

Chapter 23 Giving In

I can feel him circling him, his finger stroking along the exposed skin as he does. Slowly, his mouth begins to kiss the areas of my body that are exposed. Each circle of me he does, his fingers and mouth touch my body.

The feel of leather stroking my body begins, and he continues to circle me. As he reaches my back, it lifts from my body and swings, hitting my ass. Moaning, I push forward as he keeps going, each time the flogger drags across my body before swinging over my ass.

He stops in front of me, his hand unzipping the dress. I feel it drop from my body, his mouth teasing my breasts as his hands grasp my ass. He continues the sweet torture, kissing, biting and sucking against my bests and neck, my body shakes within his hold.

Moving, he goes back to dragging the flogger around my body, swinging and hitting my ass when he gets behind me. My body is relaxed, and I can't help but smile.

A slight scream escapes my lips as something hits my clit. I feel it drag up my stomach to my neck before I jump from the sting of it hitting my breast. He continues his game, stroking the crap across my body before swinging it down against my ass, clit or breasts.

I'm ready to beg but fight against it. His digits push into my core, his hand other hand grasping my hair and pulling my head back. "I watched the videos every night, naughty girl." My body shakes against his. "My favourite is the one where you're choking on my cock, while you use your own fingers for pleasure, and I call you my dirty girl."

His words end and he bites against my neck, my body throwing me into an orgasm, my hands grip the restraints, and I hear him chuckle.

"Fuck I missed that." His lips find mine while his fingers continue to stroke inside of me. My head goes to fall back but his other hand stops it.

"I want you soaked, proving you're my dirty girl." My head nods in agreement as he releases my hair and kisses down my body. Every now and then, he stops and bites against me until he reaches my sex.

His mouth joins his fingers in their sweet torture of me. My hips try to move against him, his free hand grasping me and holding me still.

"Please." He's been gentle, almost mockingly.

"Please, what, baby girl?"

"Stop being so gentle, Daddy." My head falls back as he resumes teasing me slowly.

"How hard do you want it, dirty girl?" I open my mouth to answer and he bites against my thigh, as his fingers piston into me hard, screaming, my body shakes and the orgasm flows through me.

"That, I want that." I hear his chuckle and feel him kissing up my body.

"Unlucky dirty girl, you don't deserve that yet." No! I almost stamp my feet but feel his hand grasp my neck. "Prove to me you deserve it, and I will."

Moaning, I nod, unsure of how I'm meant to prove it. I'm tied up, and I can't move. I jump, a scream escaping my mouth as the whip hits.

"Harder or softer, dirty girl?" His hand grips my ass.

"Harder." The whip swings, and I scream, my body shaking as his hand strokes down my back. Opening my mouth to beg, his hand covers it.

"Don't do it." I fight back, pouting and sulking, and wait, feeling his hands stroke along my body. Stopping at my breasts, his fingers move down, pushing into me. They move hard and fast. His other hand grips my hair as his mouth finds mine. Kissing me briefly, his mouth moves to my ear.

"Scream, dirty girl, I want to watch you come undone." His fingers continue moving inside of me, his palm rubbing against my clit. My body shakes as his lips find mine, his tongue pushing through and into my mouth.

I forget how to breath, the orgasm sweeps through me, his fingers only seem to move faster, my body shaking against his as he keeps my mouth against him.

Crying out, another orgasm burns through me, his fingers still pushing deeper and moving faster. My head shakes, and I fight to remember anything, the word no screamed from mouth as the liquid drips from between my legs.

"Yes, dirty girl, fuck yes." His words growled, and my body slumped, being held up by the restraints as he removed his fingers from inside of me. "Time to rest."

I want to argue, but I can't even find the energy to open my eyes. I feel his arms wrapping around me, and the restraints unclick. He carries me to the bed, my body staying wrapped around his.

"You didn't fuck me." I was trying not to throw a fit so he would, but he still didn't.

"I did, just not in the way you wanted. Next time I will fuck you in the way you want." Next time? So this isn't the end again? We're not going to try and avoid each other going forward?

I feel the blindfold removed, and he smiles down at me. "Sex isn't always the goal. Sometimes sexual isn't either." I nod at his words. I know it isn't, just...I weirdly missed him.

We sat and talked, and I explained how it felt. It was amazing, and it felt like he had finally given in to me. No more holding back or hiding. I want to believe it will be okay going forward, but I still feel like he will run again.

Turning, I look at him. "We can't keep doing this, Daddy."

"We can." He smirks slightly. "I'm joking, okay. Maybe we need to accept that this whole staying away from each other thing is set to fail. I don't know how it will work. I'm not sure I want Jake to know yet, not that he's even spoken to me anyway."

I stare at him. "He's not spoke to you?" I thought he realised.

"No, total silence. I can only assume that means he has figured out a job and money." I want to help, but I can't. Nothing I do or say will make Jake talk to Alaric.

"Come on, it's late. Let's go out there, grab something quick to eat, and talk." He stands and picks up my dress.

Getting sorted I put it on. "We could just talk in here."

"No, because the longer you're naked on that bed, the more I want to fuck you, now move." Laughing I nod, and walk out with him following.