

Part Two: Where You Make It Weird And Hot

When I wake up, I'm naked in the bed and the sun is shining in my eyes through the western facing windows. My tits are aching, like they have been groped hard, and my pussy is wet and sore in a sweet way. My cheek and jaw hurt and as I rub the sleep out of my eyes I struggle to remember how I fell asleep. I faintly remember the sensation of something around my throat and push it away; sleepy brain is dumb.

I sit up with a jolt to take in my surroundings. The room isn't familiar, and as I look around, I realize there is someone sitting at the end of the bed and I feel a shot of adrenaline and panic. I push myself up against the headboard into the pile of pillows to get some distance from you out of surprise and instinctive fear.

When I hear you chuckle, the morning flashes back to me. I remember our breakfast and the email and how you ravaged my neck and bent me over the table fucking me hard and fast. I remember crawling up between your legs to clean you off and the moans you made when I did.

My cheeks flush and then I'm in my memories again, remembering how you pinned me to the bed, squeezing my tits hard, then how you smiled when it stopped, letting our eyes meet and then...

Nothing?

Waking up...?

My pussy is aching at the memory of the fucking and I realize I probably look foolish, jumping away from you like that.

I'm embarrassed.

How did I end up in the bed?

I let out an embarrassed and strained laugh and give you an apologetic smile as I feel your eyes on me, amused, warm, and curious. I notice you have pulled your pants back on and I wonder how long you have been waiting for me to wake up. I slip down off the headboard, easing into the pillows and I'm not sure if I should start the conversation or if you will. I don't have to wonder for long...

"Are you okay?"

Your voice is low, gentle, and concerned and it seems as if you are resisting the urge to move closer to me, which I appreciate as I get my mind together. It's a bit fuzzy...

You don't give me much time to respond, "I wasn't sure if I should call for someone or not... you just dropped like a rock there..." and then you shift closer to me and I curl my legs up so you don't sit on them. I can feel the heat from your body through the bed sheet and then I feel the sheet slip down a bit from high on my chest to low on my chest and my eyes are entrapped in yours.

You look, concerned? Not worried, but unsure.

I guess I would be upset if someone just passed out in front of me too.

Your hand moves to the side of my head then and I feel a gentle pressure on my skull then a stab of pain as you find the sore spot from where my head must have hit...? I don't even remember standing up...

I don't remember.

I cringe and let out a yelp, "Ouch! Ow I'm, I'm fine!" I try to pull away from you gently, startled by the sharp pain, thankful it didn't set off a headache.

"What happened?", I let my own hand explore over my scalp and I give you an apologetic smile. "I... don't remember? We were... I... heh, sorry the last thing I remember is you... I was... ugh..." I let out an awkward laugh and gesture toward the bed.

I notice, then, your pants are undone, and I feel a small shiver of a thrill from a memory of a short while ago and then I cringe at the head pain.

"Do you have low blood pressure? It was weird... you were super into it and then you just..." you make a gesture to indicate how I passed out and I cringe at the thought.

"Um, no... not that I know of..." I let my gaze drop to the bed and gather my thoughts, my memory still fuzzy. Something is worrying at me, in the back of my mind, and I dismiss it, suddenly feeling mentally tired. Maybe I slept too long?

"What... How long have I been out?" My words are slow as I process further, not just the mystery of how I blacked out, but also, noticing a few new aches on my body. There is a bruise on my arm; I

flash back to you holding me tight against the wall and how you gripped my arms to hold me still.

I bite my lip and feel a blush creep over my cheeks and then I look up again to meet your eyes, trying to play it off. I'm struck by the sheepish grin on your face and I bite my lip harder.

"Just a little while... 20 minutes? If you slept much longer, I was considering having my way with you..." You get a wicked grin as you trail off and I feel a chill down my spine which is quickly overridden by my pussy reminding me how much we love wicked grins.

I stretch my legs out to rub against you, feeling shy, "Thank you for your long enduring patience?"

"No need to thank me..." I see your eyes flick downward over my face to pause on my mouth and then back up to my eyes and you're biting your lip and I'm feeling beyond dumb, my voice lost.

