

Cucked

A Dumb Slut Story

Author's Note: I always feel like I need to explain myself. HAHAHA.

I don't condone cheating. This is a work of fiction and fantasy featuring adult characters in adult situations.

Tags

[F4M] [F4A] [Story][Narrative] [Slow burn] [Romance] [Emotional]
[Tension] [Desperate] [Thirsty] [Horny] [Slut] [No Will Power]
[Date] [Dumb Slut] [You're Hot] [Too Tempting] [Danger] [S&M]
[BDSM] {Degradation} [Cuckold] [Cheat] [Unfaithful] [Making Out]
[Eye Contact] [Blow Job] [Oral] [Bent Over] [Doggy Style] [Rough]
[Choking] [Hair Pulling] [Cum] [Jizz] [Pull Out] [Slap] [Slapping]

Part Three: Dinner and a Threesome

When I wake up the second time, my brain isn't nearly as foggy as the first time and I press my body against yours, hoping to wake you gently. From the way your eyes have been moving under your lids, I could tell you were dreaming and I appreciated the time to take you in without the added pressure of being polite.

Maybe I'm being a creep. Maybe you should wake up. I'm hungry and bored.

When you don't wake up immediately, I let my hand explore over your shoulders and chest, down your belly then back up again. My touch is light and it takes you a while to respond to me, shivering in your sleep. You're rolling over then, suddenly, wrapping your arm around me to pull me close to you and I let out a small shriek and a giggle into your chest and realize it was a trap all along.

Your leg drapes over mine to pull me close, my hips pressed against yours and you let out a grumbly moan as you press your face into my hair. I can hear you draw in a deep breath and draw in my own, my face pressed close into the crook of your neck.

I'm a bit intoxicated with you, if I'm being honest? I feel a bit dumb curled against you, in your arms. It's been such a weird day, but the aches across my body feel sweet and leave me wanting more and the day isn't even done yet.

You had said something about dinner before we passed out...

"Um," I'm hesitant, mostly because I don't want the moment to end; I'm enjoying the quiet intimacy as I feel your hand start to graze over my back and my hips and to my ass then back up in a tickling way. It's a fair retaliation.

I press myself closer to you with a moan and then push away just enough so I can catch your eyes and that was a mistake. You have a sleepy, confident smirk and I feel like you have some sort of devious plot, but that feeling leaves me when you press my chin up to give me a quick kiss.

Yeah... intoxicated might be too casual.

We fuck around for a bit in the bed, chatting and teasing one another in a playful way, but it doesn't take me long to get to the point: I'm fucking starving. Cue five minutes of you insisting you

can help with that hunger and seven minutes of me proving you wrong, swallowing your load before I point out: you lose, drinks are on you, I'm still fucking hungry.

It's already going to be a stupidly late dinner, we don't leave the room until half past 10, and it's almost 11 by the time we walk the few blocks to a pub I'm familiar with. I had opted to skip a shower before we left the room and I almost regret it as I feel the residue of your dried cum on the small of my back and my ass and I consider how it would have been easier to order room service.

I never think of room service...

It doesn't matter.

I feel filthy, covered in your cum and sweat, my pussy practically slimy with the fluids leaking out of me as we walk. I couldn't find my panties when I got dressed and I'm more annoyed about it by the second. I feel like I stink of you. I would be more worried about it if I wasn't so enamoured with you and the reminder of how intense the whole thing was.

It doesn't matter how I smell, with my low cut shirt that seemed like a good idea at the start of the day, people will certainly notice the marks across my chest and my neck. The bites and bruises are only just starting to darken and I'm just not going to think about them right now. I'm having too much fun. It's a future Bits' problem.

The pub is busy enough that we are seated at a table that is next to the single pool table in the place. Luckily it's not in use but it means we are seated in the middle of the floor without a lot of privacy. Rather than sit across from me at the round table, you opt to sit beside me leaving the seats across from us empty. Perhaps it looks like we are waiting for friends, but the table lets us tilt toward one another. You stretch your legs out, one arm on the back of my chair, your attention on me as we chat idly until the waitress comes to take our drink order. I know what I want immediately and we watch you awkwardly as you look over the menu, ultimately deciding to have the same thing I'm having with a few modifications.

When she leaves, I find myself leaning onto the table to give you a view down my shirt and we are off, chatting about... whatever we keep going on about. I'm quite surprised at how much we have in common and the conversation has been smooth besides the occasional

awkward pause when you drop an innuendo in, or reference something from earlier that makes me blush.

We are a few drinks in and halfway finished our food when I feel a hand on my shoulder and I hear my name in a familiar voice.

