

Elliot Silvestri



Even If I Did Hate Her

2 Loathe

Green Bush
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Even If I Did Hate Her 2: Loathe

An Erotic Novel of Angry Lust

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Even If I Did Hate Her 2: Loathe

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Even If I Did Hate Her

OR

Hate Fuck 2: Loathe

[2]

Chapter Six

The next day at work Kira was in our shared office first. She looked up at me and her lip curled back in disgust. “I’m never going to fuck you again.”

“Glad to hear it,” I said smoothly, unperturbed. “Does your ass still hurt?”

She shifted uncomfortably in her fancy desk chair. I had used plenty of lube when I buggered her, but there was always the chance that she had some lingering after effects of getting fucked in the ass.

“No,” she said flatly.

“Glad to hear it.”

I sat down at my desk and got to work for the day.

Our previous acrimonious relationship dissolved into one of seething resentment. Apparently me fucking her in the ass was just the trick needed to get us to stop arguing all the time at work.

I’m sure it wasn’t Jenna’s idea of forcing us to share an office that was the solution.

Since she was an HR rep, Jenna felt the need to check in on us. Unfortunately for her, Kira was out of the office when Jenna dropped in unexpectedly.

“Where’s Kira? Are you two getting along?”

Her motives were obvious, but I didn’t let on that I knew.

“Yeah, yeah. Everything is great,” I said, barely glancing up from my work.

“But where’s Kira?”

I fixed Jenna with a stare. It wouldn’t do to be on her bad side. “Don’t know. I don’t bother keeping track of her minute to minute.”

Jenna nodded and looked around, as if looking for evidence of a knock-down, drag-out fight. If she had inspected the couch between the desks a little more closely she might have found my cum and Kira's amrita from when we had fucked there.

"I'm glad you two are getting along."

"I wouldn't say we're getting along..."

"Oh?"

I gave Jenna a serious look. She was a little older than me, but still sort of sexy, in the opposite way of Kira. Jenna was soft curves and casual appearance, with plain brown hair cut in a practical style. I bet she was a freak in bed.

Then again, Kira, my office mate with blonde hair always in a tight bun, with sapphire blue eyes and dressed like a complete professional, was also a freak in bed.

I was starting to think that all women were freaks in bed given half a chance.

And I noticed that Jenna wasn't wearing a wedding band or engagement ring.

It was worth a shot.

"Are you married, Jenna?" I asked, out of the blue.

I caught her off-guard. "Uh...no."

"Boyfriend?" I asked.

She worked for HR. She knew what was up. "I'm going to stop you right there, Kevin. I don't date employees."

"I'm on contract," I smiled at her. "I'm not really an employee."

"Same rule."

"I notice you're not saying no."

"This is the sort of thing that causes contractors to have their contract

terminated.”

“Good thing mine’s up in less than six months.”

Jenna inhaled deeply and let out her breath. “I think I’ll go looking for Kira.”

She ran away like she was afraid that she’d say yes to hopping into bed with me.

I’d have to keep working on her.

Five minutes later Kira walked in.

“Jenna was looking for you,” I told her.

She ignored my information and tossed a sheet of paper on my desk. “Redo it all,” she said.

“What the fuck,” I muttered and looked at the report she had given me. It was the latest round of updates on the project I was programming for her work group. She had declined to approve the changes. “What’s wrong with the work.”

“I don’t like how the work flow affects my employees. You need to make it more elegant, more streamlined.”

I liked how she used corporate buzzwords to make it sound like she knew what she was doing or talking about.

“No.”

Kira glared at me. I’ll admit it. Her glare got me a little hard. I was glad I was sitting down behind my desk. I didn’t want her to see my hard on.

It might excite her too much.

“You can’t tell me no. I need you to fix these mistakes.”

“These aren’t mistakes,” I said. “You just don’t like how I set up the screens. Trust me, this is the best way to make work flows, both front end and back end, work with a minimal number of errors.”

“I don’t care. Make it better.”

“How about no?”

“Are we going to have to go to HR again?” she said, hinting at a threat. “Or worse, the VP?”

I very much doubted she wanted to do either of those things. Something was up...besides my dick.

“What do you want?” I sighed.

“Just make the changes.”

“Let me clarify: What do you want so I don’t have to make the changes?”

She considered my request for a minute. “Hmm. How about a fuck?”

I blinked. “Last week you said you never wanted to fuck me again.”

I couldn’t blame her. I had tied her to my bed and fucked her in the ass. She had loved it but it wasn’t what she was expecting.

“Things change.”

“Things not going so well with dreamy, handsome Jimmy?”

Her long-distance boyfriend seemed like a pussy to me. What sort of guy lets his girlfriend fuck other men? Then again, that was to my benefit.

“None of your fucking business,” she said. “And let me clarify: This time I want to tie you to your fucking bed and ride your dick.”

I gave her a half smile. “Gonna ride me and get yourself off and leave me high and dry?”

I would be fine with that. After she left my place I’d just jerk off to the pictures and video I had taken when I used her ass.

I’ll happily admit it: I’d already jerked off to that video and those pictures more times than I could remember.

“Yes,” she said.

I knew she was lying, or at least not telling the whole truth.

“Sounds good,” I agreed and passed the report she had tossed my way back to her. “Sign off.”

She shook her head. “Not until after we fuck.” She tossed it back to me.

I pressed a hand to my chest. “You don’t trust me?”

“No.”

“Fair enough. Care to come over to my place tonight?”

“Fine. Bring the report and I’ll sign off when we’re done.”

“Sounds hot. We’re having a very transactional relationship,” I pointed out to her.

“Is that a problem?”

“Not for me. Oh, wait. I forgot.” I dug into my pocket and pulled out a twenty dollar bill. “This is for your panties.”

I had forgotten to pay her back for ruining the panties she was wearing before I ass-fucked her.

“Thank you,” she said primly, taking the bill from me. She didn’t stuff it in her bra, much to my disappointment. She dropped it in her purse.

“I hope you have something sexy on underneath all that,” I smiled at her. Kira always wore business professional to the office...but slutty lingerie underneath. She let me gaze longingly at her body before she walked away.

It didn’t matter because her ass under that skirt was still fantastic.

Chapter Seven

I had all sorts of fantasies running through my head as I awaited Kira's arrival. Most of them were disgusting and nasty, which is what I felt about myself when I realized I was fucking a woman I loathed.

When she appeared, I had images of her dressed in something sexy, or maybe still in her business uniform coming to my place directly from the office.

I was severely disappointed to find her at my doorstep in a pair of baggy sweatpants and shapeless sweatshirt. Not exactly sexy at all.

"I'm glad you dressed for the occasion," I said to her.

"I agreed to fuck you," she said. "Dinner and a show are extra."

We went right to my bedroom. Why waste time if there wasn't going to be a show?

I started stripping immediately, this time not at all concerned about being naked in front of her even if she was still fully dressed.

"You're eager," she said.

I already had the cuffs out and quickly put them on my wrists and ankles.

"I sure am. I want to see you riding my dick."

She slung her large purse on the floor and took off her sweatshirt. Underneath she had on a white tank top with no bra. That was hot. Just staring at the outline of her nipples made my cock hard.

"Do you know how to use these?" I asked as I lay down on the bed. I had already removed the comforter; no reason to repeat last time's mess.

"I'm a quick learner. I've seen it once." She stepped out of her sneakers and dropped her sweatpants. She was wearing plain white cotton panties. Still hot. Of course, she could make just about anything she wore hot and sexy.

