

Sat, 3 Jan 2009

11:44 PM

A Voice in the Dark

The fan is on low, the breeze soft, almost an afterthought. I lay on the bed, the sheets cool underneath my naked body as I wait, my heart racing. I reach over and turn the lamp off, my bedroom instantly a black abyss. My fingers search for the cordless phone on the table. After several breathe, I start to dial the number I know by heart. The ringing echos in my ear, as if it is teasing me, making me wondering if you will answer. Of course, I know you will.

"Baby," you answer, your voice barely above a whisper. I smile, curling more comfortably around on the bed.

"Hey," I say, closing my eyes. I inhale deeply, the smell of your cologne strong on my pillow case. Turning to my side, I bury my face, breathing deeply. It is almost as if you are laying next to me, your voice right in my ear, the scent of you surrounding me.

I hear you inhaling , mirroring me. I know you can smell me on your pillow also, imagining my hair spread out on the pillow, my eyes closed, me pouting.

"I can smell you baby. You smell so good," you say, your voice smooth and soft in my ear. I hear you move, rustling of the blankets in the background.

I moan slightly, just listening to you breathing, knowing the smell of my jasmine body spray is surrounding you.

My hands start rubbing, touching, sliding over my body, the blanket still between my palm and my skin. It is as if it has a mind of its own, roaming down my breasts, across my stomach, following the slight dip between my thighs.

"So, how was your day," I ask, my voice catching a little. I know you hear it, know it effects you. I can feel my heart starting to race a little, the thumping slightly harder in my chest.

You sigh softly and I can almost hear you smiling. I know exactly how you are laying even. Your light is off. The glow from the streetlight outside your window casts a softness across you. You have one arm under your head, holding the phone in your other hand.

I know you are fresh from your shower, your hair still wet from the warm spray. You are wearing one of your many t-

shirts and boxers. I know the t-shirt probably features a band and the boxers have some childish cartoon on them. And I know that you know I am naked, my hair pulled up in a messy ponytail on top of my head.

We discuss our days, the silly occurrences that happened throughout the day, laughing easily.

My hand still roams as your voice envelopes me, relaxing me into a half sleep state. Slipping under the blanket, my fingers brush against my nipple. I gasp slightly as the ripples of electricity runs through my body. I can feel my body tightening up instantly.

You pause, mid-sentence. I lick my lips, my fingers pinching the hardened nipple slightly, just hard enough for a slight pain to make me shiver, for a soft moan to pass my lips and travel the miles to you.

"What are you doing, baby," you ask, the phone pressed against your ear even more, wanting to catch every sound possible.

"Noth...ing," I say, my voice catching on the word. I know how that effects you, when words get stuck in my mouth, cut off by the shivers running all over my body.

"Baby, are you being bad," you say, your hand starting to roam also. You pull your shirt off quickly, not wanting to miss anything I do or say. You toss it into the dark, the moonlight bouncing off it as it lands at the foot of your bed somewhere. Suddenly, the soft cotton of your boxers starts to feel too tight.

"No," I whisper, my fingers dancing lower across my skin, slipping into the thin elastic band encircling my waist. I can hear you sigh heavily and I know your hand is working its way down also.

"Are you being bad," I say, rubbing my stomach, the material soft against my hand. I close my eyes, biting my lip as I listen to you.

"Maybe," you answer. I can hear the smile on your face and I know you are being bad without me already.

"Does it feel good," I ask, my fingers slipping further down. I hold the gasp back a little as my fingers find my clit.

"Yessss," you moan, almost hissing your reply. You groan softly as your hand starts touching your cock. You feel your body waking up, hardening so quickly at the sounds of my soft moans.

"Let it out. You know how much I love to listen to you, baby," I moan, my lips pouting as my fingers start rubbing, slowly, the wetness smooth and warm.

"I know. I know," you say breathlessly, your cock hard in your hand, the phone pressed hard against your ear. You feel the sweat on your forehead as your hand starts moving a little faster, matching the rhythm of my sighs and moaning. You let out a deep guttural moan that reverberates in my ear, sending a shiver through my body that makes me tense up from head to toe.

My fingers start rubbing harder, tiny circles around the slippery nub. I pull my legs up, my knees falling open to the bed. I feel the sweat on my forehead, on my arms as I work my fingers quickly, feeling my pussy clenching. I slide my fingers from my underwear and move them to my mouth.

"Listen, baby," I say, sucking my fingers loudly, letting it slide all the way in, my pussy juices salty on my skin. I work my tongue and lips around my finger, pretending it is your cock, imagining your hands on the back of my head, forcing me to take you in my mouth.

"Oh my God, baby, oh my God. You know I love that, " you say, whimpering slightly as I continue to suck, letting it pop out of my mouth loudly. I know you are stroking your cock quicker, feeling your heart beating in your hand. Your stomach tightens up as you feel that familiar tingle running down your legs and around your groin.

"Mmm, I know, baby, I know. I taste so good, too. I taste so good," I say, rubbing my lips with my fingers on my lips, the smell of my pussy still strong.

"Don't stop playing. Keep playing," you moan, your hips jerking slightly as your body tenses up even more. You stop, reaching for the tiny tube on your nightstand. You know it will feel even more amazing when you get the slippery oil on your hand.

I reach to my night stand and find my toy, the tiny vibrating egg. I quickly push it against my clit and push the button on the remote that turns it on. A zing runs through me, causing my back to arch, making my soft moan turn into a loud scream.

"Oh...my...God," I say, starting to whimper softly. The whimpering tightens, turning into a slight squeal. I start moving the toy around, the vibrations making my pussy tighten even more. I feel my stomach tighten, the muscles sending slight spasms through my stomach. I arch my back sharply, my toes stretched out.

You are rubbing your cock with your hand, now all wet and slippery from the lube you are using. It feels so much

better, so much like my pussy. You let out a loud moan, gritting your teeth. The beads of sweat rolls down your face, into your eyes as you keep jerking off, feeling the tension building up so quickly.

"Baby, baby, baby," I start moaning, chanting your name softly, a beacon in your ear, cheering you on. My breathing starts coming in short gasps, stopping as my body tightens up.

You are moaning, your hand moving smoothly, circling your cock, tightening, clenching. You can feel your body tightening, can feel your body getting closer to exploding, to releasing.

"Wait for me, baby, please. Come with me," you plead with me, licking your lips, the phone having disappeared.?? You can now envision me laying beneath you, my eyes looking into yours. You can feel my legs around your hips, can smell sex in the air. Behind my closed eyes, I imagine you, biting your lip as you get closer. I imagine your hands on my hips, me rocking above you, your cock deep inside me. I feel my pussy clenching, feeling my body twitching.

"Oh, please, please, push me over, baby. Push me," I beg you, knowing you know what I am wanting. I am squirming around on the bed, my knees rocking back and forth as I get closer and closer, the dam in my body barely holding.

"Uh-huh??huh. You're such a bad girl. Such a bad little slut," you say, the dirty words rolling out your mouth, sounding so wrong coming from you. I feel the dam bursting as I lose control.

"I'm coming, I'm coming. Baby, baby, pleasssse,"?? I say, my voice close to a scream as I feel my pussy clenching tightly, the juices sliding out my body, settling in the creases of my ass. I heard you groan deeply, breathing quicker and faster.

"Oh, God, please. Oh,baby, tell me where you want it. Beg for it, baby, beg," you say, your body screaming at you, like a storm building up inside your body.

I keep rubbing my clit, moaning.

"Baby, please. I want it so bad. Please, I want it in my pussy, you know that. Please, fill me up," I beg, my eyes clenched as I feel another wave starting to rock my body. It is like a ripple, rising from the previous orgasm. I listen as you grunt, moaning loudly.

"Oh. baby, I'm coming. Right in your tight, wet pussy. Oh, my God. Right there,"?? you say, your body exploding in a quick rush of heat, mixed with the stickiness spurting out your cock. I listen to you, knowing you are coming hard.

My body clenches quickly, tight as I come hard and fast, my moans mixed with yours, our breathing heavy, running along the phone lines, making the miles between us disappear with the simple act of dialing.

In my mind, you are next to me, your face covered in a shiny coat of sweat, your cheeks flushed slightly as you catch your breathe. I smile, listening as we breathe together, sighing as we fall into that comfortable silence.

"Are you okay, baby," you ask, sitting up. The sheet peels off your body silently. The smell of sweat and sex is stirred up, mixed with a hint of jasmine. I smile, rising from my bed also, stumbling in the dark.

"Yeah, I'm okay. I always am with you," I reply, flipping the light switch on.

You sit on the bed, listening as I move around, your heart racing still.

"Shower time," I say, feeling the words stuck in my throat. I know what I want to say but I hold back.

"Mhmm," you say. The sound sends shivers up my spine.

"Okay, well I will talk to you later," I say, hating the good byes. I feel my heart sink, knowing I will hang up soon.

"Okay," you reply, feeling the exact same as me.

"Bye, baby," I say, sighing.

"Bye," you reply. I hold the phone by my ear, letting it drop away from my mouth, waiting for you to hang up. I never hang up first. The sound of the click echos in my ear, sounding so final, so absolute. I set the phone down and walk to the shower, to wash away playtime from my body.

Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Bittersweet

Music:

11:24 PM

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Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Bittersweet

Music:

Sun, 23 Nov 2008

11:28 PM

Shhh!!

I close my eyes as we walk into the building, the glass doors streak free as we enter, the musty smell hitting us both at the same time. It is a comfortable quiet, the shuffling of feet against carpet barely audible. I squeeze your hand tightly, a secret message going back and forth between us in our rhythm.

The tight white t-shirt clings to the curve of my breasts, no bra lines marring the simple smoothness. My shorts are almost too short, my long legs made to look longer by the skimpiness of the denim. Tiny strings hang from the material, tickling against sensitive skin right under my ass cheeks. I walk ahead of you, my hand trailing behind me, still locked with yours.

You stare at my legs, watching my ass move as as I walk. The t shirt is tied around my waist and you can see my

lower back, your eyes tracing the curve, the slight indent. I look over my shoulder at you, smiling, biting the tip of my tongue as I catch you staring.

"Baby, I say, my voice whining a little as I wrinkle my nose up playfully. My eyes skim over you, your jeans tight in all the right places. Your black hoodie is soft and comfortable from being worn so often.

"Why are we here again," you ask, dragging your feet as we enter into the main lobby area. The shelves of books loom around us, the discolored spines stare at us, questioning our intentions. I giggle, the sound echoing off the high, empty ceilings.

"Because I have research to do. For my class," I say, untangling my fingers from yours gently. You let out a soft moan, not wanting to be there, ruining a perfectly good day when you could be outside. You watch me walk away, leaving me to look through magazines and books on my own. In a childish huff, you walk off, pouting.

I smile at you as I pick up books I need, setting them down on the table. I lean over, pushing my ass out, the shorts creeping up even higher, the cheeks of my ass peeking out. As I read, I mindlessly rock my hips back and forth, my ass wiggling slowly.

You look up from a magazine, seeing my body moving, my hair falling over my shoulders. Licking your lips, you just stare, watching as I move, unintentionally driving you crazy. The images run in your head, fast forward porn of all the things you'd do to me. Of all the things I'd let you do. Flashing pictures of our bodies, sweaty, moving, writhing together. You can almost hear the sounds, the whimpering, the moaning. Without realizing it, your jeans started to feel uncomfortable, tighter. Looking around, you try to see if anyone is watching so you can quickly adjust yourself.

I smile, biting my lip, feeling your eyes running over my body. I bent my leg, letting the tiny white sandal hang off of my toe, bopping it around a little. Your eyes trace the arch of my foot, tiny bits of summer grass stuck on the bottom. The tiny silver anklets slides around, the butterfly and musical notes dangling from the thin chain. You can almost feel the smoothness of my legs, the almond lotion having done its job in keep my skin soft.

You do not even realize you had risen from the chair until you were feet from me. Your hands moved on their own, brushing my hips gently, your fingers pushing into the denim band of my shorts.

I gasp softly, standing up, feeling your hips press against my ass. My eyes flutter closed as I sigh, feeling you rock me slowly back and forth. I press my hands to the table, keeping balance. The slight roughness of the wood is hard against my skin, cool from the air conditioner they have cranked down to 60. I feel my nipples tighten, pressing against the soft fabric.

You rub your warm against my exposed back, the palms pressing slightly, forcing my knees to buckle a little, letting me know who was in control. I could feel my clit twitching, keeping in time with my heart. My eyes swim around the pages of the book, trying to focus, trying to push the moan away that threatens to pass by my lips.

You watch as the goose bumps rise up on my body, a visible shiver passing through my body. You move your hands around to my waist, nudging me to stand up.

I move slowly, your hands spanning my body possessively. I arch my back, pressing my ass into your hips. I lay my head on your shoulder, the smell of your cologne strong, engulfing me in your scent. My eyes clench shut as I feel

your hands caress my stomach, your fingers raking across me slightly, the contrast sharp against the gentleness of your movements. I feel your fingers toying with the button on my shorts. My eyes snap open, remembering where we are.

