

Elliot Silvestri



Even If I Did Hate Her

1 Lust

Green Bush
Publishing

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Even If I Did Hate Her 1: Lust

An Erotic Novel of Angry Lust

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Even If I Did Hate Her 1: Lust

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Even If I Did Hate Her

OR

Hate Fuck 1: Lust

[1]

Chapter One

“Bastard!”

“Bitch!”

“Fucking asshole!”

I paused in my argument with Kira. “You know, that’s sort of true. I do like fucking assholes.”

Her lips curled back in anger and disdain. “And you’re a disgusting pig.”

“I bet your cu—”

“Let’s stop right there!” Jenna interrupted us.

Both Kira and I looked to the normally mild-mannered HR rep. The very thing that we were in her office arguing said a lot about how bad our relationship had gotten.

“Before anyone says anything they regret,” Jenna added.

“I regret nothing,” Kira muttered.

Jenna, in her infinite wisdom, opted not to address that offhand comment. It was probably for the best.

I remained silent. I had already pushed my luck too far. The only reason that neither I nor Kira, or the both of us, hadn’t been fired yet was that we were still both considered critical role employees.

“You two have been at each other’s throats since Kevin was hired,” Jenna went on. “I’ve been ordered to get you two to stop the constant fighting, backbiting, arguing, and generally disruptive behavior that has you both in my office when I so desperately want to be anywhere else.”

It wasn't true that we had been at each other's throats since I was hired six months back.

At first I was insanely attracted to Kira. She was everything I looked for in a woman.

She was exactly five foot six, which came up to five nine when she wore heels. I felt that was the perfect height for my six foot three stature.

Her hair was naturally pale blonde. Her eyes were pale blue. Her skin was a luminous creamy pale tone. Yeah, I know I have a theme and a type.

Her tits weren't huge, but more than ample enough for any man. She didn't go around showing off her cleavage, but she knew when to bend forward to show off her tits when she needed to influence a peer or to dominate an underling.

It was her ass that killed me. She had an affinity for tight skirts. Not tight enough to get her in trouble with HR, but more than tight enough to show off her—heh!—assets. I had followed her down more than one hallway because of the way her luscious ass swayed and rolled with her every step.

Even though I hated her, I couldn't help but wonder on a daily basis if she wore a thong or seamless magic panties or was commando under her skirt.

On our first day we had been polite and flirted a bit, feeling each other out. It had been good.

Everything fell apart on day two when I said the only solution to the ongoing tech issues in the customer service resource database was a complete rebuild or replacement.

I had been brought in on a one-year IT contract to do the work.

Kira objected because she had been the one to spearhead the building of the old database over the past ten years. She had no experience in coding or computer management and consequently it was a mess. For someone with no formal training she had done a decent job, but when a multi-million dollar company was bleeding money because she was too prideful to make a change, I didn't see why she wasn't let go right then and there.

For the last six months everything between her and I had been a battle.

It would have been fine if the sight of her wasn't enough to give me a woody.

"Fire one of us," I said bluntly.

"What?"

"What?" Kira echoed.

"We're not going to get along. Just fix the problem now. Let one of us go and voila! Conflict ended."

"No," Jenna said with a long-suffering sigh. "I can't do that?"

"Why not?" I pressed. I wouldn't mind getting fired. I'd be paid out for the last six months of my contract in one lump sum and I could move on. If Kira was fired, I could finish my job in peace.

"The higher ups don't want that, as I've already said. Kevin, you need to finish your contract and build the CS database. Kira, you need to roll with the changes that are coming."

We glared at each other. I looked away from Kira's ice-cold blue eyes and up at her hair that was pulled back into a tight bun at the nape of her neck. It was the same style she wore every day. I could see the comb marks in the individual strands of hair.

It was the sexy librarian look. Paired with her skirt suits it was another little fantasy of mine that always gave me an uncomfortable cock all too often.

I thought back to Mrs. Peacock, my high school librarian who was young enough to be sexy and old enough to be forbidden fruit. What I would have given to grab her stacks in the stacks...

"I have a solution that might get us through to the end of this project," said Jenna.

"I hope so," said Kira. Even angry, her voice had the right set of notes that was literal music to my ears.

“What is it?” I was curious, which was probably a terrible thing.

“You two will be sharing an office until this project is done,” Jenna said evenly.

“Fucking what whore?” I blurted out.

“You can go fuck yourself,” said Kira.

The meeting degenerated from there.

It didn’t matter. Jenna had staff move our desks into a rather roomy office that had been a VP’s private domain until a month earlier when he was let go for fucking a board member...on the executive board’s meeting room table.

I heard rumors that Christopher and Jason were happy together now. Christopher’s wife was happy as well since she supposedly was going to get half of his stock in the company.

“This fucking sucks and isn’t going to solve anything,” Kira spat at me when we walked into our new shared office. The desks were on opposite sides of the room, divided by a table and couch. There was a nice view of the city from the windows along one wall.

“That’s the kind of positive attitude that will get us through these difficult times,” I said sarcastically as I went to my desk and inspected what the movers had done.

Everything appeared to be in place and undamaged. All the connections to the corporate servers came up when I logged into my desktop.

“You really are an asshole, aren’t you?” she asked.

“I try to be,” I said dismissively. I didn’t want to have another verbal sparring match with Kira. Not only did we have to share an office, but we both had letters of discipline placed in our personal folders. Not that I cared.

“You need to stop staring at my ass,” she said angrily.

I was surprised that she knew I checked her out so much.

“Then you need to stop wearing such tight skirts,” I replied, neither denying I stared at her ass nor giving in to her demand.

“I should file a sexual harassment complaint!”

“Good luck with that.” I was positive it would be seen as a ploy to dodge our current predicament.

“Well, I suppose it only makes sense that an asshole like you is interested in asses,” she said almost cheerily as she moved around her desk.

I glanced up at her. Couldn’t see her ass, but today’s pink blouse was cut just low enough to hint at her cleavage. She was bent slightly forward, not enough though, and I didn’t want her to catch me staring.

“Sure am,” I replied with false warmth. “I love asses and assholes and fucking both.”

I was barely paying attention to what I was saying, which wasn’t a smart move.

“You probably love getting your asshole fucked by your boyfriend,” she taunted me.

Not being gay, the insult fell flat, especially since I didn’t care if she thought I was gay or just used it to display some misplaced homophobia.

“Not that you care, but I’m not gay. However, my friend Joe, who is, says his first time he was nervous, but it was the best sex of his life. Better than any woman. Getting fucked in the ass is an experience every man should try, according to him.” Anything to confuse her or make her seem like more of a homophobic bitch.

“I bet he said that.” It was a nothing comment. “If he’s gay, how would he know about sex with a woman?”

“Good question. He tried to deny it when he was in high school and had a couple of girlfriends. Said he liked fucking them in the ass more than in the cunt.”

That was an outright lie. Joe had never said such a thing. But I said it just to piss off Kira with my coarse language.

It worked.

“You have a filthy mouth.”

“Thank you.” I stood up and walked around my desk, headed toward the door. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have important matters to attend to.” Namely, taking a piss in the men’s room to get away from her for a minute. And then maybe beating off because she had me hot and bothered.

Moving quickly for a woman on three inch high heels, she blocked my path. “Apologize,” she demanded.