I'm a bit unsure how to read the room. I can feel a heat coming off you, but you haven't made any sort of indication where your mind is at.

I'm embarrassed. I'm still half asleep and I find my eyes drifting down your chest and lower to your stomach and then I force myself to stop, my eyes frozen on your belly button, too nervous to move either direction.

I'm not even sure why I'm suddenly so shy. It felt so easy last night, although we did get drinks. This morning felt so... effortless. And the sexual tension was... stupid.

It feels like a different kind of stupid right now. The dumb, excited, "I kind of know what I could be in for" anticipation of wondering who will move first.

I'm trapped in my mind, processing. Again. Very slowly.

I don't notice you moving until your fingers slip under my jaw to tilt my head up and to force my eyes to meet yours. My heart skips a beat in that second and my brain shuts down, leaving me unsure what I should do.

"Are you sure you are okay?" Your voice is husky and measured and your eyes seem to be searching mine for something. My brain is even more blank, if that is possible.

"Uh..." I... don't remember what you just asked me.

"Yes...?" You smirk and gently nod my head up and down, holding my chin in your fingers, your thumb resting barely below my bottom lip.

"Or, no...?" You gently move my head from side to side and let out a low chuckle at the dumb look on my face.

Again, head trauma.

Suddenly, I'm hyper aware of my body and I can feel how fast and hard my heart is pounding, my skin flushing with excitement, my core trembling with tension. I take a deep breath, leaning back to take my head out of your hand and laugh, nervously.

"Sorry, No, I'm... I'm fine I think..." I let out a giggle and try to cover how embarrassed I feel, then I'm cut off as your hand is on my chin again, pulling me back to you.

"Good"

You're holding my chin steady as you lean into me and pause briefly, your eyes searching mine, one more time, and I see a weird spark, briefly, then your mouth is on mine, your tongue pressing my lips open, admittedly, with very little resistance. I let out the smallest moan and then I'm kissing you back, my tongue moving over yours, tasting you, before letting you have my mouth however you want it. I shift my legs so one is on either side of you and shift forward so I can press my mouth onto yours eagerly.

Your hand releases my chin to slip down, your thumb resting at the base of my jaw and your fingers curved under my ear, around my neck, cradling my head, gently. You pull your mouth away from me briefly to grab a breath and moan a ragged, "Very good" out before you are on me again and I let out a whimper as your tongue probes my mouth deeper, your lips forcing mine wider as you possess me.

My heart skips and I close my eyes to give into you completely, leaning into you even more. I can feel your other hand on my ass then, tugging me onto your lap and I comply, slipping the sheet off and my legs over yours so our hips can press together while we explore each other, orally speaking. I wrap my arms over your shoulders and around your neck, pressing my tits against your chest as I moan into you again and pull back just enough to pant through a few heavy breaths, letting my eyes find yours again.

The hand on my ass squeezes tight and I feel you roll your hips and shift so you are sitting with both of your legs over the edge of the bed, mine wrapped around your hips. I can feel something starting to

rise between us, but I'm so busy trying to string a short sentence together, I don't really consider what it might be.

"Um, please, don't let me fall?" I tighten my arms around your neck to emphasize how I'm doing my part and I give you an embarrassed smile, waiting for a response.

"Hold on tight and it shouldn't be an issue." Your tone is confident and dismissive, and then your mouth is on mine and I'm letting out the smallest sob of resistance before giving in again, letting my hands wander over your back and your shoulders then up your neck and into your hair.

You let my neck go then and slip your other hand to my chest, groping over my tits, twisting each of the nipples in turn. I squeal and whine into your mouth, squirming my hips a bit, trying to distract you from my tits. Your other hand grips my hip firmly and keeps me from squirming too much, holding me firm to you.

Your mouth is off of mine then and I can gasp for a breath, my lips feeling raw around the edges. You're moving your mouth over my jaw and my neck and I let my head fall back and moan out a "please..." then I feel your lips and your teeth hard on my neck, sucking and biting, then you twist my nipple to distract me and I let out a cry, my legs wrapping tighter around you as I cringe though it, my pussy tensing and gushing in response to the attention.

