

Closer

by metamuse

Fucking with a few extra digits.

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Chapter 1 of 2

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Closer

Slowly I thrust in and out of her. She is still virgin tight even though I took her virginity three months ago. It is still hard to believe after all this time that the woman below me allows me pound into her with all my might. She tightens her inner muscles when I pull out enhancing the erotic dance we move to. Our sweat is mixing together, making our bodies slippery against each other. We have been keeping this pace of slow fucking for nearly thirty minutes now, trying to push each other over the edge first, to see who will give in first. I can see the restraint in her eyes, fierce determination to not give in to her climax.

I rotate my hips to the left while sliding in knowing it will allow me to cause her greater pleasure.

"Ahhh!" She moans at that fine line between pain and pleasure; the amount of time we have been doing this drawing her so close. She is sensitive from the previous night still. Coupling three times from the end of class yesterday will make a woman tender, I know, especially when each session lasts an hour. I've been arching my back in this position for too long; resting my weight on my palms near her shoulders knowing this angle causes her the most pleasure. I make a rash decision, an idea I have had for a few weeks. This is the perfect time.

I slam into her body unexpectedly, causing her to climax. Her walls quiver with intense gratification. I pull my knees up under her, resting her buttocks on my thighs, staying buried within her. Her body now rests half on the bed, half on my lap giving me further access to her needy body. My hands find their way to her hips keeping her tight against my shaft. I rotate my hips purposefully, causing her to moan in pain and pleasure all at once. Her legs are still wrapped around my back. We have tried this position before - she is used to it.

After her pinnacle I stare into her eyes. She grins while starting to move her hips again, knowing we are not finished. I start the game over. I pull inches out and slam back in. My balls slap against her arse. I withdraw slowly, until the very head of my cock is threatening to slip out, then push back in agonizingly slowly. Her eyes plead with desperation. I have played this game before. I vary my thrusts and withdrawals from extremely slow to frantically brisk.

A few minutes into the torturous game, I pull completely out. She looks at me bewildered. I take my right hand and slowly stroke her outer lips drawing a moan from her. My fingers dip into her until they are buried to the knuckle. I stroke her a few times letting my fingers cover themselves with her essence. I pull them out and stare into her eyes.

My fingers slide down and her eyes grow wide. We have never ventured into this territory before. Her eyes show her fear but also her trust in me. I bury my cock back inside her, my fingers only press against her anus. My left hand pushes her legs down from my hips, my right hand moves from between her legs and around her waist. I help her sit up on her knees with my left so she is kneeling over my thighs. We have made love in this position before but I am attempting more now.

Slowly I let my index finger press into her anus, her nectar providing the lubrication.

Her eyes are focused on mine still though, her trust evident but her body betraying her conviction; she moves forward against my erection to avoid her rear entrance. With my left hand I hold her lower back tightly to my body and kiss her wanton mouth with passion. While kissing, my finger continues its slow passage in, past the end of the fingernail to the second knuckle.

Her kiss is demanding and erotic, her body stays still while I push my finger deeper into her. As my finger makes its way into the last possible depths, she bites my bottom lip in slight pain. We stay in this position for several long minutes, kissing, still letting her get used to the new intrusion of her body. Soon enough, though, she starts to move. I try my best to keep my finger still, her movements brought on by slowly shifting her body weight, yet am unable to. I can feel her moving between my cock and my finger. I break the kiss and realize she is enjoying it now, thrusting forward onto my shaft and then pushing back onto my finger. Her eyes show great passion. I let her do all the work, knowing she is enjoying it.

But after a few minutes I want more... I keep hold of her still with my left hand, pressing her body against mine, her breasts trapped tightly to my chest. A second finger makes its way slowly into her, her ring muscles resist the intrusion but I push forward. I see the pain within her eyes; she bites her bottom lip, trying to keep from complaining. With slow, careful pressure the second digit joins my first.

I let her relax back a bit, settling onto my fingers. She stops biting her bottom lip. She is getting used to the double penetration from my cock and fingers; both submerged to the hilt. Taking the first action to regain some of her control as my own, I pull my fingers out until only the very tips are teasing at her entrance, then push forwards again. By now she is used to the pain which is quickly being overcome with passion. Her muscles still resist but it makes the journey sweeter for her. I pull my fingers out again but not as far. My left hand goes to her waist, indicating she is to take control of the impaling of her body. Before she moves her body, she latches her lips onto mine. We kiss feverishly. As we kiss I feel her starting to move her hips back and forth, enjoying the sensations.

I caress my tongue against the top of her mouth; I know this is her sensitive area and makes her even more rash. Soon, with practised movements, her speed increases. The muscles within her cunt and her arse are starting to throb. I know she will climax again soon. I am relieved - the pressure of withholding my own explosion is driving me mad. I know it will not be long before I have my cock impaled in her arse, and the idea is ecstasy, considering the tightness of her muscles surrounding my long, thin fingers alone.