To move things along quicker I strapped down my legs for her and put one hand

through the first leather restraint. “Care to help?” I asked.

She sighed and rolled her eyes. “Sure.” As she attached the straps to my wrists, binding me to the bed, her tits practically fell in my face. That brought my cock to half chub. But that wasn’t good enough.

“You expect me to ride that?” she asked, pointing at my cock.

I could have whipped up a dirty fantasy of me doing something completely inappropriate to her, but I banished that sort of thought from my head. “You’ll have to help me out,” I said.

Another sigh. “Fine.”

And she went down on me without further complaint.

Kira could have made a good living as a whore who just gave blowjobs. I would have been happy for her to suck me off and be done with it. Hell, I’d even make the programming changes she wanted if I could cum in her mouth.

No such luck.

She didn’t even take off her top or panties.

Still, sort of hot getting blown by a woman who was mostly dressed.

Even so, she stopped before I could cum.

“I promised you a fuck,” she said as she changed position. I waited eagerly for her to pull off her panties.

Again, I was denied. She just pulled the crotch aside, showing me her little landing strip of blonde curls that decorated her sweet pussy, before she mounted me and slid down on my pole.

She was so fucking wet that her panties were soaked and she went all the way down on me without pause.

“Don’t I get to see your tits?” I asked her as she rested her hands on my chest, adjusting her position. Her nipples were still hard and I could see the bumps of

her piercings through the thin material of the white tank top. I pulled on the restraints a bit in a futile attempt to reach her tits.

“We didn’t agree to that,” she said as her hips got busy. She closed her eyes and focused on fucking me.

I hated her, but she was beautiful.

I didn’t complain. Her pussy was more than enough for any man.

I kept my mind clear. I had no desire to cum too quickly. I wanted to see her cum. Even if she didn’t take off her clothes. Even if she didn’t get me off. I could jerk off to her later. Besides, I had a small hidden camera in the bedroom recording everything. Yes, it was sleazy, but that’s the sort of asshole I was.

She rode me like a pro. (See above for her prospective career as a successful sex worker.)

There was a great satisfaction in seeing her get herself off on my dick.

And she was all but paying for the experience.

She came once, hard. Her body shuddered. Her pussy got hot. It tightened up on my dick. I figured we were done.

But she stayed on top of me, resting.

“Was it good for you?” I asked her.

Her head was hanging down. If she had worn her hair any other way than in her customary nape of the neck bun, it would have obscured her face. “Are you close?” she asked me.

“Not really. Keep going. I’m going to make you work to get me off.”

She nodded. I fully expected her to dismount and leave me high and dry. Kira didn’t, though.

She started up again, rolling her hips and pumping her thighs.

I was thrilled.

I still held back, savoring the experience.

She came a second time. The second orgasm came easier to her. Anyone could see that.

Her breath came raggedly after the second climax.

“You didn’t cum,” she pointed out to me.

“Maybe you aren’t such a great fuck,” I suggested.

Her smile was rueful.

And evil.

“Do you want to cum?”

“Sure!”

With that she dismounted, letting my cock slap wetly onto my belly.

She got off the bed, going to her pile of clothes, kneeling down to where I couldn’t see her.

“Hey!” I protested. “You can’t leave me like this!”

I had fully expected her to leave me like that. I could slip out of the restraints if I needed to. It just took a little time and concentration. I couldn’t do it while she was fucking me.

“Are you sure you want me to make you cum?” she asked from the floor, still out of sight.

“Yes.” I didn’t want to sound too eager, but if she was willing to go this far, so was I.

“Okay,” she agreed and stood up.

While on the floor she had put on a strap-on harness with an impressively sized dildo attached to it.

“I’m going to fuck you in the ass and make you cum,” she informed me.

She hadn’t taken off her tank top or panties. That wasn’t surprising.

“If you intend to stick that in my ass, you’re going to have to free my legs,” I told her calmly. “Unless you just plan on slapping my cock with your dildo.”

Kira was perturbed at my calmness.

Joke was on her. Getting pegged by a beautiful woman was fine with me. I’d had fingers and other things up my ass before. It can be a fun time.

“You sure you want this?” she asked me.

“Yes!” I said boldly.

She released my legs and as I pulled them up to my chest, she got out the bottle of lube from my toy box. “You still have my panties in here,” she noted.

“A little memento from a good time.”

She sniffed and then lubed up her fake cock. She then lubed up my ass, spreading way too much lube over my ass cheeks. She even applied some to my sack.

Then again, you can never have too much lube when it comes to anal sex.

“Before this I never would have thought you were gay,” she said as she pressed the strap-on dildo’s head against my asshole.

“I’m not,” I grunted.

“Okay, bi then.”

She eased just inside me. Paused, pulled out a bit, and then pushed in a little more.

“I like sex with women,” I told her, trying to catch her eyes with mine. “Doesn’t matter how.”

She looked at me, our eyes locked, and then she pushed all the way inside my

ass.

I groaned loudly.

She grinned.

It didn't hurt, but it sure as hell filled me all the way up.

"You like that?" she asked.

"Yes..."

She grabbed the bottle of lube and dumped more on her fake cock, my asshole, and my cock. She was making a mess.

It was hot.

"Your cock sure likes it."

I was at full staff. How couldn't I be with her in my ass and her hand wrapped around my cock?

She started fucking my ass. And then she started jerking me off.

It was all too much.

"If you...if you keep that up," I moaned. "I'm going to cum."

She slowed her pace.

"You like getting fucked in the ass?" she teased me.

"Yeah..." I was savoring every sensation.

"You ever been fucked by a man?" She wanted to humiliate me. I wasn't going to let her.

"No..."

"You're lying."

“I’m not.”

She plunged her cock deeper in me. It felt great.

Somehow she managed to find my prostate and I knew I wasn’t going to last long.

“Do you want to be fucked by a man?”

“No...”

“I bet you do.”

Right at that moment I would have agreed to anything. I was right on the edge.

“Sure. I’ll let your boyfriend fuck me,” I told her.

Her face soured and she fucked me harder while pumping her fist up and down on my cock.

It was impossible for me not to cum.

I ejaculated my spunk high into the air. It splashed down on my chest, almost to my neck.

More and more of the thick, ropery cum shot out of my cock.

It was an incredible experience.

Some women love pegging men because of the power imbalance. Some actually enjoy it so much that they get off on it as much as the man.

That didn’t happen with Kira. As soon as she had made me cum, she withdrew her cock from my ass. That was both a relief and disappointing.

And then she started packing up her stuff and getting dressed.

I knew what was coming and I tried to make it seem like I was in a panic.

“Wait. You need to release my hands first!” I begged as she headed for the door.

She paused. "I don't think so."

"You can't leave me tied up like this!"

"I can. See? I'm halfway out the door." She stepped out of the bedroom and into the hallway.

"I'll die here!" I put some real panic in my voice.

"If you don't show up at work tomorrow, I'll have the cops drop by here for a wellness check," she said and disappeared down the hall.

A second later she was back with a small sheaf of papers in her hand. "Sorry. Forgot about this." She made a show of pulling a pen out of her giant purse, signing the report, and tossing it on the bed. "A deal's a deal."

"Let me out!" I begged.

"No."

She left.

A moment later I heard the front door slam.

I waited a moment longer and then set to work freeing myself.

It's all about slack and patience and nimble fingers.

It only took fifteen minutes to free myself.

