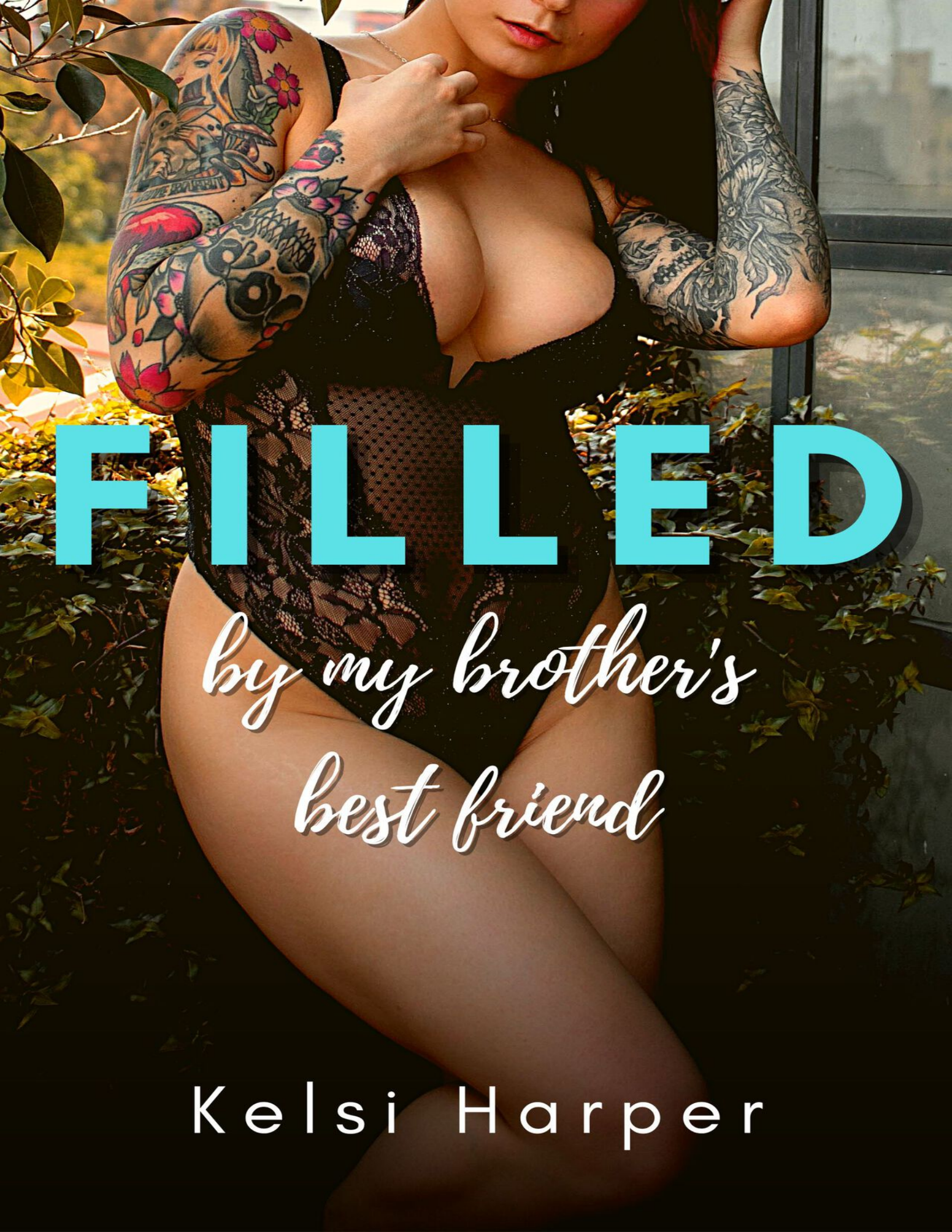


A woman with extensive tattoos on her arms and chest is wearing a black lace bodysuit. She is posing in front of a window with greenery visible outside. The word "FILLED" is written in large, bold, cyan letters across the middle of the image.

FILLED

*by my brother's
best friend*

Kelsi Harper

FILLED

by my brother's best friend

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1

The smell and sound of breakfast cooking gets me out of bed earlier than usual on a Saturday morning. My brother Jake never cooks but when he does he goes all out.