My head whips around in a startled panic and my wide eyes land square on my boyfriend.

Insert a long awkward pause here as I process him standing here, a smile on his face. I can see his friend behind him and I realize we have somehow ended our separate nights at the same place.

You let your laughter die and reach for your drink to sip while you watch the show in front of you.

I am mortified and stumble through a hello and oh my gosh, how wild we ran into one another, oh no, this is just a coworker, we were working late and took a break to get some late food. I nudge you under the table and just hope hope hope you go along with it. I hope my boyfriend doesn't remember that my office is on the other side of town.

Boyfriend and his buddy take the seats across from us and I am immediately shredding a napkin from the anxiety of it all. I notice, you have a weird look of delight and a sudden high energy about you. You quickly spark up the conversation, keeping things flowing and buying the table a round of drinks. Boyfriend is clearly a few drinks further into the night than we are and doesn't really seem to think much of any of it as he gets caught up talking with you. I'm happy to sit and listen and drink so long as it keeps the attention off me.

Video Games: The safe topic of universal conversation for the evening.

I freeze for the smallest moment, though, when I feel a hand on my thigh and I realize, however you have positioned yourself, they can't tell you are slowly but surely pushing my thighs apart just enough to let your hand press into my lap, exploring until you find the spot you are looking for pressing into my pussy, pinning my clit down. I lunge for my drink when I first feel your hand on my leg and I'm able to hide my gasp of surprise in my drink.

You manage to time it with a question directed at me and I feel like it's a set up? The look on your face is innocent but I'm sure I saw a flash of something else and I realize: You're enjoying this, you sick fuck. Your fingers rock on my clit and I take a

deeper drink of my beer to hide the weird cringe of pleasure that's on my face in response. I can feel a blush across my cheeks and I stammer through the first few words to spit out, I'm not really into video games? Unless we are talking about Baldur's Gate. Then I have things to say.

You all stare at me blankly, even your fingers are still against my clit, a firm pressure I can't stop thinking about, then turn back to one another to keep talking about, eyeroll, Dark Souls.

The pressure on my clit is so distracting I find myself panting the tiniest bit as you rock on it, occasionally pressing down the crease of my pants to press against and into my pussy as far as the fabric will let you. I can feel the fabric soak up my fluids and I have the weirdest thought that, maybe you took my panties?

I forget where I am then and let out a gasp and a moan as you suddenly vibrate your finger on my clit in an aggressive kind of way, my drink still on the table, nothing to hide my agony. I'm trying to hold the orgasm and you clearly have different plans in mind as you keep savaging my slit. The fabric is starting to get an uncomfortable kind of friction with the wetness and I squirm in my seat, finally working up the nerve to pull away from you.

I give the table an apologetic smile as I get up, nodding toward the bathroom, and realize you are all still busy talking about, ugh, superhero movies and you are the only one that really seems to acknowledge me, catching my eye and giving me a lazy smile and nod like nothing has happened at all.

I don't stumble to the bathroom, persay, but I'm wobbly and I make a mental note to switch to water when I get back to the table. Getting to the bathroom, I head to the stall in the furthest corner, locking the door behind me when I get there. I lean myself against the wall in an urgent way and slip my hand into my pants, letting my middle and ring fingers glide into my slick pussy as my thumb finds my clit and I let out a gasp.

Tick one up for team commando.

It doesn't take me long to cum, there, in the stall, fingering myself furiously, as I remember how you fucking smiled at me as I left the table and I cry out when I cum, putting my other hand over my mouth to muffle the sound. My pussy is still sore from the attention throughout the day and it feels creamy and bittersweet as I flex my fingers a few more times, riding the wave of lust.

I gasp a few breaths before I calm down and then I take a moment to...

...do what people do in the bathroom.

What, do you want details?

When I join the table, someone has ordered shots and you are all waiting for me. I forget about my water plan immediately and it's another half an hour and two more rounds for the table before last call and then we are all stumbling out of the pub.

Boyfriend's buddy is calling an uber and boyfriend is looking at me with a bit of a questioning look, wanting to know where he and I are going. It's probably a bit weird that I seem to consistently move closer to you and you are edging toward the hotel, clearly eager to get back.

You make the decision for both of us and ask if we want to come back to the hotel for a nightcap. I'm one too many drinks past the point of noticing this slip up and I eagerly agree, a bit stupidly, thinking Boyfriend would turn the invitation down.

Why would he want to come? He doesn't want to fuck you.