The twist turns to a full on hard grope and I let out a yelp of pain, slapping your shoulder to get you to stop. You slap my ass in retaliation, twice as hard, and I yelp out a, "Fuck!", jerking against you in between the three points of pain. I feel your teeth tighten the tiniest bit and then your mouth is off my neck, kissing it gently, then back up my neck, my chin and finally my mouth, when I realize that's an option I can offer you. I moan when your mouth is on mine again, melting into you, breathing you in.

The hand on my ass is squeezing tight as I grind against you and I can feel your cock grow hard under my pussy. Your pants are the only thing separating us. I know I'm wet enough to be leaving a stain on you when I'm pressed up against you and despite the soreness I woke up with, I want to feel full again.

I let my tongue move against yours as we trade small moans back and forth until I can't stand it anymore and I break away from you. Before I can demand you fuck me again, your putting your fingers through my hair and getting a good grip at the base of my neck, rocking me back and forth playfully, but firmly.

"Why don't you put that tongue to better use, bitch?" Your question is rude but your tone is playful and I let out a small moan as I feel myself giving in, despite that small twist of shame as I hear that word. I start to shake my head no; you're being rude. And then you catch my eyes again and I freeze, and when you nod slowly, pointedly, I nod in agreement, realizing I wasn't really going to refuse to begin with.

I slip myself off your lap and to my knees as you shimmy out of your pants and your cock bobs to attention, stealing mine. I can't help but flashback to the first time you slipped it into my mouth, but it looks bigger now, harder, angrier.

My tongue is wet in anticipation and I let my mouth drop open for you. As you kick your pants off, you let out a chuckle and let one hand grab my head by the hair, lazy, and tug me between your legs, pulling my mouth to your cock, while your other hand wraps around the base to keep it steady. You don't put me on your cock immediately though, rather, hold me in front of it so I can take it in properly while you monologue.

"I knew you were an easy slut the first night we met." You let out a warm chuckle of amusement as you pause to run your thumb over my cheek, my eyes on yours as you look down on me. "Eyes on my dick, whore. I'm sure you haven't seen one quite like this before. You should appreciate it."

I do as I'm told and I let my eyes drop from your face to your cock, taking in the details. I find myself wanting to put the head of it on my tongue; it looks so good and I push away the worry that I might not be able to take it all. I squirm closer on my knees and sit up on my knees so I have a better angle and take in the ridge of the head, the way the skin fades between the head and the shaft.

As my eyes work over your cock and my mouth starts to gape in anticipation, you keep going, "I bet it looks better than your boyfriends, right?"

I nod my agreement, moaning with embarrassment.

"And I bet it's bigger, isn't it you greedy whore? I can tell by the look on your face."

I glance up at you quickly at this comment and you tug my hair again.

"I said, eyes on my cock, dummy."

I moan and put my eyes back on your cock, glancing down to take in your balls as they sway from the movements as you jerk me around.

You stroke up your shaft, squeezing yourself, milking, and I watch mesmerized as a small drop of precum forms and then you are tugging on your balls, with a lazy wrist twist.

Then your fingers are around the base, holding your hard member steady as you tug my mouth to the head, finally, then push me down, to your balls, my moan of disappointment muffled as my mouth is buried in them, your firm grip holding me in place.

I'm hesitant at first, this is all just a bit different than how I am used to, but, I feel my body responding in a strong way and I'm quickly licking and sucking at each orb, giving them as much attention as I can think to give them, pressing my mouth and nose in hard.

I moan as I feel you tug my head from one side to the other letting your cock rest on my forehead as I work away at your balls, then it falls to my cheek as I twist my head for a better angle, in an attempt to fit both balls in my mouth. I feel you tug it up and then let it drop on my face again with a solid, meaty *thuk*. I let out a small yelp of surprise and try to pull away from you but you're holding me firm so I'm not able to move in much of any direction.

You take a moment to shift and I can't help but notice the slobber and spit over my cheeks and chin and I move to wipe my face clean. You slap my hand away when it gets close and you scowl at me, "No. You stay a mess until I'm done with you, you dumb slut."

There is a certain bite to your words now and I look up to meet your eyes again, confused where this is suddenly coming from.

