I am Not a Fucking Chore

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Laurel wanted him to be spontaneous. Did she get more than she bargained for?

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“No,” Laurel cries out across the table at dinner. “I am saying that you are never spontaneous with me.”

Brian tries to get her to quiet down, feeling embarrassed that half of the restaurant is now looking at their table. His wife is unhappy, that he knows, but that doesn't mean she has to make a scene in front of all these people.

“Can we discuss this at home?” he asks her quietly, trying to end this conversation for now. All he wants is decent meal but that is obviously out of the question. “This is just not the place to have this conversation.”

“Whatever,” she gets up from the table and begins to leave the restaurant. “If I make it home. We will talk.”

Laurel grabs her purse from beside the table and quickly makes her way out the front doors of the restaurant. Brian would have chased after her, but there is a bill to be paid and he's not the type to just run out on a bill. He'll chase after her soon enough.

By time Brian pays the bill and makes his way outside, Laurel is nowhere to be found. He doesn't figure she'll go home without him, but there are many places nearby that she could be. He starts with the few night clubs on the street but still cannot seem to locate her.

Brian, finally worries and decides to call her cell phone. He is surprised that she actually answers and is even more surprised that she sounds drunk. It has only been about forty minutes since she left him behind. How much could she have drunk in that short period of time?

Laurel tells him which bar she is at and he finally locates her. She is sitting alone at the bar talking to the bartender about something. Brian can tell that the bartender wants to get out of the conversation,

but Laurel is good at making people pay attention to her. That is kind of one of the reasons that he fell in love with her.

“Look who that cat dragged in,” she slurs through her teeth when she sees her husband. “Didn’t actually think you would show up.”

“I think it is time to go home,” Brian informs her, paying the bartender for the tab and grabbing a hold of her. Though it is not what he expects, she comes willing and easy.

“This isn’t over you know?” She informs him as he waves down a taxi cab. “I am still angry at you.”

“You can be angry at me all you want.” He shakes his head at her as he helps her into the cab. “But let’s get home first okay?”

“No.” She's still angry. “I am not happy, Brian. You used to be spontaneous and fun. Now everything is boring and routine. You are not the man that I married.”

Brian frowns, looking forward to the cab driver who is pretending not to hear their conversation. They always heard the conversations. Brian's sure this isn't the first or the last embarrassing conversation he's going to have to hear from the backseat of his cab.

“What do you want from me?” Brian gives in and begins to argue with her.

“I want you to be spontaneous,” she starts. “I want you to be outgoing. I want you to fuck me like you used to, raw and full of passion. Not like a chore at the end of the day.”

“I do not fuck you like a chore,” he defends himself. Though he knows their sex life has been lacking these days.

“Yes you do,” she yells at him. “Like a fucking chore.”

“You know what,” he reaches out and grabs her hard, pulling her into him. “Maybe if you acted like you wanted it a little more, I would fuck you with more passion. You always have a headache or are not in the mood. Who is really the fucking chore here?”

“You are kind of hurting me,” she squirms in his arms.

“Good,” his hot breath hits against her skin.

Brian pulls her even harder into him and kisses her lips hard, parting her mouth with his tongue and exploring the inside of her mouth. At first she fights him, but soon she is consumed by him, her entire body on fire.

“You like hurting me?” She asks him, biting at his lower lip.

“Love it,” he growls, pulling her hair, which forces her head back. He bites at her neck. “It makes me hot.”

“Hurt me more,” she gives him a serious look.

Brian reaches out and grabs her throat, holding it tightly in his hands. Her eyes get big but he can tell how much she is loving it. She is breathing heavy and he can see her breasts rise and fall. Without thinking it much through, he rips her dress open and grabs her breast into his hand and firmly plays with it. Her moans let him know that she is enjoying it.

“You like being treated like a whore?” he asks her. “Are you a whore Laurel?”

Laurel nods her head at him, which was not the answer that he wanted. He pulls her into him, her throat still in his hands.

“Answer me,” he demands. “Are you a whore, Laurel?”
“Yes,” she cries out. “Yes, I am a whore.”

Brian pulls her onto his lap and works to unbutton his pants. His cock is hard as a rock and he can no longer keep it locked up inside of his pants. Once it is free, he pulls her dress up and without warning rips her panties away from her body.

He slides his hand between her legs and his hand is instantly wet with her juices. She is dripping wet and that makes his cock twitch with excitement.

“You want me spontaneous?” he asks her.

“Yes,” she cries out.

Brian grabs her hips and pulls her down onto his cock, her body facing away from him and towards the cab driver who is pretending not to watch.

Brian pulls her down all the way onto his cock and then pushes her back up, only to pull her down

again. Over and over, he forces her to ride his hard cock.

“Oh fuck,” she cries out, holding on to whatever she can to keep her hands busy.

“Grab your breasts for me,” he demands. “Do it now.”

Laurel grabs at her breasts and begins to play with them, pinching and pulling at her nipples as he slams his cock deep inside of her pussy.

Soon it becomes too much for both of them and they cry out. Brian shoots his entire load inside of her, not slowing down on his strokes until he has nothing left to give her. She cums equally as hard around his cock, her orgasm so intense that she has to lean into the window between them and the cab driver to stop from falling over.

After a few minutes, Brian pushes her off of him and they sit in silence the rest of the way to their home. Neither of them making eye contact.

Once they were there, Laurel steps out and makes her way to the front door the best she can on wobbly legs and Brian fumbles through his wallet.

“How much do I owe you?” Brian asks the driver.

“Nothing.” The cab driver nods at him with a smile. “Ride is on me tonight sure. Why don’t you just go inside and take care of that lovely lady you have there.”

“Thank you.” Brian smiles at him and shuts the door.

He is going to go take care of her alright. She wants spontaneous? Well, she hasn’t seen nothing yet.