But he agrees, and I don't know how to tell him he's not actually invited without spelling it out and I feel myself deflate instead and the three of us head back to the hotel. I'm not sure how I managed to become the third wheel. You're both talking about cartoons now and I find without the anticipation of getting you naked again, I'm bored; I had been thinking maybe in the shower to start; But now I'm just kind of drunk and tired and sore and disappointed.

The elevator ride is awkward, at least for me, as I stand between both of you, very self conscious about the fact that I still feel like I smell of your scent, and it doesn't really make sense that a coworker would be staying at a hotel.

I'm not going to say anything. If boyfriend doesn't notice, is it my fault?

When we get to the room you offer boyfriend a drink from the minifridge, tossing him a beer when he agrees, and then turn to me and raise an eyebrow with a questioning innocent look, "Drink, skank?"

My eyes go wide and I stammer out an, "excuse you?" and then glance to my boyfriend who is in the process of cleaning up the beer he has just sprayed out of the beer can. He lets out a half-interested "hu?" and you look at me expectantly with a innocent smile I don't fucking trust one bit.

"Just water, please," I'm feeling really drained suddenly which isn't really a surprise considering the attention you have been showing to me all day. Even with the naps. And then the drinks. The sudden stress of juggling this fucking situation.

When you hold the bottle out to me I have to take a few steps toward you. I realize the bed is a mess and boyfriend has taken a seat at the table where you fucked me this morning. I can see a stain on the floor where your cum dripped off my ass at his feet.

I let my eyes meet yours and I hope you can see the situation has me a little terrified. I'm legitimately worried a fight could start if boyfriend realizes what has transpired here earlier in the day. I feel like the room still smells like sex.

You don't release the water bottle when I try to take it from you, instead using it to tug me a step closer toward you before letting it go. I almost drop it and fumble as it slips out of my hand, clumsy. As I settle and twist the cap off, I take a seat on the edge of the bed to take a deep drink, trying to hide my discomfort.

You pull out a beer for yourself and crack it before sitting on the bed beside me, a bit too close, leaning back on a hand that is behind me on the bed. You're not even being very reserved anymore, your eyes working over me with a casual hunger, not giving my boyfriend any attention at all. You sip your drink, perhaps using it to hide your smile from my boyfriend across the room. He's not that far away; maybe 4 feet?

I finally work up the courage to look over and meet your eyes.

I'm just full of mistakes today... I freeze in your gaze and feel my willpower wilt in the heat of it. I can feel my boyfriend looking at us, his eyes moving from you to me, slowly, stunned, not saying a thing.

Did I stumble into a fucking porn set?

You set your drink down then and scoot closer to me on the bed, slipping a hand under my jaw to pull me in for a kiss and...

I'm dumb.

And easy.

And weak.

I let out an eager moan when your tongue forces past my lips and the hand on my jaw shifts to hold my throat firmly, so I can't pull away from you. The way my pussy throbs to life, I'm reminded I'm still sore from earlier and I shudder, leaning into you, returning the attention, impatient, remembering how fucking stellar it was this afternoon, and this morning. Maybe more will make the soreness go away? It's worth a try.

My tongue finds yours and the fingers on my throat flex tighter, my cunt pulses, I whimper and a voice is coming from the side to ruin it all, "Uh... babe? You okay?"

You let my lips go to move your mouth to my neck, and I'm staring at Boyfriend who looks like a deer in the headlights. I'm stammering then, trying to push you off me to explain what is going on and I feel teeth on my neck, forcing me to gasp in pain and I don't know what I'm saying then, just, kind of... dumb noises?

I stop making noise when you stop biting me and I'm panting in your lap, a hand still around my throat, staring across the divide at my boyfriend and his blank face. My face feels a bit blank too.

Your voice is confident when you answer for me, "Dont worry about it, dude. I'm just borrowing your bitch for a moment. Enjoy the show. I know she's going to enjoy putting it on." Your eyes meet mine when you tilt my head by the chin and the hand on my neck shifts to hold my jaw. "Right? You're going to enjoy putting a show on for your man here?"

Your eyes are intense on mine and I can barely put thoughts together let alone lie, "Yes..."

Your smile is wicked.

One hand is grabbing my tit hard and you dig your fingers in hard over my shirt and bra while your other hand wraps around my waist, slipping down the back of my pants to grab my ass. I'm gasping at the rough touches and trying to ask you to slow down and you are kissing me again and it is aggressive and rough, leaving me gasping for breath when you finally stop. I can taste the alcohol on your tongue and you smell better now than you did this afternoon however that is possible. I feel so dumb as my hands try

to tug your shirt off, fumbling with the buttons. Your hand has pushed my shirt up and pulled my bra down, your fingers latching onto my nipple, tugging it hard to pull a squeal out of me.