I open my bedroom door and immediately the smell of baking bread mixes with the sound of bacon sizzling in a pan and I'm in heaven.

I turn the corner with a smile on my face and a pep in my step.

"Morning Ja..."

But it's not Jake.

There is another man standing in our apartment kitchen making breakfast. He is shirtless and muscular and covered in tattoos. He is...familiar.

I can't place him right away and as I stand there, speechless, I become painfully aware that I'm wearing nothing but a long t-shirt that barely covers my ass and the cotton panties I'm wearing underneath. That's it. No pants, no bra, just a shirt and panties as this familiar stranger and I stare at one another.

"Good morning Natalie." The man says with a handsome grin as he notices my lack of attire.

Even though I'm still somewhat clothed, the way he looks at me makes me feel naked.

I can't blame him, I was a little busy examining him myself. The way the dark ink danced across his abs and toned chest was...well it was rather nice to look at. Hence my staring.

Everything felt somewhat surreal until hearing his voice say my name connected all the dots.

Dustin...no. Damien!

His name was Damien and he was my brother's best friend all throughout growing up.

That answered one question, but why was he shirtless in our kitchen making breakfast? And when did goofy Damien get all *manly* ?

And where the hell was Jake? I needed my older brother to come pull me out of this awkward situation, stat.

Damien put a hand on his bare chest. "You don't remember me do you?"

"Of course I remember you." Sure, I remembered the troublesome teenager that my parents always hated Jake hanging out with. The hunk standing in my kitchen was still somewhat of a stranger to me. "Damien, right?"

His eyes immediately brightened up when I said his name.

"Yeah, that's right. Man, it feels like forever since I've seen you. I remember you as Jake's scrawny kid sister with braces, now look at you. And didn't you used to wear glasses?"

Nothing like having a tall, gorgeous man bring up your awkward formative years to make your cheeks blush.

"I got contacts." I answered with a pursed lip smile, trying to hide my pink cheeks.

For a second I considered just turning right back around and hiding in my room but my churning stomach made me hesitate.

"Coffee?" Damien held up a mug and a freshly brewed pot that smelled so much better than the cheap stuff I make before work.

Well now if I turn back to my room I seem like an ass.

"Umm, yes...please." I stammered, taking the mug he poured.

Damn that's good. I thought with my first sip.

"If you wanna hang out, everything is just about ready."

Damien said, peeking into the oven, releasing more of the sweet smell from inside that I instantly recognized as fresh biscuits.

I shyly walked to the kitchen table and took a seat. I felt like a visitor in my own home.

"Where is Jake?" I asked while trying not to let my attention wander too long on the short running shorts I noticed Damien was wearing.

The man—and I assure you, he was all man—had an amazing ass and thick, muscular legs, one covered in tattoos while the other had none. It was hard to pull my eyes away as I sipped on my coffee, Damien almost catching me peeking.

"He got called into work for some kind of emergency."

"Oh." It was all I could think to say.

Jake getting called in wasn't anything strange but it did bring up something else. If Damien knew that Jake was gone that meant he was making breakfast just for the two of us. Out of all the guys I've dated and slept with, I've never had one make me breakfast. Damien didn't even fall into either of those categories, he was just doing it...to be nice?

If that was the case then more had changed about him than just his looks. Because the Damien I remember was kind of an ass.

That never stopped me from having a crush on him as a teenager though.

He was just always at our house, I was a silly teenager and I do have to admit that my parents not liking him made him kind of interesting. But that was years ago. I always just wrote it off as another frustrated teenage crush.

But now that he was standing in front of me, cooking me breakfast and wearing next to nothing. Well let me just say there was nothing silly about the feelings stirring inside of me.

It didn't help my situation that there is just something so sexy about watching a man cook.

My eyes darted up from his body again as he brought me over a plate of food. The grin on his face said that this time he caught me looking.

Shit .

"So what brings you back into town?" I asked.

"Music." Damien answered with a mouth half full of breakfast.

"Oh. Are you going to that festival later?"