I smirked. “For what?”

“For saying cunt. For implying I’m a cunt. And just for being an asshole in general.”

“No. And I never implied you were a cunt.”

Her lips curled back in a sneer. It was sort of sexy on her.

I couldn’t help myself. I had to continue on. “And given the choice, I’d rather fuck your asshole than your cunt, because I’m sure the backdoor is a lot warmer and accommodating than whatever is masquerading as a cunt between your legs.”

I never saw her hand coming. She was fast and a hell of a lot stronger than I gave her credit for. The slap turned my head and stung like hell. But I wasn’t going to give her the pleasure of letting her know that.

A hundred insults leapt to mind, but I controlled myself. Somehow. “Actually, I’d love to fuck your cunt just so say I stuck my dick inside a demon.”

She glared at me. And then she again moved quicker than I thought would have been possible.

Her kiss was hot and passionate and intense. She stuck her tongue halfway down

my throat as she grabbed the back of my head so I couldn't pull back.

I didn't want to pull back.

Her tits crushed into my chest.

My hard cock pressed against her body. It felt trapped. I was throbbing in pain and anticipation.

I kissed her back, harder, forcing my tongue into her mouth. I didn't know what the hell was going on, but since I already didn't give a shit, I dropped my hands from her back down to her ass.

She didn't object.

Her ass felt as good as it looked. Firm, but with just enough give to make it luscious.

"Fucking hell," she cursed as she broke the kiss to take a breath.

We both stared at each other for half a second and then went back to it.

She shoved one hand up my shirt, feeling my chest, and the other gripped my ass.

I'm not a professional athlete, but to combat too many hours in front of the computer screen, I had a weight set in my garage along with a treadmill in my home office.

I'd never gotten a complaint about my ass being flabby or soft.

Since she had her hand up under my shirt—I was casually dressed in contrast to her corporate uniform—I pulled my hands off her ass and grabbed the open collar of her shirt.

The buttons popped open easily enough. I had half-meant for them to pop off or to tear the shirt just to humiliate her a little, but no such luck.

Under her pink blouse she was wearing a lacy pink bra.

She wore too much pink.

Especially since I could see her dark pink nipples hard under the lace.

“What the fuck are we doing?” she gasped, taking a second to evaluate what had just happened.

“I don’t fucking know.”

I didn’t. I truly didn’t. She was my physical type, but I hated her.

“Do you want to fuck?” she asked.

“Yes.”

It was the truth. Why lie?

“Lock the goddamn door before I come to my senses.”

I quickly stepped over to the door and turned the lock. Double checking to make sure it couldn’t just pop open.

When I turned around my cock, already hard and throbbing, seemed to turn into a tool of steel.

Kira had shed her jacket and kicked off her shoes. Her skirt was on the floor and she was in the process of taking off her blouse.

What she still had on was killer. Thigh high stockings. Thong panties. Lace push up bra that made her tits seem huge.

The only thing that was missing was a garter belt. Maybe that wasn’t part of the corporate uniform.

I stared. I didn’t mind staring.

She noticed me and sat down on the edge of the couch. “Come over here. I don’t want to destroy my stockings.”

I nodded and quickly walked to her. My mind was on sex autopilot. She could have told me to jump out the window and I would have, thinking there was pussy at the bottom of my fall.

When I approached her, she grabbed my belt, unbuckled it, expertly unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans. I shoved them down with her assistance and my cock popped out, practically hitting her in the face.

I'm not going to brag or lie. I don't have some giant tree trunk sized cock in my pants. I've never gotten any complaints about the women I've been with, so either my size satisfies or my skill compensated for any shortcomings.

Kira didn't comment on my cock other than to nod once in approval. She opened her mouth and drew me in.

Her mouth was warm and wet and it made me wonder what her pussy felt like.

I moaned as she took almost all of me into her mouth and then into her throat.

Maybe Kira was a corporate drone, but in her spare time she had learned a few fellatio skills and I really appreciated that.

She did it with enthusiasm that I had only gotten a few times from other women.

It had to be the anger that was fueling her lust.

I wondered if this was just going to be a blowjob or if she wanted me to fuck her.

That question was answered a moment later when she turned her head, expelled my cock from between her lips, and got up from the couch.

She immediately turned around. I had been wrong. She wasn't wearing a thong. She was wearing a g-string.

She also had a tattoo of a butterfly on her right ass cheek.

Sweet.

"Make it quick," she ordered me. "We can't spend hours in here fucking."

Made sense. If anything, the office would wonder why we weren't arguing.

I yanked down her g-string. She bent forward, giving me access to her pussy.

I should have said no. I should have asked about a condom. I should have done a

lot of things, but I wasn't going to pass up an opportunity to fuck Kira, even if I did hate her.

As she bent forward, I got a view of her tightly puckered asshole. It was dark pink and I could swear it was begging for me to shove my cock inside it.

Not a good idea without lube; while my cock was wet from her blowjob but not that wet.

When I moved in closer to her, Kira reached between her legs, grabbed my manhood and guided me into her pussy.

I went in easy. I was amazed at how wet she was.

Apparently something about arguing with me turned her on as well.

We both groaned as I kept pushing deeper until I was fully inside her.

"Fast. And hard," she instructed me. "We don't have much time."

I grabbed her hips and started slamming my cock in and out of her wonderful pussy.

It was hot. It was wet. It might have been the best pussy I'd ever fucked.

I hated that thought.

She bit her forearm to keep from moaning too loudly or from screaming out when she came.

It didn't take much to make her cum. We barely fucked for two minutes. The hand she wasn't biting she had between her legs, rubbing her clit.

I wanted the sex to last forever, but that wasn't going to happen.

Her pussy suddenly pulsed hot, hotter than ever, and it clamped down on my cock.

It was all too much. A second later I was cumming, shooting my cum deep into her.

It was too late, but hoped and prayed she was on some sort of birth control.

Chapter Two

“What the fuck was that all about?” I asked when we were done and putting out clothes back on.

“It was a mistake. Let’s leave it at that.” Kira wiped herself between her legs and threw the used tissue into the trash can next to her desk before pulling her g-string back up into place.

“We just fucked,” I exclaimed a little too loudly and she gave me a sharp look. I lowered my tone and pulled up my pants. “I can’t just forget about that!”

As she finished buttoning her blouse, Kira took two steps over to me and raised her hand. My face still vaguely stung where she had slapped me. I moved back, just out of her range. I didn’t want to get slapped again and I didn’t want to grab her arm either. We were already on edge with HR and a sexual harassment complaint (or worse, a physical assault charge) was the last thing either of us needed.

“I suggest you fucking forget about it.” She lowered her hand, found her skirt, and pulled it back on. “I already have.”

“I’m not forgetting anything,” I told her, rather foolishly. She glared at me. I didn’t want to forget because our quick fuck had been incredibly passionate and powerful.

And probably the best sex of my life.

But I wasn’t going to tell her that.

“But I won’t say a word,” I promised her. It was the smart move.

I just wished I had a chance to take a picture of her half-naked body while we had been fucking.

Regrets...I’ve had more than a few.

“We all make stupid choices,” she said. “Now I have actual work to do.”

With that, she adjusted her blazer and walked out the door.