Your other hand works to undo your belt and button and zipper giving me access to your cock, once I pull your pants and boxers out of the way. You tug me downward then by the tit and I shudder in pain before I realize where you want me, leaning down to put my face in your lap, my mouth open for your cock to slide in.

At this point I'm starting to naturally let you take control of my head, so I'm not bothered when you pull my hair into a ponytail and start to thrust into my face, working me up and down your shaft, slow and firm. I can hear you letting out a grunt as you hit the back of my throat then pull me off to gasp for a fresh breath, my drool stringing down to your cock in threads.

My eyes dart to my boyfriend and he is taking a long drink from his beer and... getting comfortable? I think I see him reaching for his own zipper when you thrust back into my throat and I moan onto you as I try to take all of you. You finally let go of my head, keeping my hair gathered in a hand and let out a groan, "suck it clean, cunt." I immediately set to work sucking you off and cleaning up the drool that has run down your shaft and onto your pelvis and balls, eager to please.

I lap at your sack to finish cleaning you off with moans and whimpers and I can hear you start to monologue at my boyfriend as you play with my hair. I'm busy moaning my lust into your balls and I lick up your shaft to suck on the precum oozing out of your cock. I miss most of the monologue, until I hear a comment about how much my "cocksucking skills have improved over the course of the day, with some encouragement" and I am whipping myself off your cock to look at you in shock then at my boyfriend in horror. His cock is out and he is stroking it and looks mildly disappointed when my eyes meet his.

I feel a hand on my arm, pulling me to my feet and turning me around so I'm facing away from you, face to face with my boyfriend. I feel a bit dumb and childish as I feel you undoing my pants to pull them down to reveal my lack of panties and my soaking pussy. You grip my hips to pull me into sitting back onto your lap, your cock slick with my drool, sliding into my pussy with ease, as you pull me down onto you. I let out a cry and writhe against you as I feel your hands reach around to grab my tits, holding them tight, using them to bounce me up and down in your lap like a doll.

I let out a cry of surprise as you lift me, then slam me down on your cock, my eyes going wide as I feel you fill me deep. I whimper in embarrassment as I watch my boyfriend start to stroke at the sight in front of him. I'm still sore from earlier and it doesn't take long before I'm squirming against you, grinding in your lap, moaning in frustration and pleasure, wanting to cum but not quite hitting the right spot.

I try to adjust myself to shift my hips forward but you have me tight in your grasp, then one hand is reaching down to rub my clit as you moan in my ear that I'm not loud enough yet and I'm sobbing for you to stop as I cum on you, hard, closing my eyes to hide from the embarrassment. My nails dig into your thighs as I grip onto you and I continue to bounce on you, feeling your cock dig deep up into me every time you pull me down into your lap.

I cum again when you shift your own hips and drive into me deeper, letting out a scream and a sob and a gasp from the wave of pleasure, struggling in your grasp. You hold me there, shuddering on you, clenching and squeezing on your cock, letting out sobbing moans asking you to please slow down, I can't take anymore, please, you're going to ruin me.

I sound pathetic.

I can hear you panting and groan as you wrap me up in a tight embrace, arms crossed so your hands can grab my tits, twisting my nipples, pinning my arms to my side and burying your face into my hair. Your teeth are on my neck then and I feel a biting, sucking kiss that makes me squeeze down on your cock just a bit harder, wanting you to cum so it will be over, squealing at the pain, getting wetter as your teeth tighten on me.

I can hear Boyfriend grunt and shift in the chair and I barely open my eyes to witness him gaping at us, slowly stroking his shaft, his other hand still holding his beer, his jaw a bit slack as he focuses on the sight in front of him.

You're rotating your hips then, so your dick can stir me up like paint in a can, and I can feel you inside me, pressing in all different directions, causing me to gasp and whine. Your cock keeps hitting a particularly tender trigger spot and I sob, struggling to maintain that last ounce of control against you. I try to match up with your rotation, moving my own hips in a futile attempt to escape your assault.

You just grip my tits harder and growl into my neck, your lips moving to a new spot on my shoulder to kiss then bite it, causing

me to scream. You have managed to pick a spot that still aches from earlier abuse and it's just another layer on all the other things you are doing to me.

I'm quietly whimpering for you to please... please... please... and I hear a scoff from the chair, then an amused growl in my ear and I'm sobbing in embarrassment as I feel you hit that tender spot once more. I let out a scream for you to stop and try to cover my face with my hands, struggling against your arms as I cum and squirt on your cock, closing my eyes to ride the wave of pleasure and hide from both of you.

