The best whore

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A fictional story.. a fantasy..

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You aren't shy at all as you appear in my hallway, the door left purposely open for you, so as to avoid what I imagine to be the awkward moment of opening the front door to you.
I've never been in this situation before and I'm not sure how it starts. But you know and all is well.
After five or six polite words you grab my hair and manipulate my head to show me who has the control here.

"I don't have it and I never wanted it" I think to myself as you order me up the stairs still clutching a handful of my hair.
You frogmarch me to the top, lifting my skirt as we ascend, watching my round ass as you take me nearer to heaven.
I've never fucked a total stranger before and being out of my comfort zone is arousing me more than I thought it would.
You strip me of my clothes and tie my hands behind my back with my bra, ignoring the scarves that are tied loosely around my bedposts.

"Suck my cock bitch"

You say to me producing your throbbing dripping cock, and I oblige you willingly because I want to be a whore, just this once, I want to be the best whore there ever was.
You slap my face as I widen my mouth around you and take as much as I can to the back of my throat.

"If I feel those teeth again, you're going to pay"

You say to me and I realise that I absolutely love being spoken to this way.

I open my small mouth as wide as I can and take it all until I'm gagging around you.

“Good girl” you tell me and if my mouth wasn’t full, I would smile.

You drag me to the edge of the bed and I know what to do, so I arch myself backwards into the perfect throat fucking position.

“God I love being a whore” I think as I imagine how this would look to an observer.

You fuck my throat relentlessly until it’s aching, but I wont stop you because this is exactly what I want from you, to be abused by you for your own selfish needs.
Within minutes you’re dragging me into a different position, I’m on all fours now and you have my head pressed firmly into the pillow, as soon as you let go I instinctively try to lift myself up to be a part of this, but you push me back down each time and either I really like that or I’m just not learning very well.

“You want my belt on your ass?” you ask and I know you aren’t waiting for an answer, I have no choice of course because I’m tied and I don’t want the choice, if I had it, the answer would be “no”.

I wince prematurely in anticipation and I’m fairly sure, well certain actually that you’re enjoying how nervous you’re making me.
It doesn’t hurt as much as I imagine it will and I cry out wantonly and helplessly as you give it to me and I accept it like the good little girl that I am.
My ass cheeks are red and bruised when you decide that you have other plans for the belt.
I panic slightly as you wrap it around my neck and pull back as you ram your cock into my soaking smooth pussy, You fuck me savagely without emotion, you call me a filthy fucking slut and I take it, because I need it, all of it.
I’m nervous about the whole belt thing, as I don’t know you to trust you, so with blind faith and the thrill of it combined I enjoy how special this is.
You’re pounding my pussy now and the word “Please” leaves my dry lips over and over again as your gorgeous cock searches for the answer.
You continue to move me around, enjoy the control you have over your submissive little slut you turn me over now and straddle my face, offering me your ass.

“Lick it bitch”

You order me and I’m right there with you, using my initiative, I want it.

“You are a filthy little whore aren’t you, get that tongue right in there”, you say through a raspy breath.

You’re spreading yourself as I lap eagerly at you, desperate to please.
You turn around now and try to give me your cock again, it amuses me to resist you by refusing to open my mouth, but it doesn’t amuse you at all.
You slap my face hard, one side then thee other, basking in the helpless defeated look in my teary eyes, my makeup where it shouldn’t be as a result of the gagging.
I open my mouth for you and you thrust yourself again and again until my throat is aching with the

effort.

“On your knees you dirty bitch”

You say aggressively and you’re using the belt in my mouth now, pulling it tight in an effort to hush my moans, it doesn’t work though.
I wonder just for a second where else you could use this belt you’re so keen on.
You’re fucking me again now, the belt pulled tight behind my head, your other hand spanking my already raw ass hard, still through restraint I beg you

“Fuck me, please don’t stop fucking me”

You keep on going your gorgeous cock keeps its promise to me.

You’re introducing your soaked cock to my tired mouth again, I lick the length of it, lick your balls avidly. I can taste myself and it makes me gasp onto you.
I spread my legs for you and you know just what I want, your fingers are there in an instant, all of them and your thumb pushing into me.
I’m sopping wet and I open my legs wider to help the journey, your face when your fist arrives at its destination is perfection.
You continue to watch your hand in my bald stretched pussy as you thrust in and out encouraged by the word “yes” which leaves me over and over again.
My physical ecstasy is just a small part of this experience but it’s intense and my pussy grips your hand as orgasm sweeps over me. You spill delicious cum into my pleading mouth and I swallow every last drop, as you knew I would.

“Come here”, you say to me as we collapse along side one another and I move in close to you.
We lay in each other’s arms tenderly stroking each other, whispering softly as we get to know each other.
It’s not very long at all before you’re ready to go again, I’m already reminiscing about what just happened between us and my needs are growing again.
You aren’t quite so brutal with me now and that’s okay with me because I’m about to get you again and at this moment it’s all I can think about.
You slide down to my pussy and your tongue laps at me, I like it that you’re giving something back to me and actually you’re very good at this.

“I’m going to fuck your tight little ass now!” you announce nonchalantly, I smile inwardly because I was just wondering when my ass was going to get some of you.
You have my long soft hair in your hands and you’re yanking me into position on my knees.

“Do you want it in your tight little ass?” You ask, and pathetically I respond with a pleading

“yes”.

“Beg for it then whore” you tell me, and I gasp and moan at the idea of begging for it.

“Please fuck my tight ass”, I say, and I so sound pathetic, almost whimpering with need.

“Not good enough slut! Beg some more”, you say with feigned annoyance and I keep on begging until you have to ram you cock in my ass just to make it stop.
Your cock pushes past the resistance past the tight muscles that say no, whilst my mind says yes yes yes , and into my cool depths of me you go. You slap my breasts hard, you pinch my nipples until I’m squirming as quietly as I can manage beneath you.
I am the best whore you will ever know.