"Playing in it, actually." Damien added.

"Wow. That's awesome."

No big deal. A sexy, half-naked musician made me breakfast. Just another Saturday morning.

Hardly.

I couldn't even remember the last time I had a one on one conversation with a guy that wasn't my brother or at my job. And

now that I thought about it, knowing that Damien and I were alone in the apartment for what could be hours had shifted the mood completely.

My mind wandered with dirty thoughts about how I could thank Damien for making me breakfast. I'm sure he wouldn't mind having a little fun. He certainly didn't seem to mind that I wasn't wearing a bra under my loose shirt or the fact that I still wasn't wearing any pants. I knew he could tell from the way that he eyed my tits every time he thought I wasn't looking. My little barbell nipple piercings gave him something to stare at. His hungry stare said that he liked what he saw when I stood up from the table and the shirt didn't quite cover my ass all the way.

I looked over my shoulder and caught him staring as I walked away. Without even thinking I flashed him a suggestive wink.

Honestly I'm not sure what I was planning to achieve with that wink, it just sort of...slipped out.

Can a wink slip out?

Either way, for whatever reason the filter that normally stops my brain from getting me into awkward situations wasn't working.

I never wink.

Who the hell winks?

The guy just made me breakfast because he was trying to be nice and now I had to go and make things weird and he is probably going to tell Jake and...

I didn't have another second to overthink because Damien spun me around and backed me into the kitchen counter.

A wink might not have been my smoothest move ever but thank goodness it worked because honestly I was clueless as to how one initiates a makeout session in the kitchen.

Damien took full control and effortlessly lifted me back onto the counter as he pushed into me with a hard kiss. My lips parted in a gasp at the feeling of the cold, granite countertop against my ass cheeks and Damien took full advantage. His tongue swirled into my mouth and tangled with mine eliciting a soft moan from the back of my throat. I could feel my ears and cheeks growing hot.

We had just started but I quickly decided that Damien was an incredible kisser. The way he pushed into me, the way his tongue teased and taunted mine, the way his hands took hold of me.

Our heat began to swirl together and I could feel my whole body tighten and ache for more. I wrapped my legs around his torso and pulled our bodies together so that I could feel more of him. His flesh was warm against my thighs as I clung to him.

He used my clinging to pick me up and carry me. I giggled with excitement as his kisses tore away from my lips and slowly traced down my neck, finding every sensitive spot that sent tingling across my neck and scalp with each kiss.

He was so strong and made me feel weightless as he carried me to the couch in the living room. He sat back so I was straddling him as he continued his kisses. My mind went blank and I just let him have me. It had been so long since I've been kissed like that and I don't think I've ever felt a man be so *hungry* for my body. His lips couldn't get enough of me and I could tell that his hands gripping my waist wanted more.

Fuck it .

I pulled away from our kiss and stripped my shirt off, leaving me in nothing but a pair of cotton panties as I sat on his lap. My perky tits jiggled as they dropped out. His hands quickly slid up my body, rough and calloused against my smooth skin, and caressed my breasts as his lips worked their way down, trailing kisses all the way. A heavy moan spilled out of him as he latched onto me.

When his warm mouth latched onto my tit it made me arch into him, quickly discovering another sinful pleasure. My pierced nipples were so sensitive to his flicking tongue and gentle sucking. But there was something else.

His cock was hard. I could tell because his thick erection was so obvious through his shorts and my thin panties. I swiveled my hips into him until that ridge of manhood was placed perfectly between my barely covered pussy lips. I slowly ground against him until I found just the right spot.

I tried to stifle a whimper but I couldn't help it. His shaft was pressing perfectly against my clit each time I pushed into him. He was pushing all of my buttons at once and the pleasure from my pussy and my breasts met inside of me.

Every single thing we did felt so naughty like we were somehow forbidden from being together. That was something I could worry about later because right now the excitement of it all mixed with the pleasure of grinding against him while he sucked my tits was sure to make me cum.

And I didn't realize until right then just how bad I wanted it.

My grinding grew more frantic and desperate, the pleasure slowly building until I could feel myself starting to soak through my panties from how good it felt.

