

The World Is Mine For The Taking

Chapter 45: Chapter 7 - Disciplining The Naughty Bandit (4)

"Mmm... Mmmf... Mfff..."

I can't believe I'm doing this. And willingly, no less. I thought to myself as I currently had a throbbing dick in my mouth.

The rhythmic sound of my nasal breaths harmonized with the wet, slick noises as I clumsily moved my face up and down the engorged shaft. At times, when my jaw grew weary, I'd suck in with intensity, causing my cheeks to hollow in. After that, I'd release it from my mouth and give the glans a good lick. Surprisingly, there was a weird flavor, but it wasn't bad. Rather, it was good.

"Mm... lick... chuu... Haaa, nchuu... lick... Hmmm..."

As I did all that, the man I was pleasuring looked down at me with a smile on his face, "You're good. You must have a talent for this."

When he praised me like that, my body trembled with happiness. Why was I so elated? Was it because I received his approval? If that was the case, would more efforts on my part earn me additional praise?

"Mm... Nchuu..."

With the desire to earn more of his approval, I engulfed his throbbing dick with a fervent suction. I also added a vigorous headshake, creating a lewd symphony that echoed through the air.

My mouth was frothing with his bodily fluids, and the lascivious aroma permeating my nose sent shivers down my spine. Despite the numbness in my head, a singular thought persisted—I wanted to make him feel pleasure. The desire for him to climax and the anticipation of tasting it consumed my mind.

Before I knew it, my tongue was working faster, and I glanced up at him, making eye contact. Judging by his heavy, rhythmic breathing, it was clear he was thoroughly enjoying it, which, in turn, brought me immense joy.

Tears started streaming down my cheeks. But these weren't tears of pain; they were tears of joy and excitement. If I could find joy in this situation, there was no denying that I had truly become a hopelessly perverted woman, and there was no turning back.

Feeling daring, I decided to push things a bit further. Leaning even further, I took his dick deep down my throat. Initially, there was a hint of gagging, but soon enough, I pushed past it, burying his length until my lips met his crotch. With his dick nestled deep within my throat, my tongue and mouth tightened around him, eliciting quivers and jerks from his throbbing member.

"I'm cumming," he declared.

In that moment, I prepared myself. The term cumming wasn't foreign to me; I had heard it numerous times from the bandit group.

However, when it actually happened, I was still caught off guard. It was like a dam bursting open as the cum gushed out from his throbbing dick. The sheer volume was overwhelming, enough to make my vision go white, almost as if I would drown in it.

"Nhh...nbh! Gulp, gulp, gulp..."

I gagged, but with determination, I desperately gulped down the sticky essence that clung to my throat, swallowing it into my stomach.

After his powerful release, he cast a satisfied gaze down at me, his throbbing dick still deeply embedded in my throat. "You're pretty skilled at this. But deep down, it's not what you crave, is it? You want it rough, don't you? I can see it in those eyes of yours, the yearning for something more intense, something raw. Am I right?" he queried.

Without hesitation, I nodded in agreement. His words were spot-on. The prospect of rough treatment only heightened my excitement. Yielding to my desires, he cupped the back of my head with both hands and began to assertively thrust his hips.

It was an act driven purely by his pleasure. With each forceful thrust, his dick stabbed the back of my throat. Tears welled up in my eyes from the pain, and I gagged every time his member hit the back of my throat. In the face of such violence, I should have been struggling and squirming to break free, but as someone who belonged to him, I accepted the rough treatment.

Before I knew it, my gaze was locked with his, eyes upturned in submission. I was certain that my current expression resembled that of a submissive bitch,

with a melting countenance. Disheveled and undoubtedly showing it, but it didn't matter. Whatever face I wore, my master right in front of me took pleasure in witnessing it.

After a while, I sensed his cock swelling even larger in my mouth—an unmistakable sign that he was nearing ejaculation. The rhythm of his hips intensified, the spear-like motion hitting the back of my throat increasing in speed.

"I'm going to cum. Don't spill it," he commanded with a tone befitting a master, a directive that felt absolute to me for some reason.

In the next heartbeat, he reached the climax, releasing a torrent of his hot, pulsating seed into my mouth. The thick cum surged into the recesses of my throat, an overwhelming flood that plunged my world into a surreal black-and-white haze.