I couldn't help but stare at her ass.

I had just cum, but my cock still managed to stiffen a little.

I wondered if the reason she always kept her hair in a tight bun was because she was used to impromptu fuck sessions with coworkers and strangers.

That had to be it.

The next week passed in relative peace. Sharing an office with Kira wasn't so horrible.

At least it wasn't any worse than before.

And Jenna had been right about it keeping our arguments to a minimum.

We barely spoke to each other, doing so only when it was strictly necessary. A true working relationship.

But I couldn't help but notice she kept wearing her sexiest outfits to the office. Tight skirts that seemed to get shorter (but that was probably my imagination). Blouses with plunging necklines that not only revealed her cleavage, but also threatened to show off her bras.

Since our desks were placed across from the other, it was impossible not to look at her. I rearranged the screens on my desk so I could more easily see her.

She caught me often enough and glared at me.

But that didn't change her mode of dress or her tendency to lean forward when talking on the phone.

I was falling in love with her tits.

She was still a bitch, but that didn't stop me from wanting to fuck her.

Fuck her again.

I'll admit it. I stepped up my level of dressiness. I exchanged t-shirts for button down Oxfords. I kept the jeans because I had my principals, but made sure they were clean. All my old torn ones I removed from the laundry rotation.

Without trying to make it look like I was spiffing myself up, I made sure my hair was always combed and I trimmed my beard to the level of scruff an old girlfriend had told me was sexy without being scummy. Rough but with smooth edges.

Whatever the hell that meant.

I had my pride; while I wanted to fuck her again, I wasn't going to demean myself and actually ask her out on a date or even just back to my place for a sexual tension relieving fuck.

I had my pride.

That's what I decided it was. We both had too much built up sexual tension and it all came out at once. My last girlfriend and I had broken up nearly a year ago. I hadn't been on a proper date in months. My only sexual relief was porn and my right hand.

I had no clue about Kira, but I was sure that she fucked only out of necessity.

Or something like that.

Despite there being six months left on my contract, there were periodic deadlines that had to be met. They were always on Fridays. I had already spent one too many Friday nights at my computer struggling to meet a random deadline.

This Friday was no different than any one of those others.

Except Kira had to stay in the office with me to approve each and every change I made. She could have done it from her home if she had ever bothered to set up a workstation at her place.

I could tell she was bored and frustrated with having to sit at her desk and type in her password every fifteen minutes or so when I made a change so she could

approve it.

It was no thrill for me. For every deadline I met, I got a bonus. It's not the way deadlines should work, but the company did things bass-ackwards because of a previous contractor who couldn't meet a deadline to save his mother's life.

I had until midnight and I wasn't going to blow a nice chunk of change because Kira wanted to go home. She could suffer.

Of course, looking back on it, she was just her normal mean and nasty self. There weren't any complaints about having to work until almost midnight on Friday.

I was pleased with myself when the last change went through and she approved. It was 11:17. Nearly forty-five minutes before the EOD deadline.

"Fantastic!" I complimented myself. "Want to go out and get a drink to celebrate?"

We were the only ones in the office. It wasn't like there was other staff to celebrate with. I was certain she was going to say no, just because, so I'd go to the local bar, have one or two, hit on a woman or two, and go home alone. Perfect capper to the week.

After regarding me for a long moment she fixed me with a stare. I smirked at her and prepared myself for the no.

"Sure. Why the fuck not?"

I hadn't expected that.

"Really?"

She shrugged. "I don't have any other plans. I assume you're paying?"

"Of course."

That brought us to Eoine's Bar. Nice place. Nothing special. I bought a couple of drinks and she sat across from me at the booth I had chosen.

“You know how to throw a party,” she said sourly. Her sarcasm was obvious to a deaf man.

The bar was half full and our celebration was just the two of us, but I wasn’t going to let her bring me down.

“I sure do,” I said brightly. “I have to say, I’m surprised you didn’t rush home to your boyfriend.”

She sipped her drink and glared at me. “He’s in California. It’s impossible to rush home to him.”

I spluttered on my drink. “Holy fucking shit. You’re kidding me! I didn’t think you had a boyfriend?”

“Why?” her attitude didn’t change. “Because you think I’m a bitch?”

“No, because you fucked me last week. Does your boyfriend know you cheat on him?”

She raised her hand to slap me. She had the bitch-slap gesture down, I’ll give her that. But she didn’t hit me. Maybe because we were in public.

“He doesn’t know about that.”

“Smart move. Most guys aren’t cool with their girlfriend fucking other men.”

Kira was silent for just long enough to make me uncomfortable. “We have an arrangement,” she said stiffly.

Now I was intrigued. “Really? An open relationship? Very modern of you.”

“No,” she said flatly. “We have agreed that if we have needs we can get them taken care of as long as we are discrete and don’t tell the other.”

I wanted to crack a joke, but I realized she was one hundred percent fucking serious. “Holy shit. You aren’t kidding. I thought the boyfriend in California was basically the same as ‘my girlfriend lives in Canada.’”

Kira downed more of her drink. It was already half gone. I hoped she was okay

to drive home. “His name is James and we’ve been together for two years. He’s supposed to move back here in a year.”

I nodded. “That must be tough on the two of you. How often do you get to see him?”

“About every three months. That’s what we try for. Plus our weekend dates.”

“Weekend dates?”

“Skype dates.”

I stared at her.

“Oh come on, Kevin. This is the twenty-first century. Long distance telephone calls are free. So is texting. Skype dates aren’t all that strange.”

“Yeah, but today is Friday. Shouldn’t you be Skyping him right now?”

“We Skype on Saturdays.”

“Okay.”

She took another sip of her drink. It was more than two-thirds gone now.

“Sometimes I put a show on for him.”

Kira, while having a killer body, was still fairly small. The alcohol was hitting her hard. “You don’t need to tell me this.”

“He loves watching me strip and then I jill off for him. It’s better than phone sex.” She sighed. “It’s sometimes better than real sex.” I wondered if that was a crack at me and our quick fuck. “No messy clean up.”

“I didn’t need to know that.”

She snorted. It was unladylike and out of character for her. Yeah, she was definitely drunk already. “You think that just because I’m a bitch to you I can’t have a boyfriend or enjoy sex?”

“I never said that. You’ve got a fantastic body and face. Lots of guys go for that. I do.”

Kira upended her glass to finish off her drink. Her eyes were slightly glazed. “Thank you. Shitty compliment. But thanks. But why don’t you have a girlfriend, Kevin? Or is your girlfriend your right hand?”

I smirked. “Every woman I’m attracted to usually winds up being a bitch. It’s probably me, but I don’t know how to pick a good woman.”

“It’s definitely you,” she agreed.

“I will say, however, that the bitches tend to be fucking fantastic in bed.”

Her smile was sly and secretive and sexy and seductive. “I am fan-fucking-tastic in bed.”

Chapter Three

The first time we had fucked, Kira took it from behind and her bra never came off. This time she was riding on top of me and I was admiring her tits as she channeled her inner cowgirl.

Just like the rest of her body, her tits were perfect. They weren't huge, but just the right size for her frame. Probably a C cup. I didn't know. I wasn't an expert on that. Dusky pink nipples that were slightly upturned capped her breasts perfectly.