I didn't care. I let loose and whined out the secret pleasures from his thick cock rubbing against me. He must have enjoyed hearing me because I swear he started to lift his hips and push back into me.

"You're so fucking hot." I hushed without even thinking.

"You're a little slut aren't you?"

I swear I'm not. I'm not the kind of girl who makes out with her brother's best friend and I'm definitely not the kind of girl that grinds on that same best friend until she cums in her panties. Normally his words would have made me angry but in that moment I wanted nothing but to show him just how slutty I could get.

I pulled his head up to look me in the eyes as I squeezed my thighs in on him and forced my soaked pussy harder onto his

erection. My jaw dropped and I let out an exaggerated gasp.

"I bet you want to fuck this little pussy so bad, don't you? Your big cock is just aching to feel how tight I am." I taunted with my best bratty voice.

I swear, horny Natalie is a completely different person than who I normally am. Horny Natalie is obsessed with her nipples and uses words like cock and pussy. Horny Natalie can't be trusted.

Once again all I could think was, *fuck it*.

Quite literally in fact.

I could use a good fuck and I just knew that with those muscles in his thighs and ass and the girthy dick hiding in his shorts, Damien could give me just what I needed.

My words lit a fire inside of him as he wrapped an arm around me and quickly swapped our positions so I was laying on my back and his huge frame was shadowing over my petite body.

I loved how effortlessly he tossed me around. I loved how his strength was making me feel helpless as he had his way with me. I've never had a guy make me feel so tiny...in nearly every way. The way his big hands took my C cup breasts in handfuls, the way just one of his muscled arms could wrap completely around the narrow of my waist.

I traced my fingers through the slab of chiseled muscles on his core and down the lines on his lean hips. I grabbed his member and he huffed out a needy breath as I felt him throb through the thin nylon of his running shorts. Once again he made me feel small. He felt thicker than anything I've ever taken and I knew he was going to ruin me with pleasure with such a fat cock.

I considered teasing him through his shorts but I was too desperate to feel his swollen flesh in my hands. I hooked my fingers in his waistband.

The sound of a car door slamming shut and the all too familiar beep of Jake locking his truck. The sounds made me nearly jump out of my skin as I swear I felt my heart stop for just a second before it beat out of my chest.

In one quick, sobering moment I realized that my brother was about to walk in on me almost completely naked about to be fucked senseless by his best friend.

My body was screaming for me to finish what I had started. I was so fucking close. But there was no way I could get caught like this.

I pushed my hands into Damien to have him get off me and then scrambled to grab my shirt as I ran faster than I ever have for my room. I slammed my bedroom door shut and with trembling hands locked it behind me.

I quickly placed an ear against the door and my heart was racing as I heard Jake's voice in the living room.

I wasn't scared of my older brother or anything, there was just no way that I would ever live down getting caught doing something like that. I mean I hardly even knew Damien and we were only a couple of thin layers of fabric from fucking each other's brains out.

I thought for just a second about throwing on some clothes and walking back out there but I quickly decided against it. My nervous ass definitely lacked the social graces to go back out there without immediately giving myself away. It didn't help that my older brother had always been able to read me like a book.

I kept my ear pressed to the door and when the conversation didn't turn to yelling I figured I was probably safe for now.

I just had to stay hidden in my room until Damien left for the festival then he would be gone and I could forget any of this ever happened. That was my only chance to put this behind me and not have Jake get suspicious.

There was just one problem. I wanted Damien, *bad*. I craved him. I downright *needed* him.

I had a taste and even that little scare of getting caught didn't assuage my desire even a little. If anything it made me want him more. The two of us were never supposed to be together. It was breaking all the rules.

I am twenty-five years old and Jake still sees me as his little sister. He has no problem with me dating or bringing guys back to

the apartment but I imagined that if he knew that his best friend was fooling around with me he would probably get all protective older brother on the both of us.

I didn't even want to imagine what might happen if he found out that we... *well* . We never actually got to what was coming next. A little fact which my aching core was constantly reminding me of.

I double checked that my door was locked and hopped into bed, quickly pulling my thick comforter over me. I stripped off my shirt again, the soft fabric bristling against my still painfully sensitive nipples..

