

## The Bus Stop

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# The Bus Stop

by [Sinful0nly](#)

## Summary

On his way home from work, he sees a girl at a bus stop who's a little bit lost. He takes her to a hotel without any ulterior motives. Maybe.

It ends up being the best decision he's ever made.

## Notes

This work has gifs and images. They are as accurate as possible to the accompanying descriptions.

There's a bit of a slow, horny start. The fucking begins in chapter 4.

If you want to leave comments, please do! Tell me what you think is hot, what you liked... what it did to you. I'd love to hear it. ;)

# Chapter 1

It was on his way home from work that he saw her. Shivering on the bus station bench, staring down the road with a pinch between her brows. He almost walked past her, swore to himself that he would. It shouldn't be the skin she was showing that pulled him in, he reasoned. Someone else would ask if she needed help, someone whose gaze didn't linger hopefully, hungrily, on the hem of her skirt. He reached an intersection almost a full block down with the image of her still in his mind. The way she huddled in on herself, thin jacket not even zipped up. Her lips, ever so slightly parted, her cheeks ruddy from the cold. It was past evening, almost night. He hesitated in reaching for the crosswalk button. In fact, his hand never left his pocket. Someone else would help her. His bus was full of people, someone else had to have helped her already. He tried to shove away the thought of her while simultaneously glancing back over his shoulder.

She was alone. The crowd had dissipated and they were alone. No one would know if he walked back to check on her, to ask, innocently, what she needed. He walked back to her.

"Hello, uh." He waved slightly, a half-hearted hand in the air. Her eyes snapped to him, smile eager.

"Hi!" She uncrossed her arms to wave back, and then crossed them again. Which was, admittedly, adorable. He noticed the way her chest pressed against itself when she did that, how it filled the space her arms boxed in. And that wasn't adorable, it was... well, it was certainly something else.

"Do you need.. help? You've been here for a while and you look a bit confused."

"Yeah." She grinned. "I'm not really from around here? I took the bus and I wasn't going to stay out this late."

"You're waiting for the bus?"

She nodded and again, he paid absolutely no attention to what that did to her chest. Was she even wearing a—*no, no. No*, he wasn't going to think about that.

"Yeah."

"I take this line home from work every day, it just dropped me off. Couldn't you have..?" He gestured down the road, at the long-gone bus.

"Going the other way." She flashed him a small smile and leaned a bit closer, prodding the answer at him. Bringing herself closer, pressing, leaning, wandering eyes wandering nearer and nearer. He took a moment to compose himself, making it seem like he was processing the information. Really, he was thinking how any movement from her seemed dangerous, seemed to ask him to resist. He had to keep his distance, but she leaned closer, and he couldn't make himself pull away.

“Oh! Well, that stop is just across the street.”

“Oh is it?” She stood up, arms falling down by her sides as she pulled her bag up with her and *oh, God*. Her breasts drooped slightly, with her arms no longer under them, and they bounced as she stood. And her *nipples*. In the cold air, they’d gone hard, pressed just below her shirt’s low neckline.

“And service stopped half an hour ago.” He blurted. It wasn’t *really* a lie. A white lie, a small one. It didn’t always run this late, but sometimes it did. It was either coming in ten minutes or not at all. Too much of a risk he couldn’t take, waiting ten minutes with her. Maybe she wouldn’t ask him to, but could he really leave her out here in the cold, all alone? Looking like... that? What might someone do to her if they found her like this? What might happen if no one was with her, if they were alone? Alone, because the street was still very much deserted.

She sighed, and he buried the things that did to him.

“Oh.”

“I... you could use my phone to call someone?”

“No, but thank you. My parents are out of town this week, that’s why I wanted to go out.”

Her parents? Shit. She still lived with her parents? Shit.

Shit, because the thoughts he was desperately burying wouldn’t stop. Because he considered how young she could be and still... Still, he eyed the fullness of her breasts above and below that dangerous neckline. Still, he wondered what the wind might do to a skirt as short as that, how little protection it offered. How easy it would be...

Well. He’d better get inside her—*get her inside* soon, she appeared to be shivering.

“Oh, they just.. left you like that?” His voice shook. It was the first thing he could think to say.

“I can handle myself.” She cocked her hip and turned to face him. When she leaned like that, her hips tilted back, the curve of her body seemed so inviting.

“Of course.” He chuckled, laughing at the first opportunity to ease the tension. There was tension, right? Could she feel it? “But don’t you think you could handle yourself better with a few more layers?” She blinked at him, eyebrows shooting up. “I—I meant *another* layer, do you want my coat?”

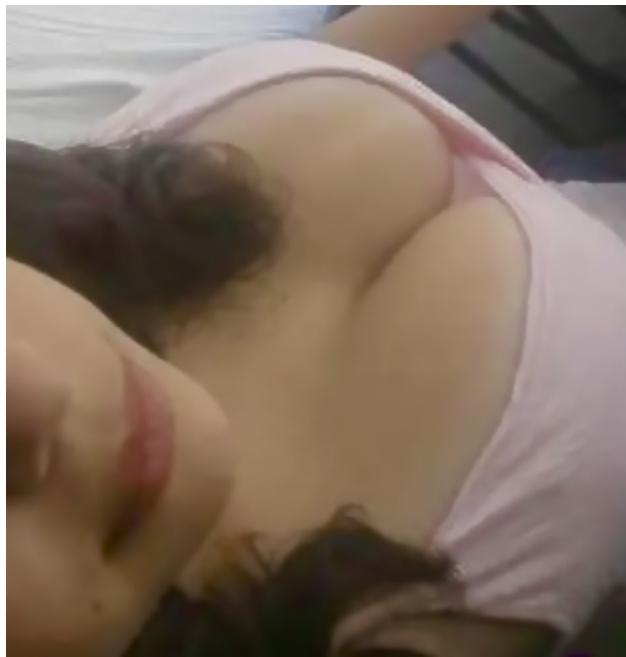
“Wouldn’t you be cold?” She asked after a beat of silence. She breathed heavily—was he just imagining that?—chest rising and falling.

“I’ll be fine.”

He set down his briefcase and shrugged off his coat. Then, and he had no idea what possessed him to do this, he walked up to her, behind her, and draped it over her shoulders. She was

smaller than he'd thought, his hand too large. As it rested on her shoulder, it pressed so much lower than he'd intended. He'd had the best intentions, but now his fingers were well below her collarbone, almost touching...

She looked up at him, and as he glanced back up, his eyes raked across her chest, the little empty space between her breasts, how her shirt clung to her, draped over her, how easy it was to see the shape of her body around it.



"Thank you," she whispered.

"Uh." His hand lingered. It almost gripped her shoulder before he caught himself. So he stepped away, and instead it fell to the small of her back. "Of course," he grinned. He could feel the curve of her waist. She smiled back.

He took his hand off her entirely and pressed it firmly to the side of his thigh.

"So, uh, do you need a hotel for the night? I know a few places downtown. We book clients there when they have to fly in."

"I would, but I can't." No hotel? Did she not have money, why wouldn't she have brought—"I'm not 21."

Shit. He'd forgotten. And the way she said it, like he should have known.

"Oh, I didn't—" Stupid excuse, she almost looked young enough to still be in school. "How old are you?" Stupid question. Stupid fucking question, why would he need to know?

And then she smiled, wide grin on her precious little face. "Eighteen!" She jumped, did jazz hands. Her breasts jostled and his eyes followed their every movement. *Eighteen*. "That's why I came here, decided to have fun for the day. My birthday was a few days ago, I wanted to treat myself."

“Congratulations!” He took a step closer, put a hand on her upper arm. She grinned up at him. He could look down and see right between her breasts. “And happy birthday.”

*Eighteen.*

If she let him, he was going to fuck her brains out.

## Chapter 2

He chose a hotel on the outskirts of downtown. Something small, not exactly cheap but nothing that would break the bank for a single night. She walked beside him, wrapped his coat around herself, and he thought of his hand on her waist, of it drifting further down.



They reached the hotel and he paused at the curb outside. She paused with him. What would it look like, he wondered, to book a room with her beside him? With his coat around her, with her tits peeking out like that. She still hadn't covered them completely, did she know what she was doing? He didn't know if they would ask for her ID, if they would even give him a room to begin with.

"Hey, why don't you stay out here?" His hand found her shoulder and his thumb caressed her. He didn't mean to, it just sort of.. happened. "It'll be just a moment, then we'll get you to your room, okay?" And his hand trailed down her arm. Not that he was trying to touch her, just that it sort of happened to him. All of this was just happening to him. A pretty girl at the bus stop had come into his life. She'd smiled, giggled—her tits bounced—and it had snowballed to here. She'd just happened to him. He wasn't forcing this, he told himself, he wasn't trying to make this happen. It didn't matter what he wanted, what he was thinking. She couldn't possibly know that when she adjusted her shirt and his eyes widened at her chest, when she hunched her shoulders against the cold and her breasts pressed together, when she bounced from foot to foot to keep warm and those beautiful things bounced with her.

"Okay." She seemed tentative.

"Here." It was like he watched it happen, his hands coming up and grabbing the lapels, crossing them over each other to cover her chest. He wasn't minding himself, lost in the closing view, and he felt them press lightly under his hands. His hands on her chest, on the lapels of his coat, covering her chest. "To—to keep you warm," he stuttered. His hands fell away, clenching air. Cold air, instead of warm and soft...

If he looked down, he knew... If *she* looked down, would she know? Did she know what it looked like when a man was half-hard in his pants?

"Th— thank you," she stuttered back. He gave a jittery nod and then turned away as fast as he could, only stopping when he reached the desk in the lobby.

He'd booked hotel rooms before, dozens of times, but his mind was somewhere else today—in his pants. The feeling of her chest pressed against his hand replayed over and over again as the woman behind the desk talked to him, asked him questions, walked him through the booking because he kept stuttering, losing his train of thought. Because of the girl outside, shivering in his coat, with bare legs and a short skirt and no bra. The girl outside waiting for him, waiting for his help. And all he could think of was what it would be like to run his hands under her shirt, to discover the swell of her breast by touch, to feel the way to her nipple, to pinch it, to hear her gasp, to make her wet—

"Sir? Sir, which room would you prefer?"

"Uh. Sorry, excuse me. What was the question?"

"We have options today: a single queen, single king, double queen. Are you looking for a single?"

He almost blurted out *no!*, because how could he possibly share a bed with her and keep his hands—and other parts of him—to himself? But he wouldn't be sharing the room with her, what a stupid thought. What a fantasy. He would book the room, leave her here. He would go home. He would return in the morning to check out for her, because she was too young. Because she was only eighteen.

"Uh, a single, please."

"Queen, or..?"

"That's fine." But if he did stay, wouldn't he want room? To keep to himself, of course.

"That's fine." He wouldn't be staying. He wouldn't let himself stay. Absolutely not.

But if he did end up staying... Well, it wasn't like he could be blamed for only getting one bed. The smaller bed. And if anything happened... Well, how was he supposed to resist?

A few more moments of him lost in thought, then the woman behind the desk spoke again.

"Alright, you are in room 118, here is your key. Check-out is by noon tomorrow."

"Okay, thank you." His voice, still coming back from thoughts that swirled around him, swirled low in his gut, swirled under his hands. Thoughts that made it so the hardness in his pants just wouldn't go away. How could he go back outside, back to her, in this state? His mind was hardly his own and he certainly wasn't in control of it. He would just have to make do.

"But it is a weekday and we're not very busy. If you need a few extra hours, that's alright. Take your time."

She smiled at him, kind and helpful, but all he heard was *if you need a few more hours with her, if you need her for a while longer, take your time with her, she's yours until tomorrow. It's*

*okay. Have her for the night, have her until noon, have her for hours. It's okay to want her. Hours alone with her, she's all yours.*

He took the key from her and it was like accepting a sentence. Knowing that he'd have to drag himself away. Knowing that the girl would be here, that she'd be alone. That no one knew she was with him and he had the room for the entire night.

But he wouldn't be staying, of course.

He flashed her the key as soon as he got outside, hopefully to distract from the bulge he was sporting. Maybe she wouldn't notice if he acted like everything was okay. She jumped a bit and smiled, and he both cursed and thanked his past self for covering her up. God, how much he wanted to see her, and how much more difficult this would be if he could.

"We're— it's room 118." He was grateful that the doors to the rooms were all external, so he didn't have to walk back into the lobby or find a side entrance. He didn't want to arouse suspicion. He shouldn't need to be worried about that, but all the same. Just in case.

"We?" She asked, was she really that daring? He glanced back at her, at the bright look on her face. She looked... hopeful? He almost scoffed. He didn't need this, her all young and so eager. He had to get her to this room fast, had to leave her soon, or else...

He could do this. He took a deep breath, collected himself.

"I only meant that it's where we're going. Room 118, your room."

"That makes sense."

Did it? Did any of this make sense? He was losing his mind, losing it to urges and impulses. His heart thudded away in his chest, he stepped just a bit closer to her, her arm brushed against his and maybe he heard her sigh.

"Wow, I'm cold." She walked with tapping steps, jittery ones, full of movement and *bounce*. She bounced well, those long legs, mostly bare under his coat.

"Oop, here we are."

Fuck, it happened again, his hand shooting out without thinking, touching her without forethought. He could barely handle the sight of her, why did he keep going in like this? How the fuck did he expect himself to handle touch? Maybe that's why he did it, though, because he couldn't expect himself to resist and maybe somewhere, some small part of him didn't really want to at all. Maybe that part of him was not so small after all. Maybe that part of him was growing.

His hand grabbed her waist, stopped her, and pulled her closer. It was as though he was just innocently directing her to the door, but he knew himself. None of his thoughts about this were innocent.

Maybe he grabbed too hard, pulled with too much force. Maybe she planted her feet too firmly. But then she stumbled, teetering backward. First her back was to him but then she

spun, arms reaching to stop her fall and his coat falling open. He froze, unable to react, and then her tits pressed to his side and his hand around her waist and when she stood back up fully, she didn't move away. He could see them again, right down her shirt, how they swelled against each other, *against him*, how her shirt stretched in a taut line between her nipples.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Not a problem." He smiled at her, let himself be dangerous. His hand stayed around her as he unlocked the door. But he dropped it as soon as he ushered her in.

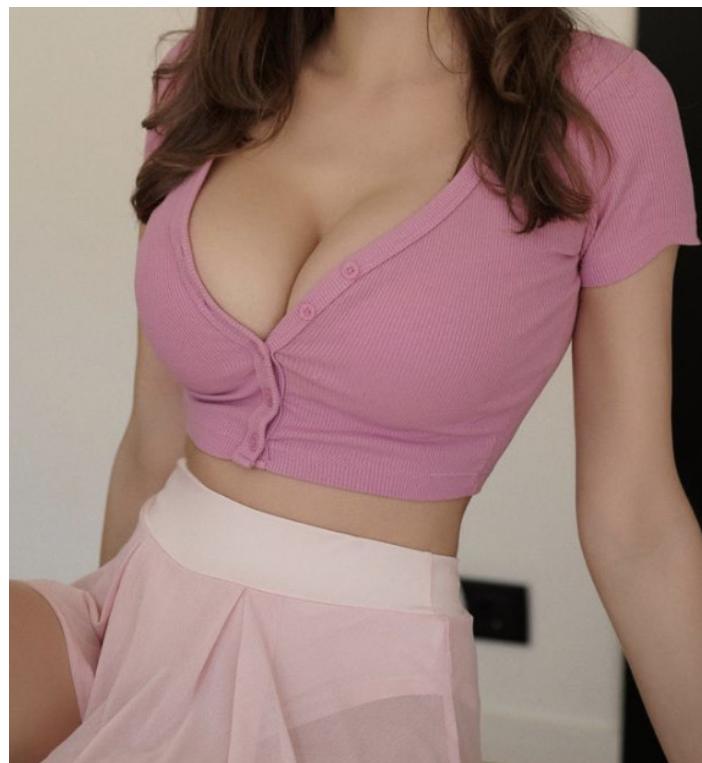
Alone, now. The door shut behind them, sounding louder than it was.