Five minutes later, I feel the pressure of her muscles tighten further on me. My left hand drifts between us and I flick her clit, launching her over the edge. Her mouth rips from mine and she lets out a moan of bliss. Her body shivers from the power of her orgasm. Unable to control myself any longer, I give in. I thrust forward with my shaft and plunge my fingers as deeply as possible not being able to care if there is slight pain to my lover. Fortunately, my savage loss of control on her brings her yet another orgasm. I feel intoxicating indulgence rip through my body as I spill deep within her, grunting into her neck with glorified satisfaction.

A minute later, both down from our peaks, we stare at each other. I withdraw myself completely from her and move to lay us down on the bed. My left hand automatically reaches for my wand as I mutter spells to cleanse us both before we settle down for a nap. Our games can continue later.

Expeltio

(End)

Interesting Discovery

Chapter 2 of 2

Fucking with a new hole.

I close my eyes, enjoying the feel of his smooth, silky skin as I run my tongue over the tip of his cock. Pleasuring him this way is one of the greatest feelings in the world. The control I have over my lover is astonishing considering he is one of the most powerful wizards of the century. His dark, sombre eyes always make me want to stare into them for hours without looking away. I love to wake him with my mouth. The force of his delirious morning orgasm is always powerful and stunning.

I feel he is getting close to the point of his release. My hands caress his sack, urging him on. I take his full length into my mouth and suck hard, adding as much pressure as my skill will allow. Only with practice can I take him in so deep. His cock starts to pulse, and within a few seconds, hot spurts of his seed pour down my throat. I swallow every drop, loving the salty taste of him. With his eruption I feel his hands in my hair, massaging my scalp; his grunt travels to my ears, letting me know his experience was satisfying.

After the last drop escapes from him, I lick his softening shaft clean. I remove my lips from him and sit back onto my knees to look at him. My tongue darts out to claim the last taste of him for my mouth. Without hesitation, he pulls me forward, laying my body over his as he fucks my mouth with his tongue. I know he can taste himself as I still can. Our tongues duel for supremacy, but we know neither of us will achieve the goal.

Minutes pass slowly with our kiss. I smell the scent of sex from earlier this morning. With ease, I feel him starting to turn over, placing himself on top. I can feel that he is starting to recover. He breaks the kiss and moves to my neck; his teeth nip at the tender flesh behind my ears and he bites my neck to leave a small mark that I will have to cover up tomorrow. I savour the feel of his hot breath against my feverish skin. The bites increase in pressure as he moves down my body. Soft lips surround the areola of my right breast, while his teeth bite down harder than ever before. I hiss at the feeling of pain, but enjoy the sensation it causes. He quickly sucks my breast into his mouth with agonizing pressure. A moist, velvet tongue laps at my nipple, driving me mad. With a rush of cold air he releases my right breast and starts the torture on my left.

The man may be my lover, but he is also my enforcer of sexual torture. He continues the erotic torment on me for a few more minutes before moving his talented mouth down to my abdomen. Teeth constantly nip at my flesh. I know I will have slight bruise marks down my body later. Before long, his breath is on my center and, with a quick swipe of his wet tongue, I moan with pleasure.

He licks at my core for a few more minutes, pushing me to the brink before edging back, not allowing me to climax. I hate the bastard at times like this, but in the end I know the tormenting experience pays off in an earth shattering orgasm. He sucks my nub between his lips and with his teeth bites down again, causing painful pleasure. Two fingers are quickly buried within me and begin thrusting. My memories fall back to the previous lovemaking session. I want to experience it again. I raise my hips further giving a hint as to what I want. His eyes lock with mine. I quickly moisten my dry lips with my tongue and nod my head.

I feel him pull his fingers out and trail moisture down until he reaches my anus. He takes his time, as he did previously, but I do not want such gentleness. I know the slight pain will increase the pleasure. With a thrust of my hips, his single digit is buried inside me again. Waves of ecstasy are rolling through me, but still I demand, "More!"

He withdraws his single finger and pushes two into me, not as slowly as before, but not nearly as fast as I desire. I want to thrust onto him, but know it would cause me more pain than before. My desire is too strong, however, and I make a rash decision; launching my body upwards, I feel his fingers burying deeply into me. I scream from

pain and moan with delight at the same time. Lips and tongue start to move over my center, lapping my dripping nectar. Together in cadence, he thrusts his tongue into me and his fingers plunge repeatedly into my arse.

His incredible tongue stops along with his insistent fingers. I look up in dismay at my lover. He's crawling back up to me; I see his powerful erection is back. He wastes no time grabbing his wand and muttering quick spells. Within a second he enters me forcefully. I moan at the rough delicious entrance. It is almost enough to drive me into my orgasm. His lips are on mine taking what he desires; he rarely shows his demanding side, but I know he has finally become comfortable enough to show such aggressiveness within our lovemaking. The kiss lasts only a minute before he breaks it and stares into my eyes. The question there is obvious and the idea of him fucking my arse makes my anus throb. I had read a book once containing such a sexual act, but I ignored my feelings and desire then. I can no longer do so, knowing he wants to do this now. I nod my head. While desiring this myself, I am still nervous. His hands move to my hips and he pulls out of my body.

