

Chapter 879

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"Do I have to hand-cuff you again?" Librasnickered. I slipped my right hand farther back and down. Using the liberal amount of lube Libra had lavished on my penis, I slicked up my forefinger and picked her sphincter. Libra gave a quick intake of breath.

"For the sake of your backside, that might be wise,"I teased right back. Libra pouted.

"Are going to re am my poor, abused Henie?" shemoped deceptively. Rule One plus the addendum -make the girl happy. If you make the girl happy,she'll figure out what makes you happy and do it for you. I lifted Libra up until my coc k flopped out of her. It didn't take her two seconds. Her hand found my cock, pointed it up and steered it into her butthole with zero need for encouragement.

"I can't believe you are making me do this," shegroaned as her sphinct er parted and my glans slipped in. I wasn't rushing things. I certainly wasn't coercing Lira in anyway either. She certainly relished my upper body strength that allowed me to match her pace in penetrating her. Once Libra was fully impaled, I rocked us over so that she lay on her back with her knees touching her breasts.

A casual, relaxed screw followed. Yes, I could have pounded Libra and she would have loved it, except she was here for more than a series of orgasms. She wanted some kind of confirmation there was an 'us' . She hadn't wanted a relationship when we first met, or even after our first fuck. I was a hook-up; nothing more.

The post-Felix episode with Brooke had changed that. I was far from acceptable, but more than a random fuck. Our status had become an enigma to her thus my approach with the soft anal fuck. I could certainly be a late night boot y call, salvaging a bad night and making it good. This was a 'take him out for a weekend as a friend' change of events.

I was still not in the clubhouse. Thirty minutes in bedroom while changing to go down to the pool with her other friends' they'd all know why she'd brought me along. Had Libra forgotten I was a Pound Puppy of the worst sort? Yes, but I felt no desire to remind her. We'd revisit the issue during that first weekend-guaranteed.

Libra kept up a quiet bit of banter for a few minutes. Her words were meaningless. Her tonal quality was what I was paying attention to. I kept up a conversation which I would never recall. It is an art form-coherent babbling. My partner's words faded away into groans and grunts.

"Ready?" I rumbled my hunger for herwantonness. Libra nodded once, hesitated then nodded several times vigorously with a lewd curl to her lips.

I hammered Libra with powerful thrusts. She was pushed up and over until her weight was on her shoulders and I as looking down into her impassioned face as I drove home. Her fingernails were drawing blood tracks over my flesh. I've heard of a 'backdraft'before-never in a sexual context though.

Libra's whole body seemed to coils up internally. There was this moment of complete quiet and then Libra exploded in song. God, I thought her rectal muscles would twist my coc k off, she was so energetic. Her vocal symphony went on, and on, and on. I was afraid I'd broken the girl. It got so bad, Timothy snuck a look in, gave me a 'what the fuck?'expression then left.

Oh yeah-somewhere toward the end of the process, I came. I was that entranced with the entire experience. Libra fell lifeless beneath me, trembling and emitting soundless mutterings. She was unconscious. This wasn't my first time having this effect, but it doesn't happen so often I can't totally recall each incident.

I pulled out of Libra, disposed of my 'business'then placed my body beside hers, stroking her right ch eek and ear, brushing her hair off her face.

"You are pretty," Libra gave me a sleepy smile. I'dstun-fucked her alright.*Ww.(n)oVellwórm.c0(m)*

"You've devastated me," I complimented her.Complete lie. Refer to 'making the girl happy'.

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"You are welcome," Libra giggled. She rolled toface me, still numb from her exertions, yet joyous none the less. I put my arm around her, pulling her tight. She licked some of my sweat off my chest and ne ck while I showered her head with light pecks."Am I going to see you again soon?"she murmured.

"Oh crap!" I exclaimed. Libra leaned back and gaveme a confused look."I haven't gone down on you yet. That won't do." Blink.

"I'm pretty exhausted, Cael," Libra looked allsoulfully sad.

"Please... I miss the taste of you," I protested.

She mentally debated the issue long enough so she could convince herself she was doing me a favor.

"Be gentle," Libra begged. I nodded my agreement,warmed her up then tore her to pieces one more time-because I'm that kind of guy. She came, doused my lips with her juices and sang out her gratitude for one more body-rocking climax.

"I can't walk," Libra whimpered as she cuddledbeneath me. I was resting on my knees and elbows as I hovered over her.

"How do you know?" I panted.*wŴw.nOVeℓWôRM.com*

"I can't feel anything below my stomach," she

sighed happily, "and my stomach feels all tingly-like butterflies."*www.ñoVellwórm©.cô(m)*

"Does this mean you forgive me for last week?" Iworried. She thought. She shook her head 'no'. "You mean I'm going to have to do even more?" Imoped. She nodded 'yes'. I gave her a wicked gleam. "Well... if I must."

"You must,"she snickered."At least a few moretimes."

"Wait-does that constitute 'attempted murder'?" Iprotested.

"Man Up," Libra got feisty. She must have beengetting some lower extremity feeling back because she wiggled her public mound against my penis.

"Out," I grunted."One of us needs some recoverytime."

Libra gave me one more teasing wiggle then acceded to my demands. She could barely walk, displayed an otherworldly mental state, and floated out of the apartment. When I finished cleaning up for round two: Rhada, Timothy shot me.

"In case you missed it, three neighbors and thecops came by," Timothy informed me.

"Two of them want your head on a pike," hesmirked."The girl in 3F wrote her number down

on the dry erase board. The police repeat their request that you behave."

"Have you ever thought about you and me movinginto a gay apartment complex?" I inquired."That way when the neighbors come over, you might get lucky too."Timothy shot me again and yes I deserved that one too.