"Heat, thank God!" She tipped her arms back, shrugged out of his coat, let it fall onto the bed behind her. Her arms back, her breasts pressed forward and swinging gently side to side. He stared, agape, and then clamped his mouth shut.

"Do you mind if I..." He motioned to the coat but his eyes never left her.

"Oh, sure!" She stepped away and shrugged out of her thin jacket, too. He picked up his coat, eyes still glued to her side profile. He let the coat hang in front of him because he was fully hard now. Those tits, that tight, low-cut shirt. She was on display. It clung to her perfectly, just tight enough that it stretched over her chest and the curve of her back, just loose enough to let her breasts move. From the side, their shape was clearer. Full and perky, little nipples poking out. They swelled and rounded, like they were made to be held and touched. It was a shame that she was so young, that he would have to leave soon.

Because those were the best tits he'd ever seen.



She rubbed her hands over her arms, and the neckline fell away ever so slightly. There was danger in that neckline, danger in the way he paused, danger in how she *noticed, finally*, paused as he stared.

“I know it was stupid not to bring layers.”

No, it wasn’t stupid at all. It was perfectly alright. It was perfect, to him. Why cover up such a beautiful body? If he couldn’t do anything with her, at least he could look.

“Okay,” He tore his eyes away from her and steeled his expression, “I should be going now.”

“What?” She actually seemed disappointed. How hard he was trying to tear himself away. He’d felt her tits pressed against him, just his shirt and her shirt in the way, he’d almost see them, he could *still feel them*. He would never get that feeling out of his head, how it jolted through him. The seconds of fuzz in his brain, the thoughts that screamed at him to do something. How the feeling went right to his dick.

He’d buried it, but he’d had a thought then of picking her up by that waist, of setting her down on a desk or a table, lifting that little skirt, pulling aside her panties, of fucking into her. He wanted to grab her, to hold her there, to press her against him and fuck away his release. Just an image, a flash. He’d seen down her shirt and now he wanted to *feel* his way down it.

Just *once*, that was all he needed. Just one release and then he would go. He knew that was a lie.

“I’ll be back tomorrow, to check-out, pay for the room, see you off to your bus.”

“Oh, but I thought...” She glanced away and his heart pounded. *Look at her, how sad. Maybe you shouldn’t...*

“You’ll be okay here.” He meant it as a reassurance, but then caught himself. He saw a way out. Or rather, a way in. “Right?”

“I’ve never really stayed anywhere *alone* before.” She shrugged and he saw what it did to her chest.

“Never?” He feigned ignorance.

“No, and I... maybe you could stay?”

His heart thudded. Stupid, dangerous hope. Was it possible to feel hope in your dick? Either way, he was certainly feeling it. It felt heavy, it felt full, filling, it felt like ache.

She wanted it, badly, so he decided to tease her a bit.

“I don’t know, I have work tomorrow.” He gave her a flat smile.

She took two steps and grabbed his arm. Her hand, on him. She was only mirroring his own actions. She was touching him on purpose, she was reaching for him. It burned. He felt so, so heavy. He felt heavy in his pants.

"Please? I mean, thank you for everything you've done, really. I guess I'll be okay... but if you could, then please?"

Well, she asked. She begged. She leaned close to him, she'd put her hand on his arm, she leaned down and her chest leaned, too. She shrugged, bunching up her shoulders. And those perfect tits... He could feel how thick the bulge in his pants was. They were unbearably tight over his swelling crotch.

"Well... Okay, then." It was no skin off his back, to spend hours more with her. To be alone with her. To be here as she slept. How sound a sleeper was she? Would he have to make trips to the bathroom, or could he just...

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" She launched herself at him, pulling him into a hug. She looked up, into his eyes, and he looked down, at her tits pressed to his chest. "Thank you!"

He hugged her back, to keep her there. Little pillows of heaven pressed against him. *Big* pillows of heaven. She ducked her head again and he gazed down the curve of her back. What a nice curve, how easy it would be to press his hands right there, to get her to bend... And he trailed his eyes down further, down to the swell of her ass, to the way her skirt draped off of it. From this angle... if he was looking at her from behind, he could probably see right up it.

If it was going to make it through this night, he had to stop this immediately. So he tore his gaze up and away and it fell onto a mirror across the room.

Oh.

So he'd been right.

His cock twitched. More than that, it jumped.

You could see right up her skirt from behind when she leaned over like this. He could see both her asscheeks, hugged by her underwear, and beneath them a small mound peeking out between her legs. Her panties looked soft. They fit her well.



Her hand rubbed up and down his back and he would have to turn away as soon as she did, to hide how hard that made him. It wasn't just a minor discomfort anymore. No, this was more than a boner. This ached.

Skimpy little skirt, tight little shirt. Tiny panties, no bra. What sweet slice of heaven had he stumbled into? Who did he have to thank for the tits pressed to his chest, the girl whose waist his arms wrapped around, who hummed in his arms and whispered "*Thank you*" one more time?

## Chapter 3

He sat, legs crossed, in the armchair across from the bed. It was the only solution he had at present. He thought about grabbing his laptop and pretending to do work but his erection was throbbing and she just wouldn't leave the room. She was on the bed, on her phone. He was on his as well, but only so it appeared that he had something to do. Really, he was watching her, ogling her, driving himself out of his mind with want. She was sitting against the headboard, her legs outstretched for the first fifteen minutes or so. Then she drew up her knees. He could only see it out of the corner of his eye, but he had to focus to keep his breathing steady. Did she not feel how exposed she was? Did she realize how much she was flashing him?

Of course, she didn't know how completely hard he was, how it pressed against his thigh. He'd expertly shifted around so he wasn't straining a tent against his zipper. Now, his dick was to the side, pointing towards his left pocket. He rested his hand against that leg, to hide it. But in doing so, he was squashing it between his thigh and his forearm and it was so easy to shift that arm, so innocent-looking to her. And if he bounced his leg... he was almost jerking off.

And then her legs, drawing up. His dick twitched, hopelessly, against his forearm. It was moments, of level breathing and heart racing, before he hazarded a glance. Her ass cheeks pressed against the bedsheets, plump and plush. The soft, cushy mound of her pussy.

He started bouncing his leg. Oh. *Ooooh*. This was no almost. He was jerking off.

Up until this point, he'd only imagined that part of her hypothetically. He wanted to bury himself within her, to fuck her senseless, but that image of her was a different version of the very real girl who was alone in the room with him now. It was probably the only way he'd lasted this long without crossing the room and taking her for himself.

*That girl* he could fuck. He could fuck her forever in his mind. *That girl* had a pussy that was soft and wet and pink. But not *this girl*. If he imagined that beneath that baby blue was a real, squishy pussy with lips and a slit, with a little clit and a hole he could stretch, could fill with his fingers or his cock... If he knew that it was just across the room, a small hotel room. If he knew, really, that just over there was a warm place to put his dick, then he wouldn't be able to think of anything else.

He scrolled mindlessly through his phone, but her body was all he could think of.

Then she started opening and closing her legs, just a few inches, just a bored wiggle to get out some energy. But every time her legs opened, he could see more than that little mound, he could see her entire crotch. Every time, he was reminded that there was more to her than what was between her legs. He glanced up, at her chest rising and falling with each breath, shaking as she giggled at something on her phone.

She was bordering on irresistible. He wiggled his arm to try and rub out some more of his frustration, but it wasn't working.

She turned to her side after a few more minutes, shuffled down the bed and flopped over. He closed his eyes, breathed deeply. After another while of him staring very dutifully at his phone screen, she turned to her other side. She turned, and now her front was facing him. Her tits were almost spilling out of her shirt, pressed together, slumped over each other. Her panties had shifted, too, and now the contour of her pussy was clear. He stopped bouncing his leg and just... *pressed*. Oh, if he could he would slot himself in behind her, grab those titties in one hand, and fuck into her from behind. His dick gave a limp, burning twitch. Like a whimper. His dick whimpered at the thought. It strained, for a moment, and he could feel the smallest bead of wetness drip onto his thigh. God, he was leaking for her, spilling precum into his pants and down his leg.

Then, after that almost unbearable hour, of all things, she rolled over. Onto her stomach, her ass in the air. And her skirt, with how short it was, rucked up. Her underwear had shifted again, caught between her ass cheeks, putting their roundness on display. He couldn't stop thinking about her thighs, how they were thicker than he'd first thought, how they might feel around his waist, his hips, against his chest, under his hands.



But at least her face was turned away. He got up quickly, grabbed his briefcase from the desk across the room, and sat back down. Success. He got out his laptop, placed it on his lap, and

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She yawned, long-drawn out, whiny like a high moan. She flopped onto her back, stared at the ceiling, and then sat up, breasts swinging. If the laptop hadn't been there to stop it, his efforts at shifting his dick to the side would have been in vain. It threatened to pop right back up, incriminating tent in his poor, dampening pants. She looked directly at him.

"I think I'm gonna go to bed."

"Well I, uh, I think I might get some work done, but by all means."

She smiled, bounced off the bed, and padded into the bathroom. And he sat there, still, the entire time. He didn't know what to do, whether to grab his dick and go to town or tuck it up into his waistband or just wait.

She yawned again after she came back out, standing by the side of the bed, arms stretched up and breasts pushed out. Again, like a small moan that shot through him and ached in his dick.

He had to look away once he realized what she was doing, that she was taking off her skirt. Of course she was. Of course she wouldn't sleep in that thing, but why did she have to do it now?

Why couldn't she do it under the covers? Because now he was alone in this room with a bombshell girl wearing nothing but panties and a tiny little top. Pastel blue panties. A slim-fitting, low-cut top. He couldn't stop thinking about the color of those panties, such a young and babyish blue, such a pastel color. He couldn't stop thinking about peeling them away and finding her pink and red and ruddy beneath them.

She leaned over the edge of the bed to adjust the sheets and he stared shamelessly, stuck a hand on his bulge and grabbed, gave it a few tugs, let his mouth hang open. His cock drooled. Then she stood back up and he snapped back to his place, remembered that he was pretending to work, and typed some absolute nonsense into the search bar of a blank new tab.

She laid herself down, but then shot right back up.

"Oh no!" She put a hand on her chest and he stared right at it, brain fuzzy and horny and unable to stop himself. "Where will you sleep?"

He hadn't thought about sleep yet. Honestly, he was content to sit in this chair all night and stare at her, watching her. He could pull his dick out, finally, stroke himself slowly while she lay there, entirely unaware. He could stand closer, look at her completely unabashed, he could draw back the covers, watch those perky, braless tits rise and fall with her soft breaths.

"I don't..." He was staring at her chest and couldn't even think to answer. God, this was helpless, hopeless, his useless brain and useless, rock hard dick would make this night unbearable. She must have thought he was staring at the bed. Because then she shrugged a little, smiled lightly, brightly, and leaned forward towards him.

"*I don't mind.*" No fucking way. "You can sleep with me."

He was still staring right down her shirt between her breasts and she was asking him to sleep in the same bed?

"You really don't have to—"

"I'm going to sleep, but come to bed when you're done with your work."

And then she leaned over, turned out the light, and tucked herself in.

And his mind snapped, crackled, popped, fizzled out. He heard TV static in his ears and his heartbeat went into overdrive.

*Come to bed. Come to bed. Sleep with me. Come to bed.*

If anyone else had seen her at that stupid fucking bus stop... This night would be going very differently for her. This night would be so much better for her. Because as she lay there, breaths going even, falling asleep, his resolve crumbled. It disappeared, as though it had never been there to begin with, as though he was finally admitting to himself that from the moment he'd seen her, he wanted her all to himself. That this is what he'd been angling for all along. Shit, he'd bought them a hotel room with just one bed, he'd prodded her into asking him to spend the night. He'd made this happen. He'd asked if she needed help because her tits looked spectacular.

He'd wanted this from the start. He'd taken her here to fuck her.

And here she was, asleep, alone, wearing only her panties beneath those covers. In the dark. With him. Alone with no one but him, no one to see. Hours upon hours for him to do whatever he wanted. Hours and hours with her all to himself. She was a gift and he wasn't turning back, wasn't questioning it anymore. She'd fallen right into his lap and that was exactly where he wanted her.

## Chapter 4

He climbed into bed wearing his boxers and undershirt. He'd waited to be sure she was completely asleep and he moved silently, slowly, carefully, to keep her that way. His dick was tucked securely into the waistband of his boxers, head poking out above them but hidden beneath his shirt. Still hard as ever. Still aching. He'd jerked off a bit in the bathroom, groaning as he fucked his hand. But he was restless and unfulfilled. He needed to see her while he touched himself. He scooted closer to her, inch by inch, until she was near. And he watched.

This was the closest they'd been since the incident by the door, the most he'd allowed himself. And it was so fucking much.

She was on her back, shifting slightly as she slept and mumbling. It was the cutest thing he'd ever seen. And as she moved, arms sluggish, body heavy with sleep, her shirt shifted. First to one side, then the other, and he lay there still with rapt attention. He gasped when it finally happened, then groaned. Her arm slid down as she rolled closer to him and one big, round breast slid out of the low neck of her shirt.



One bare breast. One pink, tiny, perky little nipple staring right at him. One large, round breast. It wasn't the biggest he had ever seen, but on her they were huge.

One hand found his dick, grabbed it by the head, and held on. She looked fucking spectacular and the sight was all for him. She wanted him here, she'd asked him to come to bed, to sleep with her. She'd wanted to sleep with him. She'd wanted him here. She rolled around in her sleep, braless tits popping out, and she'd wanted him here with her. She wanted him beside her as she slept. She climbed into bed in her panties, then asked for him. With a smile. God, the things he could do to her like this.

His other hand, the one not squeezing his dick in time with her every breath, inched up. He let it linger near her breast, the bare one whose creamy-soft skin called to him and his lips

and called to his cock, sang to it, and made him achy and hard and leaky, left him dribbling out of his tip and rutting into his hand. Then he hooked a finger into that neckline—more of a nipline, really—and dragged it down, and down, and down, down and to the side, sweeping across it and then back, pulling it under the swell of her other breast.

And there they were. Two beauties. Two *sexy* beauties.

He groaned again, because now he was truly past the point of no return. Now there was little else to do but find the waistband of those panties and drag them down, down, down, too.

He let go of his dick and in adjusting himself, it popped right back into his boxers, pricking out a tent and straining the button on his fly. Oh, well. He was hard as a rock, and how could he not be? With a girl beside him, freshly eighteen, fuckable, cute as anything, rocking tits, precious ass. Pretty little panties.

He'd fucked pretty women, girls younger than him, but he was chronically single and horny out of his mind. He didn't like the type of girl that wanted to stay. He didn't want to *be with* them, anyways. He just wanted to fuck them. But there had been no one like her, no one both this naive—Christ, she was only a teenager—and this drop-dead sexy. It was a miracle that he'd managed to keep his hands to himself as well as he had. Even if that meant he'd had a hand *on* himself for much of the evening.

He looked back on their night together. He'd been getting hard since before getting to the hotel, and now it was late and dark outside. How long had his cock been filling? How long had he felt achy and needy and restless without release? Hours? He deserved to fix that. He'd waited so long and now here she was, ready for him, asking for him to be with her, next to her. And here he was, finally willing to take what he wanted.

Maybe she'd made a mistake in trusting him. Maybe he didn't care. Maybe he was okay taking full advantage of that misstep. She'd get a lesson, not to trust strange men whose hands linger on her shoulders, and he'd get the best night of his life.

She rolled over, bare tits turned away from him, and he levered himself up, lowered himself down, and straddled her thigh.

Her body beneath him was something else. Her breasts straining into the air, perkiness fighting against gravity. He leaned in and he could feel her breath. He could feel her tits meet his chest. Her bare chest, squashed against him. Her body, pressed and pinned to the bed beneath his. He ran a hand over her stomach, imagined holding her down there, using his weight to keep her still. Would he need to? Would she try to move? Would she lie back? How much did he need to take, how much of himself would he need to give her to be satisfied?