The video I had made, once I reviewed it, was going to be more than enough to keep my cock hard for months.

Chapter Eight

I think that Kira was a little surprised to find me at the desk in our shared office the next morning.

“Thanks for last night,” I told her, holding up the report. “I just finalized the latest updates.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Did you enjoy yourself?” I asked her.

She didn’t answer me.

“I did,” I said, carrying on a one-sided conversation. “It’s been a while since I’ve been done like that. Did you tell loyal, romantic Jimmy all about your adventure?”

She remained silent.

“Does cute, innocent Jimmy like to be fucked in the ass?” I asked her innocently.

“Shut the fuck up!” she burst out at me and then marched out of the office.

Maybe I had pushed her too far.

But Jenna the HR rep never showed up all day.

We worked in silence the rest of the week.

I was happy to have the weekend off. No deadlines. Nothing to worry about. I relaxed. Saturday I set myself up with a group of online friends for some intense gaming.

Naturally, an hour in, there was an annoying knock on the door. I hadn’t ordered any food and I wasn’t expecting anyone.

After giving my friends a heads up that I would be AFK for a minute, I answered

the door.

Of course it was Kira. Who else would it be.

“Heyyy,” she slurred at me. “Are you as horny and as drunk as I am?” She held up a partial bottle of vodka to me. She looked like a sorority slut.

“No. No I am not.”

“How drunk are you?” she asked, pushing inside. I didn’t want her in my place. I wanted to game with my friends.

But my cock, against my better judgement, started to rise.

“I’m not drunk at all. Interferes with reaction time and decision making.”

“I know,” she said too loudly. “I wouldn’t be here if not for this.” She shook the half empty bottle at me. “Bad decision making. But how horny are you?”

“I’m not,” I lied.

She was eyeing my crotch. I couldn’t tell how much of a bulge I was showing, but it had to be something.

“I’m really horny,” she said, reaching for me. I should have moved back, avoided her, but I didn’t. She pressed her body to mine and tried for a kiss while groping my crotch.

There was no way to hide my hardening cock. I even let her pull my face down to hers for a kiss. I should have resisted.

I didn’t.

For someone who was drunk, she was showing a good amount of coordination.

“For someone who isn’t horny, you have an awfully hard cock,” she said.

Finding some courage, I managed to push her away.

“You’re drunk, this is not a good idea, and I don’t want you here.”

“Why not?” she asked and cupped her tits through her shirt, “Don’t you want to fuck me? I want to fuck you.”

“That’s nice, but I’m playing a game with my friends.”

Her eyes lit up. “Are they here right now? I could go for a gangbang.”

Gangbang? What kind of fucked up shit was Kira into? What kind of slut was she?

Instead of forcing her out of my house and calling the cops to report a home invasion, I just answered “No. They’re not here.”

“When will they get here?” She started unbuttoning her shirt.

I watched.

“We’re playing online.”

Her eyes widened further. “Can they watch us?”

“No and no and no.”

She finished unbuttoning and tossed aside her shirt.

As always, her tits were fantastic. I stared.

She grinned.

“You want to fuck me, don’t you?” she asked.

“No,” I lied.

“You’re lying.”

“No I’m not,” I continued to lie.

“Just a quick one,” she all but begged me. “Just to piss off Jimmy, that ass-licking fucker.”

“I thought his name was James,” I said.

“Jimmy. James. Jim. Jimbo. I’m calling him Asslicker tonight.” She cuddled up to me again.

I don’t know why I didn’t just push her away. She reeked of alcohol and desperation.

Okay, I know why I didn’t push her away: I wanted to fuck her.

“Asslicker?” I asked, curious, but also looking across the room to my gaming setup where my friends awaited me.

“I’ll tell you all sorts of things about him,” she promised. “First...you've got a bigger dick than him. And you use it better.”

“Uh-huh,” I said doubtfully.

A message popped up on the screen. “Where R U dude?”

“You need to leave,” I told her firmly. “My friends are waiting.”

“No,” she said just as firmly. More firmly.

And then she fell onto her knees. For a moment I thought she had passed out.

Perfect.

But no. She was reaching for the zipper of my jeans. I let her. I watched as she reached in and hauled out my hard cock.

“Ahh,” she said as she wrapped her lips around me and started bobbing her head up and down on my length.

Fuck! I was with a beautiful woman I hated and wanted to get fucked, but I had friends waiting.

Kira was too much to deal with. She was a mess and had disrupted my life in ways that I hated.

Right away I decided I would finish the game with my friends and then jerk off to porn. Kira was replaceable.

It took all my will to pull my cock out of her mouth and zip up. “No. You need to fucking leave, right now.”

She saw me staring at the screen where more messages were popping up from my squad.

“You’d rather play a stupid video game than fuck me?” She was angry. She had no right to be angry, but I didn’t care.

“Yes.”

Her lips curled back in anger. Showing more speed and more intellectual acumen in the moment than her drunken behavior should have allowed for, she managed to find the power strip to my setup. She flicked the switch and everything went dead.

“You fucking bitch!” I cursed her. “You’re just an angry cunt, you know that?”

Kira laughed at me like I was the next great late night comedian. “Yeah...”

“I can just log back on, you know.”

“So go ahead,” she told me as she stumbled over to the couch and half fell on it. She then proceeded to remove her shorts. It was the first time I’d ever seen her in shorts. Normally she just wore skirts.

She left on her underwear, though.

Bright red cotton thong.

Totally hot.

Did all sorts of favors to her ass.

Fuck!

“I’ll just be over here,” she went on, keeping her back to me, but looking over her shoulder. Her hair was still in a bun, like it always was. I could tell from the angle that she was pushing her hand down into her panties. “You play games with your boyfriends while I fuck myself. I’ve got fingers that work.”

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

I could hear her fingers getting busy. I could smell her desire.

There was only one thing to do.

I left the room.

I wasn't sure if she realized I was gone, but a minute later, I returned, bottle of lube in one hand.

"You're back," she grinned at me, pulling her fingers from her pussy and tasting them. "Good."

I said nothing. I yanked her panties down to her knees and bent her forward over the couch. My cock was hard and I got it out, dumping a good amount of lube on it. I dumped more on her puckered asshole. It was dark pink and begging for attention.

"Oh!" she exclaimed like she was playing a game. "Don't stop there!"

I didn't.

Tossing the bottle aside, I grabbed her hands and wrestled them behind her back. It was easy to hold them both with one hand, keeping her immobilized. I used my other hand to guide my cock to where I needed it to be. To where she wanted it.

Kira struggled against me, but it was all for show. The moment my cock pressed into her tight asshole, she stopped moving and allowed me to do whatever I wanted.

"Don't," she begged.

"I thought you wanted to be fucked?"

"I do but...but not that way."

My head was barely inside her. She was tight. Ridiculously tight. I wasn't backing out now.

“It’s the way I want to fuck you.”

“Please...” she begged again.

I wasn’t relenting. I pushed in a fraction of an inch at a time, then backed out a tiny fraction, then in deeper. It took a minute, but eventually I pushed all the way in.

She was crying by the time I had fully penetrated her, but she didn’t tell me to stop.

“How does that feel?” I asked her.

“Good,” she panted. “It feels really good. Do you like fucking my ass?”

“Yes,” I grunted and started fucking her slowly.

She quivered against me. I had her pinned against the couch. I could have stopped at any point, but I didn’t. I knew she was using me, that was the whole point with her.

