

Chapter 44 Wanting More

I'm fed up with serious talk. I'm done with the stress. I have had enough of the crap that keeps building. Standing, I decide to taunt Alaric.

He must sense it as he shakes his head. "Baby girl, I will not touch you until you eat." His words clearly state a fact. I glance from him to my plate.

I feel like crap, so eating won't help. Then what? Will I even feel well enough for him to fuck me after? Sighing, I sit down, eat and fight off the sickness that builds with each bite.

After finishing, I put down the fork. "Now you can't say no, Daddy," I smirk at him.

"You're wrong there, baby girl; I can." His words tease, and my eyes widen in disbelief. "I won't but give yourself at least some time before fucking me. Let me sort the dishes." Leaning over the table, he kisses my cheek.

Well, he agreed to fuck me. Standing, I begin to help with the dishes, which means he touches me quickly. At least, that is what I think anyway. Weirdly, I've missed him, or at least I feel like I have.

He's been here every day and at night, yet I feel like that side that was carefree, where he fucked me and tormented me, has disappeared. It hasn't, we're just busy.

Finishing, he goes to walk out of the kitchen, but my hand stops him.

"Yes, baby girl?" He says, smiling at me like he's going to torment me.

"You're going the wrong way, Daddy." He looks from me to the door.

"I'm going the right way to get upstairs, baby girl." He replies, and I laugh.

"Upstairs sucks, please daddy?" I flutter my lashes at him.

"Fine. For you, baby girl." He holds my hand and pulls me the other way. He opens the hidden door, and we step in. I hear the door close behind us. He guides me into the room, and my body already feels like it's melting.

"Strip baby girl." His words come from behind me. Standing, I remove my clothes and feel his eyes on me. Folding them, I place them to the side, and he chuckles. "I expected you to throw them on the floor." His finger strokes down my spine.

"I was tempted, but I didn't want to waste time getting punished for it." Not tonight; maybe next time. My body doesn't move, and I wait for his next order.

"What do you need, baby girl?" His words are seductive, and his finger strokes down my side as he speaks.

I've not considered it. I just wanted more than the norm. My body shakes, and he chuckles. He's not even touching me. What do I need?

"I want more than the norm, but that isn't what I need, Daddy." My words end, and his hand wraps around my neck, my body exploding from the touch.

"What do you need, baby girl?" His words are whispered into my ear.

"I don't know. I trust that you will know and give me it, Daddy." Every other time he has touched me, I have felt like he knew what I needed and my body rather than giving me what I wanted.

The sound of him moving behind me makes me smile. I watch as he walks around me and stands ahead of me. My teeth bite against my lip as I see his chest; he's removed his shirt. My eyes skim over his body, my hands twitching to touch him.

I won't, though; instead, I will stay standing and wait for his order. His hand moves, and he points down, even I'm not dumb enough not to know the meaning of that gesture.

Smiling at him, I kneel in front of him. My eyes stayed fixed on his. He isn't even touching me, and the wetness is already growing between my legs. It's taking everything not to pounce on him.

"Release me, baby girl." He orders, and my hands lift. Slowly, I unfasten his belt, followed by the buttons and zip. Pulling his trousers open, I push them down slightly, freeing his cock.

He didn't say what to do next, but even I know what he will say. My hand wraps around his cock, my head moving forward. I go to lick along his shaft, and he stops me.

"I didn't tell you to baby girl." His eyes stay on mine as he speaks. Is he joking? The fact he's refusing means I want to do more. I moan slightly and wiggle. Why is it about him not letting me, which makes me want to?

"Please?" Maybe begging will work?

"You want to suck my cock, baby girl?" His words are growled, and I nod far too quickly, and he chuckles. His hand wraps around my neck, forcing my head to raise. His thumb strokes along my lips, my tongue peeks out slightly, and he licks it. "You want to worship my cock, baby girl?" My head nods at his words.

"Yes, Daddy." My words are whispered, and I feel his hand release on my neck.

"Then, for you, baby girl, I will agree." For me? Why does that turn me on? Leaning forward, my tongue strokes along his cock, slowly teasing him slightly before sucking him into my mouth. My tongue continues to tease the underside of his cock as I gently suck against him.

My head moves, and I hear him groaning as I push myself closer and gag slightly on him. I expect him to grip my hair and force me, but he doesn't.

His hand is settled gently on the back of my head, still giving me the freedom to move. My mouth continues to tease his cock, and I push myself closer to him; he groans as his cock hits the back of my throat.