Her breath hitched and his hand crawled under her shirt. He saw it in slow motion, her eyes opening. And that is what made this real.

"What're you—"

He couldn't hold anything back anymore, not when he was this needy, not when he was so close to having her. She would just have to take it, accept that this is what it meant to share a

bed with him. Accept that she'd asked for this. Accept that even if she hadn't, this is what was happening.

"*Just the tip, please, c'mon.*" He pressed his face against her neck, his nose in the dip of her collar. Her only response was to breathe, and to squirm beneath him, to squirm and press her breasts against him and drive him crazy. "*Just the tip, that's all, I only need a little.*" And as he said that, his hand found her breast, cupped it, tested its weight. His dick gave a jump against her thigh and she gasped. What would she do if she found out he'd leaked through his boxers, that there was a wet spot on her skin—because of him? "*Please, please, c'mon, please.*"

"I don't..." His hips rocked, all on their own, but he didn't stop them. Through the damp fabric, the head of his dick against the plush of her thigh. Each press was a burst of sensation. What he wouldn't give for it to be skin on skin. "I don't know what you mean."

He hadn't intended it to, but her innocence turned him on. It was that thought again, that she had just turned eighteen, that she was so young and so sweet, still just a teenager. His hips shook as he struggled to keep them still. His fingers curled into her breast, soft and giving, and her nipple pressed against the center of his palm.

"*Me, in you.*" It was difficult to keep his voice from turning into a growl. "*Inside you, but just a bit. It won't take very long, I promise. Please. It'll only be the tip.*"

"I still don't know—"

"Shh, shh." The hand on her breast shot out of her shirt, up, and clapped over her mouth. Christ alive, did she want him to say it? Or did she really not know? The peeks at her underwear had been tantalizing but he couldn't last much longer without seeing it, without feeling. He just had to know if it was as good as he'd imagined. And if it was, then it would be worth anything to feel it. "Just—please. Answer, yes or no."

He lifted his hand from her mouth. Her breath was staccato puffs against his skin.

"Oh—okay. I guess, okay."

His heart almost stopped, and then it began to race.

"Is that a yes?"

"Yes."

His dick actually drooled at that. He could feel it seep out of him, wet on his tip, and then when his legs shuddered, he slid against her skin easily.

"*Oh God, thank you.*" His nose pressed to her skin, he breathed deeply. His mouth open, his lips on the very top of her chest, on her.

"It.. just a little bit, right? And it won't take long? You promised."

“Of course.” He slid his dick against her leg again, pleasure shooting through the ache between his legs. “Yes, of course.”

Just as he’d promised himself back at the crosswalk that he wouldn’t turn around, wouldn’t think of her, wouldn’t imagine her bare breasts in his hands or her body under his or his cock buried inside her.

And now that she was awake, now that she’d murmured a quiet little yes, he could take what he wanted.

He dipped his face down and pressed it between her tits. He kissed his way over them, open-mouthed, wet, sucking. He licked her nipple and both felt and heard her breath hitch. He smiled, then latched on. Her back arched, sliding his dick up her leg until he swore it met her panties, pressing her tits up against his face. Delicious. Nothing had ever tasted as good as the moan that left her while her nipple was in his mouth.

“Are you sensitive here?” He murmured into her soft skin.

She panted. “I... I’ve never...”

*Never?! Well, fuck. Whatever it was, that was going to change soon.*

“*You’ve never what? Answer me.*”

“I’ve never.. really.. been touched there..” She was gasping. He was heaving, panting above her.

“Where have you been touched? *Where do you like being touched?* ”

“I.. I don’t know. I... I did it with a boy at school once.”

“Did what?” he asked casually, kneading her breast and pinching her nipple and making her gasp. Making his dick spill precum onto the edge of her panties.

“He... he brought me to the locker room.”

“What did he do to you in the locker room?”

She gulped air, because he was pressing her tits together and thumbing at both her nipples.

“I... I got naked—”

“Like you are now?” He cut her off, desperate for her to admit how fucking irresistible she was, how skimpily she’d dressed before asking him to join her in bed.

“Yes. Like now.”

“Then what?”

“Then he touched me.”

This game he was playing with her was the most fun he'd had in years. He would get her to admit that he was going to fuck her, he'd get her to say that she was going to let him. Then he was going to have her.

He lifted his leg to free her thigh and then settled between both of them, made them spread to accommodate him.

"Like I'm touching you?" He trailed a hand down, grabbed under her thigh, and pulled it up so he could rut the entire length of his dick against the inside of it. A burst of pleasure, from deep inside him, from his balls, maybe. Finally, a little release, a little sign that this was worth it. He swallowed a moan.

"Y-yes. Just like that."

He couldn't swallow his next breath, a huff, a groan, almost a growl.

"What did he do to you?"

"He put something in me. N.. nothing had ever been there before. Then it was over. He let me leave. It... it only took a minute."

"Do you think this is like that?" He pressed her tits to his chest again and pressed his face into the side of her neck. She smelled so sweet. She felt so soft.

"Y-yes, I do, I th-think it is."

"You're right."

Well, she was partially right. But this wouldn't be over soon, and he certainly wasn't going to let her leave. He chuckled, let her feel it through her throat. She shuddered beneath him.

He reached a hand down and fiddled with the button on his boxers until it popped, and his cock burst right through and out into the open. He let it hang in the air between them, thick and hard and swinging between her shaking legs. Her thighs were shaking against his sides. And then, because she was a flushed and pink vision, he finally moved down. Down and down and down.

Her pussy was practically at his face now and her legs threatened to close so he grabbed her thighs and levered them back open. Slowly, as though stunned into patience, transfixed, he ran the back of a finger over her through her panties. Pillowy, just as he'd thought. It was the first time he'd touched her there, and now he needed more. He hooked a finger around her panties and pulled them to the side.

That popping in his brain again, another dribble from the head of his dick, spilling onto the sheets. Fucking perfect. Perfect for fucking. Her skin there was flushed, a reddish rose, darker near her center where folds gave way to a glistening slit. She was gorgeous, the prettiest pussy he'd ever seen. God, he was really going to do this. And she was really going to let him. He ran one finger down that plush skin and she shook. Then over her, between pinkish, soft parts of her. He touched wherever he wanted. He circled over her clit, the little, round,

pointed button, and looked up to see her quivering, her tits shaking. Her hands, clenched into the sheets on either side of her. What a sight.



He pressed one finger right against where she was the most wet, right at the center, slicked back and forth. He pushed and his finger slid right in.

“Oh, uh... OH!” He’d curled his finger.

“That okay?” He didn’t care what her answer was.

“Um...”

“What about this?” He stroked the spot that made her scream. He felt her clench and he felt her get wetter.

“*Aaaaaah....*”

He pulled the finger out and then pushed two between her lips, dipped them in and out ever so slightly, pushing against her. Oh, she was tight. Oh, she was going to feel so tight.

He sat up and practically ripped her panties trying to pull them off of her. She simply whined, let him move her around. He shoved his way between her legs again, hovered over her, and grabbed his dick in one hand.



He smiled down at her and then let his mouth fall open as the head of his dick touched warm wetness, touched her pussy. Right where she opened up, right where there was room for him. He rubbed himself against her, tilted his hips to hump her. Her breaths turned into little hiccups every time the head of his cock pushed against her clit. He paused, leaned back, looked down, marveled at how his dick had squashed her lips to either side, at how she stretched to make room for him. He watched precum bubble out of him and disappear into the rest of the wetness between them.



He held the base of his dick in one hand, as though holding himself back. He shifted, wiggled, until he was at her entrance and lined up. Her pussy was soft and the heat of it amplified the feeling. It looked for a moment as though it wasn't going to fit. His dick was about as wide as her entire pussy, the head as big as her slit. He pushed, pressing the head of his cock against her, into her. It slid, wetness from her body on his cock. Then all at once, the tip popped inside her.

“Fuck!” he gasped out loud. He thought he was going to come instantly, tight ring around his sensitive dick. But blessedly he didn’t.

“Oh, I.. ah... I..” Her legs twitched.

“Shhhh,” he quieted, his own breath an uneasy shudder.

She was fucking amazing. She was better than he could have imagined. So much better than the palm of his hand, she was heavenly soft and giving. And the tightness was unbelievable. He felt stupid for jerking off in the bathroom when he could have been doing *this*. He should have just bent her over as soon as they'd gotten to the room, he could have been inside her this whole time, he could have been doing this for hours.

“But—”

“Wow,” he cut her off, popping his head out and then pressing right back in. “*Oh my... wow...*” It was so hard to stop himself from pressing in the whole way, from feeling that heat all over him.

It was then that he realized he hadn't even considered condoms. It wasn't like he had any with him, and certainly neither did she. It wasn't like it would have stopped him. It wasn't like it was stopping him now. The opposite, more like. He was leaking milky precum inside her and he loved it. He pulled out, watched a drop leave his dick, and then pushed back in.

Then he stayed there, hands on her thighs, keeping them up and pressed close to him. Her pussy around him, hot and wet, so soft, so pink and *so fucking tight*. Every moment he spent in her made his head spin, made his ears ring, made his decisions hazy and muddled by need. He needed to be in her, he needed his hands on her, he needed more, needed more.

She whimpered somewhere below him and he looked down at her. Her hands had come to rest at the tops of her breasts, which were still bare and poking out of her shirt. Her cheeks were bright red, her mouth open, and her eyes gazing up at him with a concerned pinch in her brow.

Another thing occurred to him. That she'd been his responsibility. She was just a lost little girl, freshly eighteen. A few days ago she'd been just as delicious as she was now, her tits just as perky and perfect, the inside of her would have felt just the same, just as wet and warm on his dick, but she would have been seventeen then—not legal. There wasn't much difference between seventeen year olds and eighteen year olds, except eighteen year olds he was allowed to fuck. It occurred to him just how wrong it was for this to be okay in the eyes of the law, that he was well into his thirties, an adult, with a stable, well-paying job, and that she still lived with her parents, was likely still in high school. It occurred to him that maybe this wasn't, that he'd touched her in her sleep and coaxed her awake with his dick on her leg, that he'd begged to be inside her, that he'd nudged this into a reality. But her pussy was so good, so tight around him. It occurred to him that he'd failed his responsibility to her, that this wasn't right, *wasn't* okay, and then those worries just floated away. Another wave of pleasure rocked through him and all his cares seeped out of the head of his dick into the perfect, pink center of her beautiful little body.

Her breath shuddered and her tits shook, her eyes were wet and found his, pleading. He didn't know what they were asking, didn't care to imagine it was anything other than want. She was stuck on his dick, stretched open just the smallest bit, and she was whimpering. He couldn't touch her, because then he would lose control completely, lose himself to that tight heat, he would let his legs give in and he would rock into her over and over again, fucking away until he came.

A whole feast laid out before him and the only piece of him allowed to participate was the head of his cock.

"You're doing so good," he purred, dragged himself in and out of her, just that little inch.

"I'm.. aaaah..." she sighed, and when he twitched inside her, her eyes widened. "I'm confused."

"That's okay." She made his cock feel so fucking good. She'd teased him for hours and now he could squish his dick inside her, fucking perfect. He was fucking her, shallowly and gently. He couldn't make himself stop.

She squirmed and it pushed his dick in just a bit too far, more than just the tip. His hands flew down to grab at her hips, to keep her there. Anything she allowed him, knowingly or not, he would take. He just couldn't resist. She'd flashed him her tits by not wearing a bra, she'd tripped and pressed her body against him, and so he pulled down her shirt to see those tits for himself, so he pressed his body against hers and fucked her open with the head of his dick.

“But... y-you promised.”

“Shh...” He heard the edge to his voice, that bit of danger he’d felt as her bouncing breasts and perky little nipples had made him grow harder and harder in his pants. “It’s okay.” She blinked up at him. “Let it happen. Just let it happen.”

And he leaned closer to her, loomed over her, still pressing in and out, so tight and wet. He palmed her breast and cooed as her hands fell away to reveal them fully. Yeah, it didn’t matter what she’d said yes to because he needed to fuck her.

“Do you know what you do to me?” She shook her head slowly. His dick slid against her lips as he left her. “*You practically made me do this,*” he whispered, pushing himself back in, “*with that top, those tits. Your skirt, so short. No bra. Do you know what it was like for me, to watch your tits for hours? To feel them on me?*”

“N-no..”

“It was fucking irresistible. *God, you feel good.*” He heard a light squish as he moved in and out of her, still just that inch and a half he’d been allowed. He was still caressing her breast. “This popped out while you slept. *It did terrible things to me.*”

“Bad things?” Then she opened her mouth and moaned.

“It made me ache, right here—” He pulled his dick out and then pushed in with a wet *pap*.

“Aaah, oh..” She jumped, her tits bounced, his dick twitched, she was surprised, his cock leaked inside her, the same dance they’d been doing. “My dad... ah... my dad says that sometimes boys can’t help themselves.”

He chuckled. “Your dad is right.” Then he put his hands behind her knees, pushed her legs up while pressing his weight down, and shoved himself into her.

“AH!”

“OH FUCK!”

Soft, wet, tight, hot, *so tight, so good*, so plush and squishy, all the way down his cock. It felt blindingly good. Her pussy pressed against his balls through his boxers. It felt so good that he didn’t know what to do with himself other than clutch her legs so he could stay buried inside her and gasp and babble out expletives.

“*Shit, fuck, fuck, ooooh sweet fuck, hoooly shit—*”

“W-wait—” Somewhere, he processed how panicked she sounded. But she moaned, she whimpered, so he wasn’t going to stop. “But you said—”

“*FUCK, shut up!*” He was going to lose his mind inside of her. He’d never been this hard before, ever. He heaved. His dick burned, every nerve ending completely on fire. It sent shudders down his spine and he pitched forward. He caught himself on his hands, then his

forearms. Her thighs were still pressed against his chest, so he pushed them open. “*Fuuck*,” he whined.

“*Oh my god*,” she whined back. He realized just how stretched open and stuffed she was, how full. He ground into her, tested out movement, and she was soaking, dripping wet. The head of his dick, buried so deep inside, throbbed.

His legs were spread, too, kneeling and practically lying on top of her. He moved one hand to the side of her chest, her breast. Then he fucked into her, slowly. He pulled out and thrust back in. All that tightness, up and down, all that slick all over his aching dick.



“*Ah!... Ah!...*” She took him so well. Her hands had grabbed ahold of his upper arms and she held on desperately. Her legs weren’t trying to close around him anymore. She was loose-limbed, spread, split open.

“*So good for me.*” And he thrust into her again, harder.

“*AH!*”

“*So fucking good.*” Another, even harder.

“*AAH!!*”

“Shh, shh, sweetheart, it’s okay.” He ran a comforting thumb over her, flicking at her nipple, and ground in and out of her a few inches. Caressing, inside and out. She absolutely shuddered beneath him. Watching her squirm because of how good his cock felt inside her, watching her tits jiggle and bounce because of his touch. It was almost too much. “*Yeah, see?*”

His thrusts were shallow but rough, so he could keep her full and fuck her mercilessly. She moaned with each one, high and desperate, whiny, and so, so good. He felt her every sound through his whole body, shooting right to his dick.

But it wasn’t long before that became not enough, too. How was she doing this to him? He had her tits in his hands, kneading them. He had her pussy all around his cock, he could fuck her as deep and hard as he wanted. He had her squirming and screaming. He’d taken everything he asked for and many things he hadn’t and made her want them too but now... but now as his cock dragged back and forth inside her, he still ached. He’d just have to take

more, he'd just have to fuck her harder. It was instinct that spoke to him, that told him what he needed. It had that same irresistible edge as the urge to stare at her chest every time he looked at her. *Fuck her, you know you want to. She did this to you, you deserve release.*

Still firmly inside her, he sat up, grabbed her waist, and dragged the both of them back.

"*Wh— ha—*" She couldn't even *speak*, this was the best day of his life.

