

Broken Part One

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Yes, she would love it. He would make sure of it...

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It was her. He smelled the essence of her blood almost six miles away. And he found her here, at Club Serenity. Never had a human's essence called to him like this before. His nostrils flared at the scent of her, it was heady, intoxicating. Making him want, making him need. He was torn between the thoughts of fucking her and drowning in her blood. He knew that he needed to feed soon but by the Gods who would want to harm such a delectable creature? She was wearing a skin tight black dress that didn't conceal the fact she wasn't wearing anything underneath. Her hair was a fiery mass of curls piled on top of her head, accenting her electric blue eyes. Her skin was supple, the color of porcelain and was wrapped around a petite but volumptuous body. Her breasts were quite large, probably a size D, and sat high on her chest. They emphasized her tiny waistline, which led to toned thighs complimenting an already perfect ass. He wanted nothing more than to sink his teeth deep into those full cheeks and listen to her howl in pleasure and pain. Yes, he knew exactly what he would do to her. He would lick and nip her ass cheeks, making his way towards her weeping pussy. He would suck her vaginal lips deep into his mouth before taking her clit between his lips. He would flick, nibble, gnaw, and suck her clit until she was right on the edge of cumming. Then he would shove his tongue deep into her pussy, thrusting in and out like a cock until she came on his face, coating his tongue with her juices. He would push her onto her hands and knees, and would rub his swollen cockhead up and down her pussy, teasing her until she cried in frustration. Only then would he fill her, shoving his meat into her, making her cry out at the sudden and rough evasion. But he would have no mercy, he would be relentless. He would take her from behind and watch as her chubby ass cheeks wiggled and bounced against his thrusting hips. He would spank her full, luscious globes until her ass was high red. Yes, she would cry, but he knew she would cry for more, begging him to never stop. And he would give it to her. He would thrust his hard cock deep into her tight pussy, dragging backwards and slamming forward. Oh yes her pussy would quiver and flutter around his massive cock. Her juices spilling out of her, soaking where they were so intimately joined. His balls would slap wetly against her clit, making her tremble. He would grip her red hair and pull, hard, make her arch against him, make her submit to his dark passion. And she would love it, she would thrust back hard, using his cock to fuck herself. She would cry his name over and over as if he were her one and only God. Yes, she would worship his cock, cumming and contracting all over his thickness. And unable to control

her lust for it, she would spin around and swallow his length whole. She would taste both of their essence and would weep for more. He would grip her head and fuck her throat, just as he had fucked her pussy. He would gag her with his dick, fucking her mouth with hard, fast strokes. Pumping her face until he spilled his seed deep down inside her, his balls spasming against her chin. And she would gladly accept it, licking his sensitized cock clean. Yes, she would love it. He would make sure of it... To be continued.... This is my first story so please comment and vote. Opinions and suggestions are welcome! Just, don't be too mean please? Pretty please?? :)