"You can't do that here," I whisper, my voice hissing to keep quiet. My hand covers your quickly, pressing your hand to a standstill. I feel your fingers moving, tickling against me, trying to break free. I suppress a giggle and pull away, moving like a deer, hopping away from you as you follow, your hands grazing, brushing against my skin.

We hear a disapproving cough from the front desk, the librarian giving us a stern look. You stop, smiling with all the charm you had. Your eyes twinkle brightly as you silently apologize to the older woman, grabbing my hand and pulling me away from the table, delving us deeper between the tall shelves of dusty books. The lighting seems to fade away, becoming dimmer to hide our secret, closing in on us as hands begin to explore the further we go.

We hit a wall covered in an old yellowed map, the books on the shelves covered in a thin layer of dust. Your hands find my hips, pulling me close to you.

"No one comes back here," you whisper, your mouth already close to my ear, hot on my skin.

"I know," I reply, my ass pushing back into you. My clit starts twitching, my thin panties already soaked from the excitement. I turn, looking at you, the fire hot in my eyes. You push me against the wall, my back hitting it hard. The moan rises in my throat as I watch you slowly unbutton my top, fingering each clear plastic button for what seems like ages. The moan pushes up in the back of my throat, a small whimper coming out. Your eyes flash to me, the threat loud and clear.

"You have to be quiet or we will get caught," you growl through clenched teeth, a smile playing at your lips as you push the thin white cotton away from my bare breasts, the air conditioner having done their job too well. My nipples are painfully hard, begging for your warm mouth. My hands flutter nervously around, not wanting to touch you, not wanting to guide you. I want to see where you will take this yourself.

You see my hands moving, full of questions. In a quick movement, you pin them to the wall next to my shoulders. A sharp intake of breathe followed by a soft moan lets you know it is exactly what I wanted from you.

"Mmhhh, you like that, don't you baby," you say, gripping my wrists tighter, pressing your body hard against mine. I can feel the softness of your hoodie brush against my skin. I shiver, my knees shaking a little. I bite my lip as you kiss me softly on the lips, the sparks lighting across our bodies at the same time. The grip on my wrists loosen as your fingers move down my arms, a fiery trail blazing where you touch.

Your hands finally come to rest on my hips, your fingers digging into my skin as our kiss deepens, our breathing jagged and harsh as we try to mesh our bodies together. My tongue teases against your lower lip, testing you to see if you want to move further, to take things higher, the let the passion and fire explore one another. I feel your tongue accept my invitation, initial hesitation replaced by aggression. Our lips bruise each other as the gentleness turns to want, straight forward need. Your hands hold my face tightly as my arms snake around you, my leg moving up around your waist, trying to pull you closer, impossibly closer.

You hand runs up my leg, sliding under the scrap of material I call shorts. You cup my ass, surprisingly bare. I feel your fingers tease along my tender wet pussy lips. I let out a soft moan, only to have your hand cover my mouth

quickly. My eyes flash to you as your fingers move move, sliding in slowly, filling me. My leg buckles, my moan softened by your hand. I start rocking my hips, fucking your hand.

My mouth is hot on your hand, my hair pressed up rough against the wall. Your thumb finds my throbbing clit, quickly rubbing it, tiny circles that push me over the edge. You watch as my eyes roll back. You feel my pussy clenching tightly around your fingers. Your hand hides the deep moan I let out as I come hard against you, my back arching and bucking against you.

My breathing starts to calm down. I bite my lip as you slowly remove your fingers from my sopping wet pussy. My clit throbs slightly, the after shocks still running through my body, each tiny pulse rocking me slightly. You move your hand away from my mouth, the imprint slightly visible. My leg slides from your hand back to the floor. You raise your other hand, sliding one wettened finger into my mouth. I suck my juices from your finger, working it like I plan on working your cock.

You watch as your finger slides in and out, my lips pouty around it. I stare you in the eyes, knowing what you are thinking, imagining.

You watch as I smile in the afterglow of my orgasm. You laugh as I slide down the wall, kneeling on the floor. Your laugh quickly turns to deeper, more animal sounds as I undo your jeans. I pull out your cock, taking you in my mouth, my wet kitten tongue cradling it. My hands move around your body, clutching your ass tightly, pulling your hips toward me.

You fall forward, catching yourself on the wall. You look down, watching my head as I work my mouth's magic. You move your hands to my head, twirling my hair up into your hands, moving your hips with my rhythm, fucking my mouth gently. My finger dig in sharper, my nails cutting a little. You look down to see me, staring straight into your eyes.

My eyes are on fire, begging you to go faster, begging you silently to fill my mouth. You feel a shiver move up your body as you start moving, bucking a little faster. The soft whimpering coming from me almost pushes you over. You feel yourself on the brink of exploding, your body tight, shaking.

I stop sucking, your cock sliding out slowly. I look up at you, my eyes wide.

"Please, baby. I want this so bad," I say, my words slow and husky. I smile slightly as my mouth goes back to work, knowing the words only drive you higher. I close my eyes, relaxing in the rhythm and the soft moans we both make.

As I open my eyes, I see your cover you mouth tightly. I can taste you, the saltiness only a preview. I move my hand from your hip, cupping your balls, feeling them tighten as you explode in my mouth. I massage them, swallowing every drop as you come, licking my lips as you slide out.

I smile up at you, biting my lower. I slowly button my shirt.

"Ready to go," I ask, standing up.

"What about your research for class," you ask, running your hands over my hips. I giggle softly, pulling my hair into an impromptu ponytail.

"What research? I just came here to play. I don't even have anything due in that class," I say, turning and walking down the aisle, smiling at you over my shoulder.

Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Mischievous

Music:

Sun, 14 Sep 2008

1:48 PM

Under the Stars- Part 2- In the Club

I thought of the crowd of your friends, all of their faces different but similar somehow. It had been a week since they had watched us from the cliff. After the initial awkwardness,- it was almost back to normal. I wasn't completely surprised when you started driving down the bumpy road that weekend, turning off onto a different road I had not noticed before.

"I thought we were going to the field,"- I say, looking over my shoulder at the road disappearing-. You smile, shaking your head as the car creeps up a slight hill. My eyes narrow at you.

"Are we going to the house,"- I ask, my voice barely above a whisper. You nod, not saying anything.

"I didn't know I was in the club," I say, mumbling a little at not having received a formal invitation to their little secret society. You shrug, nonchalantly-, pulling in front of the large house, the dark wood making it blend in with its surroundings- easily.

"The guys like you. No girls get asked to join. You're the first,"- you say, as you open my door for me. I smile, tilting my head to the side.

"Really,"- I say, my nose crinkling up as I smile. You laugh nodding as you open the door, calling out to your friends. I smile at the guy who greets up, his bright blue eyes lighting up as he sees me, his mess of curls clashing with the calmness of his eyes.

"Hey! So you do know why we are here," he asks quietly as we all walk to the large living room, overlooking the field. I could see why the house was near invisible to anyone in the field below now. It was nestled between large stone, almost built from the rock itself it seemed.

"I know," I say, short and simple. He nods once, walking into the room, sitting down on a couch. I look around, noticing one of group is gone, the tall lanky kid with a great smile.. I realize he must be tonight's main attraction. You walk off, your fingers leaving mine slowly as you walk to the window, peering into a telescope.

"Hey! What's up," the blond guy says loudly, smiling widely, holding out a beer bottle in a silent offer. I smile, sitting down, shaking my head no.

"Not much," I reply, watching him walk off to the window, picking up a pair of binoculars. I watch out the window as the sky starts getting dark. I know they must have arrived because the rest of the guys move toward the window, the energy alive in the room. I look around, realizing I am the only girl with them.

"Baby,"- you look at me, motioning for me to join you. I get up, the butterflies dancing in my stomach. I am not sure I want to watch but at the same time I feel drawn to clear expanse of glass.

I look at your other friends, one a shorter guy with glasses holding a pair of binoculars up to his face.

"Man, these things don't work right with glasses,"- he grumbles under his breathe, his mouth twisted in a half smile, half smirk. I laugh softly, relaxing a little. They are all acting exactly as they did before, when we had went to the bar or just sat around, talking. I feel your hand on my waist, guiding me a little to the telescope.

I look at you, biting my lip a little. I lean over, my eye pressed up against the lens. The couple comes into view quickly. The tall blond is talking to the guy, laughing, her face broken by a huge smile. She is wearing a bright yellow shirt and shorts. The guy is wearing a black button up shirt, jeans and a black baseball cap. He is building a fire, stacking the logs in a pile. As he starts setting the tent up, she sits down, watching.

I poke you in the back playfully.

"See? Girls just don't that. Guys do it. We watch you," I say, poking you again, giggling. You smile at me, shaking your head.

"Oh, here we go," the guy with glasses says, leaning forward. I hear his glasses hitting the lens, causing me to laugh again. You hand me a pair of binoculars, and just like that I am standing next to the couple as they silently kiss, his hands moving awkwardly along her sides, over her hips. Her eyes pop open as he grabs her jean clad ass, lifting her around his waist.

She is now face to face with him, her legs wrapped around his waist. I watch as they kiss gently, her not afraid of falling at all. I feel your hand brush my hip, your fingers rubbing against the edge of my skirt. I feel you hook into a belt hoop as you tug me closer. You press your body up against mine, your white polo shirt a contrast to my short black shirt, tied around my waist, showing my belly. I feel your fingers brushing on my bareness, the goosebumps rising quickly. I hold the binoculars, watching, feeling your hands on my body. I fight the urge to look at you, just enjoying where your hands are leading.

The living room is dark, the only light coming from the fire in the field and the sky with the fading light. I watch as the couple move to a laying position, as he pulls the shirt over her head. I feel your mouth moving on the back of my neck, your face buried in my hair, the smell of green apples surrounding you.

You kiss me, as I tilt my head a little. You feel my back arch a little, pushing my ass into you. You look over at the others, seeing that they are watching us more than they are watching the field. You smile a little, moving your face back into my hair.

I feel your hands moving down to the edge of my short lacy skirt, the edge barely covering my ass cheeks. I gasp softly as I feel your fingers run over the string of my thong, tugging a little, causing the material to pull against my clit. I put my hand on the glass to keep from falling to the floor as you pull in a slow rhythm. I lower the binoculars slowly, setting them on a table.

You wrap one hand around my waist while the other one moves to find my pussy, already aching from your pulling. I push both hands to the glass, the sky dark, marred only by the distant fire. No one is watching the telescopes or binoculars anymore. Their eyes are turned toward us, relaxing on the couches and chairs, their bodies fading into the shadows.

You forget they are there, their eyes and hands busy as they watch. You pull my skirt up over my hips, your hands cupping my body. I turn around as you push me against the window, my ass pressed against the glass. You cup my face, your lips gently on mine as you seemingly breathe life into me, your shoulders hunched up as the kiss deepens, my hands on yours. Your hands move to my hair, tangling in it, pulling me closer, our bodies hard against each other.

I am breathless as our tongues tease each other, as I run my tongue over your lower lip, nipping at it playfully. You groan, stumbling back, blindly finding the couch. You are faintly aware of the other guys watching but ignore the sounds coming from the shadows. I fall back onto the tan leather couch, the material soft and smooth as butter. Your body follows, covering mine.

I pull the polo over your head, the t-shirt under it coming with as I toss them aside. You start unbuttoning the tiny buttons on the black shirt, untying the knot that rests under my ribs, inches from the swell of my breasts. You slide the material open, my breasts bare in the faint moonlight. I stare at you as you lean forward, taking one tight nipple in your mouth as your hand occupies the other breast.

I turn my head, looking at the various watchers, their hands moving in and out of shadows quietly. I smile, looking back at you as your mouth moves over my body, moving to my neck, biting and sucking on my ear lobe. I try holding

in my moan, afraid your friends will think I am too weird when I hear a soft moan from the darkness. I answer the moan with my own, as you start whispering in my ear.

"Baby, this is hot. They all want you, but I have you. They can want all they want but I'm never letting go of you, baby," you say, your lips tickling my skin. I feel you pulling at the strings that create my thong, feeling them popping, ripping apart. My fingers work at the button your black slacks as your fingers slide into my pussy, rubbing my clit quickly. I feel it throbbing, it feeling it like it could push your fingers away.

The moans from the shadows get louder as you enter me, my legs finding their familiar places around your waist, locking to pull you into me deeper.

"Oh my God," I heard a shadow say as you start thrusting, your jaw tensing up as move faster. I wrap my arms around your neck, moaning loudly, the movement of your dick inside feeling so good. The sounds our bodies make is wet and sweaty as I move to match you, your grunts drown out by my moans. I can feel the static in the air, can smell the sex mixed with sweat as everyone moves toward the same goal.