“Do you like fucking your boyfriends’ asses?” she asked, taunting me.

“That’s more your thing,” I grunted. I had one hand on her hip and the other holding her wrists to keep her from moving. It would have been better if I felt like she wouldn’t fight back.

What was wrong with me? I was practically forcing her to have sex with me.

But she wasn’t telling me no. Not really.

“I fought with Jimmy,” she gasped as I pulled out almost all the way, but pushed back inside her anyway.

“So fucking what,” I grunted as I continued to fuck her.

“It’s why I’m fucking you.”

I paused for half a second. “That makes me feel great about myself.” I plunged my cock all the way into her. I wanted to make it hurt.

When she gasped I wasn't sure if she liked it or if I had hurt her.

Either way, I didn't care.

"Fuck me," she begged.

"I am."

"Harder!"

"Shut the fuck up!"

"I want to cum," she whined.

"So cum."

"You need to fuck me harder!"

"I'll fuck you however I want to."

I intentionally stopped with my cock all the way inside her.

Even so, it still felt good.

She was panting.

"I need to cum."

"Go ahead and cum."

"I can't..."

"Why not?" I taunted her.

"Because...I need more."

She hadn't had much difficulty cumming before when I buggered her, but this was under different circumstances.

Taking my right hand off her hip, I carefully released her right wrist, but kept the other arm pinned behind her back.

“Make yourself cum,” I told her, reaching around her body to find her pussy. She was wet. Sopping wet. Her pussy was literally dripping with desire. It was easy to find her engorged clit and give it a little flick.

She gasped. Maybe it was a thrill for her, maybe it was painful.

I didn’t care.

I rubbed the little organ to make her relax, even as I started thrusting into her again. Once she was moaning in pure pleasure, I pulled my hand away from her clit.

She moaned in frustration.

There was just enough room for me to sharply slap her clit.

She screamed in pain.

I had to control myself so I didn’t laugh at her.

What did she think was going to happen when she showed up drunk at my door begging to be fucked?

“More...” she begged.

I’ll admit it. I was a little surprised at her reaction.

“Did you cum?” I asked.

“No...” she rolled her hips backwards against me, looking for some friction, looking to make herself cum.

I pulled my hand away from her clit. I was close enough to orgasm that I was reasonably sure I could cum before she got any relief.

“Then hold still so I can cum,” I told her.

She stopped rolling her hips and then got the very clever idea, which I had planted in her mind, to use her hand on her clit.

Kira rubbed herself like she was trying to erase every guilty, dirty act her pussy

had caused her to commit.

A second later she was cumming, shaking and screaming with pleasure.

Her sphincter tightened up on my cock. I had to stop thrusting. That was fine.

Once her orgasm passed I fucked her ass like it was a pussy. I don't know if it gave her any pleasure, but it worked for me.

I came in her ass, filling it up with my spunk, hopefully making her feel like a pure slut.

I admired her strength in holding us up because I all but collapsed against her when I was done cumming.

When I pulled my softening cock from her ass, I ordered her into the bathroom. "Don't drip cum and whatever else all over my floor.

She hobbled to the bathroom, one hand between her legs, holding everything in.

I went to the kitchen and cleaned myself with a fresh washcloth. When Kira reappeared from the bathroom, she looked even more unstable. "I'm going to have a little lie down," she told me.

Before I could object, she headed to my bedroom. Not wanting to deal with her, I turned my rig back on and logged back into the game with my friends.

Naturally I was harassed and hounded for my equipment failure.

If they only knew.

It was hours later when I went to bed. I had all but forgotten Kira was in my bed until I heard her snoring.

It was the first time I had ever gone to bed next to a naked woman I had just fucked and forgotten about. It was almost like being married.

Chapter Nine

It was alarming waking up the next morning next to Kira. It took me a moment to remember what the fuck had happened the night before.

I hated her, but I found myself waking up next to her a lot more than I wanted to. Twice. Twice was two too many times.

She didn't stir when I got out of bed to use the bathroom. She hadn't moved when I got back to the bed.

"You should probably leave," I said loudly enough to wake her.

I was wearing boxer shorts, my normal sleep apparel, but she was naked.

Slowly, Kira came awake. "Fuck," she said, grabbing her head. "What happened last night?"

I snort-laughed at her. "I fucked you in the ass. You were complaining about a fight with your boyfriend. You don't remember?"

"Some of it," she admitted. "Things are a little blurry. My ass is a little sore, so that explains that."

"Yeah, well, you shouldn't show up at my door drunk off your ass."

Her eyes focused and she took in the bulge in my shorts. Yes, looking at her naked tits got me hard. "Want to fuck again?"

"Going to continue to cheat on your boyfriend?"

"I'm done with him," she said. "Wanna fuck?" Kira swept the sheets off her body and opened her legs, showing off her pussy.

What the fuck did it matter? I climbed onto the bed and onto her.

I was already hard. I had no trouble getting hard for Kira. That's something I hated about myself and her.

And she was wet and ready for me. Her hand grabbed my cock and guided it to her pussy. I could feel how wet she was when she put my head between her lips.

What the fuck was wrong with us? She wanted me as much as I wanted her.

Other than our perverted and very twisted attraction to each other, we fucked almost like normal people that morning. Missionary style, like the most vanilla suburban couple possible.

I looked down at her while I slammed my hips into her. My cock plunged into her sopping pussy, making that wet slurping sound that was equal parts sexy and disgusting.

Her eyes were glossed with lust as we fucked. I wanted to kiss her because that was the proper thing to do during sex.

It seemed like a step too far.

Maybe she grabbed the back of my head. Maybe I ducked my head down a little too low when I was thrusting. Somehow our lips met.

Our tongues darted back and forth between our mouths like we were dancing or fighting.

Or both.

Definitely both.

I made sure that she came first. It wasn't that hard to make her cum. Kira was a randy woman who knew how to fuck and liked sex. I didn't even have to shove a finger up her ass or pinch a nipple to make her cum. It just happened naturally.

By the time I rolled off her, we were both drenched in sweat. I would have to changed the sheets.

"Was it good for you?" I asked.

"You really are an asshole."

"I try. I figure you had to have cum because there's no way that you would have put on that big of a screaming act, faking an orgasm, just to make me feel good about myself. You don't like me enough to do that. You hate me."

“I don’t hate you,” she lied to me.

“Huh. I hate you,” I told her, turning my head just enough to see her from the corner of my eye.

Her entire head turned to look at me. “Do you really hate me?”

I shrugged. “Maybe. It takes a lot of energy to work up a good hate for someone.”

“I don’t hate you,” she repeated.

I laughed. “Yeah. Right.”

“I don’t. Well, I don’t like you, but I understand why you are the way you are.”

I opened my mouth to reply, and then realized I didn’t want to discuss with her my personality or why I loathed her.

“Good to know,” I said, biting my tongue.

“But I’m happy to admit that sex with you is incredible.”

“Of course it is,” I preened. “I’m good at it.”

“And there you go. All full of yourself. So arrogant. That’s why I don’t like you.”

“And maybe I don’t like you because you cheat on your boyfriend.”

“Hypocrite,” she said to me.

She wasn’t wrong, but she wasn’t right. I didn’t currently have an SO, but I was helping her cheat on another guy.

“Whatever,” I said dismissively. “I have a pretty full day planned, so unless you want to hang around and give me blowjobs on command, I’ll see you at the office on Monday.”

Her lips curled back in a sneer and she got out of bed.

