

Chapter 791

I keep pushing myself to keep up with her. When someone screamed in pain, my gut instinct was to succor them. For Rhada, it was a signal for her wanting more. I'd really helped her through some serious frustrations, and a great deal of sweat, when the phone rang. Rhada was facing me, bouncing in my lap with her ball gag back in (she liked to bite during climax).

"Hello?" I said.

"Hey Cáel Nyilas, it is Odette. Whatchya doing tonight?" my waitress bed-buddy asked.

"I'm bored out of my skull, doing something worthless," I answered. "Do you want to come over, or do we want to meet at your place tonight?"

"Ah - um - I live at home with my parents," she confessed.

"Come on over. I need to clean up a mess first," I told her. "See you soon." With that, I hung up and looked into Rhada's eyes. "You really are a worthless mess." She sobbed. "What are you crying about you disgraced harlot? Are you surprised I'd want to be with a real woman?"

"You are a disgusting piece of filth so that's how you deserve to be treated; not like a true tower of femininity," I continued to press her buttons. She was really upset and absolutely erotically active. I was starting to get worried about the vigor she was pounding me with. Sadly, I had some plans to implement before Odette arrived. I kept Rhada on my lap, swiveled us off the bed and fished out a few restraints.

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Rhada wrapped her powerful legs around my waist. Using a combination of thigh, stomach and vaginal muscles, the Indian Princess kept working my cock with every bit of imagination she could muster. We traveled out to the workout area. I leaned over the weight bench, pressed Rhada down and put a hand around her throat.

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Honestly, all this cruelty and humiliation was grating on me. Sure, I knew Rhada was evil, as was her entire culture. The thing was, I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. I didn't think I had it in me to harm, or murder, a person who was not an immediate threat. The reality was twofold. If I didn't do this for Rhada, she'd find someone else who would, with the likelihood of grievous harm coming to her.

Also, I could do without her holding a grudge for my kicking her ass then rejecting her amorous advances. For now, I played her game with the added benefit that tonight was a 'freebie' - not in my cue.

"Bitch, I'm going to tie you down and ruin you until you can't walk straight. Fight back and I'm going ram two dildos into you and leave them on all night long," I threatened.

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I could see her thinking about it as I gave her some more crushed ice to drink. In the end, she allowed her feet to be bound separately then her hands bound together over her head. Once she was secure, I leaned in and whispered in her ear.

"I lied, Rhada. I'm going to shove two vibrators in anyway," Rhada thrashed about against her bonds.

After lubing up both sex toys, I worked them into her pussy and ass. She wiggled and shifted about a few times, but her heart wasn't in it. She was too clearly looking forward to the torturous pleasure coming her way. I cut them both on then, because I could, I put on three vibrating eggs; one on her clit and the others for each nipples. That drove her wild. I readied the last part of my plan.

"Rhada," I leaned in and spoke softly, "I'm putting your phone in your hand. Press the 'send' button and it will call my phone. I'll come get you. Don't drop it. Rhada?" Her wild eyes flashed about, gained some clarity and met my gaze. She nodded her understanding. Now I had to worry that she would drop the phone on purpose just to add to her torment.

I drew the makeshift curtain that separated our workout space from the rest of the living room, cut on the TV to mute the sound of moaning and vibrators. While cleaning up in the bathroom, I realized I had to dump my condom. Doing two girls with the same one was beyond thoughtless and gross.

My drawstring shorts were barely cinched up when the doorbell rang. Thankfully it was Odette. Extra special was Odette wanted to get freaky with me - she brought a dildo and some lube. The problem with having a vast variety of sex was that fewer and fewer things were new and remembering how exciting it was your first time with a given kink gets tougher.

Odette decided that conversation was overrated as she waltzed through the door. She showed me her toy, grabbed my hand and led me to my bedroom. I helped her undress, which she liked. Then she threw me down and raped me. She was even all excited about rolling her first condom on. She hadn't been a virgin last night, only lacking in confidence.

Tonight, she was a beast (in her mind). After our first noisy, moist round, Odette 'discovered' another pleasure; namely sitting up, riding my cock and getting into an in depth discussion about our relationship - sigh. When a woman thinks it is casual sex it is casual sex. When a man thinks it is casual sex it could be any Goddamn thing.

To Odette's credit, she was willing to talk about things she'd like to do, didn't get too upset when she finally pried out of me that I'd been with more than a dozen women, and she took suggestions well. She liked to talk about mutual interests, cuddled without being needy and asked if what she was doing made me feel good in a way that didn't make her sound insecure.www.nŒveĹ@ôRm.ċoM

At 2:10 my phone buzzed. Odette barely murmured then rolled over and went back to sleep. It was Rhada. Sneaking out wasn't so difficult. I stealthed to the bathroom, got a wet wash cloth and a towel, followed that up with a trip to get some chilled bottled water and finished up at Rhada's side.

She was barely there at all. My hands flew over her body in the dim light then I pulled her into my lap on the floor.

"Rhada?" I called to her gently.

"Kill you," she whispered. She was okay.

In my sleep-deprived state I missed her initially looking at me. Her eyes were unfathomable. I pressed the water to her lips and let her drink in small sips. Five minutes later, she was in better shape mentally and physically.

"Why?" she asked.

"Sometimes it is a matter of why not?" I replied.

"You hate me," she furrowed her brow.

"What gave you that idea?" I reposed.

"You are a man...you don't hate me?" she struggled to breach our cultural divide.

"Rhada, I can't speak for all men, but I don't hate you. I have no intention of destroying you," I paused. "I'm working on a way to suspend you off the ground blindfolded next time. Tarnishing your prestige is not on my agenda though."

"Do you like causing me pain?" she studied me. That was a tough one both from my perspective and hers.

"I treasure every orgasm I rip from your body, Rhada," I breathed into her ear. It was the best I could do. For Rhada it was enough.

She wasn't suicidal, only ravenous in her need to surrender to her taboo desires. Her not being on the edge of death with me lessened her thrill. It also meant she could live long enough to have all kinds of other thrills. This was the bargain we were making. How I was going to live up to it was going to be intriguing.

Maybe I could bill Katrina for the needed playroom upgrades. What the future held was coming with the dawn. First I had to make sure Rhada was clear-headed and ambulatory. Then came the trip to her auto and her fiery kiss and body hug. Rhada liking me was okay. Rhada getting attached to me was one more headache I didn't need.