The Life and Times of Natasha Knight (Part II)

By itssosoft

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I stumbled up the stairs and pushed myself into my room. My parents had gone to bed long ago, or so it seemed. It was dark in the house and they were good at going to bed at way to early of hours. I was glad they were asleep though, they would not have to see me as I was now.

Taking off all of my clothes, I shoved them into the back of my closet and ran to the bathroom. I turned on the shower and stood in front of the mirror as I waited for the water to heat up. I looked over my body and could not recognize myself. I could not wrap my head around what had happened this evening.

Stepping into the shower it burned my skin. I scrubbed at my body hard, trying to get all of the dirt and filth off of my skin. I told myself in my head that I would never do anything like I had just done again. I was better then being fucked like that in a back alleyway.

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I woke up slowly the next morning. I felt like I had been hit by a truck the night before. I had no idea how much he had damaged my body until this very instant. I crawled out of bed and slipped over to my computer. Normally I would go downstairs and get some coffee but I did not want to have to face my parents.

After checking my email, I decided to go into a chat room, it was a local chat room. If I was going to talk to people, I wanted to talk to people from my area. That was when I got an instant message.

bigdaddy4you: hey

hottestbitch01: hey

bigdaddy4you: asl?

hottestbitch01: seventeen/female/oregon and you?

bigdaddy4you: forty seven/male/oregon

hottestbitch01: so what are you doing online so early in the morning?

bigdaddy4you: I could ask you the same question.

hottestbitch01: why?

bigdaddy4you: Why would a teenager be online so early, shouldn’t you be sleeping in?

hottestbitch01: I don’t ever sleep in. I am a morning person, well and a night person.

bigdaddy4you: sounds like my kind of girl. so what are you up to today?

hottestbitch01: probably just going to play on the computer or something. what about you?

bigdaddy4you: well I was going to make dinner for my girlfriend but she dumped me yesterday

hottestbitch01: that is horrible, why did she break up with you?

bigdaddy4you: she thought I was to rough with her in bed, I hurt her or something like that

I leaned back and took a deep breath, my body had started to shake and I started to remember last night. My hand lightly ran over my breasts and I squeezed them lightly, my pussy tightened with my squeeze and I let out a slight moan.

hottestbitch01: well that is to bad for her then, she didn’t realize what she had

bigdaddy4you: you like it rough in bed baby?

hottestbitch01: I love it rough.

bigdaddy4you: how about I change my plans and make you dinner?

hottestbitch01: you would want to make me dinner?

bigdaddy4you: yeah, if you are up for it?

hottestbitch01: um ... okay, that sounds nice,

I talked to him a while longer and we exchanged names and numbers. He also gave me his address so that I would know where I was going, He told me to meet him there at eight o’clock. My parents were the type of go to bed at eight, so I asked him to make it nine. He agreed and it was a date.

I took a long shower and got all done up. I did not even know what this man looked like but I was going to make sure that I looked my best. I curled my hair and let it fall down over my shoulders. My makeup was light but made all my important features stand out. I then slipped into a red satin dress that stopped just above my knees and had a small slit in the side.

I nodded at myself in the mirror and smiled when I was done. I felt that I looked amazing and I knew there was not much he could say to make me feel any different. I was going to rock this man's world. I was sure with his age and what not that he was going to love everything I could give him.

Once I was ready, I waited for my parents to go to bed, and then I snuck quietly out of the house. I slid into the front seat of my car and started the engine. My heart was beating fast and I almost decided to not go through with this, but the desire was much stronger then the fear.

I knocked lightly on his door. I was almost hoping that he would not hear the knock and I would get to leave, but he had heard it and the door swung open. He smiled big at me after his eyes looked me over, I could tell that he liked what he saw. I looked him over as well. He was a good looking man, tall, handsome and muscular. He was not the hottest man in the world but he was not a disappointment either.

“Come on in Natasha,” he said with a smile as he opened his door all the way to let me in. I stepped into the entry way to his house and then stopped. I looked around a little bit but I was nervous. “Here, let me get your coat.”

I handed him my coat and he hung it up by the front door. Once my coat was off he could see my outfit and he looked me over again. He winked at me and led me into the living room.

“Have a seat,” he said motioning toward the couch. I sat down and crossed my ankles. He then began to leave the room. “Would you like a glass of wine?”

“I would love one,” I said with a shaky voice. I looked around his living room while he was gone. I could tell by looking at it that he had a lot of money.

“Here you go,” he handed me a glass of wine. “Dinner is almost done if you would like to head on into the dining room.”

