost fall off you. Your hand is on my hip, catching me and you thrust into me, deep, to retrain my focus with a growl.

I finally manage to get on pace and I have to bite my lip to hold back my desperate moans, facing into the house so the sounds that do escape me don't draw attention from the street. Your hand is in my hair, tugging my head back roughly, twisting it, then forcing it back against the doorframe, just as roughly and I let out a cry of pain, as you

hold me so all I can do is sob into the street. I can feel my pussy grip onto you and squeeze down hard, my ass pressed against your pelvis.

I can hear you telling me to speak up then, followed by a command to hold my ass apart and I do as I'm told, first reaching back to pull my ass cheeks apart, struggling as you thrust into me hard. I squeal as you dig deep into my womb and wobble on my tip toes before bracing my shoulder against the doorframe, trying to ignore the cool breeze that blows over my skin. Your hands are working to lift my shirt and pull at my bra, bearing my breasts to the cool air as I ride you, moaning for more, stupidly.

At first, I try to keep quiet, scared to be caught by the neighbours; They are always so nosey. Then, the image of you saying divorce flashes through my mind and I'm desperately trying to show you how much you mean to me, writhing on your cock in the door frame, then I feel something snap in my chest and I'm sobbing for you as my body gets closer and I break.

"You can't leave me. I need you. I love you so much. I need you. I need your cock. I'm nothing without you. I'm nothing without your cock, please. Please. Please stay. Don't leave me, you can't leave me. Please...I'll be a good girl for you. I'll be so good. Please.... You can't..."

I've forgotten that we are in the doorway, rather than our bedroom, and I let out a loud groan as I try to keep myself from cumming, waiting for you to tell me I can. You are grunting behind me, a hand resting on the small of my back, pressing me down on your cock, firmly. Your cock flexes inside me and I let out a whine and my knees shake and I'm shuddering on you as I let out a strained cry of frustration and a raw need to release.

Suddenly you are pulling out of me, and turning me around, shoving me back to my knees and you are groaning and stroking your cock as you stare down at me with a look of pure hyper focus. You growl out a command to say it again and my eyes are locked on yours, tears still streaming as I rush to do as I'm told.

"I'll be your good girl. I need you so badly. I'm nothing without you. I need to serve you. You are my master. I'm useless without you. I just exist to serve you. You can't leave me, I love you so much. I need you. I need your cock. Please... Master... I..."

You're cumming then and the first shot hits my shirt and drips down, then the rest is falling to puddle on the doorstep. I watch, as my breath catches, gasping with surprise, then moaning with disappointment as I watch it fall, wasted. You're sneering down at me and you let out a chuckle before shaking the last few drops of cum out of your cock, looking up and down the street as you do.

You're telling me to lick it up then, and I barely hesitate before leaning over to do as I'm

told, "Yes. Master....". As my tongue hits the concrete I can hear you scoff at me and my cheeks blaze with the heat of embarrassment. The concrete is cold and rough on my tongue and I moan, hungrily when I taste you, trying to ignore all the dirt and grit that is mixed in from the ground that ruins it, trying to suck up the puddle of you.

You are muttering something, then, about I have to be a real idiot if I think that pathetic display is good enough to change your mind. The door is closed before I'm able to look up and I hear the deadbolt flip as I realise I don't even have my phone.

I let out a snuffle of shock and stare at the door, quietly, processing what just happened as tears run down my cheeks, and I let out a choked sob, realising, I'm aching for you, all alone.

-----Patreon Extended Version -----

It's maybe seven heartbeats before I hear the deadbolt flip again and the door is opening and you are hissing at me to get my ass in the house. I'm scrambling in on my knees, my cheeks burning from the embarrassment and then the door is closed behind me and I'm pressed up against the wall breathing hard.

I look up to you, my eyes filled with terror, then I see a small smirk dance on the edge of your frown and then your frown is breaking and then you are laughing and I'm giggling and then you are reaching down to pull me up off the floor and tugging me against your chest, crushing me against you in a warm hug. I can feel your laughter shake your body and you're kissing my forehead, and working your fingers into my hair, tugging my head back, so I'm looking up at you. I wipe my face, cleaning away the tears on one side before you stop me, gently, commenting you like me messy and it's your birthday after all and I'm giggling and trying to shake my head before giving into you, resting my hand on your chest.

"Was it how you imagined it, babe? Was it good? Do.... you don't think anyone heard us, right?"

The smile on your lips is enough of an answer for me and when you laugh and say Judy and Harold almost certainly saw us, the vampires, I have to laugh and agree with you, my cheeks going a deep shade of red when I realise you are right; Judy almost certainly saw us. I can't help but laugh harder when this hits, and I'm tugging at you for a kiss and whining that I still haven't cum yet and I'm so wet and it's your pussy, isn't it, babe? Don't you want to play with it, birthday boy? Don't you want to claim it and fill it up, master?

You're smirking down at me, refusing the kiss until I brush my teeth; I was just licking cum off the doorstep, afterall, then you are playfully dragging me down the hallway with a growl, shoving me into the bathroom and then the toothbrush into my hands before you're standing behind me and your hands get busy undoing the buttons on my shirt.

I'm squeezing toothpaste onto the brush and watching you in the mirror as I get to brushing. You get my shirt undone and squeeze at my breasts with a possessive groan before your hands are working down to work at my skirt, finding the zipper.

I'm almost done brushing when I feel your fingers working between my thighs, caressing my pussy lips, sliding along them, probing between them before sliding two fingers into me hard, forcing a gasp out of my mouth. Your fingers start to move in me, and your other arm wraps around my waist as I lean over the sink, holding myself up as your fingers hit my g-spot and you start stroking me from the inside. It isn't long before I'm forgetting my task and you are growling at me to finish up and I'm panting as I scrub my

tongue and rinse for you and your fingers torture me without mercy, a finger finding my hard clit, rubbing it in a slow circle.

When I spit out the final flush of water, your hand slips from my waist up to grab my throat, pulling me against your chest with a moan. You're tilting my head back to face you, then you're in my ear, commanding me to cum before your lips cover mine with a hungry groan. I groan back into you as you kiss me deep and I tremble, my body tensing then releasing, and I cum on your hand, hard, sucking at your tongue, as my nails dig into your wrist.

I moan for you desperately and shake in your grasp as you work a rolling orgasm out of me and I'm breathing you in as I struggle to hold on to you, my juices dripping down my thighs to the floor as you force it all out of me. When I pull away from your lips to gasp for a breath, you pull my head against your chest to rest and you nuzzle into my hair to kiss me, holding me close as I recover, breathing hard.

As I regain my composure, clinging to you, I feel you stroking my hair and I hear you making soothing, caring sounds, telling me I'm so good, and you would never divorce me over something so stupid as a Greg problem or working hard to do well in my career. You're holding me tight as you remind me I belong to you, and that means you belong to me, then you kiss me again, gently, making sure I understand you and I let out a happy moan of agreement, pressing close to you, kissing you back.

Then you are chuckling in my ear before looking down with a look of fake pity, reminding me, I still have to clean up my mess; the one that's all over the floor; before slapping my ass and leaving the room with an air of victory.