The one thing I would have changed were the piercings she had, both nipples and her belly button.

I had missed them entirely the first time we fucked because she was facing away from me and I had other things holding my interest in that moment.

The barbels through her nipples were fine. They just weren't my thing. The ring through her navel was gold and would have looked perfectly in place with a cheerleader's belly shirt.

I just didn't see the need to try to dress up perfection. Her tits and body were as perfect as I had ever seen. It was like putting a hat on a hat.

But it was her body and she could do with it however she wanted.

Right now she wanted to sit on my dick and enjoy herself.

I wasn't going to take that away from her.

I was certain that a comment like, "You don't need decorations through your nips. They make you look like a porn actress," would get me a slap across the face and tossed out of her apartment.

I did like how she gasped when I tweaked the piercings, however.

Yes, we were both a little drunk, but we were adults. We knew what we were doing.

Instead of arguing, we were fucking.

It was rough sex. Once we had stumbled into her place, we had all but ripped the clothes off each other. I was certain my shirt got torn in the process. No big deal.

She was rolling her hips back and forth, pinning me down to the bed with her hands on my shoulders. While she was in good shape, I still outweighed her with a good seventy five pounds of muscle. I was letting her do what she wanted.

“Want to make me cum?” she asked, her eyes wild with alcohol and lust.

“Yeah. Sure. I want to make you scream.”

“Roll me over.” She proceeded to do just that. She rolled onto her back, taking me with her. It was the old missionary position. My cock slipped out of her wet pussy, but she put it back in without missing a beat.

“Good,” she groaned as I sunk all the way in. “Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Pound me! Make it hurt!”

I didn’t need to be told twice. If that’s what she wanted, I was going to slam her like a pro wrestler putting down his rival.

I grabbed both her hands and raised them over her head. It was easy enough to hold them both in my right hand. She struggled a bit, but I was strong enough to keep her from using her arms. My weight kept her pinned down. I got the impression that she liked what I was doing.

She liked it rough.

Fine.

I could work with that.

I didn’t bother holding back. I didn’t bother focusing on her pleasure. I slammed my cock into her in a way that felt good to me. I didn’t care if she came or not.

We locked eyes. There was a hell of a lot of passion in her sapphire blues, but I didn’t see any love, just lust and hate. I kissed her fiercely. She kissed back, but only because she didn’t know what to do with herself.

Fucking her like that was incredibly hot.

Just like her pussy.

It was hot, but it wasn't enough.

I stepped it up a bit more.

I broke the kiss and snaked my free hand from where I had been balancing myself on top of her, and curled my fingers around her neck.

I was now crushing her tits with my chest, but I didn't care.

When she realized I had my fingers around her neck, her eyes went wide, but she didn't protest.

Maybe that was because I was choking her.

Yes, it was fucking dangerous. That's what made it exciting to her.

And to me. A little. I'm not into choking women, but if that's what she wanted, that's what she was going to get.

She could have protested, but she didn't. Her breathing was coming ragged and rapid.

Plus her pussy suddenly got a lot wetter and a lot hotter.

She loved it.

It was almost too much for me. The wild and panicked look in her eyes combined with her slick, torrid pussy was enough to make me cum.

It was a pleasure to dump my load into her.

Maybe it was a good and lucky thing as well. When I came, I came so hard I inadvertently let go of her wrists and her throat.

The sharp inhalation she made when I let go of her neck scared the hell out of me.

“Holy fucking Jesus and his hot shit!” she exclaimed when she got her voice back. “I came so fucking hard.”

At least I had done that for her.

She also had a more profane mouth than I would have guessed.

Good for her.

“You did?” I asked while I rolled off her body. I hadn’t seen any obvious sign of her orgasm.

She gave me the stink eye. “Yeah. It’s not like I could scream out ‘I’m cumming! I’m cumming!’” She made her voice go falsetto, a good octave above her normal speaking voice. I knew she was mocking me. Of course she couldn’t make a sound. I was squeezing her throat shut. “Didn’t you feel my pussy get hot?” she asked.

“Oh. Yeah. I was a little wrapped up in my own stuff.”

Her lip curled back. “I’m sure you were. Jimmy always says my pussy is like the gates of Hell when I cum.”

Jimmy? I paused in confusion for a moment. “Oh. Right. Jimmy. Your boyfriend.”

I wanted to ask her if I was a better fuck than him, but it seemed like more effort than it was worth.

“Yeah. My boyfriend. Is that a problem?”

She was challenging me about cheating on her boyfriend? Whatever.

“Not at all.” I inhaled deeply and focused on the ceiling. It wasn’t exactly spinning, but it wasn’t completely stable either. Too much alcohol and too intense of a sport fucking session. “I’d better get going,” I said.

“You okay to drive?”

I laughed and flopped my arm over my eyes. “I think that’s the nicest thing

you've ever said to me."

"If that was supposed to be funny, you're just proving that you're a terrible comedian."

I chuckled a little. "Okay. Give me a minute and I'll be out of your hair."

Chapter Four

I woke up to a cell phone making a horrific alarm. I knew it wasn't mine because I had it permanently set to silent.

That made me wonder whose cell phone was going off in my bedroom.

I forced my eyes open.

I wasn't in my bedroom.

It took me a moment to figure out that I was in Kira's bed.

Fuck!

She was struggling out from under the covers and stumbling across the room to where she had dumped her purse on the dresser.

My head was vaguely throbbing but even through my headache I looked at her ass.

Still gorgeous.

It took her a long moment to paw through her purse and find her phone. I threw my arm back over my eyes.

"Hello?" Her voice was a little phlegmatic. Maybe from the alcohol, maybe from me nearly choking her to death.

"Hey honey. Do you know how early it is?"

That made me wonder how early it was. No clock in her room. I didn't know where my pants and phone were. There was light coming through the blinds.

My guess was it was morning.

"Okay. Fine," she said and turned around to look at me. She winced and aimed the phone at her face.

A moment later it rang with the Facetime ring and she answered it a second time.

“You look like hell,” a man’s voice came over the phone. It sounded hollow and tinny.

“I just woke up,” she said. “It’s fucking early and I don’t feel great.”

“What’s the problem?”

“Maybe a cold. I don’t know.”

“People don’t get colds out in California,” he said.

“That’s a fucking lie,” she told him.

I eased myself out of bed and started looking for my clothes. I only found my underwear and a sock on the floor. Shit.

Glancing up at Kira, she pointed toward the door and hallway. Seemed a logical place to search. I crawled out of the room.

My clothes—and Kira’s—were scattered down the hallway. I didn’t remember doing that at all. I slowly gathered up my clothes and dressed.

Call me a pervert or a person with no self-control, but I eavesdropped on Kira and Jimmy’s conversation.

Hey, if she didn’t want me prying into her private life she shouldn’t have invited me back to her place for an aggressive fuck.

“Because I don’t have to follow your schedule when I’m in New York,” she was saying. “What the hell are you doing up at...” and she figured out the local time and then the difference between us and California, “...at seven a.m. anyway?”

“I wanted to talk to you. To see you.”

“I do have my own life, Jimmy.”

“You didn’t answer your phone last night.”

“I was working. Deadlines. Remember? I still work.”

“At midnight?”

“The asshole I’m working with is barely competent and I have to suffer because of it.”