Goddamn she had a body that could make my cock stiffen even right after cumming.

She wandered around my place, picking up her clothes from where she had discarded them the night before and putting them back on.

“Do you know what we fought about last night?” she asked me as she buttoned up her shirt.

“You showing up drunk at my place and unplugging my gaming rig?” I nodded. “Yeah, I think that was it.”

She rolled her eyes. “Not you and me! Me and Jimmy.”

“Oh. No. No idea. Why do you ask?”

“He told me that he had been talking to some woman at his office in California. I got angry. I accused him of cheating on me.”

I started laughing. “And here you are calling me a hypocrite.”

“He never asked. I never offered. We have an agreement.”

“Which you don’t seem to be following all that well. And I’m one hundred percent sure that you are projecting onto him.”

“Yeah. You’re right. I’m in the wrong. I’m going to apologize today.”

She found her shoes and made ready to leave.

“The difference between you and me is I can admit when I’m wrong.”

Since I don’t think I was ever in the wrong with her, I took exception to her assessment, but I didn’t raise any objection. “Okay. Sounds good. See you on Monday.”

Her lips pressed together into a thin line, a mockery of a smile.

“Sure. Monday.”

“If you get horny, just call me. I’ll be happy to fuck you in the ass again.”

“And like I’ve always said, you are an asshole,” she said and walked out the front door.

Going out the door I once again had to admire her ass and admit it made my cock hard.

Chapter Ten

She was at her desk first thing Monday morning. I'll admit it. I jerked off to my memory of fucking her in the ass while she was drunk.

Good times.

"Jimmy and I made up," she said by way of greeting.

"Good?" I replied, making it a question.

Once again, her lip curled back in disgust at me.

"I apologized to him," she said. "He graciously accepted my apology because he's a wonderful human being. So you don't need to get your hopes up about me."

"My hopes?"

"Of fucking me again."

"Right. I'd never do that." I paused, sat down at my computer, turned it on, turned back to her, took a sip of coffee, and then asked, "Did you tell him I fucked you in the ass?"

"No! You're a pig."

"Just checking." I took another sip of coffee while my computer finished booting. "Offer still stands. If you get horny, just call me and I'll be happy to fuck you in the ass again."

"I'll keep that in mind," she said acidly.

"Great!"

"Oh wait. No. I meant that I'll forget you ever got within a cock's length of me."

I chuckled and got to work.

Later in the day I was called into Jenna's office. That was strange and worrisome.

"What did Kira complain about me now?" I asked as I walked into her modest space and dropped myself down into the visitor's chair.

Jenna's eyes narrowed. "Why do you say that?"

"Let's just say we had an argument and she said she hated me." I paused and cleared my throat. "I was blatantly obvious about what I thought about her."

Jenna sighed. "No. She hasn't filed a complaint, but the fact that you are bringing this to me is worrisome."

"Don't worry. She and I worked everything out in the end." I grinned.

Jenna frowned. "I hope so."

Jenna didn't have a body that made my cock rise up and take notice, but she still had curves in all the right places and she didn't have an engagement ring or wedding band, and there weren't any pictures on her desk that indicated she had an SO.

"Just five more months on my contract. I plan on asking you out on a date as soon as the contract ends."

She sighed. "Don't get your hopes up. Apparently the powers that be are impressed with your work. They're offering you an extension to your contract."

I frowned. "Huh."

"You don't need to answer right away."

"But if I'm under contract, you and I can't date. I'll need extra compensation for that. Or you'll have to bend your rules."

She slid a folder across the desk to me. "Read the offer first."

I grabbed it and stood up, saluting her with the folder. "Will do, boss."

"I'm not your boss."

When I got back to the office, Kira was busily typing at her computer. “I don’t have any plans for Friday night. Want me to come over and fuck you?”

“No.”

I grinned and sat at my desk to read over the offer.

Chapter Eleven

“This is just a one time thing,” Kira said when she opened the door to me.

She was dressed casually in a loose shirt and black leggings tight enough to show that she was wearing a thong. Nice.

“Of course. Always. Vibrator and Skype sex not doing it for you?”

“Don’t ask why. I just want to have sex.”

“Tell me one thing: Am I better than lover boy Jimmy in bed?” She was the one who had invited me over; I had a right to ask.

She didn’t answer. Instead, she took off her shirt to show she wasn’t wearing a bra.

Even nicer.

“Do you want to fuck or not?”

“Yes please,” I said politely. I wasn’t going to pass up the chance at her pussy just to be an asshole. “One thing though.”

Annoyed sigh. “What?”

I dipped my hand into the bag I was carrying. I produced the leather wrist cuffs that were part of my bedroom collection.

“You need to wear these while we fuck.”

I wasn’t totally committed to making her wear them. I just wanted to see her reaction.

I was delighted with her response.

“Fine.”

She must have been hornier than I initially thought. Excellent.

We went to the bedroom. She finished stripping. I started undressing. Her body was as luscious and tight as ever.

As I untied my shoes she put on the cuffs, showing she was rather adept at placing them. Maybe she was kinkier than I had previously assessed.

Still wearing my underwear, I said, "Here, let me help you with those."

"I don't need your help," she said.

I didn't give her time to complain further. I twisted her arms behind her back and linked the cuffs together. Again, not impossible to escape from them, but she was a lot easier to control wearing them.

"What the fuck?" she complained.

I pushed her down on the bed, face down. "Which hole?" I asked her as I took off my underwear.

"What?" Her voice was muffled by the bed. I raised up her hips and she spread her knees apart to give me better access to her nether regions.

"Which hole?" I repeated. "Pussy or ass?" I ran my finger along her slit. Once again she was already moist and getting soppy. When my finger was nice and wet, I teased her dark rosebud with it. Kira tensed up but didn't complain.

"Pussy," she said. "I'd like to have normal sex for once."

"Says the woman with the boyfriend getting fucked by the coworker she hates with her hands tied behind her back."

I ran my cock along her slit and just barely penetrated her lips.

She moaned in appreciation.

I pulled back and knelt down on the bed. I'm not into anilingus, but eating out her pussy from that position was hot. Completely hot. If I were a complete cad, I would have shoved my tongue up her ass, but I didn't. I just made sure she was good and wet.

"Fuck me," she begged. "Use your cock."

"Sure, sure," I said as I changed positions. She was still face down, ass up. It

made slipping into her pussy nice and easy. I stroked her a couple of times and then pulled out. She groaned in complaint.

“Choice time,” I announced. “I’ll fuck your pussy but you have to keep your hands bound. Or I can fuck you in the ass and I’ll free your hands.”

She hated that I made her choose. That made it hotter.

“Both,” she begged, wanting everything without giving up anything.

I smacked her hard on the ass. “I said to fucking choose!”

She gasped at the sudden infliction of pain and reverted back to her usual behavior. “No. You can’t make me fucking choose!”

I backed away from her. “I gave you two chances to choose. You don’t get a choice now.”

“What?”

I should have just gotten dressed and left her there. She would have figured out to slip off the cuffs eventually, but I liked those cuffs.

And I was horny.

I was going to fuck her.

She kept her lube on her dresser because she didn’t have a reason to hide it from anyone. I grabbed the bottle, greased up my cock, and knelt behind her a second time.

“Pussy,” she spat at me.

It might have been an insult.

Instead, I made it her choice. Or rather, the opposite of her choice. Dumping out some more lube, I pushed my cock head against her asshole.

“No!” she protested.

