

Chapter 9

But I was not done.

Before she could catch her breath, I lifted her off me, the water splashing as I turned her around, pressing her hands flat against the wall of the tub. The porcelain was cool under her palms, contrasting with the heat of the water and her flushed skin. She was on her knees in the tub, her back arched, her ass pressed against my hips, her pussy wide open and waiting for me. 4

"Like this," I said, my voice rough with need. 3

I guided my cock back to her entrance, teasing her with the head, running it through her wet folds, collecting her cream on the head before sliding against her clit. She whimpered, pushing her hips back, trying to impale herself on me. 3

"Not yet," I said, holding her still. "I want to watch you beg for it." 3

She turned her head slightly, her eyes glassy with need, her lips parted. She looked desperate. She looked like she would do anything I told her to. 1

"Please," she breathed.

That was all I needed. I thrust into her in one smooth motion, burying myself to the hilt, and she cried out, her fingers scrabbling against the wall. Her pussy gripped me like a fist, hot and tight and slick with the water and her own arousal. 5

I started moving, a hard, punishing rhythm that sent water splashing over the edge of the tub. Each thrust drove her forward, her breasts pressing against the porcelain, her moans turning into broken, breathless sounds that drove me wild. I watched my cock slide in and out



of her, wet and glistening, her pink flesh stretching around my thickness, her cream coating my shaft with every stroke. 4

"You take me so fucking well," I grunted, my hands gripping her hips, pulling her back onto me with every thrust. "Look at you. Look at this perfect pussy swallowing my cock." 1

I reached around, my fingers finding her clit again, slick and swollen and desperate. I rubbed it in tight circles while I fucked her, pounding into her from behind, the water splashing and sloshing around us. 4

"Whose pussy is this?" I demanded, my voice harsh in her ear. 2

"Yours," she gasped, the word breaking on a moan.

"That is right. This cunt belongs to me now. You understand that?" 5

She nodded frantically, her body trembling on the edge again, her walls starting to flutter around my cock.

I fisted a hand in her wet hair and pulled, just hard enough to arch her back further, just hard enough to make her whimper. 1

"Say it."

"It is yours," she gasped. "It is yours."

"Good girl." 1

I could feel her shaking, the words doing as much work as my cock. I leaned in, my chest pressed flat to her back, my mouth right against her ear. 1

"I can feel you getting close," I said, my rhythm never faltering. "I can



feel this tight little pussy clenching around me, begging for my cum. You want me to fill you up?" 2

"Yes," she breathed, barely audible. 1

"I am going to pump every drop inside you," I growled, my own release building, a hot pressure coiling at the base of my spine. "I want my cum dripping out of you. I want to watch it run down your thighs when we get out of this tub." 2

That pushed her over the edge. She came with a scream, her body convulsing around me so hard I nearly lost my own rhythm. Her pussy clamped down on my cock like a vise, milking me, pulling me deeper. I kept thrusting through it, chasing my own release, the friction, the heat, the sound of her pleasure driving me toward the brink. 7

"Fuck. Celeste." 1

I buried myself deep and let go, my cock pulsing as I spilled into her, thick ropes of hot cum flooding her pussy, filling her to the brim. I groaned, long and low, my forehead resting between her shoulder blades as I emptied myself inside her, my hips pressing flush against her ass, not letting a single drop escape. 8

We stayed like that for a long moment, both of us panting, the water slowly settling around us. My cock remained buried inside her, softening slowly, and I could feel my cum leaking out around the base, mixing with the bathwater. 1

I pulled out slowly, watching the cloudy water swirl around her thighs, a faint trace of white dispersing in the steam. 1

She turned around to face me on her own. Flushed. Lips swollen. Eyes



heavy. Wrecked in the exact way I had wanted to wreck her. 2

I looked at her for a long moment and did not say a word.

The water was starting to cool. I stood, water sheeting off me, and stepped out of the tub. Grabbed a towel. Held it open.

"Out." 3

She blinked up at me. Then she stood, slow and unsteady, and stepped into the towel and into my arms. 1

I wrapped her up. Did not kiss her. Did not soften my face.

But I held her there for a beat longer than I needed to.

Tomorrow she was going to walk into a room and the world was going to change for two people who did not see it coming. 1

She did not know that yet.

I let myself have that one quiet thing before the storm.



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