That fucking stung. And pissed me off.

I went back to the doorway to the bedroom and stood there, glaring at her.

Kira glanced my way. She was laying in the bed, her back propped against the headboard, phone held out just far enough so that fair James on the other end of the call could see her naked tits.

I folded my arms and leaned on the jamb. She could have insisted that I leave or have done something to get me out of the apartment, but that would let loyal and innocent James know she was fucking other men while his dick was on the other side of the country.

“Sorry your job is so tough right now.”

He sounded like a fucking pansy and wimp to me.

“It’s okay,” she replied, pointedly ignoring me. “Just another eleven months, right?”

“Eleven months and three days,” he corrected her.

He was that sort of asshole.

“Not that you’re counting.”

“I wasn’t calling just to check in with you,” James said, his voice changing tone slightly. “It is Saturday morning. Want to have sex?”

I couldn’t read Kira’s expression. It had to be a combination of annoyance—at me and James—along with some need to please him and then she was probably also tired and—let’s be honest—she was probably more than fully sated after I fucked her the night before. Plus me standing there listening to her was the perfect catalyst to piss her off and reset her back to normal bitch mode.

“Fucking hell and Jesus’s cock,” she cursed. “I just woke up Jimmy and you’re asking me for sex?”

“Yeah, why not?”

I snorted. She glared at me for a fraction of a second. I suppose I could have just joined her on the bed and grabbed the phone away from her to tell sweet, innocent Jimmy I had fucked his girlfriend last night—or rather very early this morning—but I wasn’t that sort of asshole.

“Because I just woke up,” she repeated. “Let me at least go to the bathroom so I can pee and clean up a little.” She gave him a sexy smile. From where I was standing, it looked like she was smiling at me.

That made my cock stir.

“I’ll call you back in ten minutes,” she promised and abruptly ended the call.

Glaring at me she said, “Get the fuck out!”

I ignored her. “Ten minutes is a little fast for me, but I’m sure I could give you a good rogering before Jimmy expects you back. Is he into seeing his girlfriend’s pussy full of another man’s cum?”

“Get. The. Fuck. Out.”

I considered seeing how much further I could push her, but in the end I decided the small victory of self-satisfaction in the face of her cheating wasn’t really worth the effort.

And if I’m being totally honest, I wanted to keep Kira at arms length, but at the same time I didn’t want her so angry that she wouldn’t fuck me again.

I wanted to fuck her again.

“Okay, okay,” I agreed as I gathered tied my sneakers and looked around, pretending to search for anything I might have felt behind, but you might want to be careful with the angle of your phone when you’re sexting him.”

Her glare didn’t waver, but she was curious, anyone could see that. “Why?”

I pointed to my neck. “I might have left a few bruises. Sorry about that.”

And with that I quickly exited her place.

I could hear her jumping out of the bed, not in pursuit of me, but I presumed to rush to the bathroom to see if I was lying.

I wasn't lying.

I'm not too proud to admit that on the way out I snatched up her green flowered panties and stuffed them in my pocket.

I'm not a pervert. I just wanted a trophy. And I wanted to confuse her if she went searching for her missing underwear.

Chapter Five

I didn't hear a word from Kira for the remainder of the weekend. I took that as a good sign. Not so pissed off at me she had to call or text me to tell me I was an asshole because that was her personality.

I was in the office first thing Monday morning, working happily along when she blew in, Resting Bitch Face in full effect. Since I was earlier than normal, she was surprised to see me there.

First words out of her mouth?

"Give me back my fucking underwear!" she demanded.

I plastered a confused and innocent look on my face. "What?"

After checking to make sure the door was closed so no one could hear us (hopefully) she spat out, "After you left my place, I couldn't find the underwear I had worn. Give them back!" She held out her hand expectantly.

"Look, I don't have your underwear or anyone else's on me right now," I said, dodging the question without lying. "Except for my own. Which I'm wearing. And they aren't yours."

"I bet you think you're pretty fucking funny, don't you?"

"As I understand it, making a woman laugh is the way to her heart." I paused. "That won't work on you because you don't have a sense of humor. Or a heart. Or both."

"Asshole."

"You say that a lot. Are you asking for something special?"

It was so easy to slip into a pattern designed to piss her off. I'll admit, it came naturally to me.

"They were a present from James. Give them back." Her hand was still held out expectantly.

“Kinky, him giving you lingerie to wear...and then you wear it when you fuck someone else.”

She pulled back her hand. I wouldn't have been surprised if she spat in my face. It would have been an appropriate response.

In her defense, she wasn't planing on fucking me Friday night.

Probably.

I couldn't believe what she said next.

“I wasn't planing on fucking you.” HA! I was right. “Too much alcohol. And I never would have let you spend the night in my bed if I wasn't drunk.”

I wanted to ask her if she had told her boyfriend about me. Chances were she hadn't said a thing to him. Instead, I went a different way.

“I think you like fucking me because to you, it's not really cheating since you don't like me. That makes the sex better. That makes you want to fuck me more. Want to go back to my place and have me fuck you so hard you'll scream your voice raw?”

What she said next did take me by surprise.

“Will you give me back my underwear?”

“Why don't you say panties?” I asked her. “That's sexier.”

“Only a sick pervert steals a woman's underwear.”

“Then you know exactly what sort of person I am.”

Which Is how we wound up back at my place after work.

“I'm sure you're not interested in being seduced,” I said to Kira as I ushered her through my front door. My house wasn't huge, but it served every purpose I needed. “So shall we go straight to the bedroom?”

Kira walked into the middle of the living room and looked around, judging.

I must have passed muster because she nodded once.

I was glad that I paid for a weekly cleaning service.

“First I want an agreement from you,” she said, folding her arms over her chest.

Or rather, under her chest. It served to enhance her tits.

I was semi-mesmerized. I didn’t even attempt to disguise the fact that I was staring at her cleavage.

“What’s the agreement?”

“I’ll fuck you, but I want my panties back.”

“Now you call them panties?”

She glared at me. “Do we have an agreement?”

“What makes you think I have your panties? And if I did, what makes you think I’d give them back?”

She didn’t rise to my bait. “Do we have an agreement or not?”

Truth be told, I took her panties to annoy her. I’m not that sort of pervert.

“Yes,” I said, sticking out my hand to shake on it.

Kira gave my hand a disdainful glare before shaking it.

“Where’s the bedroom?” she asked. “Let’s get this over with.”

“Wouldn’t you rather go to my sex dungeon? That’ll be more fun.”

She shrugged. “Sure. Why not?”

I brought her to my bedroom. There were enough sex toys and equipment in there to fulfill any need.

“I’m impressed,” she said upon seeing my bedroom. “It’s not the pigsty I expected.”

“Thanks!” I pulled off my shirt and unbuckled my jeans as I kicked off my sneakers.

She looked disapprovingly at me. “You know how to romance a girl into your bed,” she said.

“Thanks again.” I left my underwear on. I didn’t trust her and I wasn’t going to be naked while she was still fully clothed. I didn’t go for that kink either. “Are you going to strip or not?”

“You promised me a sex dungeon.”

“Do you like bondage?” I asked.

“Why do you ask?”

I indicated the thick metal rings set into the head and footboards of my bed. The frame was made from thick, raw wood giving it a rough and primal sort of look. “Ever been tied up?”

