# Why do I always give in?

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*Our relationship is complicated but at times entertainingly sexy...*

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That night was so weird. Things seemed to be going alright until it was a bit too late. Our wrestling match started off as they usually do. Yes an actual match. I would taunt him and tell him that I would beat him up “again”, he’d be like, “you never did!”, and our battle would begin. As we were rolling around on his bed he began to lock in submission hold after submission hold; locking his arms around my neck, pulling and bending my arms, twisting and bending my legs back and just putting me in all kinds of odd positions which I was ok with because when it comes to my legs I’m quite flexible. I screamed in pain when he would get his hands on my arms. He told me that if it hurt that I should give up. I wasn’t too fond of the idea and said “no.’’ I had no idea that this was pissing him off.
Whenever my legs were free I’d try to wrap them around him but it never worked. He would laugh at me and come at me with another submission hold. But this match quickly became more violent as I tried to kick him off the bed. “Did you just try to kick me off of my own bed?” He asked in an angry voice. “Try being the key word in that question. You fell so I don’t know why you’re getting upset. You’ve tried to kick me off of my bed before.” He quickly came at me hard and punched me in the stomach. Now I’m rather plump so it didn’t hurt physically but the mere fact that he had even punched me pissed me off highly. I began to sock him but only strategically in places I knew wouldn’t hurt. I wanted to get across that he had messed up. “I’m a lot tougher than you think” I said breathlessly as I tried to keep up with him and avoid his grapples. “Oh really? Does that mean that you’re pissed?” he laughed as I struggled to get him in a hold. This went on for about 15 minutes.
He wrapped his arm sharply around my neck and squeezed as hard as he could and I tried to keep him from choking me by grabbing the inside of his arm. The pressure he exerted on my neck was so intense my eyes began to hurt. “This could all be over, all you have to say is “I quit””. “No, I won’t say that. I won’t let you win!” I said straining. I was serious. He thinks I’m such a punk; I wanted to show him that I could handle whatever he threw at me. I think what I said pissed him off even more by what happened next. He snaked his legs around my waist and gripped his arm devastatingly hard around my neck and shouted, “You rather me break your wrist just so you can prove a point?! Does that hurt? Huh? You fucking bitch!” I could feel the tears violently well up in my eyes and I started to sob uncontrollably. He still kept his firm grip as I viciously gasped for air. He held me like that for a minute

and threw me away from him. I balled up in a corner of his bed, turned away from him and cried hard. I was so hurt and the fact that he had called me a bitch and started to really cause me pain with this hold made my sobs that more aggressive.
“I don’t care about you crying, I really don’t.” He said as he stood by the edge of the bed and fixed his shirt. I replied with more tears and sobs as my body uncontrollable shook in terror. What just happened? I seriously didn’t know and didn’t want to ask. “Go cry in your room!” He shouted at me. “No.” I sobbed as I tried very hard to wipe every tear away as fast as I could. “Get out!” he shouted once again. I didn’t budge. I just ignored him and continued to cry uncontrollably. “Fine then, when you leave this room you are not allowed back in ever again”, he said as he left the room and shut the door behind him. All I could do was cry. He had hurt me on a level I didn’t think he could reach and I truly resented ever loving him. I stayed in the corner for a little while longer until it was dinner time. Dinner was awkward. Everyone could tell that I was upset. He played it off like it was my issue and I couldn’t help but keep my head down and just hurry up and eat so that I could leave the table. As I washed the dishes he came up behind me and hugged me and I tensed up. He whispered that he was sorry into my ear. The tears delicately rolled down my cheeks as I put down the sponge and let my body respond to him and relax. We then went upstairs and cuddled in his bed for the rest of the night until we both drifted off to sleep. The next morning was an entirely different story.
I woke up before he did, which is usually rare. He’s the one that usually wakes up early and plays with me while I’m still asleep. I went to the bathroom and came back to him still in bed but he was awake. “Is that all you slept in?” He asked as I got back under the covers. “Yes,” I replied. I had on my orange and red striped panties and Amsterdam t-shirt with no bra. He then moved over towards me in the bed and began to rub my leg starting from my ankle, up my calf, over my knee, and in between my thighs. I shivered when he stopped at my panties.”I don’t feel like playing right now”, I said to him softly. “That’s not what she’s saying.” He said as he rubbed up and down my lips. He was right. I was achingly wet and practically soaking a spot onto the bed. I didn’t want to do anything though. I was still mad at him from last night and thought he didn’t deserve anything from me. But his finger did feel nice and as he rubbed it up and down my slit he occasionally dragged it lightly over my clit. “Come on Ashleigh, you know you want it,” he said into my ear as nibbled and kissed it. He knew that was my spot. I tried as hard as I could to fight this but as my legs started to tremble I knew I was done for.
He positioned himself in between my thighs and teased me through my panties with his impressively hard morning wood. He humped me while he continued to play with my ear with his teeth and I felt my nipples get very hard. As my breasts rubbed up against the fabric of my shirt I could feel how sensitive they had gotten as little trickles of electricity from his love bites seemed to keep them aroused.
I got really excited when I felt my panties get pulled to the side, exposing my slick, bushy kitty. He pulled his pj bottoms down, pulled out his dick, and rubbed the outside of me as shivers went down to my toes. He drew little circles on my clit and I heard the tapping sound of his dick playing with me. My back arched up off of the bed as he slid slowly inside my tightness, filling me with his girth. I let out a