"Take off your shirt," was all he said as he finished pulling her to the edge of the bed and stood up, still shifting and squelching inside her.

It was a gorgeous sight, her taking off her shirt for him, struggling with the fabric and the size of her breasts. He leaned forward and helped her, really just to feel her, to hold her tits.

"Thank you." She looked up at him and smiled, with his cock fully inside her. It was the best thing he'd ever heard.

"Your tits are beautiful," he cooed.

"Y-you like them?" She looked down at them, put a hand on one, then the other. Then she kneaded them. Her hands were so much smaller than his. His cock practically spasmed. It made her smile.

He pulled her legs up, hands on the tops of her thighs, holding them against his chest. He rubbed her legs affectionately and felt her melt under his touch.

"Oh, *sooo much.*"

She was still smiling when she finished pulling her shirt off and her tits popped out of it, lolling around and then jiggling as she threw that sexy little shirt to the side. They didn't spread like he expected. They were magical. Both perky and bouncy, incredibly full teardrops. They responded to her every movement, and his.

He shoved his hand down, between them, into the hole in the front of his boxers for his dick, and he pulled his balls out, too. He was going to make his balls wet, to slap against her, and it was going to feel *so good*. He was going to fuck her so hard that his balls smashed against her and milked cum out of him.

He held her legs firmly, took a quick, deep breath, and started pounding into her.

"*mmmmMMMM! MMMMM!! AAAH!!*"



He had the leverage now to pull out almost all the way on every single thrust. Her poor little pussy, stretching wide for him, taking him so well. He was so hard, fucked her so fast, and she was so unbelievably tight but that didn't make it difficult to pound out all his frustration and all his need. It just made it feel that much better.

God, her body was utterly perfect, like every part of her was crafted specifically with sex in mind. What a perfect girl, what a perfect little fucktoy. All his for the whole night. For as long as he wanted, all for him.

He almost didn't notice the sounds she was making, above the pounding in his ears and all the wet noises, the slaps. Such a perfect body, such perfect sounds from such a pretty, pink pussy.

She let out one long moan that jumped with every pistonning thrust. It crescendoed into desperate cries, high-pitched, like she was on the verge of tears. Just earlier tonight he thought it was inappropriate for his hand to be on her shoulder. And now she was crying on his cock.

She'd opened her mouth and now it wouldn't close. She only paused to breathe, to gasp as though she was drowning. She moaned so loud it was almost as though she was screaming. He pounded into her so hard It almost hurt and it occurred to him that she *was* screaming.

She was writhing. She didn't know what to do with herself. Her hands kept flying around, clenching in the sheets, skating across them, flopping above her head and then back down, like she was restlessly trying to work out some desperation. Her fingers twitched.

He threw his head back and groaned, didn't stop fucking. He thrusted balls deep every time, could feel her wetness dripping off of him. His leaky dick must have practically been a faucet at that point, like one long, drawn-out cum. That was what her perfect little body did to him.

He grunted on every thrust. It was the only way to work out that *good, good, so good* feeling that made him think he was about to cum constantly. One glance at that mirror near the bed and he could see her toes curling and her calves akimbo in the air. God, she really liked this—if the garbled, lovely noises she was making hadn’t already told him that.



He’d tried fucking girls this rough before and he’d always needed lube to do it. But not her. She was so wet that the front of his boxers were soaked and ruined. He could feel it dripping down his thighs.

Then he just stared down, at her pussy. He stared at the point where his dick disappeared into her over and over again, at how wide her plush lips had to stretch to accommodate him. How flushed she was there, how pink her thighs had become from how he slammed into her over and over again.

“*You’re perfect,*” he moaned, and her open mouth turned into a wide grin, her sounds more gasping, happier. Was... was she really getting off on this too? “*So good for me, so soft.*”

Her eyes slammed shut and he saw tears streaming down the sides of her face.

He made his thrusts shallower so he could move faster still, so the underside of her clit dragged against his cock and made her whimper.

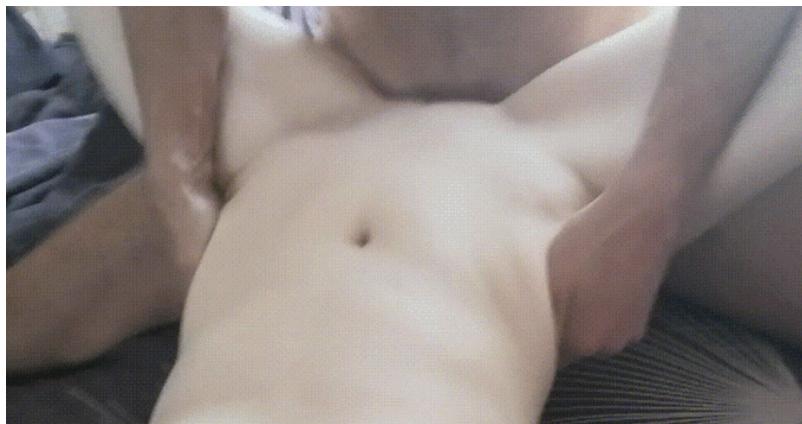
“*You’re... really hard,*” she gasped out, and he wondered where she was teetering on the knife’s edge between pleasure and pain.

“Because of you, sweet thing.”

He slammed in with big thrusts, dropped his hands from her legs and went to stretch them open but they fell back that way all on their own. He reached up, grabbed her wrists, and pulled them down.



“Hold your legs up for me.” She did just as he asked, perfectly. Her dainty hands clutched into her own thighs, holding them up so he could fuck her so well. “Oh, *good girl.*” She squealed. He grabbed her hips and pushed her down onto him over and over again, with every thrust.



His dick pushed her pussy lips one way, her own thighs pushed the other. She was pressed so tight against him, so plush and plump. Her entire crotch, the insides of her thighs, her ass, all of it was wet and stuck to him as he fucked her. His knees started to go weak, so he pitched forward and put his hands on either side of her shoulders, stared down and watched her heaving, shuddering chest, the bounce of her flushed breasts every time he rocked into her. His feet slipped and his thrusts grew wild, desperate, ragged. He stood on the balls of his feet, using his weight to fuck her harder.

Her brows pinched and every time she blinked, her tears beaded up and made her lashes wet. His face went slack, mouth falling open.

“*Holy fuck,*” he groaned. “*Oh, wow, FUCK!*”

“Mm— ah!”

“Fuck! FUCK!”

“Mmghg— mfghmhf— *Aaah!*”

“Sooo good for me—*fuuuuck*—so good.”

Her eyes flew wide open. She looked almost... scared.

“What’s— AH! AH!— what’s— AH!— what’s happening?”

Oh. She was about to come and she didn’t know it. She’d had sex, briefly that one time. But that barely even counted. And she’d never come before.

He was close too, but for whatever reason he wasn’t tipping over that edge. He just stayed there, at his most sensitive, in the most pleasurable moment. He felt nothing except his cock in utter ecstasy, the heavy tension in his balls, and her hands on his shoulders holding on for dear life.

“*Does it feel good?*” She nodded furiously, made her tits bounce for him. “*Where does it feel good?*”

“Everywhere!!”

She was about to come for the very first time, full-bodied, on his dick as he fucked her. He couldn’t stop, even as she squirmed under him and slapped his shoulders. He dropped down, pinned her to the bed with his weight, and thrust deep and hard. He knew it would be easier on her if he fucked her slower and gentler now but he actually couldn’t stop. He tried. He just didn’t want to.

With a couple of squeals, one sob, and a scream, she came. Her body clenched around him and he drove into her one more time, then stayed firm there. She’d clenched too hard for him to keep fucking and the tightness of her pussy as she came was more than enough for him. She threw her head back and shook. As he watched what he’d done to her, the ache in his cock returned. He’d made her do that with just his cock. He hadn’t touched her to make her come, he’d fucked her so good that she couldn’t stop moaning and her pussy leaked so much slick that she’d practically wet herself. He had done that to her. Her moans turned into heady breathing and he began to thrust into her again without even thinking.

“Oh!” She was probably way too sensitive for this, but he was far past caring. His cock had never felt like this before, so deep into ecstasy that there was nothing he could do but chase it. He was grunting and groaning and it felt as though every nerve in his body was about to explode.

And then it happened.

It came on so fast, he almost didn’t notice in time. He came as he pulled out of her. The first spurt ended up all over her pussy, then his dick jumped and cum shot out of him, all over her stomach and all the way up to her tits. It took longer than it had ever taken before. His hand shot down and he jerked himself because he missed her tightness. He couldn’t tell if it was a second load or just one big one, but his cock wouldn’t stop twitching and cum wouldn’t stop leaking out of it. He moaned and groaned through the whole thing, babbling out praise that made her stare up at him in awe and flush bright pink.



He wasn't as young as he'd once been and he'd just come harder than he'd ever come before. The tiredness washed over him, but he couldn't tell if the weakness in his knees was from that or the sight of her, covered in her own wetness and his cum. He wrapped her up in his arms and toted her back into bed with him, pulled her on top of him so his cock pressed against her belly and her bare chest pressed against his clothed one. She hummed and made herself comfortable.

"Did you like that, sweet thing?" She nodded and his breath was almost a growl. "*You like what I did to you?*"

"*Uh-huh.*" It was almost a moan. He hummed happily and ran a hand up and down her back. Up and very far down and then it didn't come back up again. He just kept it there, kneading her ass. He could do that now, could touch her wherever he wanted. He could make it worth her while.

"Are you happy that you asked me to sleep with you? Are you happy that I touched you? *Are you happy that I fucked you?*" After each question she nodded and he couldn't believe she was real. After the last one, she sat up but her breasts with how large they were still rested on his chest.

"I... I'm still confused."

"About what, sweetie?"

She didn't know enough to be ashamed. He squeezed her ass and his fingers slid over her skin, still wet because he hadn't cleaned them up yet.

"What was that, at the end?" He smiled. "It felt... really good."

"You came. It was an orgasm, sweetheart." Her lips parted, forming her mouth into a little O. "I did, too. You did so well, made me feel so good."

That made her smile. She was so happy to please him. It made a wave of want wash over him again. He knew that wouldn't be the only time he'd fuck her. If he wasn't so tired now, he'd do it all over again. This time, he would bend her over the side of the bed, watch her round little ass squash against his hips. He'd stand up and hold her against him with one hand on her belly and one on her tits and he'd fuck her like that, with her feet off the ground. He'd make her sit up on her hands and knees and he'd fuck her until she went boneless and shoved her ass into the air for him. He'd make her lie on her side and hold one leg up. He'd fuck her like that because he could get even deeper that way. He wanted to lay her down on her back, press her legs together, and see if she could get even tighter. He wanted to teach her how to ride him, then he wanted to pound into her from below and watch her tits shake, watch her come above him. He wanted to fold her in half and pile-drive her. He wanted to find her limits and then fuck right past them. He wanted to have her in a thousand ways and if he could, he would stay inside her forever.

He rolled her off of him and got up, promising to come back to bed soon. He shrugged off his boxers, the front of them was completely ruined anyways. And he found that he was still very much hard. Well, there wasn't much he could do about it now. His cock swung as he walked to the bathroom. He cleaned himself off, excited by the idea that it was juices from her pussy that he had to wipe up, excited by the thought of the naked girl in the other room, lying in bed and waiting for him.

He returned to wipe her down and she was a vision in that bed. She pulled her legs up, her pussy peeking out between her thighs. She crossed her arms, boxing in her tits. He put a hand on his cock as he stared at her, standing at the foot of the bed and jerking off very slowly. She rolled onto her back again and let her arms fall above her head, spread her legs so he could see between them.



“So good,” he cooed, stroking himself.

When he finally got to cleaning her up, he spent a long time on her tits even though they were the least dirty part of her. Then he wiped her belly and she giggled. He made her hold her legs up again, then he wiped down her pussy, cleaned her. Here, he spent some time, too. He heard her moaning and he ground his hard cock against the sheets, once again lamenting his age and lack of energy. She was ready for him but dammit, he’d have to sleep first. He pressed a kiss to her pussy once he finished and smiled, murmuring “*All done,*” into her soft skin. He wondered how the vibrations of his voice felt on her clit.

“W-wait,” her voice shuddered. He paused in his return to the bathroom. “I still feel wet.”

He looked and sure enough, her slit was glistening again.



“Oh, sweet girl,” he cooed. “If I touch you again, you’ll just stay that way.”

“Oh...” She didn’t seem unhappy about it. She blushed. He wondered if she’d asked that just so he would touch her again. That made something within him grin with a lustful kind of cunning.

“It’s okay,” he assured her with a gentle tone. “I like when you’re wet.”

That made her smile and made his brain go numb for a moment.

He laid them down to sleep, and when she asked for something to cover herself so she wouldn’t be cold, he gave her his shirt. He would sleep in the nude. She would sleep in just his shirt without panties. He could live with that.

He lay on his back and let her drape herself over him before pulling the covers over them. Her thigh rested between his legs, against his cock, still thick and hard. He noticed it tenting the sheets slightly and the sight made him smile.

His voice grew huskier, lower, as his eyelids grew more heavy. His mind was filled with images of her, memories, the sound of her voice as he fucked her senseless, the nonsense she mumbled when she tried to speak. How her tits bounced, how she shook. How it felt inside her. How her pussy looked while he fucked it. He lost his filter and wanted to hear her voice again, telling him how much she’d liked it.

“How does your pussy feel, sweet girl?”

“Mmm, good.” He snaked an arm around her waist and hummed out his pleasure at that answer. “Kinda hurts though.”

“Hurts?”

“Like sore, but.. but it doesn’t feel bad.”

That made the cunning thing inside him smile. He’d seen how much his cock stretched her.

“Are you still sensitive?”

“I don’t know.”

“Remember when I touched you there earlier, with my fingers? Does it feel like that?” That had made her wet, made her moan. She’d liked his fingers on her pussy.

“A little.”

He chuckled. “That’s good, that’s really good. Go to sleep, I’ll make it better in the morning.”

He fell asleep pleased and fuck-happy. Hard, naked, cuddling a girl who was wet for him.

## Chapter 5

He didn't make it until the morning.

He woke up again in the absolute dead of night, rock hard and leaking because they'd rolled over together in their sleep. They were on their sides, her back to him. His hand draped casually over her tits, just holding them. It was her bare ass pressed to his cock that did it. He woke up rutting against the cleft in her cheeks and grunting. She was still fast asleep.

He'd smeared precum all over her and himself. He thought he was dreaming at first, with a pillow soft tit in his hand and such a plush feeling all over his dick. When he realized what had happened, he groaned.

It hadn't been like this since he was a teenager, being so hard for so long, waking up this horny. Sure, he still had the occasional morning wood, especially when he was as sex-starved as he'd been recently. But there was something about her... that cute little smile, how loudly she moaned for him.

He lifted up her leg with a hand under her thigh and readjusted so he was pressed between the folds of her pussy and rubbing himself off there.

His cock wasn't much longer than average, but it was abnormally thick. Some girls enjoyed it, but for most it was a problem. He had to finger them like crazy, ease his way in. Lube was a must. And he definitely couldn't fuck any of them the way he wanted. But this girl... this *teenager*; she took him better than anyone had before, and in such a tight and tiny pussy too. She must love that stretch, love that edge of pain. She was perfect, she was *made for him*. He hadn't put more than one finger in her before she was able to take his cock's head, then just a short while later he shoved himself into her balls deep. She'd cried out, but he'd felt how wet his cock made her. He'd felt it all over him.

God, he needed to feel that again. He paused his humping and just leaked against her, let her soft little pussy milk as much out of him as he could stand. He couldn't stand the tension for very long. If she was awake, they would already be fucking. If she was awake, he would push her onto her stomach and sit on top of her, fuck her. He could wake her up, but.. did he need to? What was the use? He knew, deep down, that even if she shook her head no, that he needed this. His *cock* needed this. The sex was about his body needing her body, what she wanted didn't matter. The sex was inevitable.