"Harder-, baby, harder,"- I plead with you, feeling almost like I am fucking everyone in the room at the same time. I hear your grunts, as well as the others', pick up speed and huskiness as you thrust harder, the material sticking to my sweaty body, the sound of your body hitting hard against mine louder than the moans and whimpers of the shadows. You move fast and hard, shutting out the sounds of your friends as much as possible. You know they all want me and am still amazed that I picked you. You look at me, my face in a half lidded state of relaxation, with each thrust, a whimper erupts, each one sharper and shorter than before. You start to recognize the pattern, knowing I am nearing your goal. My hair is messed up, a tangled mess surrounding my face, getting messier the more you move.

I look up at you, smiling slightly, through my moans and whimpers, feeling the coil within my body tighten, can almost feel the metal warming up the closer I get to coming. I lick my lips, feeling your face close to mine.

"Do it baby, just let go," you whisper, the muscles in your arms twitching as you hold back, wanting me to come first. You know the exact word to say to push me over.

"Baby girl," you whisper, feeling my body jerking as the words leave my mouth, my pussy clenching, devouring you.

"Oh my God, I think she is coming,"- you hear a voice whisper, between grunts, making you thrust harder, making my climax seem to last forever. The deep groans I let out hang in the air.

"Baby,"- I whine, my hands grabbing your ass, digging my nails into your skin, sending you over, filling my wetness with your come. You thrust harder, getting everything out, your body relaxing against mine, the sweaty sex warm on our bodies.

I feel my eyes sliding down, heavy with sleep. The last thing I remember is someone laying a blanket over me and seeing the backs of everyone looking out the window again.

"She's definitely in the club," the blond guy says, smiling at you.

Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Excited

Music:

Sat, 13 Sep 2008

2:03 AM

Under the Stars

The weather outside the car was not very promising. The clouds were low and gray, heavy with possible rain. I could feel the chill in the air the further north we drove, it stabbing into my bare skin like tiny knives.

"Maybe we should find a nice motel or something,"- I say, looking at you, your eyes focused on the road. The

camping equipment and coolers filled the backseat to the brim, threatening to migrate to the front seat with us. I pushed a blanket out of the way angrily, staring at you.

"Hello?- Motel,"- I say a little louder, as we pass through a small town full of the little places, all quaint with their flowerboxes and shiny brass numbers on the peeling doors. You smile at me, driving out of the town, leaving our last hope of a warm night behind. I lay back in the seat, pouting. I feel sleep pulling my eyes shut and I give in.

When I open my eyes, I see that you have stopped. The sky is darker, the air colder than before. I do not recognize the road or the surroundings-

"Where are we," I ask, my voice thick with sleep.

"It's a surprise,"- you say, looking out the window, turning onto a small bumpy road. The trees and bushes move in the further we go, creating a darkened canopy over the car, some of the branches whipping into the windows, stinging red marks on my arm.

And just like that, you pull into a clearing. The field is huge, with the river running right along it. A small waterfall flows from a cliff overhead. I get out of the car, walking stunned, looking around at the beauty of it. It is like a hidden gem, forgotten by humanity, untouched by humans. I squint my eyes and gasp, seeing a deer flit off into the woods quickly, the white tail flashing as she leaves.

"How did you find this? This is beautiful,"- I say, turning to look at you. You walk up behind me, wrapping your arms around my shoulders.

"My family owns the land. We used to come here as kids, go camping, fishing,"- you explain, your chin resting on my shoulder, your voice hot in my ear. I shiver, not sure if it from the air or your close proximity.

"Well, let's get set up, hmm," you say, moving away. I watch you walk back to the car, pulling coolers and duffel bags out of the packed vehicle. I walk slowly, trying to avoid helping you pack the heavy stuff. You turn, glaring at me as I pick up a pillow and a blanket, moving slowly.

"If you do not help, you will get punished so bad,"- you growl, carrying a large blue cooler packed with alcohol and ice. I look at you, raising an eyebrow.

"You? Punish me? I doubt that," I say, tossing the items down to the ground, following closely with myself. You look at me, smirking.

"You're- asking for it," you say, going back to the car for more bags. I shrug, laughing as you pull the tent bag to the clearing. As you start piecing it together, I look around, wondering how far the nearest house is. I see a dark shadow on top of the cliff, the sky already too dark for me to really make out the mass.

"Is that a house,"- I ask you, pointing. You glance up, shrugging silently, still fiddling with the cords and poles. I stare at the dark shadow creature, am almost certain it is a house. I look back at you, eyeing you as you avoid looking at me. Eventually the pile of poles and material start to resemble a tent of sorts. A little lopsided maybe but a tent nonetheless.-

I picked up the blanket and pillows, dragging them over the dirt, not really caring where I lay down for the night.

"Put them over there for now. I plan on starting a fire soon. It is getting too dark, too fast," you say, digging the last of the metal stakes into the ground. I roll my eyes and make a small palette, spreading it out, and laying down. That is when I realize how many stars are out tonight, the glow of the full moon bright in the sky, casting a bluish white glow over me.

"Wow,"- I whisper, feeling myself floating into the sky. I turn my head, watching you. You walk over to me, carrying an armload of logs that you had brought in the trunk. As you light the fire, I see a flicker of light from the cliff.

"Was that a light,"- I ask you, staring at the cliff. You look up at the cliff, shrugging.

"Maybe it was just a lightning bug," you say, glaring hard at the shadow. The fire catches, casting a glow on our faces, warm and snugly.

"Do you want to go swimming,"- you ask, looking over your shoulder towards the river. I nod, rising from the blanket, taking your hand. We walk across the field, the tall grass brushing against our legs as we neared the water. You glance over my head, looking up toward the cliff, the mass larger than before, right on top of us, right beside the

waterfall.

I smile at you, pulling my shirt over my head. I am not wearing a bra and my breasts glow in the bright moonlight. You look at me, smiling, holding your hands out to me. I walk over, pressing up against you. You turn me around, my back on your chest as you reach around, cupping them firmly, massaging them roughly. I moan, laying my head back on your chest.

"Oh this feels so good," I say, my eyes closed. I feel your hands moving down my stomach, your fingers working quickly on the silver button under my navel. You push them down quickly, the silk of my underwear going with it. Within seconds, I am standing there naked, not really sure how I got there so quickly.

My eyes are heavy with lust as I turn to look at you. I run my hands up your chest, pulling at the material of your shirt, untucking it from your black jeans. I pull it over your head, the moon casting your skin in an eerie glow, matching mine. You lean your head down, kissing me gently on the mouth, cupping my face tightly. I blindly work your belt and zipper, pushing them down. Soon, you are naked as I am, our bodies close and warm to each other's. I pull away, walking into the water. The coldness surprises me, but I keep walking, the icicles creeping up my legs.

"Oh my God," I moan, wrapping my arms around my body, jumping from one foot to the other. You smile, covering your mouth with your fist as you watch me dance naked under the moon, stifling a laugh. You slowly walk towards me, braving the water. You suppress a groan as your skin hits the water.

"Fuck,"- you say, backing up. You watch as I stare at you, diving under the inky black water, my body making the moon's reflections wobble and buckle wildly. The smile fades a little the longer I stay gone. The reflection settles and clears again, making my heart race. You have been gone too long.

You call my name, looking around. I laugh from the under the waterfall, waving my arm at you.

"Come get me," I call to you, laughing as you dive under, moving smoothly through the frigid water. I step under the falling water, letting it hit me on the head and face as you get closer. The rivers of water slide over my body, cupping around my breasts like pebbles in a stream. You stand up, your eyes shifting quickly towards the cliff as you near me.

"What is up there,"- I ask you, looking up at the darkness that I am positive is of a house. I see the light glint again, like a lighter flicking on quickly.

You look up, the dread entering your stomach. If only they had been more careful. If only I had not noticed so much, so quickly.

"It is the watchers. I am part of this club, you might say. It is pretty easy to figure it out, what the club does." you say, pulling me towards you. I stare at you, a half smile jumping across my face.

"They watch? Who are they," I ask, my hands moving across your skin, glancing up at the house. You look at me, questions in your eyes.

"You know them. You've met them," you say slowly, watching my face for a reaction. My mouth drops a little, realizing the group of friends you had introduced me to was the ones in the house, watching us this very moment.

"Well, let's give them something to watch,"- I say, turn around to face the water. You groan softly, running your hands over my hips. You look up, knowing the telescope and binoculars are focused on us. You grin, shaking your head, smiling in disbelief. You can almost imagine the guys watching in amazement as I look up toward the darkness, my eyes searching for a sign of life.

"Can they turn a light on so I can know where to look," I ask, swaying my ass against your groin, the water rocking us in its natural weightlessness-ss. You swallow hard, raising a hand over your head, giving a thumbs up. A light comes on, the outline of the house clear now. I stare, my mouth open wide as I see a small crowd of people, grouped around several telescopes aimed at us. I can almost make out the features of some of the guys, their names running through my head. I know I will never look at them the same.

I smile at them, pushing my lips out in a sexy pout. You look over my shoulder at the house, your hands moving over my breasts, cupping them. You pinch my nipples hard, making me gasp loudly. I feel my knees buckle a little.

"Let's go back to the shore,"- I say, pulling away from you a little. You follow, your lips tasting my skin with each

step I take. We near the grassy edge, our pile of clothing where we left them. As we leave the water, I know the telescopes are following every move.

I turn, kissing you, wrapping my arms around you neck, pulling you close to me. You moan, your arms cupping my ass roughly.

I sigh, feeling your fingers get close to my pussy, tickling against the tender swollen lips between my legs. I pull my legs around your waist, locking my ankles behind your back. You bury your face between the valley between my breasts, the mounds pressed together tightly between my arms. I lock my arms behind your head, kissing your all over your face, my lips brushing against your nose and cheeks.

You slowly lay me down on the grass, pointing our heads towards the house so the group doesn't get a closeup of your ass. I unlock my legs, my knees falling open as you kiss my shoulders, biting my neck, blazing a trail down my body, setting my nerves and skin on fire.

"Baby, please,"- I whisper, my hands touching the top of your head as you kiss lower. I moan, my clit throbbing hard. Your lips tease me, coming close to satisfying me but never hitting the bullseye. My hips jump, trying to guide you to my clit. I let out a soft growl as you keep teasing.

A deep moan erupts from my mouth as your mouth finds my clit, sucking it hard. I arch my head back, opening my eyes briefly, feeling the eyes on my from above. I feel your fingers slide in, thrusting deep as your mouth keeps working my clit. Your tongue moves quickly, flicking and circling quickly. My hands move over my breasts, touching them, squeezing them. I know this is driving them crazy on the cliff. I can almost feel the electricity in the air as they watch.

You move away from my pussy, moving up my body, your body pressed against mine. I feel you wrap your fingers around my wrists, pushing them over my head to the rough ground. I feel your push deep into me, in one swift movement. I gasp loudly, in surprise and shock. My pussy is so tight, it is almost hard for you to slide in and out.

"Do it baby. You won't hurt me," I moan, moving my wrists around, loving that you tighten your grip on them as I struggle a little. You push into me harder, my hips rising up to meet yours full force. Your hips bones collide slightly, making us groan in pain. A small laugh bubbles out.

"Oh baby, your laugh,"- you whisper, leaning close to my ear. Your thrusting becomes less hard as you move slowly, pushing in deep. Your hands move from my wrists as our fingers intertwine, locking together. I flex my arms, helping you gain leverage to get deeper. I bite my lip as I feel my body rising higher, a violin bow being tightened slowly, one twist at a time. With each thrust, I moan softly, watching your face as you hold back from coming too fast.

"Baby, please, I want you to. Come for me, bay," I beg you, squeezing my fingers with yours. You let out a loud groan, feeling your body give in as you listen to me beg for your come. I close my eyes, whimpering as you fill me. I feel my pussy clenching, twitching as I come, our climaxes overlapping each others. Our moans intermingle,- becoming one loud drawn out groan as our bodies jerk, twitching against each other. I inhale deeply, raggedly as you move off of my body.

"Think they enjoyed the show," I ask you, snuggling my head against your shoulder. You laugh, the sound like a bell in your throat.

"I hope so, baby," you reply, your eyes closing slightly, sleep threatening to over take us.

"Let's go back to the tent. So we can rest up for later,"- I say, smiling at you. You look at me, grinning.

"Later,"- you ask. I nod, smiling.

"Privat-e showing though. Only you and me," I say, kissing you hard on the mouth before getting up to leave.

Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Devious

Music:

Fri, 12 Sep 2008

8:09 PM

The Shower Scene

I look up, watching you walk through the door. I could smell the sun on your skin, even from across the room. The fatigue is loud as you sigh, pulling your jacket off and setting it on the arm of the ugly squeaky couch we had found at a yard sale. You loosened your tie, the stress rolling off your shoulder slowly as each piece of clothing is removed. I set my book down, staring at you. You smile at me, knowing I am licking my lips like a dog wanting a bone.

You start unbuttoning the white dress shirt, making the face I know and love so well. I smile, holding in a small laugh. You push the black dress pants down, the rubber duckie boxers clashing with the stern look of the rest of the outfit. The laugh bubbles out, loud and breathless as you strike a pose.

