

Alyce and Chet

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Alyce escapes the Queen's wrath and ends up fulfilling her desire.

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Alyce felt the air being squeezed from her lungs, as her vision faded. Feeling like she was being sucked down a drain, she fought the nausea welling up in her from the intense motion. She wondered how he could stand doing this so frequently. She landed with a thud and took a minute to let her head stop swimming. When Alyce opened her eyes, she glanced around. This place was familiar. Then it dawned on her, she was in HER apartment. She was home. Grinning joyously, Alyce glanced at Chet. He was staring at her with an intensity that burned a path from her nipples to her clit. She studied his face. Chet's nostrils were flaring, and his pupils were dilated. He licked his lips, as he stared at hers. Alyce shivered, as his gaze traveled from her lips to her breasts. He caressed them with his eyes, making her nipples pebble hard. After lingering there for several seconds, those intense eyes moved lower. Chet rubbed the stubble on his chin. "Sweet Alyce, now...now is the time. Come here," Chet motioned to her. She couldn't think. His simple statement caught her off guard. Her pussy hummed, and her panties were soaked. Alyce glided into his arms, molding herself into him. His mouth captured hers in a scorching hot kiss. Tangling his fingers into her hair, he yanked her head back to devour her mouth. His tongue battled hers, rubbing the roof of her mouth. They kissed heavily, until both were so out of breath. Chet broke the kiss to trail licks and nips down the side of her jaw, stopping at the crook of her neck, just above her collar bone. With each suck and kiss, Alyce moaned louder. She swore she could feel everything he did in her pussy. It was like everything was connected by an electric live wire. Her knees were suddenly weak and began to buckle under her. Chet lowered them to the floor in front of her couch. She lightly scratched down his back, as he remained latched on her neck. She knew that she would end up with a hickey, if he kept it up. Laying her down on her back, he began to kiss down her chest to the swell of her breast. Her skin was so soft, and she tasted like honey. He ran his tongue around the brown part of her nipple, feeling it wrinkle up as her nipple hardened. While his mouth taunted and teased the turgid nub, he rolled and pinched the other, making it as hard as it's mate. Wanting to taste the other nubby, he switched sides. Giving the other nipple the same attention, he savored the honey taste. Lifting his head, he looked down at her wet, swollen points. Chet pushed her tits together, burying his face in them. He was able

to get both nipples in his mouth and flicked his tongue over both tips. Alyce gripped his head, pulling his hair when he sucked hard. Chet pulled away from her full breasts and worked his way down her belly, licking and biting. Stopping at her navel, he expended some attention on it by probing her sensitive belly button. He swirled his tongue around it, before dipping it into that velvety soft hole. Chet nibbled his way to her hip bone and thighs. He kissed her inner thighs, making his way down her legs. He paid attention to every part of her body, except the one area she was dying to have licked. "Chet...please...", Alyce begged. "Say it. Tell me. Tell me what you want," he whispered against her bare outer lips. His hot breath caressed her slick lips. "Lick me...Oh God, please...lick me!" she whimpered. "Where? Tell me where," he urged. "Oh Fuck! Eat my pussy, Chet! Lick my clit. Suck my hole. Anything, just put out the fire," Alyce groaned. With her permission given, Chet dived into her pink slit. Spreading her lips open wide, he thrust his tongue deep into her pussy hole. Alyce dug her heels into the carpet, thrusting her hips up into his face. He wrapped his arms around her hips, securing her pelvic area to his face. Slurping and licking, he ate her pussy like a starving man. With his tongue so deep inside her that she could feel his teeth, Alyce felt like she was drowning when he began to mimic the motions of a dick. All she could do was hold on and enjoy the ride. Chet pulled his tongue out of her pussy. He could still taste her on his tongue and lips. Looking down, he could see her turgid, little clit trying to escape it's hood. Twisting his fingers together, he inserted the two longest inside her hot, wet cunt to keep it satisfied, while he nibbled on her clitty. Alyce screamed out when she felt him latch on to her already throbbing nub. He alternated between sucking and chewing on it, getting her very worked up. His fingers were so much bigger than her, and they were filling her up quite nicely. She worked her hips, riding his fingers. With loud, open mouthed gasps, Alyce never wanted to cum so bad in her life. She was right on the edge. So close, and then, he stopped. Coming back up her body, he kissed her mouth, sharing her sweet nectar with her. "I was hooked on you from the first day. You remember that day, don't you? I offered to help you in return for licking your pussy cream from your fingers. I watched you finger your pussy that day. I wanted to help," he told her, and then leaned down to kiss her again. "I want to taste you, Chet. Let me suck your dick," she pleaded. Chet sat down on the couch. Alyce wiggled her body between his legs. Wrapping her hand around the base of his cock, she pulled it from his body. She vaguely wondered when they had lost their clothes, but the thought left her as soon as she glanced back down. Squeezing his hard shaft, she milked a drop of pre cum from the tip. Rubbing her thumb over the tip, she spread the drop around making the head slick. Alyce stroked his shaft up and down, hoping for another drop. Leaning her head down, she ran her tongue over the sensitive head, tasting the essence smeared all over the top. Chet groaned softly, as he ran his fingers through her hair. She flicked her tongue over the sensitive ridge and traced it around the head of his cock. Alyce sucked the very tip making Chet moan louder. She wrapped her lips over the whole tip and sucked in. Using only the power of suction, she was able to swallow the top half of his dick. Alyce stroked his dick in a twisting motion. Moving her hand up his shaft, as her mouth descended down. Alyce pulled gently at his ball sac with her other hand. Chet was getting worked up. He was fucking her face, as he would her pussy. Alyce loved the musky taste of him. "I'm gonna cum, if you don't stop. I don't want to cum yet," Chet said, hoarsely. Chet got up