I teased my stiff little buttons while the other hand dragged across my stomach and into my panties.

I was absolutely drenched. I don't think I've ever felt my pussy be so wet. So much that my panties clung to the sticky nectar that coated my lips and was quickly coating my fingers. I peeled them away and spread my slit apart. The subtle feeling of cool air against my swollen lips and clit sent shivers through me like I was already on the verge of finishing.

Normally it takes a fair amount of teasing and build up followed by some very precise clit or g-spot stimulation for me to finish.

But who was I kidding? The build up started the second I saw the hunk of man cooking me breakfast. And our grinding together was foreplay enough, I mean if the mess I made in my panties was any indication.

Now I was more than ready. I started with slow swirls around my clit but it quickly devolved into desperate, hard rubbing with nearly all of my fingers pressed into my mound. The wet sounds of my gushing reminded me of sex and I closed my eyes to picture what it might feel like to have Damien's manhood rearranging my guts with a proper dicking.

I pictured the heat of him in my hands. I pictured his thick shaft parting my lips. I pictured every muscle in his body tensed as he used me like his own personal sex toy. Or how he could spank my ass numb with his big, calloused hands.

The closer my orgasm got, the rougher my fantasy turned until all I could think of was being pinned beneath Damien, one of his hands around my throat and the other torturing my nipples while he forced his cock deep into my belly. My ass would be red and tiny fingerprint bruises would dot my hips and thighs from where he dug into my flesh to use me.

I had to bite into my pillow to stifle my screams. My hips bucked into my hand, begging for more than just a frantic clit rubbing. As I hit my peak I plunged two fingers inside myself, a mockery compared to what Damien's cock would feel like spreading its way into me.

A knock came at my door and my heart stopped. Before I could answer I heard Jake's voice.

"Nat, we're heading to the festival. There is breakfast in the kitchen. I probably won't be home until late."

"Oh umm...ok. Have fun!" I breathed a sigh of relief and laid back in bed, my mind still spinning.

When I finally heard the apartment door close with their exit I hopped out of bed and into the shower to wash the sticky mess from between my thighs.

The hot water was soothing but the second I let the showerhead pulse water against my vulva I instantly became needy again. I leaned back against the wall and forced another orgasm as my naughty fantasy returned.

It was nice having something tangible to think about during masturbation but that post-orgasm clarity just kept reminding me that I would never actually get to live out that fantasy.

Not only was Damien forbidden fruit but he also didn't live close anymore. After today he would probably be gone and out of my life for another couple years.

I simply couldn't wait that long but it's not like I could just go chasing after him. As much as I wanted him, thoughts of him leaving brought something else to mind. A guy like Damien isn't exactly hurting for female attention.

He probably has little flings like the one we had all the time. Girls were probably crawling all over him or maybe even a girlfriend

was waiting for him back home.

Guilt, shame, desperation, envy. I wasn't going to let a bunch of sexually frustrated nonsense ruin my coveted day off. So I did what any sensible adult does to escape their problems...sleep.

3

I slept longer than expected and ended up toiling most of the day away. I realized that I really needed to get Damien out of my head or I was just going to make myself miserable.

My best friend Ava is who I always turn to but she was working a late shift at the bar she waitresses at. It's not like I had anything else going on so I decided to pop in.

I don't exactly enjoy going to the bar I used to work at but I really needed someone to talk to. That and Ava is about the only person who I can bring up sex and she won't get weird.

As soon as I see her I can tell it's been a long night for her. It figures, considering the packed bar I walked into. Every table was full and the bar had a decent crowd around it.

"Who is he?" Ava asked with just a side glance as she grabbed an order from the bustling kitchen.

"Who said anything about a guy?" I tried to defend.

"That lovestruck look on your face and the fact that you came down to hang out with me at work on a Saturday night.

"I was just trying to be a good friend."

"Uh huh. So who is he?" Ava asked again with a grin.

"Ok, but I'm not lovestruck."

That gave Ava pause. "You? The hopeless romantic?"

"I'm not a..."

