The Straight Girl, the Bi Girl and the Manipulative Boyfriend – Chapter 2

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Please read Chapter 1 first, 3 to follow soon and a 4 5 if Toby keeps to his side of the bargain

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/reluctance/the-straight-girl-the-bi-girl-and-the-1.aspx

“I still don’t want you to touch it.”

“You don’t want me to touch it!!!!”

“No, not until I say you can.”

I was confused. I’ve been fully clothed on my knees with a man’s pride and joy waving around in front of my face a few times before but never with the man completely naked and telling me not to touch it. Normally they can’t wait to feel my lips and tongue on it. Toby had either gone completely off the idea, had decided he didn’t fancy me any more or he was just a bit unusual.

Toby was quiet and seemed lost in his own thoughts.

“Toby.”

“What?”

“Would you like me to take my clothes off?”

“No, no I don’t want you to do that.”

Toby left me even more confused as he walked away from me across the room.

“In fact” he said “I want you to put something else on.”

Although Toby was naked and still sporting his impressive erection I thought he must have had a twinge of guilt or just changed his mind and didn’t want to go through with it. I thought it was probably

best that I leave.

I stood up to face him but with my eyes lowered not wanting make him feel more uncomfortable by looking straight into his eyes.

“I think I understand, do you want me to put my coat back on?”

“Good heavens no” he said opening a drawer in the sideboard.

He removed something small wrapped in tissue paper, closed the drawer then walked back across the room and sat down in an armchair.

He leaned back in the chair and waved me over, motioning me to get back onto my knees between his legs. I couldn’t help noticing that at the angle he was sitting the tip of his cock was way above the height of his belly button. I was just thinking it looked like a lethal weapon and men with cocks that gig should by law have a license to carry them around in their trousers when my thoughts were disrupted by the sound of the rustle of tissue paper as he unfolding it.

“I want you to wear these.”

He presented me with a delicate pair of silver silk opera gloves. I handled the gloves very gently then put them on. They were lovely and smooth to the touch and went right up my arms and past the elbows.

“Now you can touch it.”

I reached out with my left hand and wrapped my silken gloved fingers around his shaft. He breathed a deep sigh of pleasure as I gently and with a feather like touch ran my fingers up and down his shaft from the base to just below the tip. The thickness of his cock was just awesome; my thumb didn’t actually make contact with my fingers when fully wrapped around it. Continuing to massage his shaft with my left hand my right soon joined in on the action by gently brushing the silky tipped fingers around his engorged purple tip and teasing the tendon on the under side it. I looked up at him in response to his increased moans of pleasure. He looked like he was somewhere between heaven and ecstasy.

Leaving the tip of his cock my right hand moved down to cup his balls allowing my mouth to come into play. I kissed it, ran my tongue around it, flicked the tendon until it twitched upwards, then took the whole of the tip between my lips and sucked on it gently. I then tried to take as much of it as I could into my mouth but only managed about an inch past the tip; my lips were stretched as far as

they could be. As I pulled back I pursed my lips around it as hard as I could and sucked on it again. Returning to take the tip in my mouth again, his cock was getting harder and his balls were tightening up like a couple of small stones. Doing this was making me so horny I could feel my own wetness seeping into the thin strip of material of my thong.

Suddenly his hand was on the back of my head running his fingers around until he had a handful of my hair.

I like it when a man gets a bit forceful, grabs the back of my head and pushes his cock into my mouth but on this occasion I was scared. If Toby wanted to force that monster deep into my throat I could choke to death on it.

He gently pushed my head away from him.

“Stop or I’ll come in your mouth.”

No man has ever told me to stop giving him head because he’s about to come in my mouth. I thought, he’s just giving a polite warning in case I don’t like it but I do so I continued more vigorously.

I took him into my mouth again, sucked harder and squeezed his balls expecting a mouth full of hot of hot salty cum at any moment.

He grabbed my head with both hands this time and pushed me away.

“I said stop, I don’t want to come in your mouth.”

“I’m sorry, I’ve never been asked to stop before.”

“Well you have now. I might want to kiss you later and I don’t want to taste my cum on your lips or smell it on your breath.”

“Toby.”

“What.”

“You’re so romantic,” I said adoringly!!!

“I know. Now get over there.”

“Where.”

He pointed towards the settee.

“Get on my knees, bend over and put your head into the cushions.”

I did as instructed and he was quickly up behind me. He hitched my dress up to my waist, then grabbed my thong with both hands then ripped the thin material apart and threw it aside.

He brushed the glistening tip of his cock up and down the full length of my outer lips which shivers up my body, then he gently pushed forward entering me. I could only gasp and melt in the pleasure I felt as my whole body tingled and my pussy ached with the anticipation of what I was going to happen next.

He suddenly pushed much deeper into me, I tightly gripped a cushion in both hands, pulled it into my face and let out a loud,*“Nyyyaaargh”* inhaling as much air as I could with my body stiffening with in resistance when I needed to relax.

“Are you okay Kim, is it painful?”

“Yeeeeesss and no” I replied almost tearful and in total submission, my heart was beating like a race horse as I gasped for even more air.

“Good, now I’m really going to let you have it,” he said as he slapped my thigh and pulled my hair.

H pulled back and thrust back into me very hard. I whimpered again with a mixture of pain and pleasure. I have never felt so full in depth or stretched in width as I was feeling now. When he was fully inside me and not thrusting it felt like our bodies were one and had melted together.

Toby then pumped his cock in and out of me and with each forward thrust he asked me questions.

“How...”

“Nyyyaaargh!”

“Could...”

“Ooooh...”

“You...”

“Aaaaargh!”

“Possibly.”

“Nyyyaaargh...”

“Like.”

“Nyyyaaargh!”

“Girls.”

“Fnaaargh!”

“When.”

“Ooooh!”

“Your.”

“Jeeeeesss!”

“Body.”

“Aaaargh!”

“Is Designed.”

“Nyyyaaargh...”

“And enjoys.”

“Jeeeeesss!”

“Being.”

“Aaaargh!”

“Fucked.”

“Ooooh!”

“By a big cock.”

“Nyyyaaargh...”

“Like mine.”

“Aaaargh!”

He had hit some highly sensitive spots in there giving me incredible levels of pleasure all mixed together with a kind of enjoyable pain, sensations at a level previously unbeknown to me.

“Well?”

“I don’t know,” I said barely able to speak and breathe at the same time

He then accelerated his thrusts for the final onslaught which seemed to go on for ages, gripping my waist very tightly with both hands he abruptly stopped as his body stiffened and I felt the spasms and pump actions of his cock against my gripping inner walls as he came deep inside me.

God I was relieved he’d finished, I don’t think I could possibly have taken anymore. My pussy felt sore and bruised.

After a short time he withdrew his slowly softening but still semi erect cock from allowing me to shuffle up onto the settee and lie down and rolled onto my back pulling my skirt back down over my hips.

Toby leaned over and kissed me quite delicately and lovingly on the lips.

“That was awesome and you look fantastic.”

The “awesome” bit was right enough but he would have to run the “you look fantastic” by me again later. I was too exhausted to care. I needed a rest.

“You didn’t cum did you?"

“No but I never do from that position. It still felt amazing though.”

He kissed me again, this time a longer and more sensual kiss.

“I see, well let’s have a short rest and a drink, then we’ll go again in another position and one that works for you. How does that sound?”

“It sounds good to me. Do I get to take my clothes off?"

“No but I’ll explain that to you later. Champagne?”

“Yes please.”