Even as he rolled her over and kneeled across the backs of her thighs, even as he laid down on top of her and rubbed his cock against her, some small part of him felt guilty. In her eyes, he was a responsible adult and she needed help. She'd trusted him and he had fully taken advantage of her. And he planned to continue doing just that. He felt guilty but not sorry, no part of him regretted this. How could he regret anything as he drew his hips back and felt the head of his dick slot perfectly against her entrance? She was still asleep, but he didn't care. He'd fuck her awake. How could he regret anything as he sank into her slowly?

"Hm?"

He didn't stop, not until he was seated as far as he could be at this angle. The curve of his cock inside her was delicious, it made her tightness press even harder against him.

"*Hi, sweet thing.*"

"What's... oh.. *Oooh!!*" She buried her face into the pillow beneath her and whimpered.

"*That's right,*" he murmured right next to her ear. "*Woke up hard for you. You feel so good, sweetie.*" He thought for a moment that she was crying, but then he sank into her again and set a slow pace and he heard her moan very clearly. "*Shhh, you're okay.*"

He snaked a hand under her—it wasn't difficult, she didn't weigh much—and he cupped her breast as he fucked her.

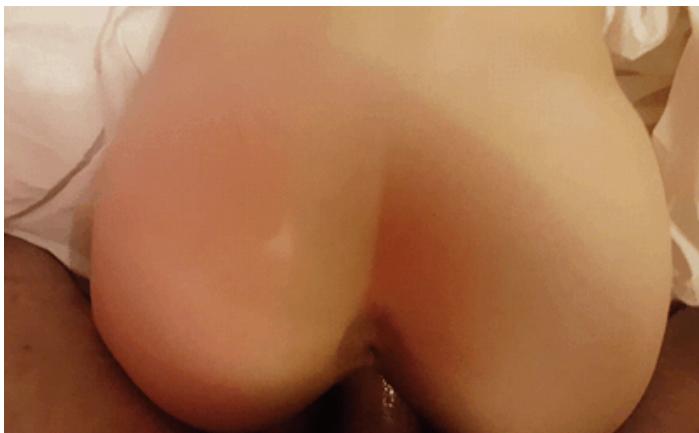
He lost himself in it. He didn't need to do anything but lie there and rock his hips and his cock burned. His mind went so hazy that he wondered if he fell asleep for a moment. He kept losing his train of thought—which was mostly just about how good her pussy felt—and coming to unmoving inside her. That fizzing and popping, that blinding, searing feeling in his brain started up again.



His thrusts started out slow and even, unrelenting and deep. He heard her muffled squeal at the height of every thrust. He found that his knees gave him leverage, so he began moving faster but no less hard and no less deep. If he'd thought pounding into her felt good, this felt even better. With her legs pressed together, her pussy was somehow even tighter than it had been before. Every thrust sliding in and out of her sent sparks down his spine. He was so high-strung, so horny and needy, that every delicious thought about her made his cock jump. He thought about how he took his pleasure from her, how he used her body. He thought about her sleepy moans. He thought about the feeling of pinning her beneath him, her ass pressed to his crotch, her thighs under his. His cock jumped and twitched inside her as he fucked her mercilessly, relentlessly, deeply.

The crescendo of his pleasure snuck up on him. He lost himself so thoroughly that it only occurred to him to pull out when he was already spurting inside her. His thighs twitched, his cock throbbed and pumped. He could feel so much warm slick on the head of his dick, and then seeping down his shaft. He tried to pull out then, to at least pretend that he'd meant to, but she was so wet, so soft and hot. He sat up, watched himself disappear inside her over and

over again, slowly. When he drew back, he saw his own cum coating his dick. When he pressed back in, he saw it bead up. He felt it drip onto his balls. Her pussy was so pretty, pink and puffy from earlier and now fucked all over again, so pretty and ruined.



And if he was already going to buy her a morning after pill... then really, there was no harm...

"I'm not done yet. Just gotta— just gonna fuck you a little more."

"Okay," she said, muffled. But he wasn't asking.

He came three more times, all inside her. He felt her spasming twice. It took him over an hour.



He pulled out finally and flopped down beside her, pulling her to him, holding her tits in his hands, burying his face in the back of her neck.

"*Thank you, thank you,*" he mumbled, even though he hadn't asked, even though it was him who'd woken her up with his cock. He was still so grateful for his little slice of heaven to stick his dick into.

"Mmhmm," she hummed.

He got an idea then. Because his cock had barely softened and was already aching again. He needed her so bad. He'd fuck her again, and again and again, if he wasn't bone-tired.

He cleaned her out with his fingers, made her whimper. Then he rolled her onto her side, slotted in behind her, and shoved himself inside her again. He fell asleep like that.

## Chapter 6

He woke up to heaven, to the best morning of his life. He'd been too drunk on fucking and pussy last night to notice, but the way her tits looked in his shirt was incredible. The shirt would have swallowed her little body, if it weren't for how it had bunched up around her waist. That left her entire lower half bare. Her hips, her plump ass, her thighs. And between them, where he was still buried, her pussy, soft, wet, and pink. His dick was more soft than hard but still inside her. Even after hours, even after he'd fucked her twice and come five times, she still felt amazing all around him.

Then he tried moving. Slick. Wet. He started pulling out slowly and she didn't wake up. He looked down to watch, to see where their bodies connected and where his cock speared her open. He slid out slowly, to savor the feeling of her plush walls and lips against him. And then he stopped. Because his dick was covered in cum. He had come inside her during the night. Okay, scratch that, he'd fucked her twice, or three times, and come five, possibly more, times. Jesus fucking christ. She would be the death of him.

He slid back in just as slowly and couldn't help the rolling of his hips, grinding into her and rocking up to the tight wetness.

He immediately called his office to take a day of sick leave.

"Just a... stomach bug. Best to stay in today, I wouldn't be able to get any work done anyway."

His cock drooled inside her, he could feel it. He hoped the shuddering of his breath couldn't be heard over the phone. He looked at her sleeping body. He knew the real reason he had to stay in had nothing to do with any real sickness, more with a sick need to fuck her over and over and over again until she was out of his grasp.

Realizing that he could do as he pleased with her, he snaked a hand under her shirt—*his shirt*—and softly kneaded her breasts. He didn't want to wake her up. She must have been so tired from last night, from being kept awake by his incessant fucking. He needed her so bad. It wasn't his fault.

The feeling of her around him and the very thought of twitching inside her in his sleep had him achingly hard again. And now that he'd taken the leap and come inside, he wasn't going back. Never going back.

He lined his body up against hers and held her close to him. He was small and soft and warm, so delicious to hold with his cock buried all the way inside her. He couldn't remember maneuvering her, but her hips were tilted and her back bowed in a deep curve to give him better access. Did she need him so badly that she'd done that in her sleep?

His breaths and groans shuddered against her shoulder, the back of her neck. He didn't even need to move and he could feel that this was happening much faster than it had last night. He needed to feel her twitch on him. He slid one hand down between her legs and found the skin

between her thighs slick with all the wetness she was dripping. Her entire pussy was soaked, so it was easy to slide one finger through her folds and over her clit, to let the small thing slip through his fingers and to pinch it, let it slip away, and pinch it again. He played with her.

Her even, sleepy breathing transformed gorgeously. It began to hitch, and then form whines, and then her mouth opened. He rubbed her clit in even, slow, large circles and she clenched and moaned.

“*Mornin’, sweetheart.*” He couldn’t think straight. She couldn’t speak.

Her eyes opened the slightest amount and the look on her face was pure bliss.

It wasn’t long before he came inside her again, having barely moved. Then she twitched and came. Her orgasm rocked through her, harder than he’d ever seen it before. She folded up on herself and almost shook off of his cock but he grabbed her around her waist and hips and held on tight, keeping her stretched open as she came. It was more than enough to bring him close again.

There was something about her, so sinful and intoxicating, that sent his libido into overdrive. His cock never seemed to fully soften, he could shoot load after load without really tiring. He could pound her and his back and thighs would protest but his cock would demand more and more and more.



He slid out of her and a thought came to his mind.

“Get up.” He tapped on her hip

“Hmm?” She blinked, staring up at him. Her eyelashes were clumped together, her face covered in tear tracks.

“I need you to sit up for me, okay?”

“M tired,” her words slurred and she rubbed at her eyes with the back of her hand.

“Ooh, don’t do that.” He made his tone saccharine and pulled her hands away, held them in his. “I want to see your pretty face. Want to see how you take it.”

“Mmm..” She yawned. He was growing impatient. This had been so much easier when she was asleep.

“Get up now, you’re going to sit on my dick.”

“Oh?” She blinked at him again, genuine surprise on her face.

“Fuck yes. *Get up.*”

She scrambled onto her knees as he laid back, cock falling limp against his stomach. He patted his thighs.

“Sit?”

“Yes, here.”

He watched in awe as she clambered over him, spread her legs, shiny with slick and sticky with cum, and then set her bare ass down on the tops of his thighs.

“It’s uh...” She pointed at his dick. “It isn’t...” She pouted.

His grin turned sly. “You like it hard, don’t you?” She nodded shyly and blushed. She was too much. Just enough. Too good. “Then do it for me.”

She startled. “Uhm! But I don’t know—”

“Touch it,” his voice quaked. He reached for his cock and then drew back. Well, a firm tone had worked with her before... “Put your hand on it. Now.”

She did as she was told. His breath hissed out from between his teeth.

“Oh, is that not—”

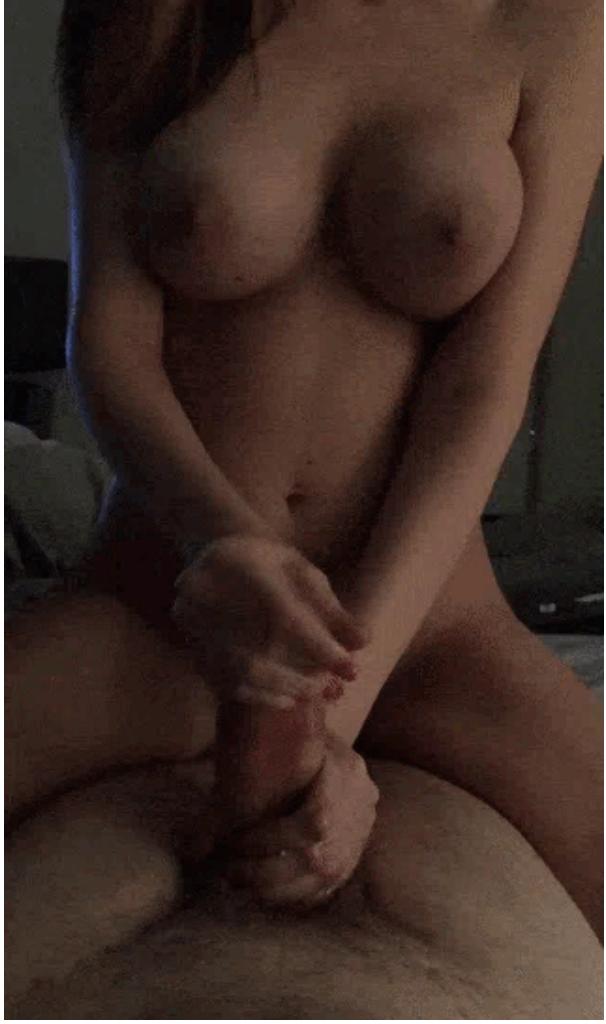
He clamped his hand down over hers and squeezed.

“*Don’t let go, don’t you dare let go.*”

She nodded and he slowly removed his hand.

“What do I... um.” She slid her hand up, not loosening her grip at all. The sensation rocked through him. “Last night, after.. that... I saw you doing this.” Her hand slid all the way down to his balls and then all the way up, sliding easily with her juices and his own cum. At the tip, she twisted her wrist and squeezed and he almost screamed. Her little hand on his cock, jerking him off, was almost as good as fucking her awake.

“*Just like that,*” he managed to say. “*Faster.*”



She put her other hand on him and slid up and down, up and down. He watched her tits, pressed close together, jiggle and swing in his shirt. Dazed, he lifted his hand and pulled down the neckline. Fucking gorgeous.

She curled her hands and squeezed over the head of his cock on every upstroke, and every time he fully believed he was on the verge of coming. Every time, he leaked sticky and hot precum all over her palms, until it started to run and dribble over her fingers.

Her hands on him were something else. It wasn't simply her pussy, heavenly but wet and warm no matter how she felt. Her hands meant intention. Her hands on his cock meant she was pleasuring him.

"It's—" She grunted with effort as she worked him. "It's hard."

So it was. He hadn't noticed, he'd been taken with her legs spread over him and her look of complete concentration.

"Stop."

She did.

He lifted his knees and she gasped, half-falling, half-sliding forwards so that her hips lined up with his and his now hard dick pressed against her crotch. He grabbed it in his hand and maneuvered so the tip pressed against her slit.

“Aah,” she moaned, small and soft.

His tip slid inside her. He patted her hip. She let out a sound, part whimper and part squeal.

“Sit,” he commanded.

“Here?” She shuddered.

He groaned and was about to tell her again when she did it. She took him all at once, practically fell onto him with a little squeak. It looked like she’d moved to lower herself and slipped. Her face contorted, from pain or pleasure he couldn’t tell.

“AAaaahh!” She squirmed and tilted her hips.

“Oh, fuck!” He had to breathe deeply to calm himself. He wanted to see her sitting up while getting fucked but his mind was full of memories again, replaying how satisfying and unbelievably pleasurable it had been to pound into her. He could hardly believe how hard he’d been able to fuck her. He wanted to test that memory, see just how rough he could be.

Her thighs spread over him, her pussy stretched around him, her tits jutting out as her back arched and as she leaned against his propped-up legs. Her mouth hung open in a delicious little O.

He rocked his hips up, groaning, bouncing her in his lap, hands clamping down hard on her hips to keep her in place. Her hands clasped onto his, holding on for dear life.



*“Oh, sweetie.”* His voice was a low and resonant rumble. She let out a strangled noise.

He ground her over his cock, tilting her hips so he pressed against all parts of her internally. He bounced her up and down, picked her up and thrust into her, slammed her down over and over again.



He laid back and watched her pussy take all of it, all of him. He watched her body and face flush, watched her go lax and limp again, effort fucked out of her. He heard her squeals turn into deep and full moans. Her pussy squelched and it felt amazing around him. He lifted her up high enough to pull out completely and to his own amazement, he was hard enough that his cock stood to perfect attention, not flagging in the slightest.

She whined, missing him, and so his cock drooled. She actually strained against his hands on her hips, pushing back and trying to sit on his cock again. He put just the tip inside.

*“Please,”* she asked, so quietly, *“I want...”*

She hiccuped and drew her brows together, needy and wanton. He pushed her all the way back down onto his cock and then started fucking into her mercilessly from below. She squealed and the more he fucked her, the higher her voice went. She didn’t make a single sound of protest. She just moaned. He could barely believe it.

She threw her head back and with only this as warning, she came. Her body shook again and her tits jiggled in his shirt. He didn’t come, but he was beginning to like the feeling of aching hardness. It promised fucking, promised her sweet little pussy all around him.



He sat up but kept her in his lap, hands on her back because he had to hold her up himself.

“Your pussy’s so messy, sweets, why don’t we get you cleaned up.”

“Okay,” she breathed, and every sound she uttered was a moan to him.

He chuckled and lifted his shirt to see her tits, fondle them. They were just as perky and full as last night, just as unbelievable. She was everything and so much more.

Once she got up, they found that she could barely walk. Her poor little pussy, so fucked and so sore.

His cock actually jumped at that and drooled a few drops of precum onto the carpet. He had to help her to the bathroom, pick her up, and set her down on the counter himself, leaning her back and getting her to hold her legs up so her pussy was exposed.

He should have been helping her, but all he could do was watch. She was oozing, cum and slick and precum. It was all over her thighs, some of her ass. His cock had been in her all night so her slit opened to form a little teardrop. He’d done this.