He took my hand and he led me to the dining room. He pulled out a chair for me and I sat down. He helped me pushed it in behind me. I felt like a queen. Last night I had felt like I was the scum of the earth, being used for one reason only and now I felt like I was wanted for something more.

He walked into the kitchen and brought out our dinner. I was not sure 100% what it was, some kind of foreign dish, but it tasted amazing. It was probably one of the better things I had ever eaten. I thanked him over and over for inviting me to dinner. Though halfway through the meal, I began to believe that is all that he wanted. He just wanted someone to have dinner with. He did not overly look at me and he made no hints at sex. I felt maybe I had wasted my time, as good as the food was.

After dinner we made our way back into the living room and we shared a bottle of wine. We talked about his ex and how much he missed her, but how angry he was at her. I tried to play on his anger, get him frustrated. I loved watching people get angry and if I could help, well, all the better.

I watched his face fill with anger when he talked about his ex. He was going to ask her to marry him but she decided that his sex was unenjoyable because he was to rough with her. How I wished he would be to rough with me but he did not see interested.

“If I could get my hands on her one more time,” he began in an angry tone. “I would show that girl exactly what rough sex really is.”

I looked over him with a smile. He gave me the greatest idea. I stood up and paced the living room for a moment, working out a plan in my head.

“So what was her name again?” I asked him, trying to see as if I was really interested in what her name was.

“Stacy,” he answer with an even harsher tone in his voice. I could tell that he was really angry with this woman and had so much of that anger held up inside.

“Where is the bathroom,” I asked him, trying to figure out the best way to pull this off. Now that I knew her name, I had a starting point.

“The one downstairs is being remodeled.” He said standing up and turned to point to the stairs. “The only other one is upstairs, through my room which is the first one on the left.”

“Thank you,” I said as I walked over to the stairs, stopping just at the bottom. I turned back to him and gave him my most innocent look. “I would like it if you would show me, new places sometimes freak me out.”

“Oh, okay,” He said completely clueless of what I was doing to him. He walked over to me and began up the stairs. I followed him close behind, acting as if I was scared of his upstairs. Once we made it to the bathroom, I walked in quickly and shut the door.

I looked myself over in the mirror for a few moments. I really did not need to use the bathroom, I just needed to put the ball in my court and now I had it. It was up to me to make sure that this game went as planned and I knew just how to do that.

I flushed the toilet and turned on the water to make it seem as if I was washing my hands. I stopped right at the door for a moment and took a deep breath, before opening the door and stepping out into his bedroom. I looked over to him sitting on his bed. He looked so innocent, though I knew there was a much darker man under it all.

“So I think maybe Stacy was right.” I said walking over to his dresser and looking through his things. He gave me a look of confusion but he did not move or say a word. “I mean, what kind of girl wants to stick around with some old dude who can’t fuck worth shit.”

“Who the hell do you think you are.” He said loudly as he stood up and turned me around violently, shoving me against the dresser. “You stupid little slut, I want you out of my house.”

“Why,” I said getting into his face, “You scared that I am going to keep telling you how stupid and pathetic you are? I bet you have a small penis too.”

I looked over the rage in his face and I began to laugh. I knew that I had him where I wanted him and he was going to give me exactly what I wanted.

“Why you little whore,” he yelled, slapping me across the face. My skin burned and I wanted him to do it again. I wanted him to hit me over and over again.

Before I had the chance to egg him on any further, he had pushed me hard into the dresser and then turned to throw me onto the bed. He turned to me and unzipped his pants. He did not even bother to

take them off. It was so hot that I could tell my panties were soaked all the way through. I wanted so much for him to force what was actually a good sized penis into my dripping wet pussy. It had to be 7-8 inches big.

“You are a stupid man,” I yelled at him as he walked toward me. His hard cock was now hanging out of his pants and he was red in the face. For a moment I feared for my safety but that is what I wanted. I wanted this man to use me and toss me aside. I wanted him to put all of his passion into hurting me and beating me with his hands and his sex. I wanted to be his dirty filthy whore.

He moved over to the bed and shoved me down. I smiled up at him but still tried to fight him. He looked angry and confused at the same time. I had him right where I wanted him.

He reached down and slid his hand up my dress. His fingers grabbing my panties and shoving them to the side. Leaving my pussy exposed to his thick fingers.

“Your a pervert.” I yelled, as I pushed my pussy toward him to that his fingers where now pressed against the outer layers of my soaking wet pussy. “This is why she left you.”