I let out a small yelp as you jump on me, pushing me back onto the couch, the frame squeaking loudly in protest.

"This will teach you to laugh at me," you say, pinning my wrists down over my head. You lean forward, biting at my neck playfully. I buck, trying to escape you, twisting away from you for a split second.

"Lemme go. I won't laugh again, I promise," I move over, my stomach pressed to the couch now.

"Oh you offer up your ass? I accept," you say, smacking it lightly. I relax, giving up.

"Baby, all this playing made me sweaty and ewwie," I say, moving my butt back and forth. You look at me, your eyebrows raising a little.

"Ewwie? What is ewwie," you ask, smiling a little, moving off of me. I slide off the couch, the scratchy fabric leaving my skin reddened. I drop to the floor, my hair messed up from your attack.

"Like ewww, gross, sweaty," I said, attempting to fix the mess you created, my fingers acting roughly as combs. You sit next to me, leaning slightly, nudging me. I tense up, knowing you are about to do something.

"Ewwie like this," you said, rubbing your sweaty arms on mine. I push you away, screaming a little.

"Stop, ewwie, no," I say. I get up, looking down at you stretched out on the floor. I smile a little as I walk towards the bathroom.

"Now I have to take a shower," I say, biting my lower lip a little, hoping you take me up on the unsaid invitation.

You watch me walking away, reading between the lines very easily. You decide to play a different game. You shrug, picking up a magazine on the coffee table.

"Eh, okay. Have fun," you say, hiding your face behind the pages, biting the inside of your cheek to hold the laugh in. You peek over the edge, seeing me standing in the doorway, my hands on my hips, tapping my foot.

"Baby," I whine, letting it hang out a second or two too long. I smile as you toss the magazine down and get up, following me to the bathroom. I turn around to look at you, only to see you pass by the bathroom door and head into the bedroom. My eyes pop open as you show me what you have brought.

The small black camcorder fits into your hand snugly, only slightly bigger than a can of soda. I see the red light on the front blink on, staring at me, daring me to move and say something, to be forever captured on video.

I smile, looking for the camera to you, a small twinge of fear in my eyes. You smile, pushing your lips together in the pout I love. I move back a little, staring at the camera as I pull my black t shirt over my head slowly. I lick my lips as I turn around, my hair tickling against my back.

"Help me, baby," I say, barely loud enough for you to hear.

You stare at me on the lens, seeing me looking over my shoulder, the red straps of the bra crossing my skin. You reach forward, unsnapping my bra with one hand.

"Turn around slowly," you say, your voice deeper than before, thick with desire. My eyes burn into yours as I turn, my arms across my chest, pressing my breasts together tightly across my chest. I tilt my head a little to the side, lowering my arms slowly, letting you see what you have seen before. My nipples are hard from the excitement, from the seeing you holding the camera.

You look from the camera to me and back, your heart pounding. I start to unbutton my jeans, pushing them over my

hips slowly.

"Oh my God. Oh my God," you whisper, watching the material fall. I look at you, tangling my fingers into my hair and lifting it off my neck. You watch as the movement pushes my breasts up, like an offering to you.

The red scrap of underwear barely covers me, the tiny red bows on the hips sticking out a little. The lace is see thru and you can see my skin through the fabric. You lower the camera to focus on the red lace, zooming in, making my pussy fill your screen. You watch the screen as you see my fingers move into view. You feel your breathe catch in your throat as I slide my fingers into the underwear, pulling them down slowly. You swallow a groan as my nakedness appears, bare and smooth.

I reach out, my body bare for you to see.

"My turn," I say, waiting for the camera. You look at me, confused.

"What," you ask, not sure what to do. I smile, moving my fingers. You hold the camera out, suddenly not liking this idea as much as you did before. You watch as I turn the camera on you, the red light staring at its new victim.

"Come on baby. We got to both be stars in this video," I say, pouting a little as you stand there, not moving. The white dress shirt is open, your chest bare under it. Your boxers are low on your hips as I stand there waiting. You swallow, pulling the dress shirt off and letting it drop to the tiled floor. You look to the side, your reflection in the mirror. I move around so that I can see myself in the mirror behind you, holding the camera in front of me. You stare at the mirror, your eyes tracing my reflection. You feel your boxers shifting by themselves, tightening in your groin.

I smile as I watch you get aroused, moving the camera up and down your body. I move my leg and brace myself against the sink, my foot resting on the counter. You stand by my leg, rubbing your hand up and down the smoothness.

"Your turn," I say, holding the camera out to you, lowering my leg slowly. You take it as I move to the sink, sitting up on the cool surface. I watch as you stand back, your hand moving to your dick, rubbing it through the cotton absently as you watch me. I pull my knees up onto the counter, smiling at you as I pull them to my chest, pushing them open a little. You move the camera down, seeing my pussy pressed tight together, invitingly.

"Baby, this is so hot," you say, gasping as my fingers move down, as I slide one in, finding my clit. I close my eyes, sighing as I rub it slowly, feeling a slow tension build. You lean forward, my hand and pussy filling the screen.

"Yah, do that baby. Keep doing that," you say, as I moan softly. You move the camera up my body, past my knees, past my full breasts, to my face. I have my hand in my hair, my cheeks flushed slightly. I push my lips out, licking them. My eyes are closed as you watch my face, my mouth quivering a little as I feel myself get a little closer. You let out a groan, pushing the boxers down with one hand, trying to hold the camera steady on my face.

I open my eyes a little, seeing you naked in front of me. I move my hand away from my face, holding my hand out. You hand me the camera without a word. I glance down, knowing what you love to do. You kneel in front of me, burying your face without question. I focus the camera on your head, as you work your mouth on my clit. I moan loudly as you suck, flicking your tongue against it. I feel my body shaking a little as you pull me closer to the edge of the counter, running your tongue all along my wet slit. I feel you push your tongue inside. I whimper as you tongue fuck me, my knees shaking. I watch as your fingers clench my body, digging in sharply.

"Baby, baby, wait," I say breathlessly, not wanting to stop you but wanting to to feel you inside me. You pull back, looking into the camera, your mouth slick from my pussy. Your eyes burn hot as you look at me, the camera forgotten. You step back, letting me slide off the counter. I set the camera down, pointing it toward the shower, the clear glass doors imposing no problems.

I walk over, bending to turn the water on. You walk up behind me, grabbing my hips. I turn around, kissing you hard on the mouth, my hands holding your face as our lips bruise each other with our want, with our need. As I step into the shower, pulling you with me, our mouths never disconnect.

The water pours over us, cleaning the sweatiness away. Our kiss breaks, leaving us breathless and surprised. I stare at you, smiling. I glance over at the camera, the red light still glaring. Pushing you against the wall of the shower, I lower

myself under the spray. I run my hands over your dick, the water warm on your skin. I lean forward, taking you in my mouth.

You groan loudly, feeling the coolness of my mouth. Looking down, you watch as I move back and forth, my mouth and tongue knowing where to go to make the nerves stand on end. You close your eyes, moving your hands to my head, tangling your fingers in it, gently pulling me closer, deeper, following my rhythm. You feel me moving faster, can feel your body tensing up.

"Baby," you say, saying the exact same way I had. I stop, looking up at you. I move my mouth away, licking my lips. I slowly stand up, wrapping my arms around your shoulders, pressing my body against yours.

"I love you," I whisper, looking in your eyes, kissing your nose softly.

"I love you, too," you reply, making a face at my nose kiss. I feel you pushing me back against the shower wall, your dick hard between us. I brace my hand against the steamy shower wall, my hand leaving a mark as it slides down a little. I know that the camera won't be able to see much now because of the shower steam. You run your hands under my ass, lifting me up against your body. I wrap my legs around you as you slip inside smoothly. I groan, tightening my arms around you.

We move slowly, watching each other face as we bring each other closer. The water beats on your back, hitting my in the face a little. You move your hand to my face, wiping it away. The small move makes my stomach jump, in awe at your consideration. I feel myself tightening, as I lick my lips. I feel you moving harder, a little faster. I move my hips, finding the rhythm you created. My pussy tightens up as we connect, our hearts pounding as one. I breathe in harsh ragged breaths, mixed with loud whimpering and moans.

You watch as my face contorts, clenching tightly as my body does. The moans spill out of my mouth quicker as you thrust harder, the shower making it a little harder to stay close. You feel the tightening in your stomach, deep in your muscles as you watch my face.

"Baby, please, please, " I start begging you, the whining in my voice bringing you closer to coming. You feel my nails digging into your skin, the water making it sting a little. You feel me tensing up, my body going stiff. You watch as I inhale deeply, and stop breathing as my body takes over.

The inhaling and gasping keeps going until you feel my body squeezing so tight. You feel your body almost pleading with you to come. You hear the moans comign from me as I whisper please over and over to you, saying your name quickly.

I come hard and fast, my legs shaking around your waist. You follow my lead, filling my pussy with your come, your hips jerking as you get everything out. I feel the slipperiness of the come being washed away by the shower as you pull away from me.

We look to the camera seeing the light through the steam.

"This might be awesome on YouTube," you whisper, holding a laugh in as I smack you on the chest.

Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Chipper

Music:

Mon, 1 Sep 2008

9:22 PM

The Gamblers

I look in the mirror, pressing my lips together tightly, watching the lipstick fill out my lips beautifully.- I run my tongue over them, knowing you will love the color. It is the shade of my lips after a kiss, hard on my mouth. I stare into my eyes, the smoky eyeshadow the perfect touch. My hair is pulled up into two braids, hanging down beside my

ears.

My hands travel down baby pink cami, as I turn to look at my small ass in the mirror, covered in white capri pants. I could see the pink strings of the thong peeking over my hips. I smiled, knowing I had three hands of cards I could lose. I bite my lip, enjoying the look I give myself. I inhale deeply, knowing I am getting turned on already. I let a small giggle pass my lips, holding myself back. I know I have to wait.

I hear a knock at the door and walk slowly to open it, knowing you are on the other side.

You smile at me, that crooked smile that I love so much, that smile that let's me know you have something in mind.

You are wearing blue jeans, hanging low on your hips with a gray t-shirt a band name written across it. I pull the door open, letting you walk by. I watch your ass move as you walk, kicking your shoes off by the coat closet.

"I am assuming we are equal now, right? Three items,"- you say, looking over my body slowly, noticing my hard nipples pressing against the pink fabric. I smile, nodding.

"Yes, that is correct."- I say, following you slowly. We enter the kitchen, the bright lights dimmly lighting the table.

The deck of cards sits on the table, awaiting our game.

"It is your deal first,"- you say, sitting down in a chair. I move a chair out, sitting down slowly, arching my back out a little, knowing my shirt has risen over high on my back. I know you can see the tiny indents over my hips that I know you love.

Your eyes skim over my body, watching me move, knowing I am purposely arching. You smile at me, shuffling the cards a little. Hanging them to me, you let your fingers brush against my upturned wrist slightly.

I shiver, the feel of your fingertips soft on the thin skin. I can see my pulse slightly, throbbing visibly. I can feel your eyes on it, caressing me mentally.

"Are you ready to lose," I ask you, pushing my lips together in a pucker as I shift the cards around, dealing out 5 face down to each of us.

"Are you," you ask, picking your cards up, slowly. I watch your face as you stare at your cards, watching you move one around. I pick mine up, grinning as I see a pair of aces. I toss the 3 random cards to the table. You do likewise, licking your lips slowly.

I deal both of us three cards quickly. You pick your new ones up, holding in a smile as you see the hand you now have, consisting of 2 pairs. You lay your cards down, clasping your hands together as I sigh loudly, tossing my cards to the table.

"You win that round,"- I say, rolling my eyes. I look at you, smiling.

"What do I lose," I say, running the fingers over the straps of my top. You look down, nodding toward my capris. I get up and turn around, my ass facing you. I slowly unbutton them, the zipper mixing loudly with the sound you breathing heavily. I push them down, curving my back in as I do. The strings on my thong curve over my hips, the "y" dipping low on my back. I kick the discarded pants across the room, laughing as they land on the counter.

You watch my display, appreciating- the scantness of the thong. The sheer pink covers a small patch of freckles that are sprinkled across the area, breaking up the milkiness of my skin.

"My deal," you say, licking your lips. You pick the cards up, the cards moving through your hand like a Vegas dealer. The cards fly out of your hand in a blur of red and white. I pick my cards up, smiling down at the four heart cards. I toss back the oddball suit, biting my lower lip slightly. I fold the cards into a stack, awaiting my last card. You watch me, holding a laugh in at the Cheshire cat smile. You pick your cards up, seeing a mix and match of everything. You know you have lost this hand so you just pick two cards and toss them down. You slide me one card and take two for yourself. They are random cards and none match. You look to me, seeing the smile get bigger. I look down at the five cards, all red, all hearts. I lay them out, splayed wide open for you to see. You arch an eyebrow, looking them over.