He couldn’t help it. He stood close enough to box her in and then started jerking off with quick and hard motions. He looked down at her and murmured the sweetest praise at her, anything to make her mewl.

He stopped himself before he came, staving it off one last time. His cock drooled as he cleaned her, dripped down over his balls and onto the floor.

He paused, another idea coming to mind. He set down the wash cloth he'd been using and started petting her pussy with his bare hand.

"Hey, sweetie?" She came out of a daze, eyes fluttering up to meet his. "We're both so messy." He pointed down to his cock, which was actively leaking. "Why don't we shower?"

She nodded. "Do you want to go first? I think you're messier."

He chuckled and let one finger slip inside her, curling it. "No, no, sweetie. Together."

"Oooh," she moaned as he curled that one digit and stroked her from the inside.

"Can you take off that shirt for me?" He removed his finger and watched her do as he'd told her. He'd seen glimpses of them recently but nothing compared to the sight of her fully shirtless, fully naked.

She hopped off the counter and stumbled, uneasy on her feet with such a spot of soreness between her legs. She reached out for him just as he reached for her, wrapping his arms around her waist as his cock pressed against her stomach. He needed to bury himself inside her again soon but he promised himself he would wait until after the shower.

He didn't really plan on taking a full shower, he just needed the water to clean most of the mess and stickiness off so he could delight in debauching her again.

He held her close to him as the water heated up and she latched onto his arm so sweetly. She didn't seem aware of what her breasts were doing as she pressed his arm to them. He shifted his weight, but it did nothing but make his cock swing, making it even more apparent.

"Sweet girl, we're supposed to be cleaning off mess, not making more."

She finally glanced at his dick and watched a bead of clear precum slide down it and drip onto the floor.

"Can I..." She was so quiet, almost impossible to hear over the sound of the shower beside them. "... help?"

"Yes," he nearly growled.

Still holding his arm to her tits with one hand, she used the other to pet him, to spread the drops and trails of precum over the rest of him. Each time she let go, his cock bobbed and twitched and he felt them as jolts through his groin, down his legs, and up his spine. Her hand finally settled on the large head of his cock and she worked it with tight twisting motions, the slick making soft sounds as she got faster.

The shower began to steam and he began to lose his footing.

"O-kay sweetie, I think that's enough."

“But you haven’t—”

“We’ll shower now, I’ll cum after.”

“Okay.” She grinned and bounced back to his side. God, her tits... it’s like she’d forgotten every word he’d said about them, what they did to him.

He stepped into the shower gingerly, wary of his cock swaying before him with every step. As soon as she stepped in behind him, his hands were on her. From behind, as she closed the glass door, he grabbed her breasts.

“*Your body,*” he murmured against the skin of her neck. His cock pressed against her lower back and he reveled in the contact. Delicious. Searing.

He pinched her nipples and she gasped, high and delightfully obscene.

He kissed and licked at her neck and shoulder, rutted his cock against her, held her tits in his hands and held her close to him.

He removed his hands to watch her tits drop and jiggle. Then he ran his hands up and down her sides and stepped away to let her get under the stream.

“Here, in front of me.”

He had to hold his cock in his hand to let her pass. He couldn’t help but squeeze and give it a few solid jerks, one hand braced on the tile wall beside him. It didn’t relieve the tension. In fact, it almost made it worse. Make him more desperate. His balls felt so tight, like in the moment just before orgasm, and they wouldn’t relax. He tugged on them, aiming to ease the ache, but a low and deep swell of pleasure flooded his groin. It didn’t spark, it just felt warm and unbelievably *good*.

“Let me,” he grumbled, hoping she could hear it.

With his cock in one hand, he reached around with the other and started cleaning off between her thighs. He rubbed and pet her body, as much of it as he could reach. His fingers lingered on her pussy. He was so close, so hazy with his mounting pleasure.

“All good.” He still couldn’t make his voice go above a growl.

“Your turn!” Without warning, she turned around and started washing his cock. The combination of the warm water, her eager little hands, and the deep ache that had been torturing him brought him right to the edge and then over it.

“*Oh, God—*”

It splattered all over her tits.



“Oh!” She hunched her shoulders and it pressed her tits together, made them look even better as he came on them.



He took the opportunity to touch her breasts, wet and sticky with his cum, and to manhandle her to face the shower head again and wash them off. He watched over her shoulder as they jiggled and bounced under his hands. This time, he made sure to lean his hips away from her. He wanted the pleasure to build slowly, he didn’t need grinding and searing contact. And besides, he knew it wouldn’t take long.

His hands never left her body. He let them trail down, over her waist, her belly, the tops of her thighs, between them. He pet her crotch, watched her lift a leg to accommodate his hand. He cooed in her ear and with his other hand, held her breast. She looked amazing from this angle—from all angles. But this is how she’d looked at her yesterday when he draped his coat over her shoulders. It was almost the exact same angle, but now his hand was on her pussy and her tit was against his palm and his dick was less than an inch from her skin, tension and need and ache hanging in the air. He couldn’t stop himself with her, it was a farce for him to have ever thought he could try. He knew, instinctively, that she was wet again. When he slipped a finger between her lips, he found that he was right.

Without telling her what he was doing, he turned off the shower and opened the door.

“Wha...”

Oh God, she was in a daze. He loved her like this, confused, horny, incredibly pliant. She'd been like this last night right before he decided to pound into her and fuck her little brains out. And again when he'd fucked her awake and cum in her as many times as he could. She'd started mewling then, and drooling. Now she simply stumbled back against him as though she'd lost the will to stand. She crossed her legs, arched her back. His cock pressed against her skin. She looked up at him and whined. He was sure she could feel him twitch at that.

"Just a moment, sweet thing, then I'll touch you again."

She smiled and he put an arm around her, guided her out of the shower. He put a towel around her shoulders and then dried himself off. It was difficult with his cock fully hard. It kept getting in the way, getting hit by the towel as he dried himself. He dripped onto the floor again. Between her wet pussy and his leaking cock, neither of them could stay clean for even a moment.

Then he turned his attention to her.

"Hey, darling." She beamed up at him. It made him horny. "I'm going to dry you off now, okay?"

It turned him on to use that voice with her, that sweet, assertive tone. It was how one talked to a child. How a teacher talked to their students. He used that tone to tell her how he would fuck her, how he would touch her. It made her blush. It made her grin. It made her wet for him.

As he let the towel around her fall away and reveal her tits and her body, he thought about what a marvel it was that he was able to do this to her. She'd been surprised when he'd woken her up, lying next to her in bed. She'd been shocked into silence at his cock against her leg. But now she wanted him to fuck her, he could tell. That had been his doing. He pulled a smaller towel off the shelf beside him and used it to caress down her arms. He would worship her body this way. He would touch every inch of her. She let him handle her with ease. He held her wrist and dried her arm. She placed her weight onto one leg and appeared to lean towards him he turned her around and dried off her shoulders, let his presence behind her make her shiver. He dried her back, finding a trail of his own precum that ran between the cheeks of her ass. He let his hand linger there, grabbing her. She whined, the smallest sound.

He didn't kneel before her, because his veneration of her was for his own pleasure only. Her body held sway over him, but he dominated her completely. He fucked her because he wanted to and by his will, she wanted it, too. Her own will was powerless against his. It wasn't that she didn't want it, it was that there was simply no room between them for her refusal.

So to dry her legs, he held one arm around her waist and lifted the other by her ankle, rested it against his hip. He spread her legs as she stood. It made her shake. It meant that as he dried each leg, he stared at her pussy. Pink and wet. Plush. It was a pretty thing. Small inner lips, but enough that he could run his fingers around them and think of them as folds. Her outer lips were plump, squishy. It was fun to watch them move around as he fingered her, fucked her, touched her. She was small, so was her pussy, so her clit was close to her slit. It meant

that when he fucked her and stretched her wide, his cock touched her clit. That was probably why she liked being fucked so much. It was probably why it was so easy to make her come.

Once he finished drying her off, he grabbed her by the waist and hauled her over to the other side of the room with him.

“What are you—” fear laced through her voice. He sat down on the closed toilet seat and bent her over his knee. “OH!”

“*Shh,*” he scolded. He liked to hear her squirm so the admonishment was mostly a ploy. He also liked making her freeze.

He pet her ass, spread her legs, pet her pussy. It made his palm wet. He had *just washed her* and she was already wet for him again. Maybe he’d neglected to understand how much she enjoyed this. Yesterday was her first orgasm, after all. She’d been practically glued to his side ever since it had happened. She still felt good last night, when they fell asleep. She’d wanted him to fuck her again. He’d been too tired. The realization that she actually wanted him, that she wasn’t just wet in anticipation but because of his presence and his cock. Because of him. She got wet when he touched her, when he pulled her around, when he spread her legs.

His cock was pressed against her waist, trapped between her body and his. The dull pleasure from it thrummed through him, a low hum spreading through his groin.

“*You’re so good for me,*” he whispered before sticking a finger inside her and crooking it.

She squealed and slapped his leg. He let her. If she tried to get up, he would hold her down. But this was alright. This made his hard cock ache. He rotated his hand so his thumb could rub against her clit. The tension in her legs went slack and her back arched. She wasn’t only wet but dripping and his thumb slid in easy circles over her.



“Oh! Aaah!!” He felt a shudder go through her.

He removed his thumb from her clit. She whined. Then he started fucking her with one finger. She was fun to tease. He knew just a finger was barely anything but still she was tight as fuck. He knew what it felt like to slide his cock along this exact part of her. The thought was exciting. He knew her body now, knew intimate parts of her. He knew what it sounded like when she was fucked out of her mind. He knew he wanted to hear it again. So he stuck another finger in her and finger-fucked her as hard as he could.

She kicked her knees and curled her toes and her entire body shuddered. She was quiet, but he could hear her gasp.

“I need to hear you,” he said, probably more commanding than was necessary.

She lifted her head, gulped air.

“AAH!!”

“Ooh yes.” He grinned.

“Ah! AAH!! *AaaAAAAA!!* ”

He shoved his fingers in deep and instead of thrusting them in and out, he moved them back and forth as fast as he could.

She sobbed.

The ache in his dick was almost physically painful.

“Feel good, huh?”

“HaaAAAHH!! *AAAHH!!* ”

He was fingering her so roughly, it was honestly a surprise how well she could take it. She'd been so sweet, so innocent. But she liked being fucked rough. She liked it when he made her cry.

“Can you use words?”

She shook her head.

“Mmmgghmm...”

“That's okay. It feels good, right? You like my fingers inside you?”

“Hah.. *Ah! Mmgmhmm!!* ” She nodded as best she could. Which wasn't very well. He knew what it felt like to lose control of your body to pleasure. The feeling must be shooting through her, so good that it was all she could feel, all she could focus on. So good that all she could do was take it. The noises from her pussy were wet and squelching. God, and they'd just showered.

“I need to fuck you,” he growled. She actually *squealed*. His cock jumped and he bet she could feel it. “You want that too, don't you?”

“*Pleeeease.*” Her voice was so small and breathy, so quiet and strained. She could barely speak. She couldn't even say the word *yes*, but she fought through that just to beg him to fuck her.

He pulled his fingers out of her, wrapped his arms around her waist, and stood up. Her shocked gasp sounded more like a moan than anything. He dropped her in front of the counter and as she tried to steady herself, he pushed her forward, bending her over it.

He leaned in, hearing her breath leave her as a shudder.

*"I want to see the look on your face when I fuck you,"*

Then he stood back up, and shoved his cock inside her.

**"AAH!!"**

All the way in. So tight over all of him that the edges of his pleasure frayed and began to bleed into something else, almost painful.

Her back arched and she propped herself up on her forearms. Fucking perfect. Her tits were pressed together and shaking with her every breath. There were tears on her cheeks, she must have been crying when he fingered her.

She shifted her weight, but since he'd trapped her between himself and the counter, all she did was grind against his cock. Maybe that's what she'd wanted to do.

He looked up from her tits in the mirror and met her eyes. Her little mouth opened, her lips parting. He saw her start to mouth a word and then he heard it, high and breathy.

**"Wow..."**

Holy fuck.

He put his hands on the curve of her back, fingers curling around her waist, and he pressed, pushing her back down. He wanted her bent over. She didn't drop the eye contact, she just gazed at him, soft and needy and cock drunk. All she needed was something thick in her pussy and her eyes glazed over.

He pulled out and slammed into her, against the counter. Then he did it again and didn't stop. Her mouth fell open, silently, as he fucked her hard. Then her face contorted, eyebrows pinching and mouth curling into a grin.

The only sound in the room was his grunting, a thudding, and sharp slaps. And then her. She moaned and as her chest shook and heaved, with his every thrust, her voice fluttered.

**"Ah-ah-ah-aH-aH-AH- AH-AHH-AHHH!! "**

She was so tight and his dick felt so thick inside her that this seemed impossible. But she stretched for him, she grew wet for him. She welcomed him inside. She slid over his cock and the feeling echoed through him.

**"Oh god,"** she whined.

**"Fuck, sweetheart!"**

She twisted around to look up at him, softness in her eyes and mewling moans tumbling from her lips.

“Mmaaaah... mmmm..” She tried to bite her lip to keep her mouth closed.

“Oooh, but I wanna hear you, sweetie.” He loved making his voice saccharine for her, making it drip with false sweetness. It felt like domination, like degradation.

Her mouth immediately fell open again.

“*HaaAAAH!! AAAH!*”

He slowed his thrusts so he could pound into her harder on each one. It felt so good to watch her fall apart, to pound all those soft and sensitive parts of her body, to destroy them and then see them still just as perfect and puffy. He could fuck her pussy as hard as he wanted. He could bend her over and fuck her rough. And then he could do it all over again.

“Look at you...” He murmured. He started angling his thrusts more, moving swift and deep. He bent over her, ran one hand up to cup and grab her breast.

“*Oh... oh my... aaAH!*”

“Aww, sweetie..” His cock slid in and out of her as her pussy squeezed around him and white-hot pleasure shot up his spine. “What’re you trying to say?”

“Mm....”

He kneaded her breast and pressed her pink little nipple between two of his fingers. She shuddered.

He lowered his voice, rich and deep and rumbling. “You can do it, I know you can. What do you wanna say?”

“*Oh..*” A high moan, which she tried to swallow. “*Oh my god..*”

“Good girl..” he cooed, voice still low.

She lifted her arm and put her hand over his, the one on her tit. She curled her little fingers around his and held them there. She smiled up at him.

He wasn’t fucking her as hard now, but just as steadily. He couldn’t bring himself to pause for even a moment, he needed to feel her body moving up and down his cock. He’d waited for this. He’d been hard for this. *And she wanted this.*

“*Ohmygod— oh! OHmygod!*” Her speech slurred, her words fast and fumbled.

He knew her pleasure wasn’t as sharp as his, he knew it would be dull but deep and mounting.

“Feels good? You like my cock?” He caressed her tit with his thumb.

“Uh-huh.”

“What did I say about using your words?” He breathed. He fucked her with a few hard thrusts as a little punishment. Really, as a little reward for being so cute, for making him exert power over her again. It was thrilling.

“Yess, uuunh— aaah— yes!”

“You like getting fucked?”

“Yeeaaah!” Her voice squeaked.

“I like to hear that.” It made his cock ache. It made his balls tight again. Even as he fucked her, even as he speared her open and as her pussy slid back and forth over his cock, it made him desperate for more. He loosened his grip on her tit so he could feel it jiggle with his every thrust. *Yess, just like that, fuck yes.*

Her pussy clenched around him and her moans turned almost into hiccups with her gasps.

“Are you close, little girl?”

“Aaaahhmm... ah.. mmhff.. yah.. yeah.”

“If you come, can I keep fucking you?” He was going to anyways but he wanted to ask. He wanted to hear her voice, hear her wanting him.

“Please!”

Oh GOD, that did it. His hands shot down to her hips he pulled them to him so he could thrust *fast* and *hard*. *So good* all around him.

He watched her, splayed on the counter, tits shaking, body quivering and bending and back arching.