Ava just gave me that look that says 'really?' without saying a word as she handed me a tray to help her serve food to one of her tables

"Ok, but this guy is different."

We dished out the plates of food and then returned to the back where we finally had a second to talk.

"Different how?" Ava paused and came to a conclusion herself.

"Oh my god, you had a one night stand!"

"Well, sort of."

"What do you mean, sort of? You either did or you didn't."

"Well it was morning so not technically a one *night* stand."

"Natalie! You don't fuck a guy you barely know in the morning. That's strictly reserved for boyfriends and hookups from the night before that deserve another taste."

"Well that's the other thing. We didn't...fuck." I said. Ava just stared at me waiting for more information so I continued. "I also kind of know him."

"Nat, what sort of trouble have you gotten yourself into?" For the first time Ava's playful smile gets a little worried looking.

It's the question I've been asking myself all day.

The kitchen calls for another order to be picked up and Ava jumps to attention.

"Listen, I'm dying to hear more but I'm slammed right now."

"Do you need me to take a couple tables for you?" I asked. Considering I used to work here it's the least I could do since I was butting in with my own problems.

"Honestly if you could take just one. The booth in the corner. It's a rowdy one and if I hear any more of their cheesy pickup lines I might snap."

"Done."

"Thank you so much." Ava added while handing me a tray of beers to take to the booth. "Then I promise when we're closed I'll pour us a couple drinks and we can talk."

I maneuvered through the crowds and eyed the booth of six men. I thought my days of being hit on by drunk guys were over after I quit working here but Ava really did need the help.

Then I saw him. Damien. The others must be members of the band or road crew or something.

One foot stopped dead while the other didn't get the hint, causing me to trip over my own clumsy feet as I approached the table. I tried to correct the unbalanced tray but it only caused me to pour the beers back on myself.

The cold beer down my front instantly made my nipples go stiff and show through my drenched shirt. I could already feel my face

growing hot with embarrassment. So much so that I hardly had time to realize what had startled me.

The entire table stared at my impromptu wet t-shirt contest.

Damien hurriedly stood and threw his jacket over me.

For some reason I can't explain, him doing that made me angry. Then I realized it was really the frustration that he had left me with earlier that was now boiling back to the surface.

Ok yes, earlier I had wanted him to leave so that I could move on but that was just my brain's self defense so that I could bottle it all up and forget about it. Now that it was back. Now that *he* was back all of those things quickly came undone.

My frustration mixed with my embarrassment and all I wanted to do was cry.

"Where are you taking me?" I objected as Damien escorted me out of the bar.

"To get you something dry to wear."

"I don't need your help."

"Hey, if you want to be wet and cold and smell like beer the rest of the night, be my guest. I was just trying to be nice."

"Oh and were you trying to be nice when you left without so much as a goodbye this morning?"

"And what was I supposed to do? Come pounding on your door? Don't you think that might have made Jake a little suspicious?"

He was right, but I was still mad.

"After this morning I thought you might actually be happy to see me." Damien continued.

"Oh? And why is that?" I let my anger show but didn't stop from following Damien through the parking lot.

"I don't know. I thought we were having fun this morning."

"Well that was this morning." I said even though my urges were eating at me to let down my tough exterior and get right back to our naughty fun.

"Hey, if I knew you were this upset I would have gone somewhere else to get drinks, but how was I supposed to know you

worked here? Jake said you worked in marketing for some tech company."

I wanted to explain myself but hearing that Jake and Damien had talked about me made me a little worried.

"Did you say anything to him? Jake I mean...about this morning."

"Are you kidding? And get my ass kicked?"

"You? Get your ass kicked?" I said in disbelief. "You're practically one big muscle, I think you would be fine." I laughed.

"Then you obviously haven't seen your brother fight." Damien laughed back.

He opened the back of their big, white tour van in the back of the tiny lot and pulled out a duffle bag. He quickly produced a clean t-shirt for me to put on.

"Do you have anything smaller?" I asked.

"Sorry, I'm kinda big."

"You can say that again." It slipped out. I couldn't take it back. Even though we both knew what I was hinting at I quickly covered up my slip as a grin formed on Damien's face. "I mean your muscles. Don't be gross."