"Impressive. You win. What will it be," you say, gathering the cards and rising to get two Code Reds from the fridge. Your familiarity with my kitchen makes me smile, small flutters dancing in my stomach.

"I pick your shirt,"- I say, opening the can as you hand it to me. You set the can down and smile at me, pulling the

shirt over your head. My eyes trace your long torso, the narrowing of your hips, smiling at the tiny trail of hairs on your stomach leading into your jeans.

"Nice,"- I say slowly, the words purring out of my mouth. I hold the cards out for you, my fingers wrapped tightly around them. As you reach for them, I pull them back, out of your reach. You try again and I once again pull away.

"Oh, is this how we are going to play," you ask, lunging at me. I let out a small scream as your body collides with mine. Your chest presses against mine. I hold the deck as far back as possible. You grab my wrist, interlocking- your fingers with mine. I feel my hand falling, relaxing as I look into your eyes. You lean forward slowly, squeezing my fingers.

"Got them," you say, grabbing the cards from me. You pull away, sitting back in your chair. You smile at me, wiggling your eyebrows at me, comically. I growl at you, holding in my laugh.

"You like it," you say, shuffling and dealing. I sit back, pouting as I look over my cards. I have three kings and two aces. I hold my pout on my face as you look at your cards. You look to me and I shake my head.

"I think I can beat you with this," I say, smiling. You shrug, laying down your cards. You have two pairs. I easily beat you with my hand but I fold my cards and toss them face down on the table.

"I lost," I say, blinking quickly at you.

"Right,- like I believe that expression,"- you say, gathering the cards without looking at them. " In that case, off comes your top." I smile, standing up. You watch as I climb onto the table, stretching and arching like a cat. I sit up on my knees, pulling the pink cami over my head, pulling it off slowly, my breasts high and proud. I pull my shoulders back, pushing my breasts forward.

You stare at me, your mouth dropping a little. Your eyes dance over my hard nipples that you are displaying for me. You stand up, taking one hard bud into your mouth, biting it roughly as you suck. I moan, my eyes closing.

My hand tangles in your hair, clinching to you as you suck, your other hand raising to my other breast. I relax, lowering to the table slowly, taking you with me. Twisting my legs, I move so they are in front of me, spread wide open with your body between them. The invisible pinkness barely covers my wet pussy, the slickness making them stick to my hairless slit.

You move your hand from my breast, moving lower, pulling the slip of material to the side. You are faintly aware of me moaning as you start to rub my clit. You start climbing onto the table, leaning me back onto table. I feel your mouth moving away from my nipple, small kisses marking the path you follow to my stomach, darting your tongue into my belly button before going further south.

I giggle, squirming a little as you do this, nipping lightly the lower you get. I feel you pull the thin laciness under my hips, dropping them to the floor. I feel your mouth on my inner thighs, your fingers brushing gently against the soft skin you find. My hands stray to the top of your head, clutching your hair as you start kissing the tender bareness.

I moan as you run your tongue over my skin, your fingers kneading my body. I hear you moving, your hand searching on the table. I close my eyes, jumping when I feel the sticky coldness drip onto my pussy.

"What are you doing,"- I say, my eyes springing open. You smile, looking at me.

"Just relax, baby. I will clean you up," you say, setting the can out of the way. The red liquid has pooled slightly on my hips, settling in the triangle of my pussy.

I lay back, feeling your lips and tongue sucking the sugary soda off my skin. The feel of your tongue is mouth against my skin as you lap at me.

"I think some got inside, baby," you whisper, moving your mouth against my clit. I feel the moan pass my lips as you suck, running your tongue around my clit quickly. I feel my body tensing up, like a rubber band being pulled tightly.

"Baby, baby, no not like this. I want you. In me, please,"- I moan, pulling at you, trying to pry you away from my wetness. You move away, climbing over me, your dick finding my pussy quickly. You grab my wrists, pinning them down on the table. My back arches up, my chest pressing into you. I can feel the sweatiness between us, slippery and wet.

"Yes, fuck me baby. Fuck me," I moan, pulling my wrists in your hands. You squeeze tighter, pressing down hard. I

growl quietly, my legs going around your waist, pulling you closer to me.

"Look me in the eyes, baby. I want you to watch me come. Make me come, baby," I say, through clenched teeth.

You open your eyes, watching me, watching the changes overcome my face. My eyes flutter shut, my lashes dancing on my cheeks. You bring me closer, your eyes drawn to my lips as I bite them, waiting for you to move me over the edge. The gleam on my forehead makes the tiny hairs stick to my skin. My braids lay on my chest, bouncing in the same sweaty rhythm you make.

You lean over, kissing my neck, sucking on my ear. You listen as I breathe heavy and deep, it quickening as you make me tighten around your hard dick.

"Come for me, baby. Do it," you whisper, moaning in my ear, grunting quietly, your breathing matching mine. I wrap my arms around you, my hands on the back of your head, holding you to me as I feel everything taking over, my body controlling itself. I can feel your breathe sliding hot on my neck as I explode, my eyes shut so tight.

I feel you tense up, moaning softly as you come inside me. I feel you relaxing against me, sighing, your body melting into mine. I close my eyes, my body tired and sore.

"We still have to finish our game," I say, smiling. You let out a laugh that I feel against my stomach.

"I think we both just won, baby," you reply, pushing my sweat curled hair off of my face.

Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Amused

Music:

Tue, 26 Aug 2008

11:16 PM

The Leather Collar

I look down at you, the sweat gleaming off your back in the candlelight.- I can feel the heat of your body close to me, can see your body rising and falling as you breathe deeply. The red ribbon cuts into your neck slightly, trailing down your body to your naked ass.

I reach down and pull it sharply. You cough against the ribbon and rise up to your knees quickly. The fire reflects from the candles in your eyes.

"Mistress,"- you ask, looking at me. I lick my lips, smirking down at you. I pick up a black box and hold it in front of me, opening it for you to see. Your eyes light up as you see what the box holds.

"Would you like this," I whisper, smiling nervously. You stare at the leather collar in the box, the shiny metal studs shining as brightly as your eyes.

"Leather is more permanent than ribbon, don't you agree,"- I say, hoping you catch my meaning. As you quickly raise your eyes to mine, I know you do. I bite my lip, my eyes shifting back and forth, watching you for any reactions.

I see you holding back an excited smile, can see your pulse racing quickly in your throat.

"I would do anything to earn that," you whisper, the words breathy. I smile, closing the box quickly, holding it against my chest.

"That is correct. You must earn it, my pet," I say, rising from the chair smoothly. You watch me, watch the way my body moves, graceful, like a cat, the muscles in my legs flexing with each step. I feel your eyes on me as I pull the ribbon slightly, having you follow me.

You feel it bite into your neck slightly, falling forward a little as I move faster. The carpet burns against your knees and palms as you keep up. You can feel the fire warm against your ass as we move away from the fireplace.

I sit on the edge of the bed, the black silk sheets rustling and sticking to my sweaty body. You kneel obediently at my feet, the red ribbon dangling from around your neck to my hand. I set the box on the edge of the table, smiling as you

follow it like a beacon.

"So just how do you plan on earning it," I say, crossing my legs slowly, wiggling my toes in front of your face. Without a word, you open your mouth, rolling your tongue around my toes, licking between them, sucking on them hard. I close my eyes moaning. I can feel my body waking up. I clench the ribbon, tightening it and jerking you.

"Not too fast, pet," I said roughly, wanting you to continue but wanting to savor the feelings of my body climbing. You move your mouth back quickly, your lips already wet from your tongue. I watch you lick them slowly, feeling a tingle rush through me. You know the subtle things to do that drive me crazy. I start wondering who is in control really. I see the twinkle in your eyes. Gritting my teeth, I twist the ribbon, pulling you closer to me.

"Don't fuck with me. I will throw the collar out if you keep it up," I say, staring at you. I feel you pull back a little, tugging at the ribbon with your neck.

"That's- it. I felt that. You fucking disobeyed. This is what you get," I say, letting go of the ribbon. I raise a foot, setting it on your chest, pushing you back.

You fall to the floor, your mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. You can feel the plush carpet brushing against your naked skin, tickling. You can feel a drop in your stomach, fear mixed with arousal. The blood rushes to your groin, making your dick hard. You can feel the blood throbbing in your temples.

I glare at you, a heavy frown marring my face. I glance down and let out small laugh.

"What is that," I- say, filling my voice with disgust. I pull my knees up to the bed, giving you a view of my nakedness.

"Oh, do you like what you see," I ask, my voice dripping with scorn., "Well too bad. You fucked up. Now you get to sit and watch."- I move my legs apart, feeling the breeze cool against my hot wetness. I can feel my pussy swollen with need. I look at you, watching you stare at me. I move my hand down my thighs, holding back a smile as I see you catch eye of it.

I rub my fingers over my pussy, biting my lower lip as I flinch slightly from my own touch. Your eyes dart up to mine.

"No,"- I moan, you understanding my tone as your eyes move back down. You watch as I spread my pussy wide open for you. You can see the dim fire in my wetness.

You feel a breathe catch in your chest as I start rubbing my clit slowly. You wonder to yourself if you should try to creep forward, to get closer to my body, it radiating heat onto your face. You start moving closer, watching my eyes as so I do not notice.

I peek out from under my lashes, watching you move slower, slowly, like a snake. I allow you to get close enough that I can feel your breathe on my skin. That is when I tug the ribbon slightly, letting you know that I see you. You pause, your nose brushing against my hand as I continue to rub myself for you. I am almost certain you can taste my juices in the air.

You lean forward, licking your lips. You taste the saltiness of my arousal. You feel the ribbon tighten against your neck a little but keep leaning, trying to get one taste. You look up at me, a question in your eyes. I nod, giving you permission.

I move my hand up my stomach, feeling the wettened path my fingers leave on my body. I feel your mouth lock against my clit, sucking hard. Your fingers fill my emptiness, going straight to three. No skirting around the point with you. You know exactly what I enjoy.

Your tongue rolls in circles, your face getting sticky and wet. I feel your hands pushing my legs open further, can feel the muscles straining tightly as you push me open to my limits and then some, adding a pinch of pain. I can sweat beading up on my face as you suck me higher, your fingers thrusting.

You pull your fingers out, moving away from my body. My head is lain back, my long hair brushing against my back, tickling me. You start rising from the floor, running your hands over my body.

I feel myself falling out of my role, allowing you to push me back to the black silky sheets. I close my eyes, feeling the bed shift as you move up my body, creeping. I feel your chest press hard against mine, smashing my breasts hard. I fell your hard dick, trying to nudge into me, but I know you know better.

I feel you tracing your hands up the pale undersides of my arms, pushing them over my head. My eyelashes flutter as I open them, looking at you, hovering over me, waiting.

I feel myself falling, drowning in the pools of your eyes. I bite my lips to not say something, knowing it would break this perfect moment, this little bit of time that has frozen, just for us. And then you speak.

"Mistress,"- you say, pulling me back to character. I shake the feeling off, regaining my composure.

"You have done well with your tongue, pet. I suppose you can try to please me with that," I say, glancing down at the hardness you have between us. A glint enters your eyes as you start moving, entering me slowly, teasing my lips softly with the head of your dick. I start squirming, wanting you to fill me.

I let a low growl pass my lips, groaning your name for the night.

"Pet,"- I say, a warning in my voice. I hear you chuckle before you ram deep inside me. I arch up, my eyes clenched closed as you bury yourself as deep as you can, as hard as you can. You push my knees up to my chest, my feet on your shoulders. I feel your grab my wrists tightly, using them to pull yourself into me.

You tighten your grip, squeezing, feeling my tiny wrists in your hands. You can feel my pulse, knocking against your thumbs, in time with your rhythm, the throbbing nestled between the reed like bones of my wrists.

I moan softly, my ass resting on your bent knees. I wrap my long legs around your waist, pulling you closer. I feel your body covering mine, matching our bodies together. I feel your hip bones digging into mine, their hardness causing a slight pain.

You pause, kissing the tip of my nose softly. My eyes flutter open, looking at you, smiling. I know the next place you will kiss. You kiss my forehead, following my self prediction. I feel myself melting into you, into the sweetness of your actions.

The sweetness is quickly replaced by the swiftness of you pushing into me, causing me to cry out in surprise. You move so fast and hard that you give me no time to call out to you, to remind you who is in charge.

You watch me, knowing I have lost control. My eyes are glazed over, the tiny beads of sweat on my forehead. I am breathing heavily out of my mouth, the tip of my tongue tracing the edge of my lips, the ridges of my teeth. You watch my cheeks flex, twitching as you push deep into me, venturing- to places you have never been.

I feel the tightness inside, the pressure building. In the distance, the fire crackles as a log falls, crashing slightly. I feel as if I am floating as I relax into the black silken clouds. I clench my eyes, feeling my body take over. I feel the muscles in your back, tracing your shoulder blades, feeling the thin layer of sweat all over your body. I dig my nails into your pliant skin, dragging them down, knowing I am drawing thin lines of blood that will sting when your sweat hits them. My heart races, thumping, fluttering as I come, my legs clutched around you tightly. A deep guttural moan erupts from my mouth as I finish.