*Fuck.* She asked for it. She begged for it. *Fucking shit. Fuck.* She wanted to come on his cock and then get fucked some more. She liked his cock, how it felt inside her. He’d thought her body alone was a dream, but this... this was something he couldn’t let go of. In the back of his mind, he started thinking about what he could do to keep her.

It occurred to him again, a teenager, a *high-schooler*, fucked out of her mind, coming on his cock, asking for it. This same girl will go to school and think about his cock inside her during class. Maybe she’ll get wet and ask to be excused. Hell, he knew her body now. Of course she’ll get wet. He’ll be at work, doing his job, and just one town away, an eighteen year old pussy will be wet for him. Thinking about him. About how he fucked her, how good he made her feel.

She wailed and it drew him back to the moment. Her eyes were screwed shut, one hand splayed on the counter, straining, the other still on her own tit, holding on for dear life. Her legs were still pressed together, bracketed by his own, spread to keep himself steady. Pressing her thighs together had made her tighter for him. It also made his cock press more firmly

against her. It had made him wild, made him fuck her hard and fast and steady. It had made it better for her, too, squeezed all those sensitive parts of her.

He stepped back, not enough for his cock to leave her, but just to give him some room. Then he pulled her back onto him by her hips and slid her body across the counter. She squealed and he felt her shake and quiver, pulled back onto his cock. Split open again.

She stood on her tippy toes, one knee bent and suspended in the air. He grabbed it by the ankle and lifted, then grabbed under her knee. He placed her leg on the counter so when he angled himself to fuck her from below, he could go deeper. Then he put his hands on her ass, pushed so she was tilted up for better access. He kept his hands there, fingers dancing over her hips. It was like when he held her by her waist earlier. She was so small under his hands that they curled around her.

Then, between her spread legs, he fucked her, thrusting himself hard up into her. He speared her on his cock. His fingertips dug into her plump little ass cheeks as he pushed her body down onto him. *Thumpthumpthumpthump*.



Their bodies made deliciously sinful noises. Her mouth especially, her garbled moans and high squeals, her little whines and sobs. She'd ducked her head when he slid her back over the counter and he hadn't seen her face since. He wanted to goad her out, wanted to see her when she came.

"You're taking me so well, sweet girl." He knew she liked praise, he could feel how wet it made her even as his cock drowned in their shared wetness and the sensation of her hot and tight pussy around him. It made him warm all over, it made him sweat. And they'd just showered... God, the things she did to him. "You're so good, my sweet girl... Cum for me, baby, come on." He encouraged her sweetly, softly. This, he really meant. This was goading but from a place of genuine appreciation and need. Oh, how he needed her. More than he'd ever needed anything or anyone.

He needed to make her come because her pleasure reflected back to him. It sent him somewhere crazy and desperate. He felt her every sound in his cock. Every heavy breath of

hers, every little whine. He was full of ache, full of need for release. He was full of want for her.

She turned her head to look at him, and—*fuck*. Her lashes were clumped together. Her cheeks were wet and dripping. Her eyes brimmed with beaded tears that fell as her body shook with his thrusts.

“*Oh, sweetheart,*” he whined. “My good girl, what is it?”

Her lips were swollen from her biting them and so rosy red, wet with her tears. They curled into a soft, lovely little grin. He felt a warm wetness dripping down his cock. She hadn’t squirted, but she was leaking.

“*It...*” Her voice was so small, so soft and breathy. “*It—aaAaah..*” Her brows pinched in concern as her high moans made it hard for her to speak. Her eyelashes fluttered, her hair fell into her face and across her mouth.

Still fucking her with a hard and steady rhythm, he curled his body over hers. The new angle meant he was slamming down against her rather than up into her. It meant his cock curved with each thrust, that the head of it hit that spot inside her that made her squeal when he curled his fingers against it. On every thrust, he pounded that part of her.

He leaned in close and pulled her hair away from her face, tucked it behind her ear. He used one finger, one delicate touch ghosting across her skin, to pull the rest of her hair to one side. He caressed her, cared for her.

“Tell me, precious thing, it’s okay.” He loved talking sweetly to her while he pounded into her pussy. He loved the contrast of it, the blinding pleasure while pretending nothing was happening. He loved to make her fall apart so he could wrap his arms around her to keep her together.

She blinked and some tears dribbled over her cheeks.

“*So... haaah... so good..*” She hiccuped and let out a cute little sob.

“Tell me again?”

He felt that warmth again and heard some splattering on the floor.

“*It feels so good...*” She whispered to him sweetly, like a secret. It was no secret to him, not while she was squirting on his thick cock. It made everything so much wetter, the sounds from her pussy all syrupy and thick.

Her eyes went wide and he felt that warm liquid spraying over the tops of his thighs, running down his legs. He heard it spilling onto the floor. Her bottom lip quivered and her eyes started blinking. Though she’d already been crying, she burst into heaving tears. She sobbed as she came.

More splattering, more wetness. Every time he pulled out, her pussy squirted. The sounds of him fucking her got *loud*, slaps and splats and squelches.



He pulled her leg off the counter and backed her up against it again. He slowed down his fucking, just rocking in and out of her a few inches at a time. Her head was in her hands, just sniffling and crying.

“Hey,” he leaned forward, pressing a kiss to her shoulder. “Sweet girl, that was so good.”

She whimpered a bit and kept her head down.

“I think I peed.”

He chuckled. “Oh no, honey, you didn’t. That was squirting, it just happens sometimes, when you’re fucked in a certain way, when it feels really good.”

Her back slowly arched and as he ground himself inside her, he pressed against that spot again.

“Oh— *ah!* It felt like that, though.”

“It felt good, too, didn’t it?”

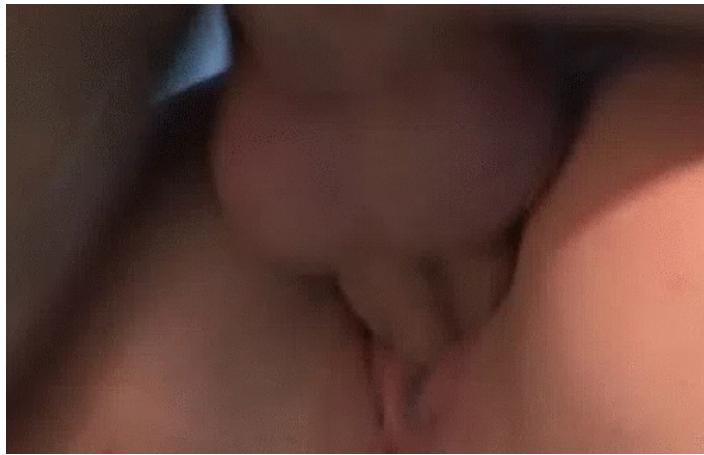
She nodded her head furiously. He started thrusting into her. All of this felt like a vice grip of *hotsweetgood* pleasure on his cock.

“OH! IT— *AAH!! It’s gonna happen again!!*”

Holy shit, so soon?

“Okay, sweetheart, it’s okay.”

He stayed bent over her, pinning her against the counter. Her tits were squashed against it, he could see that on either side of her chest. He made sure her legs were pressed together before speeding up again, fucking down fast against that spot just inside her pussy. *God*, it felt good. She clenched so hard it was almost unbearable, almost impossible to keep fucking into her. She was strangling his dick but it still felt euphoric.

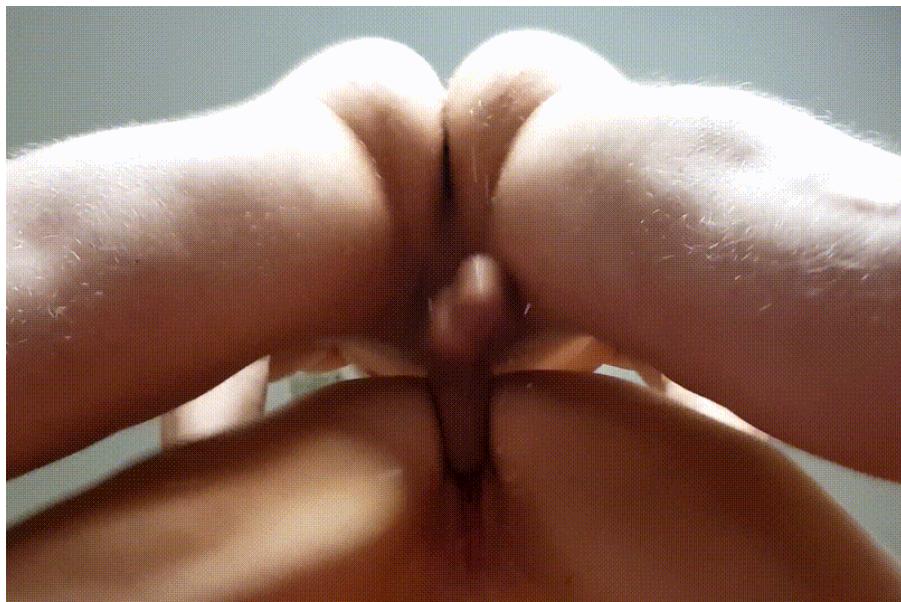


“aaAAAAAAAH!!” She shrieked. Her chest heaved.

“Why are you crying, huh?” He kept fucking hard as he asked her.

“I can’t help it! h-hah! aAH! AAAAH!!”

Her whole body shook this time as her pussy squirted all over the floor and his legs.



“Yeah, just like that, sweet thing.”

It occurred to him that maybe he should stop. That after two orgasms, maybe she was too overstimulated to continue. She was still crying after all, hiccuping little gasps with her head pillowied by her folded arms. But no.. last night, he’d fucked her for over an hour and she came over and over again without asking to stop. She could take him. She *liked* taking his cock. She could, and would, take more. Because he needed it.

He was going to fuck her again, but he needed to move them first. He pull his cock out and dragged her back up to standing. He turned her around, and— oh, fuck. Her face was covered in tears, her tits were red from being pressed to the counter. Her entire body sagged. She

looked so fucked out of her mind, so ruined, and he was going to do it all over again as soon as possible. He hadn't even cum inside her today. That needed to be fixed.

He ran his hands up her sides, over her tits, and then under her arms to pick her up. It was incredibly easy, she was smaller than he'd thought. He set her down on the counter, then spread her legs and slid his cock back inside her.

"*Mmm! Mhmm..*" She winced.

"You feel *so good*, sweetie, don't you wanna make me feel good?" She blinked up at him and pouted. "Don't you wanna make my cock feel good? You're so good at that with your cute little pussy, so tight and hot." She opened her mouth and moaned. "*There she is*, my sweet girl. There you go."

He pressed in the rest of the way and looked down at her pussy spread open around him. Spread wide open and— what was that? Was that *cum*? There was way too much of it to still be left over from last night. Had he...? No. But it was the only explanation

Fucking her had felt so good that he hadn't noticed when he came. More than once. Her pussy was bright red from being pounded so hard, covered in whitish, sticky cum and her own wet juices.

"I want you to look down, honey." She did. And she sniffled. "You wanna know how good you make me feel? See that stuff coming out of your pussy when I fuck you?"

He thrust into her a few times and she gasped. Some cum dribbled out and dripped onto the floor.

"That's cum, from my cock."

"Like..." She gasped again because he couldn't stop his hips from fucking her just a little bit. "Like when I touched you?" He gazed down at her expectantly because he wanted her to say it. Her tits jiggled as he slid into her and she shuddered. "Like when I— *oh!* When I touched your uhm.. Aah! *Your cock.*"

*Slapslapslap—*

"Yes, sweetie, just— *gah*— just like that." He thrust into her one more time, then stayed there, all of him inside her tiny little pussy. "Wrap your legs around me. Good girl. Arms around my neck."

She did as she was told, maybe with a few shakes in her limbs. But that was okay. She couldn't control how much she liked being filled by him. He wrapped his arms around her waist, pressed her and her pillowy tits to his bare chest, and lifted.

She gasped and buried her face against his neck. He shushed her, kissed her cheek, and carried her out of the room. He brought them back to bed, even though a considerable mess was dripping down his legs and had pooled on the floor. That was a problem for later.

The shower had been a resounding failure. He couldn't be around her and touching her for that long without making a mess of her again.

She whimpered and shuddered against his shoulder. He could feel her tears, cold on his skin. He kept her held close to him as he climbed onto the bed, then lowered her down and draped himself on top of her. He levered himself up onto his forearms so he could stare down at her, hips still firmly locked against hers, pinning her down and fully inside her.

"Hi, sweet girl." She looked up at him. Her arms had fallen by her face, splayed out and lovely. She blubbered out a little sob. "Oh, baby." He brushed her hair out of her face and held her cheek in his hand. He couldn't help but rock his hips against hers slowly, his cock demanded something, *anything* while he coaxed her back into this. "Does anything hurt? Did I fuck you too hard?"

She shook her head and he laughed, rumbling. No, he'd made her come. He'd made her squirt, for Christ's sake.

"No. No, I—I liked that."

Her breaths hitched and she frowned, trying not to cry.

"You liked it," he cooed. "That's so good. I like that so much. Do you feel my cock twitching?" She nodded. He leaned closer to her, looked her in the eye. "If you tell me what's wrong, I'll make you feel good again. So good."

"I made everything gross." She pouted and sniffled. "And it.. it felt good, it felt *really good*. But it was so much. Too much, maybe."

"There's no such thing as too much good. More good is just better. The best." He slid out of her an inch and then shoved himself back in. She let out a small moan before speaking.

"I didn't know what to do." She started crying again as she spoke, her voice wet and broken. "I wanted to move my arms and I wanted to scream but I couldn't."

"That happens sometimes. You just felt so good, baby. Your body wanted to enjoy it."

"*It felt...*" She gasped as he started grinding in and out of her, deep and slow. "*Really good.. aaah..*"

"Hey, babygirl?"

"*Mmhmm?*"

"I like when you squirt on my cock." She gasped and her hands grabbed onto his arms. Maybe in surprise. Maybe because his thrusts were getting sharper and rougher. "Feels so good. Think you could do it again?"

"*I dont— ah! I don't know— mmmggh!*"

"Don't you wanna make my cock feel good?"

She nodded her head lazily, letting it bob as his thrusts shook her.

“Yea-a-a-ah,” she squealed.

“Gooood girl!”

She threw her head back and let out a high cry. He pressed her into the mattress with all of his weight, her chest to his, pinning her down. He held her arms in place to limit her movement, to trap her. She liked being able to move. But he liked making her scream and cry. He needed to overwhelm her.

At first he rocked his hips to fuck her, tilting so his cock curved inside her with every thrust. But that wasn’t nearly hard enough. So he pushed up with his knees and fell back onto her, driving himself into her deep and fast.



The thudding of his body against hers was loud, as was the groaning of the bed. Their fucking was always loud. She moaned, those little fluttering cries, with every thrust. He couldn’t help but groan, so low it was almost a growl.

“Fuck—” he choked out. “God, you’re tight.”

“MMMMM!! AH! AAAAH!!” Her little fingers dug into his arms painfully. She clung to him. He loved every second of it. Her body shook under him and she pushed at his shoulders, tried to pry him off of her. “It’s— no, NO, NOT AGAIN!!”

Her whining moans turned into raspy shrieks.

“Take it! Fuck!” He sat up just enough to see her. He clamped a hand over her mouth, partially because the walls here were probably thin and partially because of what it did to her.

Her eyes grew wide with fear. She squealed under his hand and tears leaked from her eyes.

“I know. I know, baby. It just feels so good, huh?” His cock pounded into her. She nodded and sobbed, muffled.

He felt it on his cock first, an extra slippery warmth. And then it flooded the space between them in hot, spurting gushes.

“*MMMMMM!! HHMMMM!! MMMGHHH!!*”

“Oh, sweetie.. *Ooh, fuuuck—*”

He fucked her through it, even as she tried to scream, even as her whole body shook beneath him. He kept pounding into her, hard thumping turning into slick slaps. He moved his hips as fast as he could. It was easy with how wet she was.

Just a minute later, she came again. This time without squirting.