I ignored her and kept pushing in.

She only struggled a little. Was it half-hearted or was she just putting on a show for me? I honestly didn't care.

Once I was all the way in, I experimentally slid my cock in and out a few times, dumped some more lube on us—I didn't give a shit how much it cost—and then gave her a good hard fucking.

She moaned and whined and complained throughout. I figured she was enjoying herself so I didn't stop.

When I was halfway done, I released her wrists from behind her back, giving full use of both hands back to her.

She immediately lifted up her body, supporting her weight on her left hand while she busily jilled off with her right.

It was all for show.

I was still a gentleman and let her cum first.

I should have just shot my load into her ass and walked away.

Regrets, I've had more than a few.

When I did cum, I grabbed her hips and made sure I came deep in her ass. I then unceremoniously pulled out, walked to the bathroom, washed off my dick, and when I returned to her bedroom, I started dressing.

"What the fuck was that all about?" she asked me.

"You didn't like it? Your screams said you did."

She was picking at the cuffs, trying to get them off. I angrily grabbed her arm and unbuckled the leather strap. I wasn't going to let her have them.

"You know there's a reason you don't have a girlfriend," she said. "It's because you're an asshole."

I snatched the cuffs out of her hand and walked out of her apartment.

Chapter Twelve

I wish I could have said that was the last time.

It wasn't.

Not by a long shot.

I'll admit it: we were both being stupid.

We settled into a pattern that wasn't good for either of us. Kira's relationship with loyal, innocent, easily-deceived Jimmy continued on in fits and starts.

Whenever they got into an argument, she'd turn to me for physical comfort.

She'd also turn to me for physical comfort when she was especially horny.

I always gave her the same deal: we could only fuck when she bound her hands behind her back. Halfway through every fuck session, I'd give her a choice. Sometimes she'd opt to keep her hands bound and I'd fuck her pussy. Other times she'd want to be free and I'd fuck in her the ass.

I will say that after the first rocky session, she was always resolute in her decision.

I had no idea how she justified her actions to herself. I don't know if she told innocent, naive Jimmy how often she fucked me, or if she told him anything at all.

I stopped worrying about fucking a woman who had a boyfriend. I wasn't interested in a relationship with Kira.

Three months into this pattern her birthday rolled around and I graciously gave her a set of wrist and ankle cuffs like mine.

She was truly appreciative of the gesture.

I hated to think it, but she wasn't the terrible person I wanted her to be.

I fucked her mouth that night and came down her throat. I overheard her the next day talking to guileless, upright Jimmy that she had a cold. That's why her voice

was scratchy and rough.

A month after that she disappeared from our shared office.

I went to Jenna in HR about the sudden office shift. I needed to speak to Kira about some final details on our project.

Plus I wanted her to suck me off on the office couch. I couldn't put that in an email.

"She's in California. Remote office."

I stared blankly at Jenna. "What?"

Jenna eyed me. "She didn't tell you she was moving?"

Looking back, the only indication I had was for the last few weeks we had only fucked at the office or my place. "No."

"Huh. Well, she's out in California. She'll finish up your project from there. I'm sure she'll be back a few times in person." She paused and studied my face. "Are you okay, Kevin? You look like I just told you that your dog died."

"I mean, we didn't have a good relationship, but I thought she would at least tell me she was moving across the country to get away from me." I grinned wryly at Jenna.

"Don't flatter yourself. She moved to be with her boyfriend. Anyway, I'm glad that you decided to extend your contract with us. Saves me the trouble of finding another halfway decent programmer."

I had signed the extended contract to keep fucking Kira, I'll admit that.

And she had fucked that up for me.

Bitch.

I turned my attention back to Jenna. "Well, now that you've gotten your rival out of the way, will you let me take you out on a date? Drinks? Dinner? Movie? Art exhibit opening? All followed by wild, untamed sex in my bedroom?"

“You flatter yourself, Kevin. Remember my rules and the company rules, no romantic or sexual relationships between coworkers, and especially not with HR staff.”

“You can’t blame a guy for trying.”

“Yes I can.”

“At least I get to keep the big office, right?”

I sent Kira an email. I had to keep it professional, so I only asked why she left.

Her email back was just as professional, stating she had better opportunities in California.

I sent her a text. In its entirety: You just leave because you can’t keep away from my cock?

Her reply: I can’t keep fucking you.

We could have gone around and around on the issue, but it wasn’t going to change.

Bitch.

Chapter Thirteen

Kira returned to New York four months later. She no longer worked at the company. That was for the best. She could have just snuck into town and left for good, but she called me. She wanted to see me one last time.

I knew the real reason she wanted to see me. She couldn't stay away from my cock.

I made my place nice for her visit. I spent time cleaning and picking up even though that wasn't necessary. I paid a cleaning lady good money for those tasks.

Kira always had the ability to surprise me. She wasn't in her business uniform when she appeared on my doorstep. She wasn't drunk and she wasn't wearing sweatpants and an oversized fleece.

She was still incredibly beautiful, blonde hair still pulled back in a bun, bright blue eyes flashing. She was casually dressed, but her shirt was tight enough and low-cut enough to show off her cleavage, but my eyes weren't drawn to her tits for all that long.

My eyes went to her belly.

I wasn't stupid. She wasn't that far along, but she was obviously pregnant.

"Well, that explains a lot," I said, pointing to her stomach.

"I suppose it does." She actually looked sad, but she still came inside when I invited her in.

"Is it mine or his?" I asked after giving her a glass of water. It seemed rude to offer her alcohol.

"You always were an asshole."

"That's not an answer."

"Do you want to fuck?" she asked me outright.

"That's not an answer either."

She took off her top. My cock got hard. It always got hard for her.

Being pregnant did wonderful things for her tits. They were bigger, fuller. Her nipples were more sensitive and darker.

I had never before, to my knowledge, fucked a pregnant woman. It wasn't much different than sex with a woman who wasn't pregnant. Her tits were bigger and her stomach wasn't flat any longer. Other than that, Kira was her usual wild freak in bed.

I didn't make her wear the wrist cuffs when we fucked. I still fucked her from behind, but I was a gentleman and used her pussy, not her ass.

We still did it bareback. No reason to change that now.

"Does cuckolded Jimmy know you're here?" I asked her when we were done. We were laying in bed spooning. I liked holding her tits from behind.

"He knows I'm in New York, he's not stupid."

"Does he know you're in my bed right now?"

"Of course not."

"Does he know you intended on fucking me?"

She was silent for a long moment. Finally she said, "He knew I was fooling around with someone. We both knew we wouldn't last if I didn't move to California."

"He could have moved back here," I pointed out. "Wasn't that your plan?"

"I couldn't stop...I had to get away. A change of scenery."

I didn't force the issue, but I knew she was going to say I couldn't stop fucking you. She needed a whole continent between us to stay off my dick.

"So is this goodbye?" I asked her.

She sat up and slid off the bed. She started gathering her clothes. "Yes. It's not like we were going to have a relationship, Kevin. You aren't that stupid. We hate

each other.”

“But the sex is incredible.”

Her smile was wan. She pulled on her panties. They were boring and plain. She was already in mom-mode. She wouldn’t be a fun-loving slut much longer. “You can’t build a relationship on sex.”

“We did,” I pointed out.

“It was a terrible relationship.”

“Well...yeah. That’s what made the sex incredible.”