Her eyes went slightly wider. “It’s been a while,” she replied.

“Let me tie you up and like I promised I’ll fuck you so hard you’ll lose your voice from screaming.”

“And then I’ll get my panties back?”

“Of course!”

She rolled her eyes. “Fine.” Off came her jacket and she started unbuttoning her blouse. She paused when she saw I was staring. “You promised me bondage. Where are the chains?”

I didn’t have chains, but instead I used leather straps. I slid the toy box out from under the bed and opened it up. By the time I handed her the wrist and ankle cuffs, she was down to her panties, stockings, and bra.

“Let me take off my—” she said, reaching behind her back to unhook her bra.

“No!” I interrupted. “Leave them on. Sexier. Just put on the cuffs.”

Once more Kira rolled her eyes but did as I asked. I moved to the bed and got the straps ready, threading them through the thick black iron rings.

When I turned back around, Kira had all four cuffs buckled in place on her wrists and ankles. She kicked off her shoes. That disappointed me slightly, but I wasn’t going to make an issue of it.

“Lay down on the bed. Face down.”

Kira moved like I was making a huge imposition on her.

I decided a compliment was in order.

“You have an absolutely unparalleled ass,” I told her. It was easy to pay that compliment because it was true. Plus she was wearing a thong that exposed everything, including her butterfly tattoo.

“Thank you,” she replied, as if I had just complimented her typing skills.

She went face down and I ran around to all four corners of the bed, attaching the straps on the bedroom to the D-rings on her cuffs.

“How do you plan on fucking me if my panties are still on?” she asked, more curious than passionate.

“I’ll have you begging me to take them off in a minute,” I said as I sat down on the mattress.

“Uh-huh. Let me just point out that—”

And I cut her off by spanking her left ass cheek as hard as I could.

“Fuck!” she shrieked. “What the fuck was that for?”

I didn’t answer her. “Damn it. I forgot the before photo.” I jumped up and grabbed my cell phone from my jeans pocket. Before she could object I fired off a couple of pictures of her tied to my bed. Her face wasn’t showing, but anyone

familiar with her tattoo would know it was Kira.

“Hey!” she protested.

“Don’t worry, I’ll send the pics to you. You can share them with Jimmy when you’re feeling horny.”

She struggled against the bindings. It was certainly possible to get out of them, but it wouldn’t be easy. “I didn’t say you could take naked pictures of me!”

As I carefully set down my phone, with the camera aimed at the bed, I tried to calm her down. “Technically, you aren’t naked. And I think you’ll appreciate them after we’re done. Do you like being spanked?”

“No!”

“That’s too bad. You have the perfect ass for it.”

I proceeded to spank her.

“Fuck!” she shrieked. “Stop it! That fucking hurts! You’re a goddamned asshole!”

I wasn’t spanking her as hard as I could. I wanted to hear her complain. She was very good at protesting and complaining.

“Scream as loud as you want,” I told her. “The neighbors are far enough away they can’t hear you and the walls are all but soundproofed.”

I think that encouraged her to curse at me and scream in complaint. “I bet you like sucking dicks! Fuck! That hurts! Stop! Stop! You’re an asshole! Stop it! I can’t—” and then she started to fall apart.

Tears welled up in her eyes and she sobbed a few times before the tears rolled and she lost her cold demeanor.

My cock was so hard it was making an embarrassing tent in my underwear so I took them off.

I don’t think Kira noticed.

As a blue-eyed blonde, Kira had soft, pale skin. The spanking I had given her ass had turned her bottom into a bright pink, almost red.

It was beautiful.

Since she was spread-eagled and face down, it was easy for me to reach between her thighs and feel her pussy. The silk of her thong was soaked with her amrita. Maybe she hadn't wanted to get spanked, but she liked it more than she wanted to admit.

"You're soaking," I pointed out to her.

"Fuck you!"

"Do you want me to tear your panties off, or cut them off, or do you want me to just continue with the spanking?"

"Cut them, tear them, just fuck me!"

She said the 'fuck me' part like a woman in heat. She wanted to get fucked even if she wasn't admitting it to me.

Out of the toy box came my emergency trauma scissors, the sort EMTs use to cut away clothing and seat belts, and I snipped her thong in the back, cutting both the left and right straps.

I yanked away the ruined scrap of clothing. Automatically Kira arched her back, showing off her ass and pussy to me. "Please..." she begged.

Once more I reached between her thighs, but this time I plunged my middle finger up into her pussy. Kira moaned in relief. She was soaking wet. I was certain her juices were saturating my comforter, but it was worth it.

Besides, it was washable.

"You really want me cock, don't you?" I asked her as I slowly sawed my finger in and out of her pussy.

"Uh-huh..."

We were silent a minute as I masturbated Kira, getting her ready for me. I took my finger out of her pussy and sucked the amrita off. She was tasty, musky and sweet at the same time.

Instead of moving things forward, I instead put my finger back inside her and continued to rub her. It wasn't really possible for me to reach her clit, not in the position I had tied her in, but that didn't matter. I had other plans for her.

The second time I removed my finger, instead of me sucking her juices, I instead offered my finger to her lips.

A frigid lady of high morals would have objected. Then again, a true lady wouldn't have been tied to a pervert's bed. She greedily sucked her juices off my finger.

"More," she begged.

I wasn't sure if she was referring to her amrita or being masturbated.

It didn't matter, because she wasn't getting either.

Out of the toy box I pulled out a large tube of lube that I hadn't used in far too long. I drizzled some on my cock and got it slick. Then I squirted a good dose right on her asshole.

"I'm already wet enough," she moaned, all but begging me to fuck her hard.

"Uh-huh," I said absently as I got on the bed and laid on top of her. My stomach pressed against her literally hot ass. It was still pink and well-spanked.

"Wait. No. You're in the wrong spot," she said, suddenly alert to what I was doing.

"No. This is what I want."

"Fuck you! No! Don't do that!"

"I told you I was going to fuck you so hard that I was going to make you scream," I said.

“No! Stop! Don’t do that!”

I ignored her protests and complaints. Since my cock was plenty hard and well-greased, even with her fighting, I managed to force the head of my cock into her ass.

“Oh yeah,” I muttered as I pushed through her sphincter.

“Fuuuck,” she moaned. “No. Don’t do that.”

But I was already in and I slowly worked my cock in and out, making sure she was nice and slick so that fucking her ass was as much fun for her as it was for me.

Kira made some more noises of complaint as I went deeper and deeper. Her full, round ass made it impossible for me to go all the way in because of her position, but I got to use most of my cock.

Her noises of complaint eventually altered to those of passion.

“Have you ever been fucked in the ass before?” I hissed in her ear.

“Yeah...” she moaned. I wasn’t sure if she was answering my question or just voicing her approval.

“You like this?” I asked her.

“No...”

“Want me to stop?”

“No...”

I grinned and kept my pumping steady and firm. With anal sex it’s not about speed and force, it’s about precision and comfort.

Once she was used to my cock where it didn’t belong, I snaked my hand under her body, under her hip. It was easy because her back was still arched, which made it easier to penetrate her asshole...and to reach her clit.

She gasped when I found her little pleasure button and started rubbing it.

Nothing like a little double pleasure.