You hold me firmly as I shudder around your cock, feeling your thrusts slow as my juices drip down my thighs, soaking the sheets underneath us. The sob that escapes my throat is one of relief as the tension snaps and I slump against your arms, panting for breath and begging for you to stop a moment.

"If that's what you want, you messy whore"

The hands on my tits twist my nipples hard and I let out a squeal before you are pushing me off you with a grunt and I stumble to my feet, the push unexpected and sudden. I'm on my knees, then my ass, as my legs give out underneath me and get caught up in my pants that are still trapped around my ankles, leaving me trembling and panting, flush and sweaty from the hard fucking and alcohol.

The room is quiet besides our hard breathing and the hum of the AC, but I feel it spin a bit as I gather myself. I can hear you on the bed, stroking your cock. Boyfriend lets out a low grunt and I open my eyes to realize I'm practically between his knees.

He's looking at me in a drunken, hopeful kind of way and shifts his ass to the end of his chair, his cock inches from my face and I feel a bit -guilty- I guess?

I wrap my hand around his shaft with an apologetic smile and his eyes are closed almost immediately and he lets his head hang back, one hand around his beer, the other lazy at his side. He groans when I stoke up his shaft slowly.

I feel hands on my hips again and I spin my head around to see you have moved to the floor behind me. You slap my ass hard and I let out a yelp of pain.

"Ass up, babe. I'm not done with you," It's a commanding growl and I lift my ass up for you, then shudder as you slide in, groaning

as I feel you stretch me out. You're taking your time and I can feel your hands wander over my ass and my hips as you slowly thrust into me, groaning when I squeeze down on you, rolling my hips to give you a better angle. My own moans and whines of pleasure are independent of my brain as I get lost in the sensation and the drink and the waves of pleasure you keep driving into me.

I hear a gasp of pain and realize I have been slowly squeezing harder and harder on Boyfriend's cock and I immediately release the pressure, stroking up and down like I meant to do that and he moans. I can feel him throb in my hand and I know it won't take much more for him to finish.

A hand in my hair pulls my head back and I groan as I shudder on your dick, close to cumming again, feeling my ass slapping against your hips. Your one hand is tight in my hair and the other is firm on the small of my back, forcing me into an almost uncomfortable position.

"Fucking cum already..."

I'm begging you to finish but it's Boyfriend who cums when I rage-sob it out and he's groaning as he shoots over my face and my hand and his hand tightens on the beer can when he cums and I immediately let his cock go, feeling like he's been taken care of. I wipe his cum off my hand onto his thigh and then wipe some of the larger splattered off my face as I start thrusting back on you in earnest.

I hear you growling behind me, both hands on my hips then as you slam into me hard and hold me on you and I feel your cock flexing inside me, forcing a small scream out of me as I cum, clenching on you and writhing to get out of your grasp. We hang there for a moment as I gasp for a breath and recover.

You don't give me much time to recover before you thrust into me again, slapping my ass as you grunt behind me, pausing again after a dozen hard slams into my sopping wet pussy, before bottoming out in me again, causing me to shriek. When you pull out of me slowly, I shudder as I feel every inch pull out, my cunt trying to hold onto you with all of its grip strength.

When you grab my shoulder to pull me to my knees, I give into you, then you're standing and pulling my head back by the hair painfully so you can stroke your load onto my face.

"Open wide, whore," It's a command and I do as I'm told, my mouth open wide for you.

When you shoot out the first spurt I moan out a happy slutty moan of appreciation. It misses my mouth and splatters on my cheek, but the second shot lands on my tongue and I close my eyes to hide the pure dumb lust and joy I'm sure my eyes are filled with. I can just barely feel Boyfriend's eyes on us as I suck at the head of your cock, trying to drain you of the rest of your jizz and I barely manage to hold back from letting out a moan of joy before you are pressing me down on your shaft and I let the moan out anyway.

I lap at you to clean you off only stopping when I hear a throat clear. I look over to see Boyfriend has zipped himself up and has started to gather himself in a clumsy kind of way, putting his cock away and zipping his pants up, knocking his beer over as he gets up suddenly, sputtering out an apology.

He won't look at me... he only looks at you as he laughs and comments how late it's getting and how he really should head home, shuffling to the door as he goes. We both watch him and your hand tightens in my hair when you nod at him, "Don't you want to take your woman with you?"

I feel my core go cold and my stomach twists at the comment. I fucking hate you in that moment. I can feel your cum dripping down my face and I feel filthy.

Boyfriend finally looks at me for the briefest of glances, then his eyes are back on yours. His voice shakes a tiny bit as he mumbles out, "Naw, I think we're done..." Then the door is open and he's gone and the door clicks closed and it feels like time pauses.