She finished dressing. “Change your personality, Kev. Grow as a person. Don’t be such an asshole all the time.” She leaned down on the bed. For a second I thought she was going to kiss me on the forehead, but she deigned to actually kiss me on the lips.

It was still a very chaste kiss.

“Anytime you’re looking for a good fuck, just call me,” I told her.

“Kevin...no.”

“Wait, one last thing.”

She sighed and rolled her eyes, anxious to get out of my house. I didn’t blame her.

I grabbed my phone off the dresser and texted her a picture.

Her phone dinged and she looked at it.

Keeping her voice even, she said, “I don’t want dirty pictures of you fucking some random whore.”

“I glad you recognized my cock. Hold on. One more pic.” I sent another.

“No,” she said firmly. Her phone dinged.

“Just look at it,” I pleaded.

She did and her eyes went wide. I liked that reaction.

The second picture showed Jenna with her mouth full of my cock.

“You’re fucking your HR rep.”

“Who knew that HR staffers were so fucking wild in bed? She’s a better fuck than you. The things I’ve asked her to do...she hasn’t said no to anything yet.”

Kira’s smile was sad. “I’m glad you’re happy, Kevin.”

She walked out of my life.

End

Preview

Delusion: Love Sweet Sex Magic 4

I had to meet Bob in person. Not that I wanted to, but I needed to make sure my coven sister was actually married to a true demon and Birch wasn't just lying to me. Of course, I figured he was lying to me, but it is always prudent to check.

"I just can't have you over," Joy said to me. "I mean, maybe he isn't a literal demon, but what if he is? And even if he isn't, what good would it do to have him find us in bed together?"

I liked that's immediately where Joy's mind went, but she was way ahead of herself. I didn't think the best way to meet her husband would be for him to discover his wife in bed with a woman. Sure, lots of men have the fantasy of discovering their wife is bi and joining in, but that wasn't going to happen.

"He's not going to find us fucking," I told her. "You're going to invite me over for a nice dinner."

Joy froze. "That might be problematic. It wouldn't be a good idea for a notorious witch to be spending time at the local pastor's house."

"But fucking the local pastor's wife is completely acceptable?" I asked archly.

She grimaced at my confrontation. "Well, I can't help that."

"Tell him you want to discuss the differences in our religions."

"What is our religion, exactly?" Joy asked. She was more into witchcraft for the lesbian sex and female empowerment aspects and less of worshiping the Earth Mother. I could appreciate that, but I also realized that I needed to spend time instructing her and Aisling about the more spiritual aspects of being a witch.

"Worshiping the Earth Mother," I quickly explained. "Wait until Samhain rolls

around. We go wild on Beltane and Winter Solstice as well. But that can wait. First, you need to set a dinner party for me and you and Bob.” I passed her a silver flask. “You’ll need to slip this into whatever drink he consumes before I come over.”

“What is it?”

“Just a little mixture of spring water, tea, whiskey, a drop of Aisling’s blood, my amrita, and a few special spices.” Those special spices included cinnamon, nightshade, and an imperceptible amount of urine.

“Aisling’s blood?” Of course she would pick up on that as the one ingredient that was unusual.

“Yes. I love having a virgin handy for such things, but we won’t be able to keep her a virgin for much longer. I don’t want to bleed her dry, but the temptation is there.”

Joy laughed and took the flask and then gave me a kiss. She rolled out of my bed and started dressing. I watched her. There was no reason not to.

“Are you ready to lose your virginity?” I asked Aisling right before I went down on her.

We were in her bed. It was the middle of the day. It would have been more fun to do it in the middle of the night, but her mother was away during the day and risking getting caught by Margaret wasn’t a complication I wanted at the moment. I was keeping Aisling’s mother in mind for a possible recruit into the coven. She was the right type; the only complication was having a mother and daughter in the same group. It would make the orgies more complicated than normal.

“Haven’t I already?” she asked. She was naked and I was peering at her pretty cunt. It was topped by her pretty dark red curls and the dark pinkness of her glistening lips was an enticing invitation.

In response to her naive question, I sharply slapped her thigh. “Of course not.

You haven't had a cock in this beautiful cunt yet, have you?" I kissed the top of her cleft, wiggling my tongue down against her swollen clit just a little to coax a truthful answer from her lips.

"Nooo..." she moaned beautifully.

"Then are you ready to give up your virginity?" I asked taking a quick breath before licking the length of her labia. She opened up for me. It didn't take much. She was a horny minx.

"Yesss..."

I kissed her clit again and then sucked it. She quivered. Aisling might have been beautiful and willing to fuck whenever I asked, but she was also easily manipulated by her body. That was useful for me but she needed to work on her power of resistance.

"We need to find you a nice virgin boy to deflower you," I informed her.

"Both of us virgins?" I knew what was running through her head. A man fucking her for the first time. The power of the cock to a virgin was irresistible, even for a witch. She would learn to temper her needs and her lust and even use it, but for the moment I needed two virgins dedicating themselves to the Earth Mother so I could gather their energy. The only way I, and my coven, was going to be able to defeat a demon was with every advantage we could amass.

Now the problem was to find an eighteen year old virgin boy. But before that I needed to get Aisling off.

I put my face into her crotch and my tongue up her cunt. While she didn't exactly dissolve at my attention, her little sighs of ecstasy were much appreciated. Making love to a young woman was a pleasure for me—and should be for anyone—because there is little more beauty in the world than a young woman's ripe cunt.

I didn't need to coax her out of her clothes. She took them off for me both willingly and happily. I didn't even have to take my own off. I was wearing my standard black dress with too much lace but showing plenty of thigh. As we were sprawled on her bed the material of my sweater and dress kept dragging me down and making it difficult to move around. Eventually I had to pull back and

shed my sweater and lift up my dress over my head, throwing it aside.

That made it easier to kneel with my ass in the air as I ate her out. It was too bad we didn't have a third in the room with us; I'm sure the view of my ass would have been much appreciated.

I would have appreciated a mouth on my cunt or a cock up it. That was not to be.

Making Aisling cum was easy; fun, but easy. The energy she released as she came was easy for me to gather up and hold. I wouldn't be able to store it forever—energy wants to be used and released—but a slow build up to my confrontation with Bob was just good planning. While I was fairly certain he was a demon, I wasn't yet a hundred percent convinced.

I needed to be sure.

After making Aisling cum so many times that I lost count, she finally pushed me away from her sore and exhausted cunt. "Enough! Enough! You're going to make me pass out."

"Would that be so bad?" I asked as I pulled back and extracted one of her curly scarlet hairs from my mouth.

"No...but I don't want that right now."

Her body was too much to resist. I slipped up next to her, pressing mine against hers. We kissed and she traced her fingers over my bra and down to my stomach. "Want me to return the favor?" she asked, her fingers skimming along the top edge of my black silk panties.

More than anything I wanted her to go down on me and make me cum so many times that I forgot my name.

"No, I can't."

To her credit, Aisling pouted. "Why not?"

"I need to save my energy for Bob."

Now she frowned at me. "What does that mean."

“Do you really want a lecture on the tenets and applications of worshipping the Earth Mother right now?” I asked her.

Aisling plunged her fingers into my panties and found my wet cunt even as she shook her head at me, feigning innocence. “No,” she said trying to keep a straight face.

I enjoyed her fingers going in and out of my cunt for a moment. There was no harm in a little fun and games...as long as it didn't go too far and I kept myself under control.

The thirty seconds I allotted her dragged into a minute. My cunt started leaking like a sieve and I was getting too hot.