Her ass was tight on my cock and I wasn't going to be able to last long.

"You like it now?" I asked her again.

"Uh-huh. Yeah. Uh. Faster. Faster. Make me...make me...make me..."

She wasn't able to finish her request. She came. She came hard. Her body shook and the noises she made were both frightening and thrilling.

Her sphincter tightened up on my cock nearly to the point of pain. She screamed as she came, just like I had promised her. That's what I needed.

I let go and came in her ass.

Well, the first couple of spurts went into her ass, but she was thrashing around so violently that I slipped out and finished ejaculating all over her ass and pussy.

It was still a fantastic fuck.

"You made a fucking mess," Kira informed me.

I looked down at her ass and my cock. She wasn't wrong. My cum covered her bright pink ass. Her asshole—less tightly puckered now—was coated with frothy lube.

More disturbing was my soaking wet comforter.

I had quickly decided to sacrifice it for the good of the fuck. I wasn't emotionally attached to it and if it didn't come clean in the laundry, it would be easy enough to replace.

The wetness was a hundred times worse than I expected.

"Holy fucking shit!" I exclaimed. "Did you just piss all over my bed?"

"What?! No!" Kira twisted her head around in a vain effort to see the mess she had made. "That's disgusting!"

"Oh! Right! Cool. You're a squirter. Never been with a woman who came like

that from being ass fucked.”

Yeah, yeah. I know the whole debate over whether or not female ejaculation is a real thing or just temporary loss of bladder control. Let’s just say that Kira squirted because she totally did.

Either way it was a hell of a compliment to my bedroom skills.

“I’m not a squirter,” she contradicted me.

“Then you just pissed my bed.” I chuckled a little. “Still kinda hot, but a little disgusting as well.”

She wrinkled her nose in revulsion. “I didn’t just piss your bed. I squirted,” she admitted.

“Didn’t know you were a squirter.”

“It’s not like I go around advertising it.”

“Does dear, sweet Jimmy make you squirt like that?”

She didn’t answer my question. I don’t blame her. It’s in poor taste to compare one lover to another. “Okay, you’ve fucked me. You’ve fucked my ass. You made me cum and scream. You even made me squirt. Now let me up and give me back my panties.”

I moved off the bed and went to where I had left my cell phone. I taped the button stopping the video recording. Now wasn’t the time to inspect the video. Instead, I went back to the bed and shoved it down for a close up of Kira’s ass and pussy, still covered in my cum...and hers.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

“Just taking a few snapshots as souvenirs,” I told her, half joking.

“You’re disgusting.”

“Thanks.”

She suffered through my impromptu photo session. I think she liked it.

“Don’t worry. I won’t photograph your face.”

“Gee...thanks. What a turn on. What a compliment.”

I finished. There were only so many dirty pictures I could jack off to. “Want to give me Jimmy’s phone number so I can send these to him?”

“No! Jesus’s left ball! Are you an asshole?”

“No problem. I’ll just send them to you. Go ahead and forward them to him when you’re in the mood.”

“Asshole. Let me up! Now!”

I sent the photos to her and waited a long moment until I heard her phone, out in the living room, ding indicating the pictures had been received. Only then did I start to unstrap her from my bed. I started with her ankles because I’m an asshole and I wanted to annoy her.

She suffered in silence until I freed her left hand. Once that was done, she pushed me away and unbuckled her right hand from the strap and then proceeded to take off the cuffs.

“My panties. Now!”

I handed her the scraps of the thong that I had cut off her body.

She threw it back in my face.

“You know what I mean.”

I reached into the toy box and took out the panties I had stolen from her.

Even though they weren’t mine and I wasn’t a panty pervert, I was more than a little sad to see them go.

“You owe me another pair of panties,” she said as she started dressing. It was too much to hope that she would have wanted to spend the night.

“Were these a gift from Jimmy as well?”

“No.”

“I’ll be happy to replace them.”

She smirked at me and pulled on her bra, covering up her tits. Mostly Kira tried to avoid looking at me. I was naked and she was now in her underwear but putting on her blouse when her eyes fell on me.

At first I thought she was staring at my cock—now flaccid with my cum and the lube slowly drying—but instead her eyes fell on my stomach.

“What are those scars on your stomach?” she asked. It was a question of pure curiosity. And maybe a touch of compassion.

I ran my hand over the familiar red and pink lines. “Car crash. I nearly died. It was years ago.”

“Oh.”

“I was driving angry. I had just found my girlfriend in bed with another guy. Too fast around a corner and...well, I nearly died.”

Her lips twisted. She didn’t know what to say.

“Is that the truth?” she asked me.

“Yes. Why would I lie about something like that?”

“I hope you learned something,” she said as she put her shoes on. She grabbed her panties that weren’t ruined and shoved them in the pocket of her blazer.

“Keep the other pair. You owe me twenty bucks for the ones you ruined.”

“Worth it!” I said as she marched out the door. A moment later I heard the front door of my house slam shut.

“See you tomorrow,” I called out to the empty house.

The smart thing to do would have been to throw her destroyed panties in the garbage.

Instead I dropped them into my toy box.

To Be Continued

To Be Concluded

[Preview](#)

Deception: Love Sweet Sex Magic 3

Breaking a promise is anathema to me, especially to a lover. I had promised Todd a wonderful three-way and he was going to get exactly what he wanted. It took some arranging, but it wasn't that difficult.

What was more worrying was the difficulty I had in getting Birch off. While I wasn't the least bit surprised that he was bisexual, I was worried that neither myself or Todd, and even the two of us together, weren't good enough to get him off with magic. Under my bed I had carefully carved into the hardwood floor a circle charm designed to enhance the sexual pleasure and performance of everyone who I invited in.

Birch should have been cumming again and again, especially since he had drunk the aphrodisiac in addition to having the charm under the bed. I had given him everything a man could possibly want from a woman...and another man. I was disappointed that I had to use my magic on him to make him cum, but maybe it was just performance nerves. Men are such fickle creatures when it comes to sex; I've been disappointed more than once by a man who couldn't perform.

I could have hired a nice sex worker for Todd and me. I knew plenty of them; there was a small community in the city of my little exurb, but that didn't work well with my plans. I could have recruited Aisling for this little adventure, but I wanted to save her virgin cunt for another special occasion. There were some other possibilities I could have exploited with a little persuasive language and maybe a minor spell, but instead I determined it was time to bring Joy fully in the fold and have her make a commitment to my burgeoning coven.

I stopped by her house unannounced to find her still in her pajamas with a dreamy look on her face. If she was another person, I would have accused her of trying illicit drugs, but she wasn't that person.

"Still in pajamas at this hour, Joy?" I clucked my tongue at her while inviting

myself inside. “The gossips will talk.”

“Let them,” she said dismissively. As soon as the door was closed and we were safe from prying eyes, she rushed to embrace and kiss me.

The charm I had hidden under her mattress was doing its work.

“I’m exhausted,” she confided in me once she took her tongue out of my mouth.

“Why?”

“Bob can’t get enough of me,” she said. “As soon as we get in bed at night, no matter how tired we are or what we’ve been doing all day, even if we’ve been arguing, we get down to business right away.”

“Really?” I asked pretending to be surprised.

“And by business I mean fucking,”

“I understood that.”