The room is quiet again besides our breathing, only broken when the AC turns on to chill the room and I feel the chill across my skin, freezing me in that moment.

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You look down at me and give me a coy smile, finally breaking the awkward silence with a chuckle, "Good, I'm having a lot of fun with you. It would suck if you had to leave now..." your hand in my hair tightens and you tug my head gently toward you. I blink, trying to decide what emotion I should be settling on.

As I try to process the last handful of minutes, I flash over the decisions that brought me here in the first place; I probably could have handled this whole thing a bit better. My head is still fuzzy from the alcohol and I can still taste you on my tongue and my lip when I bite it as I think. Perhaps this makes me the absolute worst but, I decide, I don't really care about my Ex right now?

I've been trying to figure out how to drop him all week. This is maybe a bit brutal, but, it did the job? Oops?

I feel your hand slip from my hair to the back of my neck and you give me a gentle squeeze, breaking my string of thought, "Come on, let's grab a shower. You're a fucking mess, slut." Your tone is teasing and warm and you help me to my feet when I finally decide to get up, committing myself to finishing my day off on a high note.

I lean on you as I wobble to my feet and give you an embarrassed smile and giggle "Who's fault is that? This isn't a trick to get my liver, is it? I'm using it right now."

"Nope. You are quite literally a hot mess right now. I'm not letting you sleep in the bed like that. You can sleep on the floor if you want to skip it?"

I'm too tired to figure out if you are joking or serious and I shake my head at the idea of sleeping on the floor and gesture towards the bathroom.

I follow you to the bathroom when you head that way and you make yourself busy, turning on the water and grabbing towels. Your toiletries are spread across the counter and I make note that it's a bit messy; I guess you have been living out of this room for a week now.

As we get under the water you push me under the stream, caressing my face, cleaning me off. Your hands are gentle on my sore cheek, as you scrub the jizz off my face under the warm water with your thumb finally brushing over my lips lightly. I giggle and push your hands off me then, before wiping the water out of my eyes and

off my face. Your hands are on my waist then, pushing me back against the wall, the water spout for the tub between my legs. You're under the water then and it's streaming down your face and your shoulders and your chest. I let my eyes travel down your body and I'm stuck again at your belly button, frozen in a memory from earlier in the day.

I'm so fucking stupid for you.

When you pin me to the wall with your body and a kiss, I'm moaning for you and the water streams over us like in the movies, except the wall behind me is freezing. I'm distracted from the chill of the tile by your hands moving over my hips and ass, gripping me firmly, and your teeth on my tongue as you bite at me. I squeal and it doesn't take long for me to push back against you so I can get off the wall and under the warm water, my tits pressed tight against your chest, my hands working over your midriff and lower.

You give me this small concession and you finally break the kiss off, pulling away from me, tugging me further under the water then pushing my shoulder to turn me around. I let you lead me and then I can feel your hands working over my back and shoulders, massaging and working my sore muscles as the water washes through my hair.

Your fingers work up the back of my neck into my hair, then you're adding shampoo and massaging my scalp and I let out a low moan of pleasure. You humm back at me while you work the soap through my hair, pulling my head back so the soap stays out of my face, then twisting me to rinse the soap out, your eyes lingering on mine for just a moment before you twist me back around.

Firm hands are working down my neck, and shoulders, and arms and my back, pampering me and easing the aches that have developed over the day. Then they are on my ass and my hips and down my thighs, one hand slipping up between my legs to slide over my pussy quickly; I gasp; then it's gone, across my ass, then sliding to the front of my hip, then sliding upward.

Your hands work up over my tummy, and my tits, pulling me against you, our skin sliding with the added lubrication of the water and soap. I let my hands grip onto your hips, leaning back against you, gasping when you squeeze my tits hard, pressing them together.

You take your time with them, thumbing my nipples, and I can feel your cock sliding between my ass cheeks, closer to hard than not, and you groan in my ear, "Really nice rack." I moan as you jiggle

them between your hands, squeezing them until I gasp and arch my back to press into your hands, biting my lip.

Your left hand is working down my torso then, circling my stomach, grazing lower over my pelvis and even lower, over my mound. You gently slide your hand over my pussy again, your fingers gliding between my labia, but you don't go any further and I let out a small moan as I grind my ass against your cock, enjoying the gentler touches in contrast to all the rough treatment earlier in the day.

Your right hand slips up around my neck, to hold me firm then and I moan, when you nip at my neck then reach over to shut off the water. We drip for a moment before you let me go and reach over to grab the towels. You hand me one, laughing at the look of disappointment on my face, "We're going to move to the bed, dummy. Calm down."