You shake your head with disappointment as my eyes meet yours and you sigh then, almost regretful with what you have to do next. You reach down to grab my nipple, twisting and pulling hard, your other hand firm in my hair, forcing my face back downward. I let out a moan of pain as you twist my nipple hard the other way and pull in a wicked way, then I hear you laugh softly at the sounds of pain I'm making.

"I was going to fuck your throat. I was going to be really sweet about it too. I was going to fuck your throat slow and deep and soft so you could get use to it, and then I was going to fuck your throat hard so I could enjoy it."

You're picking me up off my knees then, a hand around my throat and

the other finally moving to my other nipple, twisting it just as hard as the other. I sob at the rough hands on me and let out a moan of fear as I stumble to my feet, not really understanding what I did wrong.

I gasp out a "I... I'm sorry... I didn't... I don't..." You shake your head at me, letting out a shushing sound and I fall silent as the hand around my throat flexes and I feel my airway constrict. My hands find your wrist and I grip you, scared.

The dumbest part of the whole thing is, while I'm scared and confused, my head is a bit foggy and so very full of lusty hopes; I want to see where it goes?

I would happily put out for you; I already have put out for you, so that isn't what you are looking for. I feel my pussy practically dripping for you and I moan your name while I hang in your grasp, unsure how to figure out what is going on.

The look in your eyes says you are calculating what to do with me next and we stand there for a short pause, my gasps and whimpers of pain breaking the silence as you look me up and down.

I finally work up the courage to force out my question, "What... what did I do?"

Your eyes meet mine then and you shake your head, smirking, before answering me, "You're... just so damned dumb. How hard is it to keep your eyes on my dick?"

You are tugging me around so the bed is behind me now and I'm in between it and you, the mattress hitting me just above my knees as you gently push me back by the throat.

"I thought it was a pretty straight forward direction?"

Im dumb with confusion, lust, and curiosity. I suppose I should be afraid, but it crosses my mind that, if you really wanted to hurt me, you had ample time to do so while I was passed out.

"I didn't..."

You cut me off "Didn't what? Listen? Think? Do as you're told? Bits..." You sound disappointed and I can feel something in my chest twist and I feel... Guilty? I also feel a needy urge to make it better, maybe with my pussy?

It must be written on my face because you give me a mock frown and

then brush the hair out of my face as you consider me a bit longer, your eyes working over me as I tremble in your grip.

"I guess it can be forgiven, this time. You seem new to this..."

You smirk as your eyes work up me once more and then you are pressing into me, our mouths on each other again for a brief moment, tasting, before you are pushing me down to lay back down on the bed, my body raised up on my elbows so I can watch as your hips move between my legs, to position yourself at my pussy.

You press your hips in to compare your cock's length to my body and I feel a shiver and a chill of excitement seeing the size comparison, realizing that is a large part of the reason why my pussy is so sore now. I am suddenly flashing back to how good it felt earlier when you had me bent over the table, stretching me out, screaming.

As my eyes meet yours, full of excitement, pushing the confusion from a second ago away and out of my head, I see a weird glimmer of mischief flicker through your eyes and the hand that was brushing the hair from my face is tight on my neck and your other hand is slapping me across the face. Not terribly hard, but enough to surprise me. Then it's on me immediately, pushing my hair back off my face, rough and I hear you chuckle as you flex your fingers around my throat.

As I swivel my head back to meet your eyes again you let out a tutting noise, slapping me again, harder, before swapping the hands on my neck, faster than I can catch. I let out a yelp at the slap and my hands are wrapped around your wrist then to steady myself, but I resist the urge to move my head back or meet your eyes.

When nothing happens besides a small snicker from you, I let my head drift back and I raise my eyes, hesitantly, up to yours.

I know I have messed up again when you sigh, disappointed, again. So it's the eye contact thing...?

What...?

I don't have any time to process as you push me down, flat onto the bed and lean over me, rolling your hips as you do, so the shaft of your cock slides along my slick pussy, pressing my lips apart as you get closer to me, slipping and sliding in my wetness. As you lean down, you brush the hair out of my face again and I moan out, full of fear, lust, confusion.

"Fine, you want to look at me so bad? Eyes here, bitch"

You shake my head by the neck, squeezing gently, and I let my eyes meet yours finally.