It would have felt a lot better if I just gave myself over to her, but I—unfortunately—was too disciplined. After all, the existence of my family line and family lands depended on my next few important decisions. Hating myself for it, I grabbed Aisling's wrist and dragged her fingers out of my cunt and my panties.

“We have to wait,” I told her. “I can't cum right now.”

“Why not?” she pouted again.

“I need to build up my sexual energies,” I informed her. “I think now would be an excellent time for that lecture on our religion and Mother Earth.”

Aisling sighed and crossed her arms over her perky tits. “No.”

I shoved aside her arms and pinched a nipple. She gasped and relented. “Now, as I was saying, all good witches worship Mother Earth and while I've taught you the basics...”

I continued on for a while. Nothing dries up a cunt and diminished desire than long, involved lectures on religion. While I felt bad about it, my lecture was necessary.

The next day I took Aisling with me to meet Nicholas. I was briefly worried that maybe getting two young randy people together would be a bad idea, but I had to take the risk. I was grooming Aisling to be one of the leaders of my coven and if she couldn't manage to handle a second-rate drug dealer like Nicholas then she wasn't of any use to me anyway. She needed not to worry about breaking some minor felonies.

My true worry wasn't the law or police, but her wanting to get high and/or fuck Nicholas. I needed to keep her pure for a few more days.

"You just walk in?" she asked me as I slipped open the back door and walked into the kitchen.

"Why not?" I asked her. "I've been fucking him for over a year and buying the devil's lettuce for longer."

She blanched at my casual use of slang. "The devil's lettuce? Isn't that...disrespectful?"

I sighed. "It's just slang, Aisling. It doesn't mean anything. What do you want me to call it? Pot? Weed? Marijuana? Cannabis? Hashish? Herb? Tree? Hemp? Get over it, girl."

After walking through the kitchen I opened up the basement door and walked down the stairs without checking to see if she was following. Aisling would have the option of leaving in humiliation out the back door, or following me.

By the time I was halfway down the unfinished stairs, I heard her footsteps behind me. That made me smile.

An instant later I frowned because there was arguing coming from the basement where Nicholas had his lair. I listened for a minute because I didn't want to walk into a situation that was dangerous.

"Fucking hell, Nick! You're an asshole!" I didn't recognize the voice, but it seemed vaguely familiar.

"Yeah. Fuck you too." I recognized Nick's laconic way of speaking right away.

"I'll pay double," the semi-familiar voice said.

“I’m not going to give or sell to you, no matter what.” Nicholas tried to sound tough, but he couldn’t pull it off.

Now the second voice became almost shrill with anger. “You’re a fucking asshole, you know that, Nick. I hate being your brother!”

It all fell into place. I knew Nicholas had a little brother, but had never seen him until now. I turned the tight corner at the bottom of the stairs and let my heels click loudly on the cement floor. They both turned at the same time to look at me and Aisling.

Being more familiar with Nicholas I ignored him and focused on the other man. Young man. He was young, but old enough. I reached out with my connection to Mother Earth and explored Nicholas’s brother. I was unfocused but managed to speak. “Who is this, Nick?”

Reluctantly my weed dealer and occasional lover said, “Harry. My little brother.”

I smiled, letting my good feelings—and my desire—waft toward Harry. “He’s so handsome.”

Nicholas groaned in annoyance. Harry looked briefly proud, but then he flushed bright red with embarrassment. “I can’t believe this shit,” Nicholas mumbled to himself.

Holding out my hand to Harry as I walked up to him, I said, “So nice to meet you, Harry. I didn’t know that Nick had a younger,” and here I paused and looked at the young man who provided me with America’s illicit drug of choice, “and more handsome brother.”

While I didn’t think it was possible, Harry’s face flushed brighter red. Poor thing. He shook my hand more out of need to do something rather than just be stared at. “Thanks. I mean...I don’t know if I’m better looking— “

And here my protégé interrupted him. Her actions greatly increased Aisling’s value in my eyes. “Oh, you’re definitely better looking than Nick.”

At that moment Harry only had eyes for Aisling. I couldn’t blame him, of course. Aisling was gorgeous with her wavy red hair, pale skin, and high angular cheekbones she could have been any of a number of shallow things based

entirely upon her looks. Instead she had chosen to use her natural beauty to bring about better things to this world. And give herself a little power. I couldn't blame her for that either.

"Th-th-thanks," he stuttered out. Clearly he was enamored of Aisling. I couldn't blame him for that. This was good. It was going to make things easy for me.

Seeing that the two youngsters were busy making eyes at each other, I sent out a little feeler into Harry and realized he was perfect. He hadn't yet fallen to his brother's bad habits and, miracle of miracles, he was still pure.

Or at least pure enough for my plans.

I dropped his hand and moved to the side to talk to Nicholas. "I'll need my usual order and I'll want to talk to your brother in private." I glanced to where he was talking quietly to Aisling. I had to trust that while maybe she was attracted to him, she wasn't so stupid as to actually fall for him. He was just a pawn in my plans. A beautiful pawn, but nothing else.

"No!" I frowned at Nicholas's reluctance to uphold his end of our unspoken bargain.

"Why not?" I demanded of him.

"I'm not letting you...uh...I'm not going to let you pay in the usual way. Not with Harry here."

I firmly fixed my smile in place. "Of course not. I have cash." This I produced with a wave of my fingers. It wasn't even real magic, just sleight of hand, pulling a few bills from within my dress's sleeve. It was more than enough to pay for what he supplied me with.

Not that I wasn't willing to fuck him right then and there in front of Aisling and Harry. I didn't have any qualms about that.

It only took the slight bit of energy sent through the air where it easily dispersed to make Nicholas change his mind. He needed the money more than he needed to keep his little brother on the straight and narrow.

Nicholas's plan wasn't going to work. If Harry didn't follow in his brother's

metaphorical footsteps then I was going to corrupt him.

He was ripe for corruption.

After a moment of resistance Nicholas got the baggie that I needed. I accepted it from him and turned on my heel. If I wasn't so busy I would have been happy to fuck him then and there, but duty and family responsibilities called.

I did pay for my weed, however.

"Aisling, time to leave," I told her.

It was enough to wake the two out of their eyelock. She pulled her hand back from his. I produced one of my cards and handed it to him. It didn't matter if he read it or kept it or not. Just taking the magic-infused bit of cardboard stock was all that I needed.

"Here's my number if you need anything," I told Harry. I couldn't resist. I had to make Nicholas suffer because he couldn't run his little brother's life. "How old are you, anyway?"

"Eight-eight-eighteen," he stuttered out. "I just started at UAlbany this fall."

I smiled and pulled my hand back from his. "We'll have to work on that stutter. I can fix that for you."

"Don't!" warned Nicholas but I was already retreating with Aisling up the stairs.

"Don't you dare," Nicholas said to his brother. "She's nothing but trouble."

"Don't worry, I won't," Harry promised, but it was a lie. I knew it was a lie. Harry knew it was a lie. Aisling knew it was a lie. If Nicholas chose to believe what Harry had said, then he was a fool.

"Does he please you?" I asked Aisling once we were outside where it was safe to talk.

"Yes. Very much. He's easy on the eyes."

"Let's hope he's easy on everything else. He's going to be the one to deflower

you.”

“He is?!” She was elated and scared at the same time. I loved that. “How do you know he’s a virgin?”

Looking straight ahead as we marched back to my house I lifted my chin a bit and said, “A wise witch always knows.”

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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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