He pushed himself against me with that, shoving one of his fingers deep inside of me. I let out a moan and bucked my hips against him. I could see in his face now that he saw what I was doing and he liked it. He smiled down and me as he pulled his finger out and violently thrust two back into me.

“You are just the dirty little slut I thought you were,” he growled as he continued to fuck my pussy with his thick “I feel you, nice and wet to be fucked.”

He pulled at my dress with the one hand he was not fucking me with, ripping it down the side and pulling it off my body. I laid torn and ruined now by the side of the bed. Now it was just me pressed against him with my bra on and my panties pushed to the side so he could fuck me with his fingers.

I moaned and bucked my hips against his fingers. He growled and laid himself down on me, putting all of his weight on top of me as his fingers fucked my pussy harder and harder. I was so close to cumming when he set me off.

“Does daddy’s dirty little slut want to cum,” he growled in my ear. This was just enough to drive me crazy and send me over the edge. My hips tried to buck into his fingers but he was holding me down so tightly. I could not get away from his fingers, so I rode them with my orgasm, my pussy soaking his fingers, his hand and the bed beneath us.

“Fuck,” I screamed as my orgasm hit its peak. My body would have been shaking at this point if it

had the ability to.

He pulled his fingers out of my slowly and brought them up to where they were right between our faces. He moved them toward me and shoved them into my mouth, making me taste the mess I had made all over his fingers. I licked and sucked his fingers, trying to get every drop of myself off of them.

“Mmmm,” he moaned, “you are such a good little slut for daddy.”

I smiled up at him, letting him know that I wanted him to do more. I wanted him to fuck me and hurt me and not go easy on me at all. I wanted to be that slut for him so bad.

“Stay still,” he ordered as he climbed off of me, “if you move, I will make you regret that you even thought about it.”

I watched as he left the room and I moved. I crawled off the bed and took off the rest of my clothes. I set them in the pile with my torn dress and made my way out of the room. I saw him exiting another room and our eyes locked. I smiled inside and ran for the stairs, knowing he would catch me.

As I reached the edge of the stairs, he grabbed me tightly from behind. I felt something cold touch my wrists and I knew as I heard the next nose that he was handcuffing my hands behind my back. My heart was racing and I felt my legs shake with anticipation.

I thought he was going to lead me back to the room, but instead he bent me over the stair case. My breasts were pressed hard against the railing and I was in so much pain and I loved it. I wanted more, I wanted so much more.

“Don’t you ever run away from me,” he yelled in my ear as he spread my legs apart. “I told you that you would regret this you whore.”

Before I even had the chance to brace myself he had pulled me down hard around his rock hard cock. I let out a scream of both pleasure and intense pain. He hit the inside of my pussy with so much force that I thought he had ripped me open.

The pain was so much that tears fell down the sides of my cheeks. I did not say anything though. As much as I was scared for my body and knew I should make him stop, I wanted him to fuck me so hard.

He shoved his cock quickly in and out of me, never letting my body get over the initial pain of his

entry. I screamed every time that he thrust into me, eventually throwing a few moans. He grabbed my hips tightly as he pushed so far into me that it felt like his balls were inside of me as

He fucked harder and harder, his moaning and groaning getting louder with every thrust. I knew that he was getting ready to cum inside of me and I wanted it so badly. I pushed back against him, even though when I joined in, it hurt even more.

“Oh fuck,” he groaned loudly behind me, giving me a couple more really good thrusts. I could feel his cock throbbing inside of me as his cum filled my pussy.

We stood there for a few minutes with his cock deep inside of me, until his cock went down. He then slowly pulled out of me. I felt his cum and my juices begin to roll down my leg and I smiled. I felt a sense of accomplishment wash over my body. I had got just what I wanted from him.

I felt that now was when he was going to uncuff me, but he just grabbed my by the cuffs and led me to his room and made me get down on my knees.

“Tell me whore,” he began as he sat down on the bed in front of me. “Who all knows that you are here?”

“No one,” I said in honesty. I never told anyone where I was coming. My parents were in bed and believed that I was in the same place. I had not taken the time to tell any friends. “No one knows where I am.” I said as I hung my head down.

“Good,” He said as he got up and disappeared into the bathroom. It took him a while before he came back out. He had showered and was in pajama pants. He was also carrying a blanket.

He laid the blanket on the ground in front of me. He then turned the light off and crawled into bed. Leaving me there, on my hands and knees, on his bedroom floor. After a while I knew that he was not going to let me go, so I leaned forward and fell into the blanket and closed my eyes. Wondering excitedly if he was ever going to let me go .... I was hoping the answer is no.