When we get to the bed, I can barely keep my mouth off of you and we tumble onto the bed, tired, wet, kind of drunk, but clean. We make out for a bit, lazily, and I let you explore over my body with your hands, moaning and whimpering for you as our tongues explore each other for a short while. It isn't long before I am struggling to keep my eyes open and we give into sleep curled up around each other, my face nuzzled into the crook of your neck, breathing you in.

It's over a late room service breakfast the next day that I finally work up the courage to ask you directly, "Why did you hit me so hard yesterday?" We had been eating in a peaceful, hungry silence, but the question immediately turns the atmosphere awkward and I see you flinch.

I suppose the question is a bit of a surprise; I hadn't indicated anything had been bothering me, besides the hangover. You woke me up with lazy affection and I leaned into it, moaning for more, giving whatever you wanted to start your day.

As I think about it, this is the first time I've shown any resistance to you the whole week. My sense of caution rises and I watch you closely, very aware I'm wrapped in the bedsheet and nothing else; You finish your mouthful and take a sip of coffee before answering me, taking your time, avoiding my eyes.

"I didn't mean to slap you quite that hard. That was..." You sigh and set your fork down, looking uncomfortable and guilty, "That was kind of a mistake. I got... caught up in things..."

I'm staring at you hard, trying to judge how truthful you are with me. It's hard to tell when you won't meet my eyes. I chew my bottom lip to hold my silence, wanting you to finish your explanation.

"Honestly, it's been a while since I've been with..." You gesture toward me and your eyes pause on my tits in a super subtle, not obvious at all kind of way. I shift, letting my tits jiggle as I find a more comfortable position to listen, waiting for you to continue, my concern tainted with amusement; Put your eyes back in your head, babe.

You laugh awkwardly and give me an apologetic smile as you finally disengage from my tits and meet my eyes. You look flustered then, and I feel myself blush, feeling shy all of a sudden.

"Uh, you're cool. And hot... It seemed like you were into it?" You look uncertain then and I have to meet you with a look of suspicion.

"Uh huh... Before or after you knocked me out?" I'm tired of you dancing around the point and I decide I don't want to make it easy for you to get out. The right side of my face is still a bit sore this morning; I want to know why you did it. I think that's a fair question?

"Kay, but, it didn't *seem* like I knocked you out? You were still moaning and, like... moving? I thought you came really hard?" I can't read your face; You're really cute when you are confused. It's distracting.

"Are you fucking with me?" I feel confused but yesterday was pretty wild, and I'm feeling really good about the rest of it, if I'm honest. Even the part where my boyfriend walked out. I'm almost willing to give you the benefit of a doubt.

"I would like to be?" You give me a tentative smile that looks like it wants to be a smirk.

I scowl back, refusing your bait, "Answer the question."

Your smile falls and you shake your head, "No. I'm not fucking with you. I... I lost control for a moment... I wanted to play it off. You seemed fine with it..."

I cut you off, "I was unconscious."

"It didn't seem like it..." It's not a snap, but your reply is

tense. When your eyes meet mine, I can see the guilt and uncertainty, "You were begging..."

I remember begging...

I have to resist as my mind tries to flashback to how you had me pinned down, the first time you filled me up, pumping into me, the intense look on your face. I shiver at the memory and I feel my resolve weaken.

I watch as you move our plates out of the way and shift closer to me on the bed, the sheet falling off you as you move, giving me a great view of your ass as you crawl up to me, pressing your face into my tits as you wrap an arm around me, pulling me close you.

"I'm sorry, Bits. You're too much. I want to put my hands on you in a lot of different ways. It makes me feel a bit like an animal," you trail off as you work up my chest to my neck, crawling on top of me as you do, then you have me pinned underneath you and your gaze and I'm a bit confused how I ended up in this position again. I feel hot, and eager, and I can't help but groan when I feel your teeth on my earlobe and I let you gather my wrists up above my head, pinning them.

You lean back then to meet my eyes, taking a break from assaulting me with your mouth, "I am truly sorry. I'll take you to the hospital if you like?" Your tone is genuine and I feel your grip on my wrists is loose; I could pull away if I wanted to.

My heart is beating hard in my ears and I feel my flesh prickle in anticipation. Your knee is pressed firmly between my legs, I don't think intentionally. But I find myself wanting to grind against you, the sheet the only thing separating us. I struggle to remember what I'm upset about specifically, besides a brutal physical assault. [Authors Note: Lampshade, bitch]

My face doesn't hurt THAT much, I guess. You seem REALLY sorry. My whole core... is aching... You fuck... really well...