“I’ve had his cock more times in the past two weeks than I’ve had all our marriage, I think.”

I hope she was exaggerating, but one never knew. Caressing the side of her face I told her, “I need you to do me a favor.”

“Does it involve going down on you?” she asked, pressing her body against mine. It was tempting, so tempting, but I focused myself. I didn’t have time to fuck her right then and there.

“It does...but you’ll have to wait a bit.”

“When?”

“Tomorrow.”

“Too long,” she complained, pressing her leg between mine. I was wearing a loose, flowing dress and could feel her thigh against my cunt. I wanted to fuck her, but I was pressed for time. There was no reason why I couldn’t enjoy fucking her tomorrow alongside Todd.

I gently pushed her away and put a minor hex into my words. “You’ll have to wait.”

She pouted, but I expected that. “I can’t.”

“You can and it will be worth it. My place. Tomorrow morning, nine a.m. Be prepared to fuck a man other than your husband. I want to see how well you do at that.”

Her eyes went wide. I suppose it was one thing to cheat on your husband with a woman because I was significantly different from Bob, namely I had a cunt and he had a cock, but to be told I expected her to fuck a man while I watched pushed her to the limit of her life-long training as a supposed Christian. While I knew she had already left the hypocrisy-ridden organization that employed her husband, she was still stuck in the mindset that trapped her. “I can’t do that...”

“Sure you can,” I assured her with a kiss. “And you’ll love it.”

“Will I?”

“Don’t you want to be part of my coven?” I didn’t let her answer that question. She was already in too deep and there was no easy way for her to back out, especially since she was pursuing her true nature with me.

I turned on my heel and marched out of her house.

The walk to Nicholas’s house was long, but I reveled in the exercise. I needed to work off some of my excess energy. Admitting that Joy had gotten my cunt wet was difficult, but I didn’t have to admit it to anyone else but myself. I needed some supplies from Nicholas and maybe I’d fuck him to work off my excess lust.

Slipping inside his parents’ house was easy, as it always was. I liked the little rush of energy I got from sneaking in. I felt like a teenager getting away with something. From time to time I wondered what would happen if his mother or father caught me fucking Nicholas. That was an extra thrill. I wasn’t worried. What would they really do? And if a real problem developed, I always had my magic to fall back on. Some people were easily manipulated.

Most people were easily manipulated.

“Nick?” He didn’t immediately reply when I called his name, so I went down the steps to his basement hideaway. Nicholas was lying on his bed, wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt. His face was covered by a towel. When I saw the blood on his shirt I started to panic.

Rushing over I tore the towel from his face. Under it was a bag of ice he was using to stop the swelling of his bloody nose. I noted a growing black eye as well. His one good eye snapped open, terrified at my sudden presence. He hadn’t heard me because he had air pods shoved in his ears. Up close I could just barely hear the tinny music.

“What the fuck, Luna!” he exclaimed as he sat up. “What are you doing here?”

I calmly sat back and regarded him. “Looking for you. Looking for some of your devil’s lettuce. Looking for your cock as well, but from the looks of things...”

“Fuck...” he complained. His voice was off because of the swelling. It was too nasal.

“What happened?” I asked him, putting some influence in my voice, just enough to compel him to tell the truth. If he truly fought it, he’d be able to lie, but I’d know it.

“Bad deal,” he said curtly. “A fucking teenager punched me because he thought I was shorting him. Fucking teenagers.”

I didn’t remind Nicholas that he was barely more than a teenager. “Were you shorting him?”

The connection between us told me he wanted to lie, but he didn’t. “A little. Not much, but when you deal in bulk shorting by a gram or two here and there, it adds up.”

“You don’t need the money that badly,” I reminded him. “You’re doing well and you have mommy and daddy’s money.” I reached for the bag of ice he was clutching to his face but he pulled away. “Let me see,” I said forcefully, grabbing his chin in my hand and holding his face so I could inspect the damage. “I know what I’m doing and can make you feel better.”

“I hope so,” he muttered. “I’d love to fuck you right now.” Even injured he was

ready to fuck. I had to admire that in the young man.

I let my hand graze across the front of his sweats. He was getting hard. “Let me fix you up and then maybe we’ll fuck...but I want my weed.”

“Yeah, sure.” He was so easy to manipulate.

Ever so carefully I traced my fingers over his face. The worst of the swelling was on the left side, where he was hit. There wasn’t any serious damage. Swelling. Bruising. A minor abrasion. A bloody nose. I let the magic flow through my fingers.

Healing magic is the most difficult sort to do. I wasn’t going to repair him directly, instead I just addressed the symptoms and got his nose to stop bleeding. It wasn’t easy, but it worked and I think he barely noticed. I covered up the effect of the magic by giving him a light kiss on the lips.

“I feel better already,” he said. The swelling had visibly gone down and he was no longer bleeding from his nose. I didn’t fix him completely because that would have been too obvious.

“It’s all the blood rushing to your cock,” I said. “Just keep your ice pack on your face. I’ll pay you for the weed.”

“No!” he begged. “The only thing that will make me feel better is fucking you.”

“How romantic,” I told him but I didn’t resist when he grabbed my wrist and pulled me back down for a kiss.

“Please...”

“For a lid,” I said. It was unfair, but I was going to work him hard.

In response Nicholas pulled down his sweatpants to show him his full cock. It was tempting. He wasn’t completely hard, but he was nicely swollen. I lowered my mouth and him and started sucking.

He was already leaking precum and quickly got hard in my mouth. I was kneeling on the floor next to his bed, my face toward his feet so I didn’t have to look at him. Maybe that was shallow of me, but he was a little rough to look at in

the moment.

When he started groaning I stopped sucking him. “Wait! Don’t!” he begged.

Men are so stupid sometimes, especially young men.

I stood up and hiked up my dress so I could peel off my panties. He got a quick glimpse of my cunt as I sat down on his bed straddling his body, still facing his feet. I took his cock in hand and guided it into my cunt. I wasn’t that wet, but after my time with Joy and getting worked up blowing Nicholas, I was wet enough, plus I had left behind saliva slicking up his cock.

Stockings are critical to wear when it’s cold. More importantly, they make it easier for a quick fuck when I didn’t want to take off all my clothes. Once he was in me and I was bouncing up and down using my thighs, Nicholas pushed up my dress so that he could see my ass.

Men are so predictable.

I’m sure he enjoyed looking at my ass, and he was probably the sort who enjoyed gazing at my asshole as well. That was fine if that’s what he wanted. I don’t always understand men.

Fucking him was fun and efficient. I made sure to cum first because I didn’t want to be in his bed for hours on end. When my moment of crisis came on, I shuddered a few times and then relaxed.

“Almost there,” Nicholas grunted as he grabbed my hips, holding me in place, fucking upward into me. I didn’t care if he finished or not.

It only took him a minute and was worth it; I came again. He came in me. I got off and went to the bathroom to wipe away his useless sperm and then pee.

When I came out he had a baggie of weed for me. I put my panties back on and gave him a kiss.

“Thank you, I really feel better,” he told me.

“I don’t doubt it,” I told him. “I have a magical cunt.”

He laughed. “I don’t doubt it.”

Sometimes its more fun to be honest than to lie.

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[About the Author](#)

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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