I look up at you, through heavy sex drunken eyes, watching as your eyes clench tight, as your jaw tightens, flexing involuntarily. Your thrusting gets shorter, faster, harder. I run my hands over your hips, feeling your body moving towards mine. Running my nails lightly over your hips, I push you over the edge, the shivers mixed in with your moans and words.

"Baby, baby, baby," you whisper as you come, whispering like an ancient mantra. I watch you, slowly regaining the control, something we play with back and forth between us.

You lay your head on my shoulder, breathing heavily.

"I think you earned that," I say, smiling as you open your eyes, smiling at me. You sit up, allowing me to stretch out and reach the box. The velvet is soft on my hands as I rub it, feeling it bristle slightly against my fingers. I know my words and actions are monumental. I look at you, biting the inside of my cheek nervously. Opening the box with a soft creak, I hold it out to you, a smile flickering on my lips.

You look at me, knowing what I am asking in giving you the leather collar. You feel your breath catch in your throat as you pick up the collar, fingering the cool metal studs.

I look at you, not sure what to say. I lower my eyes, blinking back tears. You cup my chin in your hand and pull my face up, looking at me deep in the eyes.

"Yes,"- you say simply, kissing me softly, "Yes."-

Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Optimistic

Music:

Sun, 27 Jul 2008

9:11 PM

The Show

The car slows as the driver pulls to the curb. I look out the window, smiling. We have stopped in front of my favorite lingerie store. The mannequins in the windows were donned in silks and lace. The driver opened the door and you got out, holding out a hand for me. I lifted my wrists, which were bound together with a wide red ribbon. I look up at you, pleading with my eyes for help. I dare not speak a word.

You smirk and brace my arm as you help me rise from the sleek black limo. The long black leather trench coat is knotted at my waist but I can still feel the coolness of the wind dancing on my bare skin, hidden from the world by the coat.

The tiny gold rings piercing through my nipples brush against the fabric as I move, making them puckered up. My eyes flutter gently as I resist the pleasure. I know that this is not why we are here. I smile to myself. I must have been very good to warrant an outing.

You hook your arm in with mine as we talk to the store. You keep your finger hooked in the ribbon around my wrists. It is tied in a pretty bow and I know I could easily remove it if I wanted...but that is not what I want because it is not what you want. You open the door and I enter, my head bowed slightly. I can see the plush red carpet on the floor and racks of lacy and silkiness.

My hair falls over my face as I start to breathe heavier, getting excited about the lingerie. You pull the ribbon sharply, bringing me back to my place.

"Pay attention or we go empty handed,"- you whisper roughly. I nod, your voice sending chills along my spine and tickling me up inside. You moan a soft agreement, knowing the sound drives me wild. You can see my chest rising and falling, pushing against the coat.

"Can I help you," a woman asks, looking at us from behind her counter. You shake your head.

"Just looking, thank you," you say, walking quickly to a rack sporting corsets. The woman doesn't even bat an eye when she watches me follow quickly, my wrists bound tightly.

You hold up a emerald green corset with sparkling hooks. I look, trying to not let hope enter my eyes.

"Imagine how this would look on you. Pulling your waist in so tight you can barely breathe,"- he whispers. I feel myself pulling my stomach in, almost as if I already have the masterpiece on.

"It would push your hips down, and push your beautiful breasts up for everyone to see," you say, running your long fingers over the material. I stand up a little taller, pushing my breasts out, groaning softly at the rings.

"Let's try this one, shall we," you say to yourself, picking up a package of black thigh highs and some other items, many with silver buckles and hooks. I swallowed loudly but walked quickly behind him, my high heels sinking into the carpet, making me wobble slightly.

"Take those off," you say, turning back to watch me. I hesitate, looking at my wrists and back to you. You smile and move your hand through the air as if to say, "go ahead."- I lean forward, the leather bunching up around my stomach. The clerk watched on, a sadistic smirk on her face. They knew what was going to happen, as did I. Luckily the carpet was thick and my face wasn't that far from it when gravity took over.

My face was pressed into the plushness, my leather clad ass stuck up in the air. I could feel the breeze of the AC hitting my wet pussy. It caused goosebumps to form all over my thighs, making my lips draw in tight. The light glared off the gold ring that adorned my hood.

I spun around on my ass and started to unbuckle the straps that criss crossed my ankles. It was slow work, having my hands tied together, doing such tedious work. You stare, leaning on the counter, brushing your fingers lightly on the clerk's forearm. You know I have a jealous streak and seeing that makes me mad. I know I can not do anything about it though. I hold in my anger, pulling the shoes off finally and rising off the floor, pushing with my knees.

"Come on," you say, walking away from the counter, briskly. I walk slowly, my wrists out in front of me, as if you are pulling an invisible red leash. You smile as I get closer, holding the dressing room door open. I hesitate, seeing the red velvet curtain on the other side of the small room.

"This is a special dressing room," you say, looping your finger in the ribbon and tugging me in. I look over at the clerk who is talking quickly on the phone. I have a feeling something is up, something exciting. You close the door behind me and turn around, toward the curtain. It has a wall size mirror. I see myself, my bruised lips, the red ribbon contrasting with the black leather. My hair is tousled and looks like I have already had sex.

You stand behind me, turning me to face the mirror. You slowly unknot the belt, untying the red ribbon. You let it flutter to the floor. It dances like a butterfly. You pull the coat off and I see my body in the mirror. The gold rings reflect nicely, my tight pink nipples puckered and hard. My eyes trace over my body, trailing down my stomach. A thin gold chain encircled it and goes between my legs, hooking into the ring there. If i move too fast, it tugs and pulls so nicely. I lick my lips slowly, rubbing my wrists. There are reddish indents around them from the ribbon. I already miss the feeling of it. You reach around and grab my cheeks, squeezing my face tightly.

"You see yourself? You look like a slut, you know that," you whisper. I can feel the heat of your mouth warm on my ear.

"I am a slut," I say, my eyes dropping. You reach down, cupping my breasts. You thumb the rings gently, tugging a little. My eyes close and my knees shake. The harder you pull, the closer I get to buckling.

"Do not come. You do not have my permission, slut," you say, dropping your hands. I know I have done something wrong. I reacted without permission. I watch you in the mirror as you pick up the corset and bring in front of me. You wrap it around and hook it in the back. I hold my arms out, as if I am a ballet dancer. You reach around and lift my breasts out of the top.

"Hope you are ready for this," you say, lacing me up quickly, your fingers talented at your work. I stare at my reflection, staring into my own eyes. I gasp as you start to tighten, feeling my ribs being pulled in and my hips pushed down. I brace my arms out, locking my elbows as you pull tighter. I watch in amazement as my waist shrinks before my eyes. My breasts rise higher with each sharp tug from you.

"Mmm, much better,"- you say, wrapping your fingers around my waist, "Now turn around slowly."- I start turning, running my hands over the silky material, fingering the clasps and ties.

"Turn,"- you bark loudly. I turn, smiling gently, looking in the mirror as I meet my eyes again in the mirror. I watch you bunch the thigh highs up in your hand, much like a woman would. You know how to do it so well. You grab my ankle and lift it, sliding the stocking up over my foot, over my ankle.

I feel your fingers press into my calf muscle, pressing up as you keep sliding the silk up. You pull it up my thigh, running your fingers higher still. You straighten the lace out, fingering the bows absent mindedly. I am looking down at you, smiling as you slide the other stocking on. You stay at my feet, running your hands over the silkiness. A shiver runs up your spine as you feel the smoothness.

You lean forward, kissing my tummy, a meer inch above my pussy. I gasp, my hips jerking forward. You dig your nails into my ass cheeks. I moan, pushing my ass out into your hands. You start licking my stomach, twirling small circles on my skin. I brace my head, breathing heavily.

"Watch me in the mirror,"- you mumble again my skin, nipping and biting at me. I raise my eyes, staring at myself. My mouth drops as your tongue strikes against the gold ring, locking your teeth around it. You tug slightly, making

me shake slightly. I moan loudly. You suck on the ring, tonguing my clit. You can taste my sweetness, can smell the aroma of my pussy. I feel you sliding two fingers into me, wiggling them a little as you bury them deep in my juices. I close my eyes, falling in the sensations when I hear a loud knock.

My eyes fly open, looking around. It sounded as if it was in the room with us. You look up, looking behind you at the mirror.

"What's- going on," I whisper, staring at you looking in the mirror. You look at me and smile. You stand up and reach behind me, flicking a switch. The lights go off in the dressing room and the mirror goes clear. I see people watching in another room, many in the middle of jerking off, touching themselves. My mouth drops and a small sob comes out. You turn the light back off and the mirror reappears. I keep staring, knowing there are people watching me, wanting me.

"On your knees,"- you say, pushing gently on my shoulders. I get to my knees, staring at the invisible people in the mirror. I know they are watching. I watch as you unzip your pants and pull out your hard dick. My eyes flicker back to the mirror, wondering how they close they are, what they are doing.

I open my mouth, expected you to thrust into it but you surprise me you start rubbing the smooth head on my breasts, pushed up so high and proud above the corset. You reach into your pocket and pull out a small bottle of KY oil and starts dripping is slowly onto my breasts. I watch each oily drop splat on my breasts, sliding into the fleshy crevice. I close my eyes as you start dripping the oil faster. A knock from the mirror jars me back. I look to the mirror, smiling, licking my lips slowly.

You put the bottle back into your pocket and start rubbing your dick over the slickness. I press my breasts together, making the slit tighter for you. As the head peeks out from between my mounds, I stick my tongue out, flicking against it quickly. I stare at the mirror, watching your ass clench with each thrust. I know the people behind the mirror are watching too, feeling each thrust as I feel it.

I press my lips together, kissing the head each time it appears. You groan, using the top of my head to brace yourself. I start moaning loudly, loving how your hard dick feels between my soft breasts.

"Do it baby," I whisper, looking up at you, my eyes sparkling. I press them together more, feeling your dick sliding so easily in and out. I stare at our reflection, tracing the lines of your body. I have seen those lines without clothing and know exactly what your muscles are doing.

You start tugging gently at the gold rings with one hand, for you reach both with me pressing my breasts together. I groan from deep within, it leaving my mouth like some animal sound.

You thrust faster, really giving my oiled up breasts hell. You open your eyes, looking down at me. I see you smile, moving your hand from my head. You point the splash of freckles across my chest, laughing.

"That's- where I'm gonna come baby," you growl. I bite my lips, licking them. Oh I want you to come on chest so badly, to mix your hot come with the oil, to cover the freckles with your paint. I want so badly for you to be please with me.

You reach behind me, pulling my head with your hand, your other hand pulling at your dick. I watch you in the mirror, knowing the closer you get, the closer they get. I can feel their unseen eyes, their invisible hands on us. I see the precum starting to appear. I keep my eyes trained on the unseen audience and watch as you cover my chest, my breasts with your thick, warm come.

I let out a soft sigh as I watch you. A small smile is on my face, knowing I did what you wanted. I stay on my knees, running my fingers through the sticky come as you wipe off and get everything back where it goes. You look down at me and smile as I take one come covered finger and run it into my mouth, slowly pulling it out, while connecting my eyes with yours. I know when we get home we will have more fun, so much more.

Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Rejuvenated

Music:

Thu, 24 Jul 2008

3:06 AM

The Red Ribbon

My eyes snap open, feeling your long fingers wrapping around my throat. I cough slightly, as the air leaves my lungs. I can make out the line of your face, the moonlight bouncing off your nose and glinting in your dark eyes. There is a hardness in them that drives me wild. My heart is screaming for air. I feel you letten up as you flip me onto my stomach.

I groan, inhaling deeply before you push my face into the pillow. It's like being underwater, in a smothering silence. I feel you ripping my nightgown off, the material clinging to my sweat covered body. I fight to raise my head and breathe, loving the adrenaline rush.

I feel your nails raking against my back, down, into the arch at the bottom. They stop as you raise your hand, bringing it down hard against my ass cheek. I flinch, trying to kick my legs up against you. I can feel my muscles straining to reach you, to kick you. I am searching blindly for you, to connect to anything.

With a sickening whack, my foot hits. I push you off me and twist over, looking for you. You are back on the bed, your hand covering your nose. I see drops of blood on the sheet, dark dimes on the whiteness. I gulp in air, my heart racing. I can feel my pussy twitching as I see you glaring at me.

My eye widen as you rush at me like a bull, pushing me back, pressing my wrists into the mattress. I scream as I fall, your body hovering over me, your shoulders wide and intimidating-. Turning my head, I lock my teeth onto your hand, biting into the fleshiness near your thumb. You move your knee to hold my wrist as you clutch my face in your hand, squeezing my mouth into a stubborn, forced pout.