I'm not stopping; I continue to suck against his cock, and his groans get louder and more frequent. My jaw is hurting, but I won't stop until he says. His eyes meet mine, and I moan at the look in his eyes. My body quakes as the wetness drips between my legs.

"Baby girl, what are you doing?" Being a good girl, I thought he would have realised by now my plan, but he hasn't. Rather than releasing him, I push closer, gagging louder, and he groans. He stares down at me and seems to release as he smirks.

"You can stop, baby girl", He orders, and I pull back slowly, my tongue stroking along his cock as I do. "What was that?" He's looking at me, confused.

"You thought I would stop when I got tired or my jaw hurt, Daddy?" My words tease, and he nods while staring at me. "Nope, I won't stop if you don't tell me to. Not tonight or next week."

His eyes roll, and I fight back against the witty remark about him needing to be punished. I smirk when I picture his reaction.

"Stay there, baby girl." He walks behind me, and I stay kneeling, slowly moving my mouth around to prevent it from feeling too tense from being open for so long.

I feel him kneeling behind me and smile, knowing he's going to fuck me. His hands wrap around me, and I watch as he pushes my legs open so I'm no longer kneeling with them together.

His hand settles on the top of my back between my shoulders, pushing me forward until I'm bent over.

"Arms above your head, baby girl." His words are quiet, and I follow his order. Raising my arms, I feel him move away from me; a second later, the restraints wrap around my wrists, holding them against the floor so they can't move.

He disappears again, and I jump, screaming slightly, feeling the whip hit my ass. It happens again; my hands grasp the restraints, and I moan. He keeps going; each whip has me crying out, wanting to beg him for more, but I hold it in. My ass stings, but it's worth it.

I feel him kneel behind me, my body shakes, and I almost orgasm at the thought of him touching me. His fingers push inside of me, and I moan. I try to move closer to him, but with my arms tied down, I can't. His fingers continue to work inside of me, then suddenly stopping as I'm about to orgasm.

A whine escapes my lips as I feel his tongue tease against my sex. It begins working faster, each stroke pushing me higher and higher. His tongue moves, gliding over my ass, and I gasp. I press my forehead against the fall and moan as his tongue continues to tease.

He pulls back, and his hand grips my shoulders, my body gets ready for him to fuck me. I groan, feeling his finger push into my ass and slowly moving. Every part of me wants to crawl away, yet my body is trying to push closer to his hand to gain more.

His finger continues to move before he adds another. "Soon, baby girl." His words are quiet, and I whimper, my body trying to push back more. The feel of his fingers removing has me whinging. The hard slap on my ass causes me to scream. "No complaining, baby girl," he orders, and I nod, even though I wasn't, not intentionally anyway.

The feel of something cold against my ass has me wiggling and trying to push back. I groan as he pushes it into my ass, and it stays in place.

"Now I will fuck you, baby girl." His words taunt me, and I feel him push into me. My body tries to rock against him but fails. His hand grips my shoulder, and he thrusts once.

I scream, coming undone instantly and hear his chuckle before he begins thrusting against me. Each move has me crying out in pleasure. It feels entirely different with the buttplug in. My head shakes as I hear him groaning my name as his hips barrel into me faster and harder.

The word daddy is screamed from my lips as the orgasm hits and slams into me a final time. His hand keeps me impaled on his cock, which only makes me worse. My body tries to escape, but he keeps me against him. His cock pushes against the perfect spot.

His hand grips my hair, and he pulls my head up.

"Please." I don't know what I want or why I said that.

"Please, what, baby girl? Release you, or move?" I want to say release me, but then I also want him to move just slightly so I don't feel the pressure of the orgasm building. "Move it is." His hips roll, and I cry out.

My body shakes against him, and everything goes back. I hear him groaning his mouth against my ear. "Now I want to fuck you again. You need sleep, though." He moves back and removes the buttplug.

My entire body collapses, and I feel him picking me up and carrying me. I stay leaning against him, my head settled against his chest as he carries me up his hidden stairs and into his room.

"Can you stand baby girl?" I nod slightly and feel him placing me down. Sickness washes over me, and I turn to the toilet and begin being sick. His hand holds my hair.

"You're taking another test." His words make me shake my head as I move away from the toilet. "You're constantly feeling sick, you're taking another test, baby girl. No arguing. Shower, bed, and then tomorrow, you can do it." Lifting me, he carries me into the shower. My eyes close, and I give in to the tiredness.