"Knees," he growls with a rough desire that opposes his usual silky voice.

I move quickly onto my hands and knees. The bed shifts as he moves behind me. I feel his shaft pressing against my buttocks. He guides his cock into me again; the angle of his entrance allows him greater depth. This has been one of my favorite positions since we first made love. He slides in and out slowly causing the anticipation of what is to come to grow intensify. Soon he withdraws and places the tip of his penis against my anus and pushes. A tight grip on my hips keeps me still but it is not uncomfortable. Even though I can feel him pushing, he is not able to enter even with the lubrication from me.

The grip on my hips tightens, and I brace myself for a feeling unknown to flood my body. Pain is all I feel when he starts to enter. I can tell when only the tip is in, but the intensity of it is beyond what I had ever thought. I bite my lower lip, trying to keep still. I remember that his fingers hurt at first as well but became pleasure, and I know this will be the same. Slowly he enters. I can feel my sphincter muscles trying to push him out, but he persists. The pain is almost unbearable; it feels like skin being torn... he is splitting me in two. I moan from the sensation; my head hangs down trying to bear with it. The heat coming from him is unexpected; it wasn't burning but hot against my arse.

I can't take the torture anymore and I try to pull away. His hands grip me harder to hold me still. The pain grows with him not moving. I know he is trying to let me get used to the pain but this I cannot accommodate. Trying to focus on this logical thought, I push back on him a little, and I notice the pain eases the slightest bit.

"Faster," I groan out of desperation to have him in me completely, thinking the pain will continue to ease.

As he pushes in further, the pain ebbs away and pleasure takes over. I continue to push back on him, and with him pushing into me, I feel his balls against my outer lips. The sensations are amazing. He feels huge in my arse, bigger than how large I know he really is. The heat from him is greater than what it is when he is in my pussy. A few seconds pass - the pain is still there but not excruciating, yet I want him to move now. I want to feel him forcing his way into me. His pleasure to be taken from my body, knowing there is nothing I can do to stop it. My courage gathers to voice what I truly desire. "Fuck me!" My voice is nearly a growl, which even I don't recognize.

His palms and fingers establish their hold on me and he pulls out to the very tip; the immense pain is back and I push back onto him wanting to escape that pain and feel the ecstasy of him fucking me. His thrusts are not fast - I can tell he is trying to be cautious. My craving to feel him pound into me is growing. During our affair together my aggressive sexuality has come to life, but the feeling of being dominated now is so different to what I have experienced so far. The need to be dominated, used for his pleasure alone was roaring through my veins.

"Harder," I grunt.

With each thrust of his cock, his balls slap against my center and clit. His energy in fucking me increases but the speed is still the same. I start to rock against him, urging him on. This would be the best anal fuck he would ever have. He will never want to give me up.

"Faster!"

He must have understood my demand and passion to have him completely in me. He elevates his speed and power and hits a new spot within me. Every time his cock drives into me, he hits it. Floods of ecstasy engulf me each time. The combination of his slapping sack on my overly sensitized lips and clit and the emphasis his cock put on my anal g-spot are quickly putting me over the edge. I know I will not last much longer.

Concentrating on my arse muscles, I tighten them as he withdraws. My efforts are noticeable when my mate groans. We continue the game for a few more minutes, my arse is sore but I am unwilling to stop now. I need to be fucked within an inch of my life. I feel his right hand move from my waist to my core. Three long but thin fingers slam into my pussy without apprehension of what it would do to me.

Unable to withstand any more maddening pleasure, I scream from ecstasy and pain as he drives into me harder and harder. The fucking of his fingers and shaft leave no room but for me to explode. My eyes close without intentionally meaning to, my neck strains back as a new moaning scream escapes my throat. The muscles within me ripple intensely. One last thrust from my lover and I feel his hot seed shoot into me. Behind my closed my eyelids, I start to see white flashes. I know it is from the intensity of my orgasm, and I have no choice but to ride it out.

After our mind blowing climaxes, I let my body fall onto the bed, my arms not having the strength to hold my weight any longer. I feel him still in my body as I go down and he follows. He lies on top of me for a short minute before removing his fingers. I bite my bottom lip at the sensitivity of my outer lips. His body shifts slowly, getting off of mine; his cock is still in me but flaccid. As his body shifts and his cock moves within me, I cannot hold back the moan of pain. He moves faster but this only increases the pain. The weight of his body settles next to mine on the bed. I am too drained to even lift my head to look at my lover. I know he is reaching for his wand to cleanse us both. Seconds later, I feel clean but my body still hums from the pleasure and throbs from the pain I just endured. He rests his head next to mine, and after a brief kiss on my neck, his arms caress my back affectionately. This is the last memory I have before I drift off to sleep.