“*Mm! Mmm!! Mmmm!! MMMM!!*”

Her eyes fluttered closed and her brows arched. She didn’t look scared anymore. She was in utter bliss. Then he felt the *clench*, he felt her pussy actually throb, pulling him in. Then she went limp and everything shook as her orgasm wracked her little body.

He took his hand off her mouth to hear her squeaks and mewls. Heavenly.

“Hhmf— hah— oh fuck, baby.” His hips ached. Not from the physical effort, but from the lack of release. He slowed down just slightly to draw out each thrust, so he could actually feel the tight squeeze of her pussy all around him, sensitive and aching. Soft, wet, warm.

“*Oh, wow.. aaah..*”

How in fucking hell was she still enjoying this?! She’d just squirted three times, cum God only knows how many times in the past 24 hours. She was fucking perfect. Fucking everything. He could not, would not be letting her go. There had to be a way to keep her.

“God, *F-FUCK!!*” The force of his release shot through him and he slammed into her as he came. He could feel each spurt as a hot throb in his cock, pleasure from somewhere deep inside him. He felt warm everywhere. He felt ecstasy everywhere. “*God, sweetheart. Oh, shit.*” There wasn’t fear in his voice but something tight like a warning. “*I don’t think I can stop. Shit. Shit!*”

He was still hard as fuck, so hard it *hurt*, and still pounding into her.



“M-m-mmg-hfg-mf! ” Garbled sounds left her but they weren’t words, stuttering because of how hard he was fucking her. She was wracked with pleasure and entirely incapable of speech.

He groaned, strained.

“I can’t stop! Fuck! Just keep taking my cock like that, baby. FUCK! What a good girl.”

He wasn’t lying. He couldn’t stop himself. The more he fucked her the more he wanted to fuck her and the more control he lost. From staring at her to jerking off while watching her to lying in bed with her to rubbing off on her to fucking her awake to making her squirt. And now here, on her back, her legs spread wide with him between them fucking away into the slickest, wettest, tightest, *best* pussy he’d ever had.

His lack of control shot an electric spark down his spine. Did she want him to stop? No, clearly. She was gargling moans against his shoulder and squealing. Could he stop if she wanted him to? No. He *tried* but his body wouldn’t listen and the thought alone made his dick hurt.

“Um... ah.. ow....”

He gathered her in his arms and wrapped them around her, pinning her upper arms to her body and holding her firmly in place. You’d think she’d be loose from having his thick cock inside her for so long but she *just kept getting tighter*.

“H-huh.. hah.. gah.. g-huh...” he grunted as he pistoned into her. If anyone had been there to see, he would have looked like a desperate, primal, humping animal. “Pussy’s so.. gUH... God, so.. Good pussy.. Fuck.”

He fucked her wildly, savagely, and forced her to take it. She could hardly move. She could kick her legs, but she tried and they *wouldn’t listen*. His cock was so wide inside her, so thick, it fogged her mind. Her body wouldn’t listen, even when it hurt. She just wanted to take it. She wanted to be fucked by him, however he wanted to have her.

He was fucking her at such a wild pace it was honestly surprising that he hadn’t just collapsed yet. His hips were screaming at him. His thighs, too. The muscles in his lower abdomen burned. But he wouldn’t, couldn’t stop. None of his hurt as much, even all together,

as how good his cock felt sliding into her and slamming against her, slapping wet between them with his cum and her wetness. His groin was just wet, hot, good, pleasure. Nothing less. So much more than he could have ever imagined. She was so, *so* tight but her body accepted him all the same. It felt impossible on every thrust but then he slid in all the way, all his thickness and length balls deep inside her. And then he pulled himself out again, dragged out of her, and pounded back in. The grip was almost painful but it satisfied the throbbing in his cock. It sparked something deep, some dark well of pleasure that was just starting to trickle through him. A dam, more like. A dam about to *burst*.

“God, sweetie, you— *hmf*— you take me so— *hah*— so well— *fuck!*”

If he could see her he’d know how her toes were curling and her legs spasming without her control.

“*Yeah?*” she practically moaned, breathless.

“Yeah, honey, you’re perfect. Fucking perfect pussy, *FUCK!*” He groaned, loud and deep and long. “Feels so good on my cock, good girl, making me feel soooo good— *HAH! GAH!*” He practically growled into her ear.

“*I like that,*” she breathed.

“You like making my cock feel good?”

She nodded furiously, whining out a little *mm-hmm!*

He slowed down, but made each thrust much rougher. Her tightness fully engulfed him. Pulling out felt like an unbearable loss each time as that oh so sweet tightness left him.

“*That’s so good, baby.*”

“*AH! AH! AH! AH!*” Her voice with every thrust and she sounded on the verge of tears again. So fucking good. She took him so well, thick cock in her little teenaged pussy. “*So good!*”

“Oh, baby...” He fucked her as he started to come, shuddering to a stop as the throbbing in his cock got to be too much and his thighs gave out. It jumped and twitched and spurted inside her.

“Mm... ah... mmm....” Her legs locked around him and she pulled him in so his cock was fully seated inside her once again. “*Mmmm!!*”

He felt her clenching and fluttering and he *knew that feeling*. She was about to have an orgasm. She shuddered around him, coming on his cock. She shook and moaned garbled noises and not once did he loosen his grip on her. He just groaned, because of how good her coming pussy felt around him and how fucking amazing it felt to make her come, to force her to, to hold her down through it. It was the feeling of him cumming inside her that had sent her over the edge. His thick cock inside her sensitive little pussy, filling it with gooey, slick heat. It felt so good to come with her pussy squeezing all around him. Her coming too,

getting wetter and warmer and tighter, sent his cock into overdrive. Pleasure sparked electric and hot all through his body, and that unbearable tug through the center of his dick, that made him shiver, that made his legs weak.

“*Baby*,” he groaned, “*sweetheart, gAAH—*”

And he came again. Not quite as much cum as last time, but she was still fluttering around him as his cock jerked again and spurted, shooting even more cum into her. Some liquid leaked out of her pussy between them, so much wetness in her tight little hole filled totally by his wide cock.

There was a loud squelching noise as he pulled out of her. She whimpered and he looked down and saw his cum dribbling out, then gushing. Her pussy was wet and pink, pretty and utterly destroyed.

“I’ll clean us up, pretty girl, okay?”

She nodded, mewling. God, she was adorable.

He went to the bathroom and cleaned up the puddle on the floor, grabbed a towel and wet part of it, then returned to her.

He knew what to do. He knew how he would keep her.

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He cleaned her first. She was in a daze, eyes half-lidded and mouth agape. Her lips hung in an open pout. She jerked when he started wiping down her pussy. He tried to shush her and comfort her but she was so sensitive and out of it that she just couldn't stop convulsing.

“*N-no,*” he heard her whisper.

“I’m just cleaning you off, baby.”

She squirmed and whimpered, her eyes screwed shut.

“*It hurts,*” she whined.

“I know, baby, but—” He trailed off because one of her hands had grabbed onto his hand and was pressing it against her pussy. “Sweetheart?”

“*It hurts inside. Can you rub it, please?*” Her voice was so light and airy, wet with all the crying she’d been doing, and so wanton that it made his cock jerk just to listen to her.

He let her guide his fingers into her and then she moaned, deep.

“*Fuck...*”

“*Touch me, please.*”

“Where, sweetheart?” She knew by now that he wanted to hear her say it, to whine dirty things with her cute little voice.

“*My pussy.*” She smiled, her eyelids fluttering but still closed.

He pushed his two fingers in as far as they would go and started grinding them into her. She shivered and moaned sweetly, her tits jiggling. He pressed his fingers one way then another, he curled them, pet her. He scissored his fingers and her mouth fell open.

“*Aaaaannnghh.. Hhhugh..*”

“You like that?”

“*More!*” she squeaked.

*More fingers?* He slipped a third in and stretched her as wide as he could with them. He twisted his hand and pushed his fingers against the spot that made her scream when he fucked against it. It must have been sore because he liked pounding against it so much. He pressed slow and hard, massaging and stretching her pussy. Her eyes fluttered open.

“H-hey, sweet thing.” He smiled down at her.

Her lip quivered, she mumbled some incoherent noise, and her hips started moving. Her eyes fluttered open and closed and her body shook.



He moved his fingers slowly, grinding them inside her as she quivered. He wanted this to last, to draw it out. He did as she asked, rubbing and stroking with soothing, massaging pets.

“*Hhhmmg, hhnnnn, aaaghh—*”

“You like my fingers in your pussy, don’t you? You gonna cum?”

She nodded and her mouth started opening and closing like a fish out of water. Or, like she was moaning but unable to speak. Her body was so sensitive and the pleasure from his fingers filling her up was so deep that she thought she was about to pass out. She could barely hear him talking dirty, could barely feel anything other than the white-hot pleasure flooding her hips and spreading through her body like a wildfire. She could barely pull herself together enough to speak, but she had to so he knew how good it felt. So he wouldn’t stop.

“*F-feels like—I’ve—I’ve been cumming—it—w-won’t st-o-op...*”

“Feels so good, huh?”

She was unable to respond.

He pressed his thumb against the small, pink nub of her clit. Then he levered his hand open and closed, roughly massaging her clit and the bundle of nerves inside her.

Her eyes flew open and then rolled back into her head. She started to scream but her voice gave out. Her back arched into a perfect curve. She would have squirted but she was physically unable. The coil of pleasure and tension inside her snapped and then exploded. She couldn’t feel her toes, and then her feet, then she realized she didn’t know where her arms were. Waves of pleasure radiated out from her pussy and it felt as though her skin was on fire.



“*Oh, holy fu—*” he started saying. Then she went totally limp and passed out.

He froze.

Then he noticed the painful ache in his cock. He sprang into action, climbed on top of her, and started humping her unbelievably hot and wet pussy. He buried his face in her tits, shaking with how he thrust against her. Then he found her wrists and held them down. He used her however he wanted, while she breathed softly and steadily, eyes closed, unmoving. Then he pulled his hips too far back and when he rocked forward, he slid right inside her. What had previously been a gliding, soothing pleasure easing that throbbing ache suddenly became tight, white-hot, soft, wet, strangling pleasure all over the thickness of his cock. It shocked him and he came immediately.

“*I’m sorry,*” he whispered as soon as he was capable of speech. He’d come *hard*. And then, “*Oh. Fuck.*” And again, “*Sorry.*” Because he knew he wasn’t going to pull out. He sat up and put his hands on her tits, squeezed them, and then started rocking in and out of her.





It only took him a few minutes before he came inside her again and then slowly pulled out and stood up, stumbling backwards before his legs regained their strength. She still hadn't woken up.

"*Fuck*," he murmured to himself, and then left the room to rewet the wash cloth and resume cleaning them up.

She didn't wake up until he was done, hovering over her and stroking her breasts.

"*Hmf...*"

"Hey sweetheart, how are you feeling?"

She yawned and her eyes blinked open.

"*Mm.. I feel good.*" She smiled sweetly, a cute little thing. "I feel sleepy."

"Well I'm sorry, sweet girl, but we have to get going. Do you think you can get up and get dressed for me."

She sighed. "Okay."

He chuckled and felt a hot pang of possessiveness shoot through his chest, and right down to his cock. He needed her. He needed to keep her.

It was easier said than done with the getting up, though. She scooted to the edge of the bed and tilted herself up to standing. But as soon as she did, her knees gave out and she ended up leaning against him, his arms around her, with her legs quivering like a newborn foal.

"*I'm sorry,*" she murmured, nuzzling her face into his chest.

"Don't be, baby, you just came really hard. I'll hold you until you can stand on your own."

He did, stroking her back—her tits pressed against him—until her feet stood solidly beneath her.

He watched her as she bent down, her breasts jiggling, the puffy lips of her pussy appearing between her legs. Her plump little ass... It wasn't just her pussy that had flushed red, marks from his hands and from where his body had slammed into her were all over. It made him feel hot. He watched as he got dressed himself.

She shimmied into her panties first, pulling them up over one hip and then the other. She picked up her T-shirt and turned it right side out. With her every move, her tits jiggled between her arms. They were utterly enormous on her frame but God, he was loving every second of this. He groaned and bit the inside of his lip. She lifted her arms and slid her little shirt on, tugging and stretching it over her breasts. She looked amazing without a bra. Her breasts were perfect perky teardrops, full and round. By the time she was bending over to step into her skirt, he had a hand on his crotch.

Once they were done and ready to go, he ran a hand up and down her waist, gazing down at her. Her eyes stared down at the ground, but she leaned her body close to him. She whispered something.

"What was that?"

"*Thank you,*" she whispered again.

"Well," he preened. He was proud of himself for this and so, so satisfied. "I couldn't exactly leave you out there in the cold."

"No, um." She put a hand on his arm. "*For fucking me.*"

"For—*oh.*" She didn't know what he'd done while she was unconscious. And he wouldn't tell her. It didn't really matter, after all, it didn't make a difference. "No complaints here." She looked up at him, a ruddy blush on her cheeks and a glint in her eye. "*You perfect thing.*"

"*Perfect?*" she gasped.

"Best pussy I've ever had. Best tits I've ever seen, too. You've got a perfect body, sweet thing, and you take cock so well. You look cute while doing it, too, I couldn't get enough."

She dithered a bit and then turned to him again. "I'm wet right now."

He chuckled at that and grinned.

"Like I said, perfect. I just wish I'd had time to teach you how to give a blowjob."

She looked up at him with concern, "Don't we—"

He had to stop her before his resolve broke. He grabbed her hand and started tugging her after him.

"Nope, no time."

He left her outside again to pay for the room, which he did in something of a daze. She was *happy* he fucked her. She was happy to have been used, to have been railed, *brutally*. She'd liked it, she'd cum from it over and over again. She liked his thick cock and she liked being pounded. She'd been forced to squirt, she'd cried, she'd screamed, and still she blushed and thanked him.

There were butterflies in his stomach as they started heading back down the street to the bus stop. He'd done some thinking last night, this morning. He had some assumptions and ideas and he really hoped he was right.

"So... you said your parents were out of town?"

"Yeah." Her voice was so soft, so innocent. He loved talking to her, hearing her cute and naive responses.

"And for a whole week?"

"They trust me." She puffed out her chest. They'd trusted her. So much for that.

"But you've never stayed anywhere alone before?"

"No, they usually just leave me at home."

Oh, fuck yes.

"Usually?"

"Uh." She glanced away. "Yeah, they go on trips a lot."

"Oh," he feigned surprise. She hadn't received a single text in the past eighteen or so hours that they'd been together. No one was checking on her, so they must do this often enough not to think they had to. "And you're all alone, then?"

"Yeah," she sighed.

They were approaching the intersection. They could cross the street one way and he'd take her to her bus stop and say goodbye. Or they could cross the street in the other direction. And it would take them to his house.

"When do they get back?"

"Oh, in like three days."

They got to the corner and he came to a stop, tugging her to stop with him.

"Hey, sweetheart. I could drop you off here and leave you to go home by yourself to that empty house all alone. Or. Just down this street is *my* house and I could keep you company for the next few days."

He would tell work that his stomach bug had progressed, he'd need a few more days. He could get some things done on his computer. He'd miss meetings. He'd fuck her as often as he'd like. He wouldn't tell them that last part.

"R-really?"

He grinned, sly and wide.

"Of course." He let the hand on her waist slip under her shirt, pressed against her naked skin, as he led her to his house. "And you know what? Any time your parents go out of town, how about you come and stay with me. I'll take care of you."

He looked down at her and found her smiling up at him.

"I'd like that."

A pretty little smile. A pretty girl.

"I would, too."

There was a skip in her step as they started walking again.

"Oh!" She grabbed his hand and tugged until he looked at her. He saw her tits, he saw down her shirt, and he saw her smiling. "Does this mean you can teach me how to do blowjobs?!"

He threw his head back and laughed, in relief and as a release of the pressure that was coiling back up again somewhere deep in his groin.

"Yes, sweetheart, of course."

## Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! ☺

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