The rich concoction surged back, blending with my nasal secretions, and a steady stream dripped down from my nose.

It felt like I was drowning, a painful sensation that I had to endure. I couldn't afford to spill any. With that determination, I clung desperately to his cock in my mouth.

"That's it... Drink it all," he instructed.

I followed his command, taking in every last drop until the very end, my eyes meeting my Master's gaze.

"suck... gulp... gulp..."

Eventually, as the last drops were sucked up, and the ejaculation ceased, he carefully withdrew his hips, pulling his dick out of my mouth.

"Show me your mouth," he demanded.

He ordered me to open my mouth to check if I'd really downed it all. Placing a finger on each corner, I stretched my mouth wide open and stuck out my tongue. There was still cum lingering that I hadn't swallowed. I displayed the ample amount of semen he had poured, collected on my tongue.

"Swallow it," he commanded.

"Nnn, nn... Ahh... gulp... Nn... Ahh."

After finishing it off, I presented my tongue again. This time, it was devoid of any remnants of semen.

I felt lightheaded, reaching my limit. Craving release, I couldn't hold on any longer. I pleaded for him to put his dick inside me. However, he had a different idea as he flashed me that mischievous smile.

"If you want it, you can take it yourself."

I could only manage to nod. As he lay on the bed, he instructed me to straddle him. With a wobble, I slowly lowered myself onto him. Folding the crotch fabric of my friendly-budget underwear to the side with my fingers, I began the descent of my hips. A fleeting wish crossed my mind that I had chosen a more sexy lingerie, but given the unexpected nature of the situation, who could blame me?

If only I had foreseen this, I would have prepared myself and bought some good sexy lingerie.

Regret faded away as I accepted the reality of the situation. No turning back now.

I seized his slick, reddish-black penis with my hand and guided the tip to my pussy. The moment the tip touched the entrance, my spine tingled with pleasure. My mind was so numb that I couldn't think of anything anymore. The fact that I was about to be deflowered didn't even register in my mind. All I could think about was his cock.

As soon as I slid it in, I sensed an obstruction preventing it from fully penetrating me. So, with determination, I forcefully lowered my hips more. In the process, I felt something tear inside.

"Ahhh... Ahhhh..."

The pain was intense, as if my body had been violently torn apart. It was the kind of agony that could almost make you want to cry. But, of course, it wasn't

enough to make me stop. This pain didn't surpass the life-risking battles I'd faced before. Compared to those, this was bearable.

However, I couldn't bring myself to quit for another reason altogether.

"—Mmmaaaaaahhh~!!!"

It wasn't just about the pain; it was the way my body responded to it, a shudder running through me, accompanied by a sultry moan. My body, like a bow drawn to its limit, arched in ecstasy, unleashing a torrent of my womanly essence that flowed passionately.

Ohh... Oh my...

This marked the first occasion I delved into a mind-blowing orgasm, unlike anything I had ever experienced before.

"Haaa... ahhh... haaa, mmm... ahhh..."

I found myself in a daze, panting as if my consciousness had dissolved into an entirely different realm of pleasure. Was I into pain? A masochist, perhaps? Despite the disbelief, the echoes of the orgasm enveloping me affirmed the undeniable truth.

While grappling with this realization, the man beneath me let out a chuckle.

"As expected, you're a masochist," he declared. With a firm grip on both my legs, he seemed determined to prevent any escape as he thrust his hips upward.

"Ahhh, hiii.... So intense, so sudden! Ahh!"

Supposed to be in pain from this relentless fucking, but instead, as his member delved into the deepest recesses of my womb, a sweet ache enveloped both my body and mind.

"Guu, uuu....!"

Being treated this roughly felt incredibly good. My entire body was electrified with pleasure, making it hard to believe this was my first time. Each time the man thrust deep into me, a flirtatious moan escaped my lips.

Despite the man's firm grip, anchoring my body in place and restricting my movements, an uncontrollable urge propelled my hips to sway, amplifying the pleasure, hungering for just a little more.

"Fufufu..." the man chuckled. "Good girl."

His satisfaction was evident as I synchronized my movements with his. Basking in his praise, I experienced an unbelievable pleasure, making it difficult to reconcile that this was the same man who had nearly taken my life earlier.

Ahh... M-Master...

In the midst of being thoroughly ravished by him, I silently pledged my loyalty.