and pushed her onto her hands and knees. Positioning himself behind her, he leaned down and whispered into her ear, "I am going to fuck you hard, baby." Pushing her head down to the carpet, which made her ass poke up high into the air, Chet nudged the swollen head of his cock against the super moist hole of her pussy. Without warning, he bottomed out into her cunt. Alyce felt all seven inches of his cock slam into her pussy. She felt his balls slap against her swollen clit, and she pushed back as hard as he pushed forward. She reached between her legs to rub that oversized nub, as he pounded into her. Chet could feel her manipulating her pulsing nub. Wanting to add to her stimulation, he added a sharp slap to her white ass cheeks with each thrust. Soon, her globes were bright red and her pussy sopping. Alyce was breathing so heavy that she could see stars floating. She worked her clit harder and faster, trying to reach that ever elusive peak. Her fingers worked at lightning speed, twisting and pulling her nub roughly. Alyce, also, knew Chet was about ready to blow at any time. His thrusts, which were long, slow, and steady, were now short jabs. He was concentrating on rubbing the head against her pubic bone. With his fingers digging in deeply into her soft hips, Chet leaned forward over her back to give himself the added stimulation against her bone. "Oh, GOD! Chet make me cum. So very close. Bring me, baby. Bring me," Alyce panted. She felt her creamy fluids dripping out of her pussy every time he pulled out. Suddenly, he pulled completely out of her, flipped her over, and hooked her legs over his arms. Chet grabbed her wrists and was able to use her body as leverage, as he pounded back into her weeping slit. He knew that in this position he would most certainly cum. Chet released her wrists and growled, "Make yourself cum. I want to fuck your cunt, while it is milking my cock with all its spasms. I want to fuck you hard, while you cum." Alyce friggd her pulsing button. She could feel the spasms starting in her ass and working their way up to her stretched pussy. She could not breathe. Her thighs were quivering, pussy contracting. She was almost there. With a hard pinch, she sucked in a short burst of air. Unable to scream her release, the pleasure so intense that it stole her voice, she bucked against him. Chet grabbed her wrists back. He leaned back and began to pound hard. He fucked her sopping wet pussy. He felt his cock pulse and swell. His balls tightened, and he got chills all over his body. "Damn! You are so fucking tight. I can feel your pussy milking my dick," he grunted, "Gonna cum!" Dropping her legs, he pulled out and jerked his dick. Several ropes of his hot cum shot out of the slit at the head of his pole and landed on her belly and breasts. Leaning onto one arm, he milked the rest of his cum out onto her bare pussy lips, while trying to catch his breath. Alyce lay there panting, unsure what had happened. She never came so hard in her life. She knew she was a screamer, but this orgasm was so intense, that it robbed her of the power of speech. Chet lay down on top of her, but rested his weight on his forearms. He kissed her, softly, before rolling her on her side. He snuggled behind her, draping his arm over her waist. "Sleep, sweet Alyce. Sleep," he whispered. Alyce drifted off to sleep. Sometime later, she woke up. Looking around, she saw that she was sitting under her favorite tree. "Was all this just a dream?" she thought, suddenly very sad. Gathering her books, she walked back to her apartment. Even though she had taken a nap, she was totally exhausted. After grabbing a quick shower and a bite to eat, Alyce decided to turn in early. Climbing into bed naked, she was about to turn the light out when she noticed a strange figurine on her night stand. It was a small statuette of a

man, who had the same slightly psychotic eyes and dark hair, as well as the knowing grin. It was Chet. With butterflies in her stomach, she picked it up and examined it. In his hands he carried a sign that read: "Rub me." She cocked her head to the side. Unable to resist, she ran her thumb over the chest of the statue. Within seconds, her room filled with smoke. Alyce panicked, thinking that her apartment was on fire. She jumped from her bed and went in search of a telephone. Sprinting the door, she yanked it open. Alyce stepped out of her room and back into the Land of Lust. "Welcome back, trouble maker," the Queen said.