"So you think what happened this morning was gross?" Damien teased. "Because it looked to me like you were quite enjoying yourself."

I rolled my eyes but then I noticed I was also biting into my lip to stop a smile. "Whatever, turn around so I can change."

"No." He answered while looking at me dead on.

"Excuse me?"

"I said I'm not turning around. Now take off your shirt." Damien demanded.

"I didn't come out here to give you a show, so turn around." I giggled before I saw the intensity flare in his eyes.

He pushed me back against the open van door and put a strong arm in the way of my exit. "I know you've been thinking about us fucking all day. So you're going to do exactly what I say if you want me to give you what you want."

I should have been scared but for some reason with Damien I wasn't. Besides, I was too turned on to think of much else besides the heat in my core and the moisture between my thighs.

I looked up at him with the best sassy face I could muster. "I'm not going to fuck you in this parking lot."

That just made him grin even bigger. "Right. Because *I'll* be the one fucking *you*."

I felt my knees grow weak right as he took hold of me. He spun me around and yanked my shirt up so it was resting just above my now naked breasts. My nipples perked up even harder against the cold night air as he took a handful of my tits.

"Oh fuck." I let out a soft whine. "Damien."

"You sound so fucking cute when you say my name." His grip on me tightened. "I bet you'll look even better when you're screaming it."

I let out a lust filled sigh as he continued to manhandle me, kneading my breasts and tugging down my pants, giving my ass a playful spank. He took a greedy handful of my ass making me squeal with the sting of him clutching my flesh. He was being so rough.

"Goddamn your body is incredible." Damien growled with another grope and spank, making my ass jiggle.

That same hand slid down the curve of my ass and between my thighs where he pressed into my thinly veiled lips. His touch made my whole body ache as he pressed into my soaked panties, putting just enough pressure to tease and make an even bigger mess of the juices seeping out of me.

He hooked a finger around the thin strip of fabric that was keeping me covered and pulled it aside so my pussy could feel the brisk night air. A thick finger peeled my lips apart and slid up to my awaiting clit. The sensation was almost instantly too much. I was so sensitive to the slow swirling around my little nub and I wasn't ready to cum, not like this. I could finish with my own fingers. I needed Damien to give me what I couldn't give myself.

I needed to be fucked.

I reached a hand back and quickly found his stiff cock straining against his pants. I took hold and stroked him through the fabric, still struggling to keep my knees from buckling.

"I need it." I hushed.

Right on cue Damien pushed his finger into me, forcing the breath out of my lungs.

"Oh fuck, you're so tight." Damien paused with actual concern as I felt my walls hug his teasing finger.

"You like my tight little pussy baby?"

Horny Natalie was back and in full control. I might make bad decisions when I'm this turned on. Like having sex in a bar parking lot with my brother's best friend. But dammit if I didn't know how to get exactly what I wanted from a guy when lust was pumping through me.

My words made him throb and I knew that he was mine now. Now it was just time for Damien to make me his.

With my hand still reached behind me I tugged at his belt and before I knew it the heat of his rigid flesh was in my hand.

Fuck .

The feeling of his thick manhood sent a shiver across my body. I couldn't even imagine how much he was going to stretch me. I do have a tiny pussy and to be honest it's never been a problem before but the veins that wrapped around his shaft were pumping him impossibly harder and I could practically feel my little slit whimper.

"I'm gonna fucking ruin you." Damien growled as he took hold of my biceps and pulled my arms back, making my back arch and my ass press into him.

There was no going back now. I could feel his heat at my entrance and he had me pinned with his strength holding me in place. His swollen head parted my lips as he rocked his hips slowly into me.

Every ridge, every vein, every rock-hard, velvety inch of his powerful cock I could feel slowly snaking up inside of me. I was his instantly. Like my body was secretly made to take a bigger cock, I graciously spread open for him.

"Goddamn, your pussy feels like warm silk wrapped around me."

"I was made for your cock baby." I whined.

"That's fucking right you were. And now I'm gonna fuck you so that you can still feel me tomorrow."

"Oh fuck yes. Please. Use me."

