

Chapter 800

"I think you want to hurt me, break me and finally make me surrender to you. I pledge right now, this is not going to happen Cáel Nyilas," Rhada mumbled into my chest.

The wrestling ensued, the clothes came off - Rhada had never undressed me before - and she ended up naked and bound spread-eagle on the bed. Along with her ball-gag, I introduced her to my new blindfold and super-efficient sound suppressing ear-protection. I departed to get my 'special tools' for the night. When I came back, Rhada's distress from a lack of stimulation was evident.

wuw.©Œ(e)lwôrm.c©m

I laid out two bottle; on of thick vitamin-rich cream and the other, smooth peanut butter. Then I picked up my first of three secret weapons - kittens. I poured a small dose of cream onto her belly button. Rhada shivered. Then the kitten was placed on her stomach and hip, pointed at the cream. The little bugger was thirsty and took to the cream with gusto.

The little mischief-maker was even kind enough to start flexing his tiny claws. Barring audio and visual input, Rhada's imagination took over. She had no clue what was causing the pleasure/pain. Cream spilled over her chest and the other two kittens joined the buffet. I changed up the cream with the peanut butter.

Rhada was pierced repeatedly with multiple needle-like claws and ravaged by their small, rough tongues. I attacked her pussy and asshole while the kittens licked her fingers and toes with their fierce yet minute peanut butter-seeking tongues. This wasn't the intense torture Rhada was used to. Instead, it was excruciatingly small pains with rasping tongues exciting her skin.

My epipen wasn't needed (I didn't know if she was allergic to cats), I kept the curious kitties away from her vaginal area though my oral attentions and the sounds of the vibrator draw them in repeatedly, and putting a pussy on each underarm and one licking her lips while I was chewing her clit was something Rhada really enjoyed.

The kittens gave out on me so I put them back in their carrying box. Sadly, I had to return them to the pet store tomorrow - this apartment building had a No Pet policy. When I released Rhada, she had this perplexed look on her face. I hadn't whipped her flesh raw or sent her mind down the paths of soul-screaming agony. No...

"I have a dozen cats at home," Rhada murmured. "I'll never be able to look at them the same way again." I gave a toothy smile. "You are perverse, evil and unscrupulous," she glared, then her amusement broke through. She cuddled up against me. "It was very different - unexpected. I've never read about that kind of torture before."

"Watching you trying to figure out what was going on is a memory I'll treasure, my tasty captive," I taunted her.

"I'm not tied up anymore," Rhada growled. We wrestled, I eventually pinned her hands over her head, used my knees to pry her legs apart and penetrated her.

Rhada's body arched against me, anchored on her hips and head, as my cock penetrated her to the maximum. This was still what she wanted most - to be fucked. After she crashed down, I tried to kiss her. She tried to bite my face. My response was to force her wrists into one of my hands. She was strong enough to make that hold very difficult.

Rhada made my fingers work for it without breaking free. With my free hand, I leveraged first one leg then the other to my shoulders. I started pounding her while pushing her legs farther and farther until she was bent in two. My lower body was now balanced on my toes so my hips could rise up higher and slam down with greater force.

Our faces were centimeters apart. I had come to know that look in her eyes. I released one hand at a time. Rhada linked her fingers in the hair on the back of my head and drove my lips down as hers came up. Her kiss was that of a famished animal gnawing the last bone of our time together. I tried to pull away.

"No," she moaned.

"I don't have a condom on," I explained.

"I don't care," she stared at me intently. I didn't stop thrusting, but she could see my emotional distress.

"I can't get you in trouble, Rhada," I groaned. "I know you don't want me," I lied - she seriously wanted me in her own twisted way. "I can't risk giving you my offspring until something changes. I will not steal you from Havenstone, but I can't abandon Katrina either. We are stuck for now."

Rhada began wiggling free until she pushed me on my side. She swiveled around until she could take my cock into her mouth and began fellate me. She kept eye contact with me, partially to see if she was giving me pleasure and partially to establish some sort of psychic bond that lovers theoretically share.

She was giving to me, so I returned the favor - with my fingers. Rhada clearly wanted to keep eye contact. I did dip two fingers into her pussy then lick them dry, repeatedly. Since our earlier escapades had loosened up her ass, I had to work three digits in to the second knuckle to drive her nuts. She was crying, orgasming and working my dick over all at the same time.

She gagged, choked, used too much teeth and I shot-gunned semen deep down her throat. More gagging followed then she spewed my seed over my crotch and thigh. Rhada was devastated. I knew what I had to do. I reached my cum-drenched hand around, grabbed her braid and shoved her face into my thigh.©Wlw.novel(wôR©.com

"Clean me up, Bitch," I demanded. I got a few urgent licks then a mildly painful bite. "Slut, I didn't say kiss it - I said lick it. How stupid are you?" Rhada shot me a sizzling flash before getting back to work. I got another bite so I spanked her hard. The next look was searing and orgasmic.

When she finished up, she rolled onto her side, back to me. Rhada's head was down by my thigh, her head resting on her hands. My cheek settled on her hip as I gazed upon her quiet form.

"I'm going to miss this so much," she sounded completely depressed. So many possible retorts - only one right one.

"If you need to contact me before you can come back, use Katrina. She knows you and I meet, not what we are doing," I told Rhada. "She asked and I told her not to. That was the end of that." She rose onto her butt and leaned her back into me.

"I do not understand you," she sighed. "That is part of your appeal." Pause. "I must go."

"Do you want to shower first? You still have some cream and peanut butter on you beside the normal semen and sweat," I suggested. She gave me a curious look then left the bedroom. I joined her in the shower, shared our body warmth until the hot water kicked in then bathed one another.

"You have corrupted another aspect of my life," Rhada sighed as we dressed. "Showering is going to be an empty experience without you now."

"Breaking down your resistance is my long-term goal," I responded matter-of-factly. Rhada shot me a nasty look. "Just joking. One good look at your naked flesh and all higher brain functions go right out the window."*wuw.n©VlwôRm.côm*

She finished and stood. So did I. By unspoken agreement, I walked her to her sports car.

"You could be dead, or gone when I get back," Rhada spun on me suddenly, burying her face in my chest. I could feel her tears. This was getting worse and worse - for both of us.

"Look on the positive side," I soothed her. "You've made sure I can never forget you."

"You are useless," she sniffled. Her kiss was full of her heat and passion. With a roar of more horsepower than could possibly be useful, Rhada pulled away in her performance machine. I turned and returned to my flat. Two minutes later there was a knock at my door. I may have gone to a college in rural New Hampshire, but I grew up in a not-so-nice neighborhood in Chicago.

I checked the spyhole. It was Nikita. Oh, joy. The door swung opened and I motioned for her to come in. I knew that look from my long experience in disappointing women. I shut the door as Nikita took in my residence.

wwŴ.NoveŁW©(r)m.©omt

"Her name is Rhada, she is returning to her homeland tonight for a month," I began.

"She is associated with Havenstone. She is not my boss, in my chain of command, nor are they pimping me out. Rhada showed up Tuesday night and I know we have no future together though she can't accept that," I related.

"She's good-looking," Nikita commented after a few moments.