I find your eyes are burning into me with a weird intensity and I want to look away, but I am scared, so I don't.

Instead, I find myself freezing under you there, my body trembling from the adrenaline that is spiking through me. My nipples are hard from the abuse and I feel you slide your shaft up and down my cunt, slipping through the wetness as you have me locked there in your gaze. I moan as I feel your cock rub along my clit and I let a certain pathetic pleading lust enter my eyes, feeling like a rabbit trapped in the jaws of a wolf.

I'm just waiting for your jaws to snap shut on my neck and end the misery.

"Please... "

It's a whisper and I let out a small sob as I realize I let it slip out, closing my eyes to find comfort in the darkness and immediately you are squeezing my throat closed. When I don't open my eyes immediately, you slap me hard across my tits, and my eyes flash open as I let out a cry. Trapped in yours, you look... amused?

"What, whore? Please what?" You smile patiently at me as you grind your shaft into my clit and I moan at the sensation.

"I don't understand what you want from me... "

It's out in a sob and I try to shift my hips to rock away from you and you follow me, the pressure of your cock only leaving for a short moment before you are on me again and all I have managed to accomplish is getting my one foot onto the bed so my knee is along your side and I moan under your hand when it flexes around my throat. My tits are pressed against your chest and I find myself panting from the anticipation.

You're kissing me then and our tongues are distracting me from how your hips are shifting as you reach down to grab your cock, and I let out a whine when you sink into me slow, steady, and hard, forcing me to rock my hips to accommodate you. The whine turns into a moan and I feel your hand on my hip as you hold me steady, my ass on the edge of the bed and my legs wrapping around your hips for a lack of a better place to put them, shifting the angle of my hips

slightly.

As you break the kiss and lean up slightly, using a hand to support yourself, your other hand around my throat, I squeeze my cunt on you and try to grind up. The way your hand flexes on my throat stops me and I groan at the added pressure.

"I just want you to listen to me, dummy."

You slide out of me to the tip, then slide in just as slowly, forcing a moan out of me.

"Is that so hard?"

Out again, and then back in, faster and harder. I feel your balls slap my ass and gasp. I can feel my rational self start to slip.

"It seems like it must be."

Out and in, faster, harder again. I moan and try to adjust my hips, my eyes on yours, begging for more even if I can't get the words out.

"All that head trauma, maybe."

Your balls slap my ass again and I squeeze down on you, my legs trying to grip you close and deep.

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We're interrupted by a jarring buzz on the nightstand and your head jerks to see what it is and then there is that wicked smile again. You give me a quick glance and wink before you're reaching to the nightstand, and I squeeze down on you again, confused by the interruption. You grab the mystery noise maker and return your attention to me rolling your hips to pull out and then slip back into me, forcing a small scream out of me before quieting your movements, your cock stopping deep inside me as you lean down to kiss me quickly and then you're standing above me, a hand still on my throat, keeping me in place.

"I think you might have missed a call? Or two?"

You have my phone in your hand and I can see the missed calls notice across the screen as you tilt it at me. The background is one of those stupid couple on vacation photos from a few weeks back. I feel a spike of adrenaline as the real world drops in on me and I gasp then try to grab the phone from you, forgetting you have me pinned

to the bed by the throat.

I whine at you as you laugh at my struggle and hold the phone just out of my grasp, rolling your hips to remind me, I'm getting fucked here, grinding against me. I let out a yelp, my attention torn between my pussy and the phone, and then you're fucking me hard and fast, slamming into me a dozen times holding my throat tight, before pausing to let me steal a breath of fresh air and grin down at me before turning your attention to the phone.

You thumb through before hitting the security screen.

Fingerprint or GTFO, hacker.

You roll your eyes and look at me holding the screen up to show me your issue, "Wanna give me a hand here, slut?"

I don't think I'm in a position to disagree with you? I nod my agreement and hold my hand out to take the phone from you and you pass it off to me. You smile and thrust in and out of me until my moans turn to a cry and then you stop, while I gasp for breath under your hand.

You finally take your hand off my throat as I take the phone from you and they are both on my tits then, tugging at my nipples and squeezing them hard as I struggle to focus between my task and groping.