There was no buildup. There was no easing me into it. He immediately began pummeling my pussy.

I've only ever had friendly and very polite sex up until this point so I was completely unaware that getting pounded senseless was the secret to make me cum in a matter of seconds. Ok, maybe that's not entirely true. Being pounded was absolute mind clearing bliss but the way that his cock stretched and filled me with each thrust is what was making me cum my brains out.

I panted his name as his wild rutting continued. I could feel my tight walls start constricting and milking him into me but it didn't phase him one bit. He just kept forcing his cock to the hilt inside of me over and over. Each time his hips pummeled into me it made my whole body shake and my ass and tits jiggle in a way that made me feel like he really was just using me.

I didn't care. This is exactly what I needed. I didn't want the usual tender kissing and slow, well-mannered sex. I wanted a good, proper fucking. I wanted him to clear my head and fill my cunt. I wanted him to use my body for what it was made for.

My wide hips and full ass, my big plump tits. I was made to be bred by a big, virile cock.

His rod swelled inside of me as his pounding got even more rough. A jolt rang through me with each pounding and the quiet of the night was filled only by the sound of our flesh clapping together over and over.

I wanted to tell him to fill me, to breed me, to claim my pussy as his. The second I opened my mouth my jaw hung down without a sound as the feeling of his warm seed spreading in my tummy was going to make me cum again. Just the thought of him carelessly pumping me full of his potent cum added to my feeling used. It was enough to send my brain into fuzzy ecstasy as he throbbed out his last ropes.

The sound of a group coming out of the bar and into the parking lot forced him to pull out. I cried out a tiny whimper upon feeling so empty. I slid my panties back into place to stop things from getting messy and instantly felt a puddle of his warm jizz forming at my entrance. I pulled my leggings back up and did a quick once over to make sure I didn't look too much like I had just been used raw like a needy whore.

That's exactly what I felt like. I finished...twice, but I still wanted more. Normally after I orgasm I need a minute to center myself and come back to reality but the dick was just too good. My pussy was swollen and aching and all I could think about was letting him use my throat next to clean off his cock that was still slick with my sex.

I walked back to the bar first, my soaked panties slowly filling with more and more cum as it leaked out of me. My naughty little secret.

Damien came back in soon after and when I spotted him I felt my cheeks and the skin on my chest grow hot. I felt like I was in heat and needed more of him.

I caught his eye and nodded my head towards the back hall of the bar where there were two small, private bathrooms. I got up and walked back, making sure to look over my shoulder with a wink. It was intentional this time. His eyebrows raised and he quickly stood up from the table and started to make his way through the crowd.

I assumed my position on my knees before he was even in the room with me.

"I'm not done with you yet." My voice was thick with seduction and want as he saw me already on my knees and quickly locked the door behind him.

"Are you fucking serious right now?" Damien asked, not sure if he should laugh or not.

I answered by furrowing my eyebrows and opening my mouth with a stuck out tongue as an invitation. He quickly pulled out his soft cock but I could already see him growing thick with arousal and raising to attention at my slutty display.

I was so turned on watching him. I pulled my shirt off and tugged at my little piercings, making me gasp and clench at my own teasing.

He almost couldn't believe what was happening. To be honest, I probably wouldn't either if I wasn't so damn horny. So this time I decided to take charge.

"I need to be a good girl and clean your cock off for you sir." I said before sticking my tongue back out.

I didn't keep control of the situation for long. He pushed into me, knocking me on my ass as I was forced to swallow his cock. My jaw stretched open as the sweet, sticky mess that still coated his dick slid across my tongue. He had my head pinned against the wall, forcing me to take every inch as he carelessly stretched past the opening to my throat and down into my neck. The stretching and pain quickly soothed as he quenched the needy desire I had to be used over and over.

I didn't care anymore.

I didn't care if there was another woman in his life. I didn't care that he might be gone tomorrow. All I cared about was being the best he ever had. I wanted him to remember how tight my pussy felt, milking his cock. I wanted him to remember how I let him use my throat like his big dick deserves. I wanted him to remember that my body was his to use whenever he decided to come back to town.

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