

Once Upon a Late Night

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Published on Lush Stories on 10 May 2009

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The end of a relationship.

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She opened the blanket just enough to get herself into bed with me. I noticed she'd taken off her pants.

"Where've you been?" I asked.

"I was out."

"I didn't think you were really breaking up with me," I said.

"I don't want to talk about it," she said. She put her arm around me.

"Did you kiss him?"

She didn't say anything, but hugged me closer.

"Did you kiss him?" I asked again.

She said, "Yes."

"Two years. We've been together two years and its just like that."

She adjusted her arm, and pulled herself closer. I felt her cold legs. Her feet tangled up with mine. I tried not to move. My knee kept her away.

"Did you fuck him?"

“No,” she said. “Of course not.”

She pressed in. She wore her underwear and a white shirt, but no bra.

“What are you doing? You think you can come into my bed, like nothing happened?”

“I can't sleep by myself. Not tonight.”

“Even after what you did? Are you kidding me. You should have stayed with your boyfriend.”

“He's not my boyfriend.”

“Why are you here?”

“I don't know., I don't know what I'm doing.”

“But you're done with me.”

“No. I still want to be friends.”

“You fucking bitch.” I felt bad saying it. I hoped it would hurt her even more.

She placed her hand on my knee and pushed it down. I struggled, but let it drop. She moved and covered the distance between us. Her lips searched out mine. When she found them, she took them into her mouth hard and desperate. I knew she still loved me.

I turned my face away. “Don't you have any self respect?” I asked.

“What?” she said. “I don't know what to say.”

“You can say, I'm a bitch. I'm sorry, I'm a bitch.”

That drove a nice spike into her.

“Get the fuck out.” I shoved her away with very little force. She clung to me.

“I love you,” she said.

“If you did, you wouldn't...”

"It didn't mean anything. It was just a date."

"It was cheating."

"I broke up with you." Earlier that day, no more than 12 hours ago.

"It was just a date."

"Do you love him?"

"No."

"I know how it goes. It didn't mean anything. Is that how you women rationalize sleeping around. Fuck you, get out."

She didn't say anything. For the longest time, neither of us said a word. You could hear snow flakes fall, the trudging through snow, maybe a door close near or far away. My computer hummed.

She cried, convulsed, pulled the blanket closer to her, pressed into me. She turned her head away. You knew there were streams of tears. She wiped her face. It made me feel sorry for her and hate myself. We were quiet for a long time.

"Can we just forget it for tonight. Can we just go to sleep?" she asked.

I looked at her and touched her face delicately. Her face was hot and wet.

I grabbed her wide thighs, the ones that stuck from her hips, which made it so hard to find a decent pair of pants. I grabbed her leg and squeezed it hard, and didn't let go.

She held the pain inside. She barely struggled, but she felt it alright. Her face pressed close to mine.

"I love you," she said low.

"Why?" I wanted to understand her.

She grabbed for my hard cock. It betrayed me. She stroked the foreskin up and down the head and started jerking me off.

“You fucking bitch.”

She didn't say anything. She just kept rolling hand and thumb over my cock. I stopped talking.

She pulled down her panties and turned her ass to me.

“Fuck me,” she asked.

I pushed down my boxers and gave her what she wanted. I felt her differently. I felt low like an animal. Things clicked in my head, she was an object now, an instrument. I philosophized as I fucked her hard and angry.

“This cock is telling you it loves you, but I'm telling you that I hate you.”

“Stop.”

“Fuck you.”

“Yes”

I fucked her until I came, and pulled out. I got off the bed and looked for a clean shirt to wipe my cock. I turned on my desk lamp. I came back and sat at the bed. The blanket was off. She was naked from the waist down. Her shirt covered her small tits. She was only an object of sexual desire. She was her wide hips, her patch of black wiry pubes, legs spread out casually. I went up to her and slipped my hand between her legs. She closed her legs on my hand.

“Its going to take forever for him to figure out how to fuck you like I know how.”

She nodded.

“I know your clit, how to time you, how you want it, when you're coming, how to make you come harder. And you're giving that up for him?”

“It not about that.”

I friggd her cunt. Usually I had to focus, think about what I was doing. I would feel for her clit, spread the lips, build it up. But this was easy. I was rough and manhandled her, as much to impose my mastery of her cunt, as to remind her that I knew how to do it.

“I still love you, you know,” I told her. “You don't turn something like that off. But I hate you too.”

She left out a heaving cry.

“Fuck me. I'm a bitch, a slut. I'm worthless.”

I made her cum in my hand. Her body shook, and she flopped back on the bed. Her swollen eyelids closed down to thin slits. I cleaned my fingers with the t-shirt. When I was done, I tossed it to her. She took it between her legs and cleaned herself. I frowned and looked down at her. She pulled the blanket over her shoulders and pushed herself back against the wall of the bed. She was looking at me when I turned off the lamp.

I got into bed and laid on my back. The night closed in. I exhausted myself thinking, and fell asleep.

Tomorrow was the start of something else between us.