I whine and moan under your hands and I squeeze my pussy down on your cock and then feel you flex inside me in return, pushing me over the edge. I sob as I cum hard on your cock and tremble under your hands, and then, I let out a shriek as you slap my face, lazily.

"Focus, whore. You have a call to return."

The smile on your face lets me know you're enjoying this while I struggle to comprehend what is going on in the moment. The orgasm that shook my body was intense and I'm panting for breath as I hear you snap at me and I turn my attention to the phone, instinctively doing as I'm told. I unlock it and switch to the phone app, seeing I have missed several calls, actually.

I let out a groan as I feel you slide out of me then back in slowly, forcing my pussy to stretch and relax then your fingers are on my nipples, tugging and twisting them as my tits jiggle against the abuse.

I wince at the pain and catch your eye, confirming that, yes, I need to make that call right now, according to you.

"Please, don't make me... " It's a pleading whine and you thrust into me a few times as I feel my pussy tighten at the anxiety of making the call. You grunt as you thrust into me and I let out another shriek as you tug my nipples hard.

"I'm not making you do anything, slut" Your emphasis makes it clear you don't really believe that statement and then you give me an evil grin, snatching the unlocked phone from my hands and flipping it around to tap the screen and send the call off.

I let out a panicked shriek and try to snatch the phone from you but you jerk back and put a hand on my chest to press me down as the phone rings. Your eyes glitter when the familiar voice comes over the speaker, confused and alert,

"Babe? Babe is that you?!"

I cringe and glare at you, a deep anger stabbing in my chest. You thrust into me and I let out the smallest yelp before remembering the phone is right there. I bite my lip and close my eyes to focus and then let out a trembling, "H... hey baby. Sorry I missed your calls... " I trail off into a low moan as you thrust into me slow and deep, your hips rolling to hit at a different angle, forcing me to squirm on you.

I missed what my boyfriend said...

"I'm sorry... could... could you repeat that babe, I missed it." I stutter it out as you roll your hips, flexing in me again and I squeeze down on you and try to pull you tight to me and still with my legs. The grin on your face seems particularly devious as I struggle my way through the call.

My boyfriend immediately launches into a long monologue about how he fucked up the other night and that's when you put the phone on mute and start rutting into me hard and intentionally.

"He sounds like an asshole. Who fucks better?"

Slam and pause for the answer.

"Y...you do," I moan it out and gasp as you pull out of me

"Who's dick is bigger?"

I feel my cheeks flush and I clench my teeth to resist the answer and you slap me back to attention. I squeal out a "You!" before you jackhammer into me for a short moment, leaving me gasping, whining, begging you to stop, I'm going to cum, don't stop.

We can still hear my boyfriend chattering away on the phone. Everytime there is a brief pause you glance at the phone and then the chatter keeps going. After the third time this happens, you let out a laugh and then start to slam into me hard and fast, grunting as you grab my hips to hold me still for your cock.

You snarl at me in a lust filled way "Who owns this pussy, bitch?"

"You do..." It's a hard moan and then whine as I cum hard on you, squirming and grinding hard onto you as I let my back arch and a long shuddering orgasm rocks my body. I feel my pussy gush as I squeeze down on you and the sound of your thrusting is immediately wetter, though you slow as I'm clenching down on you, milking your cock, desperately wanting you to cum for me.

The voice on the phone is asking a question, "Would that maybe be okay, baby? Just a small boys trip. I know you said there might be that other thing, but..."

You're eyes are on mine as I pant in the afterglow of the orgasm and you grin as you pick the phone up and shut the mute off, handing me the phone, mocking me with an exaggerated mouthed "Yeah baby", your eyes rolling to show your sarcasm and then your mouth is on my right nipple, sucking, biting and teasing while I gasp into the phone, trying to pull my mind together to take the call. You thrust into me lazy, rolling your hips and playing with my other tit with your hand, idly.

"That... that's fine, dude" It's out of my mouth in a snap and I cover my mouth with a hand to hold the moan as you slide in, slowly.

I can hear the shock on the other side of the phone, "... Are you sure?"