whimper as he began to slowly pump himself in and out of me. It wasn't fair. He seriously didn't deserve this, but he was doing it so well.
He turned me over on my knees and slid himself in me again as he spanked me. I moaned to myself as he grunted with each thrust. This felt too good. He was going to so rough inside me. "I love your pussy so much!" he groaned. He never really dirty talks so this was very hot to me. I gripped the sheet as he continued to impale me from behind. "Mmm, ohhh…" I moaned into the air. I kept trying to push the memory of last night out of my mind but I couldn't. I was still so mad at him for having the power to hurt me and give me this much pleasure. I raised my ass to him to take in even more of his dick. It always feels so good inside of me. He gripped my hips and went even deeper inside of my wetness.
"Do you like daddy's dick?!" he asked me as he moaned. "Yes!" I moaned. "Do you love daddy?!" I felt tears well up in my eyes as I choked on my "Yes!" He began to thrust even hard, hitting up against my spongy g spot as I moaned over and over ,"I love my daddy so much!" Now, he's not my Dad, hopefully you all know that. He's my ex and I just so happen to live with him. Anyways, he reached up further and rubbed my breasts greedily. I gasped as he pinched my nipples. I love it when he plays with those. I got it up on my hands and knees and began to buck back onto him. His hands rubbing on my ass and back. I felt like such a tease as I arched my back up, sliding him out of me and arching it down slowly back onto his tip. I did this about three times then he grabbed my hips again and pulled me onto him. I yelped at his filling me once again but this time a bit roughly. "I love your pussy Ashleigh, I really do." He moaned as he went faster. I got a bit upset when he said that. He could admit that he loved my pussy but he couldn't say that he loved me? The odds were severely against him. He was still on my shit list for last night and now he was in love with my pussy? What about me?! My anger seemed to turn me on even more as I thought of ways to hurt him. He then turned me on my back and grabbed my breasts hard. I spread my legs a bit wider and tucked my hips under. He bucked harder into me as he used me as his personal fuck toy. "Yes, yes, yes!" I moaned in ecstasy as I dug my nails into his arms. I wanted to make this fucker bleed but I couldn't break skin. He pushed my arms off of his arms and I just dug my nails into his back. He latched his teeth onto my neck, started to suck really hard and began to fuck me faster and harder. I could not breathe. There were too many emotions going on at once. I was screaming as I scratched up and down his back. For about 20 minutes he pounded me.
"Ah uh uh unh fuck me!" I screamed. Which was unnecessary, he was already giving me one of the best fucks I'd ever received in my life so far. I wrapped my legs around him and just felt him hitting my hilt. "Oh shit!" I moaned. He grabbed my breasts one more time as he gave me all he had. "Daddy loves you baby girl!"He groaned. Minutes later after a few more violent thrusts he grabbed the base of his dick. He was there and put him in my mouth and sucked his head as hard as I could. He told me that this hurt a little bit and was extremely intense at the same time. As I sucked his cum down my throat I felt him tremble and try to keep his balance on the bed as he knelt in front of me. I knew he couldn't. He whimpered as I continued even as all of the cum was gone. I then popped him out of my mouth and he collapsed on the bed. His head was so red and swollen. He tried hard to catch his

breath and I could see his legs still trembling. This bastard did not deserve what he just got from me, but I wasn’t mad anymore. All of my endorphins filled my body frantically as I lay on the bed and felt my muscles spasm uncontrollably, longing for his dick to be inside me once more. But I knew he wasn’t up to it. He got up, got some clothes and left the room to take a shower. I just laid in my spot, got back under my covers and blissfully went back to sleep thinking about how I could resist him next time.