

## **Master of Time 52**

### Chapter 52 Lemony Filler

It has been a while.

When was the last time I get to enjoy the blissful sins of the flesh?

Must have been years – relatively speaking of course. Only like two months have actually passed.

With handfuls of her bountiful ass, I help Sandra bounces on my steel rod, impaling herself and letting me bottoming out inside her again and again.

It feels quite pleasant as her tightness and wetness stroke along the length of my meat, from base to tip, in an attempt to milk me.

And she is succeeding.

My balls are contracting, requesting for a blissful release after such a long, long time.

Perhaps I should have sex more often to prevent such a quick release like this.

There are countless of beautiful woman all around me, yet I am too oblivious to the fact. I do see them as assets and tools instead of people after all.

"Oh... ah... ah..."

Sandra gasps, enjoying the pleasurable sensation once the pains finally go away.

She didn't know why, but it feels just like the first time she has had sex. She was so inexperienced and scared back then.

Now, things have changed. She is more experienced – a lot more.

Her hands have found themselves onto my shoulders for much needed support. She lifts off and then slams back down, meeting my hips in an almost graceful manner.

My cock is forcefully sheathed inside of her, extracting a satisfying groan from my throat.

Her lower muscles tense, squeezing my hardened cock for just a fraction of second, bringing me almost to the climax.

However, she did not let me climax.

Instead, her muscles relaxes just before the flood gate opens.

Sandra lifts off again and repeat the motion, expertly.

"Oh God, Sandra. Where have you been all my life?"

I grunts as my eyes is lost inside hers.

My hips buckles hypnotically, reciprocating her bouncing motion like a lost puppy.

She is currently dominating me, and I am allowing her.

In this very moment, I am but a slave to her whims.

I didn't mind, actually.

In bed, anything goes.

Her hands soon wrap around my neck, pulling me into her soft – very soft – embrace while she grinds against me, letting me cock kisses every inches of her inside, maddeningly.

"Max. Suck me."

Sandra commands.

I obey, sucking her tits, taking her erected nipple into my mouth and nibbling on it. My action causes her to arch her head back, moaning.

One of her hands ruffle my hair and press my face against her bosoms, forcing me to do my job.

I did not protest one bit.

Our hips are glued for minutes on end, humping away.

Before my pulsating cock could erupt like an active volcano, filling her inside with my hot steamy cum, Sandra breaks away, freeing me and letting me breathe.

Sandra then resumes bouncing, ever so slowly as if she is teasing me.

She is fucking teasing me!

Despite her virgin body, Sandra is very good at what she does, bringing me to the edge of climax with very little effort.

And it didn't take long for me to grab her waist tightly and hammer home, repeatedly.

Sandra is like a ragdoll, bouncing on my stiffening cock as I try to reach that explosive climax.

I really need to release.

Her juices coat my length, allowing for a smooth entries and retreats.

"Max... slow down. Ugh...oh... ah... Max... ah... ahhh...!"

Despite her pleading, my energetic thrusts continue to earn gasps and moans.

Before long, Sandra is on her back with her legs spread wide.

My cock pounds her wet cunt from above with reckless abandonment.

Her legs soon wraps around my waist, urging me to go faster and deeper.

I comply with her request, jackhammering away violently, bringing her and myself to orgasm.

The only sounds in the room are our skins slapping against each other alongside with our moaning and grunting.

When it is almost time, her body shivers in blissful delight as her juices erupt from deep within, coating my shaft entirely.

After few more deep plunges, I let out a groan as my cock sinks into her wet depth completely.

Our hips press tightly against each other as I spill myself inside of her.

Her legs stiffen and her toes curl when hot steamy baby batter floods her entire inside.

My balls contract, pumping out everything store within. There is absolutely no restrain.

Neither of us worried about the consequences since we both are infertile – for a different reason.

Minutes later, I slowly pull back, letting my semi-cock retreats halfway before ramming it back inside, causing the cum to slosh around. Some spills out of the edge, staining the white sheeting.

I repeat the motion until my cock regains its full hardness, all while looking into her eyes and capturing her sweet lips repeatedly.

Sandra gasps and grips my back tightly while I resume fucking her without reservation.

After another steamy load inside her overflowing cunt, I straddle her chest and pump my cock through her soft valley. Our combined juices provide me with lubricant.

Sandra presses her breasts together, sandwiching my cock. She also licks the mushroom top whenever it manages to escape to the other side of the valley.

Throughout the whole time, her eyes never break contact with mine.

"Don't look at me like that, Sandra. Oh God. I think I'm going to blow."

I hastily pull my cock from her breasts and press it against her lips. She allows it inside her mouth just as the first shot jets forth. It splashes against the ceiling of her mouth, coating her tongue afterwards.

Dozens more shots follows, filling her mouth.

Sandra swallows everything I give her and sucks my cock clean.

After the third time, I have thought my cock is satisfied. I didn't expect to be leaning back against the bedhead as one of the beautiful women in all of Hollywood gives me a nice blowjob and deep throat.

My enjoyment expresses itself with another load in her throat, streaming into her stomach.

A little time reversal refill my balls and let me go again.

This time, I take the initiative and proceed to fuck her face rather violently. She has difficulty breathing at first, but her experience in another world helps her out.

Sandra swallows my cock all the way to base when I erupted. Every bit of my cum went straight down her throat and into her stomach.

I stop cheating about the seventh time around.

By then, Sandra is somewhat unconscious, cradling my body while my cum is spilling out of her pussy and lips.

My hand strokes her head as a smile forms on my lips. There is nothing on my mind while I watch Sandra entering a deep sleep.

I hope she is dreaming instead of remembering the nightmare.

Sandra wakes up after about 15 minutes later, looking around and searching for me.

"It's fine, Sandra. I am here. I haven't left. I will stay here until you wake up in the morning. I promise."

I assure and allow her to rest upon my chest. She whispers something inaudibly before falling asleep once more. This time, Sandra did not wake up until morning.

When Sandra wakes up, the first thing she did is looking around the room, seeming not recalling what had just happened.

"Did you sleep well, Sandra?"

I ask.

Sandra responds by immediately covers herself with the blanket when she notices that she is naked.

"Mr. Maxwell. I... I..."

Sandra utters.

I place my hand upon her lips to stop her stuttering.

"You don't need to call me that. Call me Max instead, Sandra. Didn't we agree about this just before we have so much fun last night?"

Her face flushes with red as she recalls what had happened.

Sandra really loses herself last night on account of what had happened to her.

She is unwilling to let go of those awful experiences as it would change who she is right now. However, she could replace them with happier memory.

I am happy to help her in her endeavour.

"Shall we go out for breakfast or have breakfast in bed? I'm up for another round if you are?"

I offer.

"Don't you mean several rounds, Max?"

Sandra beams at me. She is cute when she is like that.

"Sure, if you are up to it."

I responses and drawls her closer for a kiss. The blanket falls away and we didn't left the room until late in afternoon.

Sandra Bullock and I have lunch together instead.