"Yeah" I gasp it out as you slip into me again, gripping my legs so there is a solid slam at the end and I have to bite my thumb to stop the yelp from escaping.

"Oh... okay. This isn't a trick, right?"

Uncertainty is a fair reaction. Normally I would be pissed

"Nooooo," it's a moan as you slide in and then I gasp and put my words together into a sentence, "It's... it's fine. I have a lot of work, I have to go. Call you later, k, bye" The call is off and I have the phone thrown over the edge of the bed, not caring what happens to it in the moment.

I gasp and find a grip on the bed sheets, then my eyes are on yours again and I feel a flash of anger toward you, mixed in with the lust. I'm so annoyed you would torture me that way and I let out a growl.

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Whatever I was going to say is lost in the wave of pleasure that rolls over me as you shift my legs so they are resting on your shoulders, tightening my pussy in the process. I groan as I cum again, your cock thrusting into me slowly, forcing it out of me at a torturous pace.

"Who is fucking you, bitch?"

"Y.. you are..." It's a stutter as you start to slam into me and I get lost in the experience, moaning for more as you slam in.

"Love the dick, whore?"

"Y... Yeeeeessssssss"

Slam

"Love how thick it is, slut?"

"Yes!"

Slam

"Want me to fill you up?"

I can't even get a solid word out, but my moan is an obvious confirmation.

Slam.

"Beg for it."

I gawk at you, my face a solid mask of lust and stupid and disbelief and I moan out in frustration at the demand before letting my mouth

go with all the pathetic, simpering words I can draw together as I feel myself getting closer, again.

"I need you to fill me up. You are so fucking hot and you fuck so *fucking* good, I need it in me. Right now. Please. Give it to me."

Slam

"Again"

"Please. Fill me. Give me your load. I want you to shoot your jizz into my hot, wet, needy cunt" I gasp between the words and struggle on needy. It's a demanding word at this point.

Slam

"What are you?"

"A slut"

You slap my face, hard, then slam into my cunt as I yelp in pain.

"What are you? Tell me, bitch." It's a hard command and I give in.

"I'm a whore, I... I'm a slut.. Im a needy dumb bitch, please.. Please give me your cum..." I trail off with a whimper and a yelp as your hand wraps around my neck again, squeezing me silent as you finally let out a grunt and groan, thrusting hard into me, setting me off, cumming on you, squeezing your cock hard, milking it for everything it might empty into me.

I feel you thrust a time or two with the ejaculation, pumping hard into me, my pussy straining around you as you dump your seed into me. I moan as I finish my own orgasm and cling to you, feeling like maybe you fucked all the heat out of me for a moment. I feel like I have been doused and my brain is struggling to understand how, as that drippy, saucy feeling hits my pussy.

I stretch out below you and let my legs unwrap from you and after a short moment, you pull out of me to sit on the bed beside me to admire your handiwork. You lean down to scoop up my phone, tossing it on the nightstand before leaning over to pull my pussy lips apart, watching your cum drip out as you do.

I let out a moan and close my legs on you, feeling embarrassed all over again. Im... I feel like I have the faintest memory and then I'm back focused on you as your arm wraps around my waist and you pull me over to bite my shoulder gently and chuckle into my neck before

kissing where your fingertips have left bruises.

"So... you like it rough, slut?" The words are teasing and I feel your arm squeeze me close before your mouth is on mine again and you are kissing me hard, once more.

When you pull away, I see you have an amused look in your eyes and I blush before pushing you away from me, trying to wriggle away from you playfully.

"You should have asked before you started slapping me, you freak..." I'm laughing as I say it and I'm delighted you don't let me get too far, tugging me back against your chest, burying your face in my neck and my hair as I squirm against you for the skin to skin contact, delighted.

Your hands work over my body gently, easing my sores, and you are muttering reassurances into my neck then, your voice low as you comfort me with gentle kisses along my neck and jawline. I find myself glowing from the attention, and I rub my thighs together, reveling in the slickness that I feel trickle out between my legs.

I stop resisting you then and let you hold me there, quietly in the afterglow, then I hear your voice in my ear warm and low and threatening, "That was nothing, you silly bitch. Wait until you see what I have planned for you after dinner."