"You're a fucking freak, you know that?" There's a hint of challenge, but I'm clearly weak for you; my eyes keep flashing from your lips to your eyes, and I writhe against your thigh, letting out a small moan, my nipples hard against the bedsheet.

"Babe, so are you. That shit with your boyfriend was savage..."

I let out a moan, my face warm with the lust and embarrassment and I feel your grip on my wrists tighten. I give you the smallest nod

of agreement, biting my lip feeling very self conscious all of a sudden.

You shift upward and pull the sheet out from between us so we can press against one another and I gasp feeling your thigh press firmer into my pussy, grinding against me. I can feel your cock against my hip and I wriggle against you.

"Forgive me?" Your smile is apologetic and sweet and playful and alluring.

"I'll think about it..." I'm distracted by lust, leaning up to you for a kiss; I'm tired of just staring at your lips while they say dumb words. You leave on a plane tomorrow.

Let's fuck.

"Quit being so difficult, bitch," Your smile is more wicked now and I tremble under you, wrapping a leg around your hip to pull myself closer. The heat between us is irresistible and I feel my brain drop out of my head when our eyes meet. I feel really intent on tasting you and I let my eyes drift to rest on your lips.

"Make me..." The words are out of my mouth before I can stop myself, and you're grabbing my jaw to hold my face firmly before your mouth is possessing mine. You slip your knees between mine to push my thighs apart, your chest pressing hard against mine, squishing my tits hard between us.

The hand that was on my wrists releases, and I feel it on my waist, slipping underneath me to pull me close. I wrap my own arms around your neck and find myself scratching at your back as our tongues work against one another, groaning for more. The hand on my jaw shifts to wrap around the back of my neck, and I wrap my legs around your hips, trying to writhe against you, rocking my hips to pin your cock in an attempt to slide onto it with some sort of eager, lusty magic pussy energy. You keep me pinned against your chest and the writhing doesn't do much besides make you chuckle at my whines of frustration.

I feel the hand on my back pressed firmly against me, then you're sitting back, pulling me into your lap, your cock pressed between us as we sit upright and I let out a small excited gasp, wrapping myself tighter to you. I let one hand slip down to grasp your cock and stroke it slowly as I find most of my focus eaten up by your mouth on my neck, then my breasts and I'm pulling your head to me, squealing as you bite at my chest with a growl.

Your hands move to my hips to grip me tight, shifting me so I can guide your cock in and I let out a hard moan as you slide into my wetness, stretching me slowly. I shudder on you as you slide me down your shaft and cling to you, my nails digging into your back as I whimper and you groan into my neck before sliding me back up, just as slowly. I whine and resist you, tightening my thighs to keep you inside me and you bite at me, forcing a scream out of me that is cut off by a yelp when you pull me onto your cock hard, burying deep inside me.

It doesn't take long for me to start grinding on you, then my hips are bucking and I'm sobbing for you, feeling your fingers sink into my flesh, gripping me hard. I cum hard when your eyes meet mine and you slip a hand around my throat, strangling my moans of lust.

Then your grip on my hip turns painful as you let out a grunt and I feel your cock throb inside me, then your hot seed is pumping into me, and your hands are on my hips again holding me on you. I cling to you, trembling, melting against your chest, moaning with satisfaction, feeling your cock twitch inside of me, shooting another jet of jizz into me.

You groan and grunt as you buck into me one last time, then I'm tumbling backwards onto the bed as you fall forward, catching yourself before you crush me, bending down to kiss me a final time before you slide out of me and roll over, to flop beside me.

I take a moment to recover before I roll over to press against you, resting my head on your shoulder, shivering with an aftershock of pleasure. You pull me close and close your eyes letting out a grumble of satisfaction as you pant for breath.

We lay there like that for a while, and at a certain point you start humming quietly while running your hand up and down my back with a light touch, occasionally into my hair. I shiver and let my own hand wander over your chest, enjoying your performance; you have a nice voice, even if I don't quite recognize the song.

When you finish humming, you slap my ass like you're hearing a final beat in your head and I let out a yelp of surprise, feeling a stinging from the impact. You give me a lazy grin and rub your hand over my ass to ease the pain and grab a handful with a moan of appreciation.

"Would you forgive me if I took you out for dinner? I still want to check out that brewery." You slip your hand into my hair and give it a gentle tug and I moan in response.

"So long as you warn me before you slap me, next time. And you're paying for the drinks..." I've already forgotten the hangover from before; a good fuck will do that I guess?

I hear you scoff at my answer and you tug my hair to tip my head back, kissing my lips gently, "I'll pay for whatever you want, freak."

I'm so fucking stupid for you.