"Do it again and you will get hurt," you whisper, your voice sending electricity all over my body. I arch my hips up, pushing against your body, wanting you in me.

I can feel your dick, hard and pressed up again my thigh. You reach for my ankles and pull them up over my head, one at a time. You grab my breasts, massaging them roughly, pinching my nipples hard. My eyes flutter closed as the pain mixes with pleasure.

I feel your fingers pulling my mouth open, sliding in and out. You hook them over my teeth, opening my mouth wider. I rub my tongue over them, teasing them like I want to tease your dick. I feel my jaws aching as you rake your fingers out, popping over my lower lip.

As you thrust into me hard and deep, I groan from deep in the back of my throat. My body is open and exposed to you, allowing you to do anything. You reach over to the bedside table and pull out a long red ribbon.

You pull out of me and grab my throat in one hand, pulling me to my knees. I quickly follow your hand, my hair brushing against my back. My mouth hangs open as I breathe quickly. My heart is racing, my breasts rising and falling quickly.

You smirk at me, lowering your hand from my neck. You pop the ribbon in front of my face, raising it over my head and around my neck. I lean my head to the side as you start twisting it around your hand, twisting until it pinches my neck slightly.

I whimper, my lips pushing out in a pretty little pout that I know you love. I stare at you. You bite your lower lip, twisting it once more, even though you know it is already tight.

I gasp, letting one word slip out, "Please."- You tug at the ribbon sharply, making my head jerk, following your hand. Still clenching the ribbon, you pull me up from the bed. I know that tomorrow, there will be bruises around my neck. You slip off the bed and stand up next to it, leading me to you like a animal on a leash.

I feel you pull the ribbon down, a tug towards the floor. I kneel slowly, the redness so tight, I am seeing specks of lights when I close my eyes. I feel the floor meet my knees.

"You know what to do, don't you," you ask, tugging the ribbon. I nod stiffly.

"Good, because if you fuck up, the ribbon will just get tighter until you pass out," you say, turning your hand a little to prove it. I moan, my mouth opening. I feel your other hand cup the back of my head as you ram your hard dick in. I feel it hit the back of my throat, as your hand forces it all the way in.

I hear you laugh slightly as your hand moves forward to my face. I start to feel panic rising in me as I breathe quickly out of my nose. As your pinch my nostrils closed, you slide your dick in and out slowly. My eyes are open wide, tearing running down my face as I fight to breathe. I raise my hands, clawing at the ribbon on my neck. You loosen a little, allowing me half a breathe, not nearly enough to quiet the burning in my lungs. You moan loudly, letting my nose go. I close my eyes, trying to relax as I catch my breathe.

I feel the ribbon tighten. I know I need to work harder for you. I start moving my tongue up and down your hard dick, teasing the head, flicking my tongue quickly against the slit. I feel your body tensing up. Your thighs shake slightly as I rake my teeth gently against them. I feel you pull the ribbon hard, pulling me back.

Darkness chases in my eyes. I fight it off, feeling my body slumping slightly.

"Don't do that again,"- you say, pulling me back to my knees. I nod, wiping my lips. My lips feel bruised and tender. I open my mouth and start working again, loving how it feels when you pull the ribbon, following my rhythm. I know you are getting close because the ribbon gets tighter as your body tenses up even more. I move my mouth back and forth, almost in a frantic motion.

I see the brightness in my eyes as you get closer to coming. The ribbon is so tight now, I can barely swallow. Everything around me starts getting fuzzy as I bob in and out of consciousness. Things start changing colors, darkness becomes light and vice versa. I feel you pull out of my mouth and I force my eyes open. You let the ribbon go as your grab my jaw, holding it tight in your hand as you jerk off with the other.

"Keep your eyes open," you moan, grunting in between words. I open my eyes, watching your hand. My mouth starts opening, my tongue darting out as I see you starting to come.

"Mmm, you want that, don't you baby," you ask, moving your hand faster. I moan, my eyes locking with yours. You squeeze my mouth more, moving your hips closer to my face. I ran my hands to you hips, tracing the slight indent jutting out. You let out a loud, long grunt as come starts spurting out of your dick. It hits my lips and chin. I move my tongue out to catch it, to taste the saltiness of it.

"Baby, take it," you moan, jerking slightly, feeling your body relaxing. I whimper, running my fingers over my lips, smearing the come across them. You let out a tired sigh, breathing slower. I close my yes, sighing. I feel your fingers pulling the ribbon from around my neck slowly. You cup my head, almost in a loving way until you push my head over, knocking me off balance.

I fall over to the floor and sit there, a soft smile on my face as you crawl into bed.

Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Naughty

Music:

Mon, 14 Jul 2008

7:55 PM

Paris Night Llife

We open the hotel door and walk into the room, tossing the luggage on the bed. I smile at you and free fall onto my back, bouncing on the bed. You laugh, shaking your head at me. The sun is setting, glaring in through the windows. I lay my arm over my eyes and feel sleep starting to over take me quickly. The last thing I hear is the shower starting

up.

"Baby, wake up," I hear as you gently shake me. I open my eyes, noticing the glare of the sun is gone, replaced by the soft twinkle of the stars. I try to roll over, wanting to catch up on my sleep that the plane ride stole.

"Let's go out. Get some dinner or go dancing," you whisper, snuggling up behind me. I turn my head, inhaling the nice clean scent of your hair. It has poofed up from the shampoo you used.

"I don't wanna," I whine, burying my head under a pillow. I start squealing as you grab my ankles and start dragging me off the bed.

"No, please, don't," I beg you, tangling my hands on the comforter, dragging it with me as I fall to the floor. My knees hit the carpet and I start moaning.

"Get dressed, whiner. We are going out," you say, dropping my feet to the floor. I get up, rubbing my rug burnt knees, pouting.

"Where are we going," I ask, pulling out clothes, looking over dresses and skirts.

"I heard of a club called Folies Pigalle. Supposed to be a cool place. Our kind of place," you add, emphasizing the last part. I knew what that meant. I knew I would not be wearing underwear tonight also.

"So Folies Pigalle...what does that mean," I ask, picking up a short black halter dress with sparkly silver rhinestones around the neck. I start pulling off my wrinkled clothes, to replace them with the dress.

You stare at me, your mouth dropping open slightly as I unhook my plain bra and slip off the sensible panties I had put on before the flight had started. I hear you gulp loudly as I pull the dress on, knowing you notice that I had not put on new panties or a bra.

I smile, my back turned to you as I bend over, buckling the straps of the black stilettos. I know you can see my ass. The dress is too short to really cover it. I sway slightly, looking at you behind me, trying to readjust yourself through your black jeans. You also have on a matching button up shirt. I giggle and buckle the other shoe quickly, so we will actually make it out of the room.

"Naughty girl," you whisper as we start for the elevators. I smile and nod slightly.

"Only way, right," I ask, leaning up against you as the doors ding open. You grin at me and we get in, leaning up against the gold walls. As the elevator lowers, more people get on. I feel your hand on my back, sliding lower, until it is stroking the hem on the dress. I suppress a moan as I feel your fingers graze against my ass cheeks. I jump a little as they get closer to my naked pussy.

An elderly woman looks back at us and smiles, a look of slight concern on her face. As she turns away, I jab my elbow into your ribs. You laugh and groan. The woman snaps back, her look of concern replaced with annoyance. Luckily, the doors open and she leaves the elevator. As they shut, we bust out laughing, holding each other, our bodies shaking. We have calmed down as we reach the ground floor. Smiling, we walk out of the hotel, our arms linked together comfortably. You hail a cab as we stand under the pavilion connected to the hotel.

As one slides to a stop, you open the door and with over exaggeration, You bow, laughing, "Madam, your chariot awaits." I laugh, bobbing in a curtsy as I get in, sliding my bare legs along the seat. I can feel the coolness against my ass and pussy. You slide in next to me.

You tell the driver the club's name and we head out, speeding past roads and people. You start rubbing my knee, traveling higher to my thigh. I stare straight ahead, catching an occasional glimpse of the driver's eyes in the rear view mirror. My eyes flutter a little as your hand slide under the dress hem, yet again. I feel the car lurch a little as the cabbie draws his eyes back to the road.

"We better stop or we might not make it to the club," you whisper, your fingers brushing against the baby fine hair under my dress. I shiver and nod, not really wanting to. I laugh as I hear the cabbie growl a little as our show comes to a halt. I smile at the man's eyes, framed in his mirror.

"Next time, my friend," I say, as we get out of the car. I lean over a little further than necessary, giving the cabbie a little tip of my own. He groans, smiling at us as he states our total. You pay him and we start up to the club. The large black sign is over the entrance, a sexy cat woman beckoning us to her. The words Folie's Pigalle are in red

under the woman, in fancy cursive.

"Paris By Night," I read out loud. We watch as people go in, some dressed in regular clothes, while others are dressed in leather, barely there outfits.

"I do believe I might be overdressed," I say, as we get closer. We can hear the loud thump of the music through the walls. As we enter, we see couples spooning, swaying together. Some are young blond men together, some are busty brunette couples, pushing their breasts against each other. Some are couple much like us.

We weave in, past people, their eyes closed, rocking. The purple strobe lights flash and spin. I feel the music starting to infect my body. Your hands on my hips move side to side. Your groin is pressed hard up against my ass. I can feel the hardness through your jeans.

I start pushing against you, moving my hips in circles. Your hips mimic mine and soon we are moving in a slow, sensual pattern, our bodies reading each other's. I wrap my arm up around your neck, tangling my fingers in your hair. I lean my head back, my eyes closed, letting the music intoxicate me. I feel your hands on my hips as they start to move lower, once again playing with the hem of my dress.

I moan as your fingers rub against the bare skin of my thighs. I feel them moving up, cupping my breasts.

"Baby, you know what I wanna do," you say, your mouth on my ear. I nod, moving my hands to cover yours. I give them a squeeze, letting you know what I want. I feel you moan, the rumble in your chest vibrating against my back. You squeeze my breasts, gently at first, then harder, as you feel my body twitching and jerking against you.

I feel someone bump into me and my eyes spring open. A couple male couple is dancing close by, watching us with wide eyes. I smile and lick my lips slowly. My eyes stay in contact with them as I lift the edges of my dress and let your hands slide in. I see one of them turn, talking to someone else behind them.

I close my eyes as you pinch my nipples, your face peering over my shoulder at the young males. When I open my eyes, I see another couple watching, their hands moving along their bodies, the man rubbing the woman's small breasts. I smile at each couple invitingly, welcoming them with my eyes.

Your hands curve around my waist, creeping lower to my wet pussy. All eyes are on your hands as they disappear under the hem. I see the young men following suit, one of them slipping a hand into his lover's pants.

I moan loudly as you start massaging, slipping fingers in, teasing at my clit. We keep rocking to the music, watching slowly as more couple turn to watch us. You press your long fingers deep inside me, pulling them out. Everyone watches as you raise your wet fingers to my lips, mouths drooping as I start sucking them dry.

I pull your finger in and out of my mouth, slowly, sucking it much like I would your dick. You feel my teeth scrap lightly against your skin, causing shivers to trail up your spine. You slide your hand to my dress and start to pull the back of it up, over the shape of my ass. You undo your zipper and pull the hard erection out.

I let your fingers pop out of my mouth and start arching my back slightly, giving you access to my pussy. I look around at the couples watching. The air is hot and sticky with sex and their panting, like animals in heat. I gasp as you grab my hips and ram your dick in. I hear other people gasping in unison as us. Other couples are in mid-sex, their eyes never leaving us as you thrust into me.

I close my eyes, my mouth open a little. My heart is thumping in time to the music. I can see the purple strobe lights through my closed eyes. Your hands are on my hips. As we keep thrusting, our bodies still sway in time to the music and beats. You reach up to my breasts, holding them to brace yourself, to pull my body closer to yours. You find the nipples, hard and tight under the cloth of my dress. You pinch them hard as you pump your hips.

As the DJ changes the music, our sex changes with it. The music is faster, more frantic. The watching couples around us try to keep watching but they start to become engrossed with their own bodies.

You wrap an arm around my chest, making me arch my back sharply so we do not disconnect. You run your hand down my back, tickling the tiny dips above my ass. As the music gets louder, my moans start to bubble out, no longer able to be contained. Couples once caught up in their own movements turn to watch.

You reach down and start lifting the hem of my skirt, not caring who is watching anymore. My neck is covered in bites from you, your tongue caressing my neck. I turn my head, laying it back as you kiss me roughly. I feel your

hand start pressing on my mound, the friction of of your dick still pumping rubbing against your hand. My clit is throbbing so hard, I can feel it in my thighs, tingling back toward my ass. The faster you go, the higher I climb. The music becomes my heart, my brain. I feel your breathe quicken, your chest pressing out against my arched back. I feel your thrusts becoming faster and deeper, building up to what I know will come. "Open your eyes," I tell you, as I look up at you, over my shoulder. You force them open and see the dancing has become like an orgy, all the couples working toward the same thing, all watching us for guidance. I stare openly at everyone, a smile fluttering on my face, fighting to stay on despite the moans. I feel you convulsing as you stare at the couples around us. Your fingers grip my hips, pumping in another time, milking it for all its worth. My body starts tensing, the fire bubbling in my belly. My knees falter slightly, tethering on the heels. I feel myself rocking on the edge of bliss as you move your fingers quickly against my clit. I close my eyes, the purple strobe light joined by other bursts of color as I fall over the line that had been holding me back. My pussy convulses, jerking and twitching. I lean back against you, letting my body take over completely. I give in and let it happen. I feel everything stretching, reaching for the ultimate, trying to pop that bubble that is furthest away. And then it happens. Everything on my body tenses up and I feel myself explode hard. You ease your hand away from me, careful not to touch me too much. You know how sensitive I am after I come. You pull my dress abck down and smile at the couples as we leave. Many smile and give us thumbs up and a few even clap, laughing. I smile, still feeling the warm glow of satisfaction on my body.

Security: Public
Location: Other
Mood: Satisfied
Music:

Sun, 13 Jul 2008
9:05 PM

Daddy and His Girl

I roll the lollipop in on my lips, watching as you enter the room. I walk to the vanity and sit down, my back toward you. My eyes follow you in the mirror, watching as you take off the coat and toss it on the bed. I smile as you unbutton your shirt and pull it off. You pick up a brush and come up behind me. Our eyes meet in the reflections and I smile, biting my lip slightly.

"So are you daddy's girl," you ask softly. I know this is the question, asking my permission to continue in the role playing game. I slide the red tootsie pop out of my mouth slowly, the curves of the candy staining my lips a vibrant red. It lets out a soft pop as I release it.

"Hi,daddy. How was your day?" I ask, smiling as you start to brush my hair. I close my eyes, relaxing in the simple act. I slide the sucker half in my mouth, holding it in my lips gently. I know you are watching as I roll it around and use my tongue on it.

"You know, daddy doesn't want you to ruin your dinner,"- you say, pulling the sucker from my mouth slowly. I pout, pushing my lips out and squeezing some tears to the surface.

"Aww, baby, you only know I want what is best for you," you said, running your fingers through my hair. You separate it and turn my head to the side as you start braiding it in a little pigtail. I reach into the vanity draw and pull out 2 baby blue ribbons.

"But daddy, everyone eats candy,"- I say, whining and pushing my chest out You glance down at my chest, down the front of my baby blue tank top. The curves of my breasts swell and heave with my anger. You give my braid a tug and smile.

"I have something else for you, baby, something better for you," you say, watching me in the mirror. I close my eyes and moan.

"Daddy,- don't hurt me," I beg.

"I could never hurt my little girl," you say, quickly braiding the second braid. I raise my hands and swiftly tie the ribbons around the ends of the braids. Your finger graze against, feeling them slide under yours. As I finish the bows, my hands fall to my lap as I sit there, quiet.

"Good girl, children are to be seen, not heard,"- you say, pulling my braids back to kiss me gently on my mouth.

"I love daddy's kisses,"- I say, smiling up at him. You smile and sit down on the edge of the bed.

"Has my little girl been good today,"- you say. I spin around, my legs open and rocking. My eyes light up as I tell you where I went and who was there. My fingers twirl the hem of my short plaid skirt with excitement as I continue. A breathe catches in your throat as you see a peek of my plain white underwear, the white V of cloth beckoning to you.

"I tried to be good daddy, but sometimes it's so hard," I say, pouting.

"Well, if you were bad, daddy needs to punish you, right? But only because daddy loves you," you say, watching as I squeeze a tear out.

"Come on over. You need a good spanking. It will teach right from wrong,"- you say, patting your lap. I get up and move over to you, my hands behind my back, protecting my ass from the punishment to come.

"You know what to do, baby girl," you say, looking at me. I nod and kneel over your knees. I can feel your hardness under the pinstripe suit pants, straining to get out. My breasts pressed against your thigh. I feel your hand rub my ass, flipping the skirt up, exposing my underwear.

"Mmm, so innocent,"- you mumble to yourself.

I hear you raise your hand. My body tenses up, anticipating- the impact. The sting was quick and sharp. I close my eyes, swallowing the pain. I know this is only the first smack. I knew more was to come. Sure enough, another smack came down, on the other cheek. I could feel my pussy getting wet as the smacks continued, my flesh red and hot. I brace myself on your knees and the floor as the final smacks get harder and quicker.

I am moaning by the end, my thighs quivering. I feel you rubbing my ass. I am sure you can feel the heat on your hands. I look over my shoulder at you.

"Now, since that was your punishment, you have to do something for daddy to make him feel better, baby girl," you say, helping me off your knees. I sit on the floor, my knees under me.

"What can I do to make daddy feel better,"- I ask, batting my eyes at you. You groan softly, trying to not rush things and to stay in character.

"Well, daddy's pants feel a bit too tight. Maybe you could make more room in daddy's pants for him, " you say, your voice shaking slightly. I reach up and start to pull down the zipper to your pants slowly, my fingers lingering on certain parts.

"Like this," I say, my voice high and light, as I undo the button. You close your eyes, nodding.

"Yes, baby just like that," you say. I slide my hands down your thighs, raking my nails slightly in them.

"That looks so painful daddy. Maybe I should kiss it to make it feel better, "I say, smiling as your dick jumps and twitches. I lean up and take you slowly in my mouth, wrapping my lips around it much like I did the lollipop. You grab my pigtails and tangle your fingers in the, giving them a slight tug down. Your dick goes further in my mouth.

"Oh, baby, daddy really likes this," you said, sighing. My hands rest on your thighs, massaging in the same rhythm of my mouth. You can feel your body tensing up but you don't want this to end.

"Baby, you need to stop. Daddy doesn't want to make you messy. So why don't you come sit on my lap instead,"- you say, lifting my face from your groin. I pout, wanting more. You help me to stand up in front of you. I shiver as your hands run up my thighs, slipping your fingers in the edges of my underwear, pulling the elastic from my body. You follow the curve of my hips, down to my pussy.

"Is my baby wet," you say, slipping your fingers in my underwear. You run them over the wetness, playing with my

pussy lips. I feel my knees getting weak, can feel my eyes closing. You slide a finger up, nudging at my clit. I moan softly, buckling a little. You can feel your dick throbbing but you love how you effect me so much.

As your finger of one hand is rubbing my clit, the other fingers start sliding in, slowly.

"Daddy doesn't want to hurt you baby," you say, sliding one deep inside me. I moan, pushing down slightly, trying to take in more.

"Does my little girl want more, " you ask, pushing in another finger. I moan, my eyes rolling back slightly. You keep thumbing my clit and sliding the fingers in and out smoothly.

"Oh, daddy, I don't want to make a mess now ," I say, my hands holding onto your shoulders.

"Well, then, maybe you should sit down, " you said, pulling your wet fingers out from my pussy. I moan, feeling the emptiness. You pull my underwear down my knees slowly, your fingers feathering across my skin. I look at you as I step daintily out of them, kicking thm behind me with a giggle.

I slide down, pushing you back gently, my thighs on either side of your body. I reach between us and move your dick softly against me, tickling my body.

"Oh, don't tease your daddy, " you said, pushing your hips up. I laugh and lower myself onto you, slowly, agonizingly slow. You moan, twitching. I look at you as I drop, your dick all the way in, our hips connecting. You reach up, holding my breasts in your hands, thumbing across my hard nipples.

I start rocking, slowly at first. I can feel the pressure building up. I lean my head back, my breathing quickening. I bite my lip, trying to keep my voice from getting too loud.

"Oh daddy. oh daddy, " I start moaning, whimpering. You are rocking with me, pushing deep into me. You feel your body tensing as you watch my pigtails bounce.

"Yeah, baby, come for daddy. Be a good girl. Come for daddy,"- you say, biting your lip. I moan loudly, loving the words you say. I feel my toes curling and my thighs clenching. I start feeling the coiling, being wound up tight like a rubber band.

"Daddy,- please. daddy,"- I moan, my nails biting into your chest as my pussy starts convulsing. You moan, your breathing stopping as you feel yourself exploding. Seconds later, my moans follow suit, erupting from deep within my stomach.

"Daddy,"- I let out, mixed with my moans and heavy breathing. I tighten up, feeling liquid squirt out of me. My body starts relaxing, still twitching with after shocks. You wrap your arms around my shoulders, playing connect the dots with my freckles.

"Always- be daddy's girl, huh, " you whisper.

"Always,"- I whisper as sleep starts to overtake me.

Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Blissful

Music:

Thu, 10 Jul 2008

3:17 PM

The Burglar

My eyes fly open, hearing the door open, creaking loudly in the midnight silence. I can see the outline creeping toward me. My heart is racing. I can feel tears welling up in my eyes. A scream threatens to come out but seems stuck. I start to move when you jump on the bed and slam my wrists down.

"Don't move bitch. I will slit your throat like it's nothing,"- you say, straddling my body. I shake my head, my eyes wide with fear.

You are dressed all in black, with a black ski mask over your face. You look at me. I am wearing a short pink nightgown. You pull out a knife and run it against the pale skin on my neck, sliding it under the strap. I can feel the coolness of the metal scraping against my skin. With a quick flick of your wrists, you cut the strap.

You can feel my body shaking under yours. You can feel my knees pushing and my hips squirming. You hold my wrists with one hand and rip the nightgown off my body. I let out a frightened scream mixed with a bubble of crying. I can feel the tears slide down my cheeks as you grope my breasts. You pinch both nipples and twist. I turn my face, the pain shooting through me. You start pushing the black jeans off, still holding my wrists. You lean over, kissing me rough on the mouth. I turn my head, trying to avoid the kisses.

"Please- just stop," I beg you, sobbing loudly. You push push my wrists down, holding them tighter.

"I'm gonna fuck you now," you whisper in my ear.

"Please-, no, don't do this," I cry, trying to wiggle my hips away.

"Yah. you keep doing that baby. That is getting me so hot," you say, rubbing your dick against my clit. I close my eyes, the tears falling silently. I seem to have given up. You smirk at me and thrust your dick hard into me. I gasp as you do, trying to pull my wrists away from you. They free and I start hitting your shoulders and chest. You cover my mouth with a hand and hold me down, pushing into me hard. I scream against your hand and bite down on the flesh. You scream and pull back, looking at the teeth marks and redness.

"What the fuck?" you say. I look at you, crying. I start pushing you away. You fall backwards, off the bed, landing on a pile of blankets and pillows.

I start crawling toward the door, my arms and legs weak from fear. You rush off the bed and push me roughly to the floor, my nightgown falling off my body as I tumble. I can feel the carpet burns on my elbows and knees as I try to catch myself. I close my eye and start kicking my legs, trying to keep you away. I feel you grab my hips and ram your hard dick deep inside, hard and fast.

I let out a loud moan, feeling my body turning on me. I feel the roughness of the calluses on your hand as you rake it across my hips and around my waist, wandering up to my breasts. Your other hand is wrapped around, holding my cheeks tight, squeezing my face.

I can smell the sweat on your body and the faintest scent of grass and motor oil. I twist my head away from your hand and reach around, pulling the mask off your face. You blink at the unexpected change and ram into me even harder to punish me for removing your disguise.

"Now, I might have to kill you," you say. I close my eyes, crying, sobs twisting my stomach into knots. You run your fingers through my hair and pull my head back, wrapping your arm around my neck.

"don't say another word and I will let you live," you whisper in my ear. I nod, letting him control me. My body doesn't need any direction. I close my eyes as it betrays me again. I can feel my clit throbbing, following the rhythm of my heart. My nipples are hard, small pebbles brushing against the coarseness of the carpet.

You let your hand fall smartly onto my ass. As the heat rises, you rub my smooth ass, softly, staring at the hand print you can see forming. I flinch, the stinging immediate. I feel my stomach tighten and my thighs quiver. You ram deeper in, digging your nails on my ass cheeks, pulling my body against yours. I can feel you start to rush, to move faster. I start pulling away, not wanting to give in to the feelings. Your breathing quickens, your body starts to stiffen as you pump deep into me.

I feel my back arch and start pushing my ass back against you. I listen as you grunt and moan loudly, your hard dick penetrating my sore, wet pussy. I can feel the bruises forming on my inner thighs as they twitch and tremble as I come, my tears evident of my shame. I bury my face, sobbing as you finish, roughly thrusting deep into me. You stop, breathing heavily. You get up and without a word, leave the room, pulling the door behind you.

I get up, my legs weak and get back into bed, my sobs still hiccuping as my breathing starts to calm down. As I am closing my eyes, trying to reclaim sleep, the door opens. You walk back in and slide into bed next to me, wrapping your arm around my waist and snuggling up with me, your heart still thumping slightly from the rough sex we had just had. "I love you baby," you whisper, pulling me close. "I love you too," I say smiling as I fall asleep next to my

husband.

Security: Public

Location: Other

Mood: Dark

Music: