

B. LOVE PRESENTS

For his
PLEASURE:
VIRGIN TERRITORY
An Erotic Short

KIMBERLY BROWN

For His Pleasure: Virgin Territory

AN EROTIC SHORT

KIMBERLY BROWN

[#BLP](#)

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Also by Kimberly Brown

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Introduction

Author's Note:

This work of fiction contains lewd language and descriptive sexual content.

Consent is given and implied.

Acknowledgments

I want to give a special acknowledgement to Ms. Tori aka (@blackromanceconisseur)! When she proposed the idea on TikTok, I said let me see what I can do with this. I hope I did you justice!

To my pen sister, Mya, thank you for always opening your inbox to me when I need another set of eyes! I hope you enjoy more than the sneak peeks I gave you!



MY MAN WAS LOOKING SO damn fine in his five-piece suit.

Watching him stroll down the aisle had my panties soaking wet. Standing at six feet even, he was a tall glass of lawd have mercy! The glasses. The tattoos. The body. My sexy little nerd. Alas, I was torturing myself lusting after him. Declan was everything I could ever want. He was sweet, funny, caring and so loving.

The only complaint I had was that he wouldn't fuck me.

I met him nine months ago and we'd been a couple for six. Even as sexy as I found him, Declan was painfully shy. I believed he had some insecurities, and while I respected him, I didn't understand why. His personality alone made him attractive.

I was the aggressor in our relationship.

I was the one to approach him and ask him out. It took this man a whole month to really kiss me. He'd give me a few pecks here and there or the sweetest forehead kiss, but I wanted him to slob me down. I taught him how to kiss me and

since then, he'd quickly caught on. Now sex... that was a different story.

He seemed nervous as fuck any time I touched him. I knew he wanted me because his dick responded every time I brushed up against him or guided his hands over my curves. He said he wanted our first time to be special and natural.

I respected that but my pussy was in a fucking frenzy when she was denied. Over the last six months, I'd put my toys to use so much, I knew they were sick of me. My body craved the real thing. I liked Declan. I loved him. He gave me everything I needed except what I wanted most.

He hadn't even let me suck his dick and I loved to be on the giving end. It wasn't just for his pleasure, it was for mine too. Something about a nigga busting down my throat just made my pussy wetter than Niagara Falls. I knew he had to be backed up and I wanted all that shit.

Sighing, I turned my attention back to the rest of the wedding party. Everyone was standing at the altar, awaiting his mother's descent down the aisle. Ms. Chambers was getting married for the second time. Declan's father passed away when he was ten. He was so excited that she'd found love again.

The smile on his face as she made her way to the altar was beautiful, and when that tear slipped from his eye, I just wanted to run and hug him. He was a pure, sensitive soul, always doing for others. That's what I loved most about him. He was so unselfish... except with the dick.

His eyes passed over the crowd until they landed on me. I blew him a kiss, causing him to blush as he smiled.

"Is tonight finally going to be the night?" my best friend, Kiely, asked, nudging me.

I warned her with, "Don't start."

"I'm just asking. I know your coochie is crying for that man."

I rolled my eyes. My friends didn't understand my attraction to Declan. Sure, they said he was cute, but they

didn't see it beyond that. My girls were attracted to hood niggas with big dicks and problems. I'd pass on that. Give me soft love. Love that ain't rooted in toxicity, bad decisions, and regret.

I didn't do drama. I didn't argue with bitches over some dick and I didn't do bitches coming to me as a woman. Have that man, sis. I'll take my chances with playing it safe. Declan was as safe as I could get. I'd made up in my mind that I was going to try tonight. The worse he could tell me was no and I was already used to that.

* * *

The wedding was beautiful.

I even shed a little tear here and there.

The reception was underway and Declan had finally made his way over to me. I couldn't help but smile as he reached my table with his hand outstretched. I hadn't seen him since yesterday so I was itching to get my hands on him.

"Princess."

I loved when he called me that. It wasn't just what he said, it was how he said it—deep... commanding my pussy's full attention. He didn't even recognize the effect it had on me.

"Baby," I greeted him.

"You look beautiful," he said, pulling me to my feet.

He leaned in and kissed me sweetly, leaving me swooning where I stood.

"Thank you, my love."

I wrapped my arms around him, pulling him in close. His cheeks instantly had a red tint to them. He wasn't big on public displays of affection.

"You look so sexy in this suit," I said with my eyes trailing him.

"I look alright. You make me look good."

“Why do you always downplay yourself, Declan? I said you look sexy because you do. You have to start giving yourself credit, baby. I want you to feel as good about yourself as you make me feel.”

He smiled, cupping my face. “I appreciate you, Princess. More than you know.” He kissed my forehead. “Come dance with me.”

The sound of Al Green’s “Let’s Stay Together” played through the speakers. His mother and stepfather were in the middle of the dance floor, doing their little two step along with a few other guests. Declan pulled me out onto the dance floor, instantly falling in step with them. My baby had a nice little rhythm about him.

He swayed and spun me around effortlessly before pulling me back into his arms. The smile on my face was wide. I loved dancing with him. Sometimes when we were alone, he’d dance me around his living room. It was the only time he allowed me this close to him without him being nervous.

We danced to a few slow songs before his oldest brother, Rodney, came over with a drink in his hand, probably Hennessy because he drank that shit like water.

“I see you out here with your fine ass lady, Dec,” he said, shoving the drink in his direction. “How you doing, Ivy?”

“I’m fine, Rodney.”

“What’s up with your friend?”

“Go ask her and leave me and my man alone.”

He held up his hands in surrender. “My bad. I just wanted to give this lil’ nigga a drink so he can loosen up a bit once the real party starts.”

“You know he doesn’t drink,” I said, taking the drink from Declan’s hand and gulping it down.

“Ooh, that Henny gon’ have you on demon time tonight,” Rodney said laughing.

“Don’t you have somewhere to be?” Declan asked, glaring at him.

“Let me get outta yo’ way. Enjoy yourself, bruh.”

He slapped Declan on the back and headed over to where Kiely sat, scrolling through her phone.

“Your brother is a mess,” I said.

“At least you didn’t have to grow up with him.”

“Thank God for that.”

As the song finished, I saw Rodney head to the DJ booth with Kiely in tow. After a brief exchange, the DJ nodded his head and they left the booth, migrating to the dance floor. When Quavo and Yung Miami’s “Scrub the Ground” came on, the dance floor flooded with partygoers, young and old. It was easy to tell who was reliving their Freaknik days.

I didn’t even think twice when I turned around and started twerking my ass on Declan. That was my song and we were having a good time. It wasn’t until his cousins started hyping it up did I catch the look of embarrassment on his face.

“Throw that thang back on him!”

“You better catch that, Dec!”

“Get’em, Ivy!”

Feeling the hardness growing in his pants, I understood his embarrassment. He didn’t like to draw attention to himself. I immediately stopped dancing when he walked off the dance floor and out of the venue. Heaving a heavy sigh, I went after him.

“Declan!” I called, running up to him. I stood in front of him with my hands on his chest. “I’m sorry, baby. I got a little carried away.”

“It’s not you, Princess. I love dancing with you, it’s just...”

“You don’t like the attention. I know.” I grabbed his hand and led him over to a bench to sit down. To my surprise, he pulled me onto his lap and wrapped his arms around me.

“Why are you with me, Ivy?”

“What do you mean?”

“Why are you with me? I mean, I’m sure people look at us and think you could do better. Like your friends.”

“Hey.” I grabbed his chin, forcing him to look at me. “I don’t give a fuck about people. And as far as my friends, they may not see what I see in you but that is fine because you aren’t for them. They don’t get the romantic dates. They don’t get to stare into these beautiful eyes or kiss these juicy lips. They don’t get to be loved and treated like a queen. You’re mine. My handsome, sexy, sweet, loving, and caring man. You do it for me, baby. That’s all you need to worry about.”

He smiled softly. “I don’t deserve you.”

“Yes, you do. You deserve me and so much more,” I said, running my finger down his chest. “Maybe tonight we can explore *more*...”

The smile left his face.

“Ivy...”

“Why won’t you touch me, Declan? Don’t you want me?”

“I do. You know I do. It’s just...”

“Just what? You gotta give me something, baby. It’s been six months. I’m dying over here. My body craves you...”

“Can we talk about this at home?” he asked abruptly.

I looked at him for a moment and sighed. “Are you gonna talk, or are you going to brush it off again?”

“We’ll talk. I promise.”

“Fine.”

“I love you, Ivy.”

“I love you too.”

He kissed my lips softly. I prayed that he kept his word. He had to give me a real response when this was all over. I didn’t know how much longer I could take not having my needs fulfilled. Sure, he gave me everything else and sex wasn’t a deal breaker, but it was important. I had a healthy sexual appetite. It wasn’t wrong to want to share that with my man.

* * *

The reception was over and we were finally heading home.

I was tired as hell and a little tipsy. To add to that, I was horny as fuck. Declan had come out of his jacket, tie, and shirt, wearing just a wife beater. The slight flex of his muscles as he maneuvered the wheel had me wanting his hand wrapped around my neck, squeezing ever so gently. Who was I kidding? I wanted this man so bad, everything he did turned me on. He could slurp his drink through a straw and my clit throbbed like it was his mouth on me.

As I sat in the passenger seat, I couldn't help but eye him. The ride back was quiet, though he held my hand the entire time, lightly kissing it every now and then. Though I wanted to be upset, it was hard because he was so sweet. I don't think we'd ever even had a real argument. He didn't yell, curse at me, or disrespect me. He spoke to me gently and with great concern if problems ever arose.

The man was truly one in a million. I knew what I had and I'd be a fool to let it go over something that could be resolved with a conversation. When we pulled up at his condo, he parked and came around to open my door. After helping me out, he led me inside, stopping to take off my shoes. He knew I loved the feel of his carpet under my feet.

"I know you've been patient with me, Princess," he said as he unhooked my straps and slipped the first heel off. "You've stayed around longer than any other woman and allowed me to love you at my own pace. I appreciate you, baby." He slipped off my other heel and stood with them in his hands. "I promise, I'll tell you everything. I just wanna shower first."

"Okay."

He kissed my forehead and grabbed my hand, leading me upstairs to his bedroom. I gathered my things and headed to the shower in his guest room. While I wouldn't mind showering with him, I'd long ago decided not to tease myself like that. Stripping down, I jumped into the shower. As I

lathered my body, I tried to think of the reason he wouldn't touch me.

The first thing my friends had asked me was, *is he gay?*

The thought never crossed my mind and I didn't entertain it when they said it. They took his quiet, shy demeanor out of context and I let them know not to ever disrespect him like that again. Maybe he felt he was inadequate. I couldn't fathom why because as many times as I brushed my ass up against his dick, I knew he was working with a monster.

Maybe he didn't think he could keep up with me. I spoke freely about my sexual experiences. I knew I had more than him and I could be pretty kinky. If that was the case, I had no problem teaching him to explore my body and his. I just needed answers.

Once I finished my shower, I moisturized my skin and dressed myself in a tank top and pajama shorts before heading back to the master bedroom. He was still in the bathroom when I entered, so I put my things away and climbed into bed. I'd began drifting off to sleep when the bathroom door opened and he stepped out dressed only in a pair of flannel pajama bottoms. My eyes trailed his tattooed torso.

As shy as he was, one would never guess all that was under his button downs and slacks. He mostly kept them covered due to his job as a Senior Staff Engineer for a reputable software company. The first time I saw him without a shirt, my mouth watered. I literally drooled a little. He didn't show off his sexiness enough, but I was okay with that. I got to unwrap him just for me.

I shook the lustful thoughts from my head as he slid under the covers, lying on his back. Rolling onto my side, I turned to face him. He continued to stare up at the ceiling, as though he was carefully choosing his words. After about five painstakingly slow minutes, he finally turned to me.

"You know I love you, Ivy," he said.

"I know you do."

“If I’m being honest, you’re really my first serious girlfriend.”

That didn’t surprise me simply because of who he was but I didn’t comment.

“I was never the popular kid growing up. I mean, people didn’t fuck with me because of who my brothers are, but they weren’t friendly either. My head was always in the books or watching anime, drawing, or deconstructing something. I had friends, mostly from school activities and clubs, but we were like minded people. It’s no secret that I’m a bit of a nerd.”

“I love how smart you are, Declan. You teach me shit and you don’t make me feel bad or stupid for not knowing something. Your intelligence isn’t a turnoff.”

“I know, but it’s never helped me pull a woman either. You know how often people ask me how I pulled you?”

I frowned. I hated that shit. Different didn’t mean less desirable. They had no idea how wet my pussy got from this self-proclaimed anime loving nerd.

“Fuck people,” I said.

“I wish I had that mindset. I’ve been hearing negative things about myself for so long that I feel slightly insecure. I’ve always been afraid of getting close to women, never feeling like I was adequate enough. Because of that I’ve... I’ve never been with a woman.”

“What?”

“I’m a virgin, Ivy.”



I SWALLOWED hard as Ivy stared at me after my confession. It had only been a few seconds but it felt like hours. It was true. I was a twenty-eight-year-old virgin. Not my proudest secret, but there it was. I'd been carrying that for nine months and I was afraid to tell her. I didn't know any man my age still holding on to his V-card. Getting pussy was a rite of passage, especially with my brothers.

Rodney and Donell used to try and slide females my way like some charity case. I didn't need help, especially not from them, especially not when it came to sex. Both of them stuck their dicks in anything that was breathing. I didn't want that.

Sex had to mean something. I loved Ivy, I swear to God I did. She was everything I could want and she accepted me just as I am. When I met her nine months ago, I had no idea I was meeting the woman I'd consider spending the rest of my life with. She wasn't the type of woman I thought would gravitate toward me.

Standing about five-seven, she was thick in all the right places. Her curves made it extremely hard to resist her, especially when I held her or she planted her ass on me while

we slept. She was a beautiful brown-skinned woman. Blemish free face. Full, pouty lips that I grew to love kissing. Beyond her physical looks, she had a pure heart. She was so loving and affectionate and I knew it wasn't just for show. She took interest in things that I liked to do and never made fun of me for it.

She was smart and ambitious. Ivy made her money as a social media influencer. She reviewed different brands of clothes, makeup, and products. Her Instagram and TikTok accounts had hundreds of thousands of followers. She made her own money and never asked for a dime of mine. I knew she could afford anything she wanted, and while I often bought her gifts, I spoiled her in other ways.

I took her on picnics or romantic dates. I bought or sent her flowers twice a week. I discovered she loved looking at the stars so I took her stargazing with the added surprise of buying and naming a star after her. When she was here, I catered to her, cooking, running her a warm bath, foot massages, the works. She was patient with me and I loved her. She deserved the kind of pleasure she was craving and I just felt like I couldn't give it to her.

“Say something,” I requested quietly.

She tossed the covers back. Just when I thought she was going to get up and leave, she straddled my hips. Planting her palms on either side of my head, she leaned into me.

“I should choke you right now, Declan.” Her face and voice softened. “You could have told me that, baby. It all makes sense now.”

“I didn't know how you would take it.”

“We've been together for six months. I haven't left yet. I love you, Dec. I knew you weren't like most men when I met you. That's what I love about you. You don't have to be ashamed of any part of you with me.”

She leaned forward and kissed my lips softly. When she sat back, she pulled off her tank top. My eyes marveled at her beautiful breasts. Her nipples were perfect, like two chocolate

kisses, ready to be devoured. She grabbed my hands, placing them on her titties.

“Can I teach you?” she moaned, grinding against me. “I’ve wanted you so bad, baby. I can make both of us feel good.”

The way she was rocking up against me had my dick bricking in my pajamas.

“Can I make you feel good, Declan?” she asked, sliding down my body.

I nodded slowly. She pulled my pajama bottoms down, causing my dick to spring forward. I’d never felt more like a bitch, allowing her to handle me like this. She’d always been the aggressor in our relationship and right now, she had this look in her eyes that told me she was about to suck the soul right out of me.

She took my dick in her hands, seemingly admiring it as she traced the veins.

“Mmm...” she moaned as she stroked me. “I knew this shit was big and pretty.”

She spit on the head, allowing it to trickle down my shaft before kissing the tip. I felt chills run through my body.

“I’m gonna suck your dick and I want you to enjoy it to the very... last... drop.”

Before I could blink, she’d swallowed me whole.

“Fuck!” I hissed immediately as the warm walls of her jaw sucked me in.

I watched as her plump lips slid up and down my shaft. Her tongue ring followed the contours of the veins like a map. My dick glistened with her spit as her head bobbed up and down, taking my entire length. It was like she’d never heard of a gag reflex. The moans purring in her throat as she sucked me, caused my toes to curl.

“Shit, Ivy...” I moaned, bracing myself against my elbows.

A deep frown settled into my face. I could feel my nut rising and it was too soon. I hadn’t self-pleasured in a good

two weeks. I knew I was backed up.

“Baby... You gotta move...”

I tried to push her head away, but she slapped my hand away. When she started jacking me off as she sucked me, I could admit, I inched back just a little. That didn't stop her. Without missing a beat, she moved to a position on her knees to follow me.

“Ivy... Princess... baby, *fuck!*”

She pressed her finger in the sensitive spot right below my balls, causing the muscles in my stomach to tighten and my nut to shoot out. Ivy took me deep into her mouth, allowing my nut to rain down her throat.

“Shit!” I yelled, falling back on the pillow, panting.

Ivy released me from her mouth, cum trickling from her lips. She hungrily licked them clean, sucking the remnants from her fingers.

“You taste just like I thought you would,” she declared, standing up.

As I tried to salvage what little breath I could, I watched her shimmy out of her shorts, to find her bare underneath. She walked toward me, her sweet arousal permeating my senses. I could almost taste her. I was dying to taste her. As if she read my thoughts, she slipped her hand between her thighs, dipping her fingers into her wetness. Instantly, the room sounded like someone was slowly stirring a bowl of mac and cheese.

“You want a taste?” she asked, straddling me again.

I nodded. She placed her fingers to my lips.

“Open your mouth.”

I followed her instructions, opening my mouth to suck the essence from her fingers. My God, she was the sweetest taste of all things good. Immediately, I was addicted to her. I found myself moaning as she pulled them away.

“You like that, baby?” she purred, leaning in to kiss me.

My hands made themselves comfortable on her ample ass. Gone were my nerves about touching her. I loved the softness. I loved the feminine curves and the way her cheeks rested comfortably in the palms of my hands.

“Are you ready?” she asked, grinding her pussy on my bare dick. I nodded. “I’ll take this first one easy on you.”

She lifted her hips, guiding me into her wetness. I had to hold my breath. The feeling of my dick sliding between her slick lips was sending me. Almost immediately, I wanted to nut. Her pussy was so damn wet, I knew this shit was about to be lethal.

“Oh... shit...” I moaned once I was fully submerged within her walls.

“Relax...” she whispered as she rode me. “Enjoy the feeling.”

I tried to relax. I knew if I looked at her, I was going to nut, so I found a spot on the ceiling and focused my attention there, holding my breath as I did.

“Baby, you have to breathe,” she said with a light giggle. “Look at me.”

“I can’t,” I said shaking my head.

She leaned forward, grabbing my chin, forcing my eyes to meet hers. “I said, look at me, Declan.”

The moment my eyes found hers, a chill ran through my entire body. The eye contact was so intense, so sexy. If I didn’t feel like a virgin before, I sure felt like one now. The way she had me gasping for air was ridiculous. All she did was smirk as she brought a whimper out of me.

“You see how good this pussy makes you feel, baby?” she moaned, settling into a slow, sensual ride. She tossed her head back, pulling my hands to cup her titties. “Fuck! Ooh this dick is everything I knew it would be.”

She looked down at me. The way her walls were gripping me was pulling that shit to the surface and it hadn’t even been five minutes yet. Everything about this moment was doing me

in. From the way she rode me, to her sexy moans, to her creamy nectar coating my dick. Her pussy was so pretty and clean shaven.

“Declan!” she panted.

“You feel so fucking good, Ivy,” I moaned. “You’re gonna make me nut too soon...”

“It’s okay,” she whispered, pulling my hand. She wrapped my fingers around her neck and I instinctively gave it a squeeze. “I *want* you to cum for me. Give me all that protein.”

She began riding me harder and faster. The sounds of her ass slapping against my thighs propelled me forward.

“Fuck!” I grunted, closing my eyes. “I’m about to bust, baby.”

“Ooh shit! Me too!” She placed her hands flat against my chest, riding my dick like a mad woman. The load I shot was so grandiose, so liberating, so... fucking... needed.

“Declan! Shit, baby!” she screamed, her entire body trembling.

The thrusting of her hips finally slowed to a stop. My dick was throbbing inside of her. We both laid there, panting. I felt sensations coursing through my body that were foreign to me. I think I’d fallen even more in love. She’d unknowingly created an insatiable taste for her. If this had to be the first taste of pussy I got, I was damn glad it was her.

“How are you feeling?” she asked, slow grinding against me.

“Like that was worth the wait.”

She giggled. “You’ve officially had your cherry popped.”

“Don’t say it like that. You make me sound like a female.”

“Speaking of sounds, since when is your mouth that filthy! I rarely hear you curse.”

“Listen... That was an out of body experience. I didn’t mean to nut that fast, I’m sorry...”

“No,” she said, putting a finger to my lips. “I loved the vocal expression. And as for you nutting fast... baby, that just lets me know I’m doing a job well done. I’m gonna make you cum like that every single time. I’m gonna fuck you beyond your deepest fantasies.”

I might have jizzed at the sound of that. She kissed my lips softly.

“You got another round in you?” she asked.

“I think I need to redeem myself.”

“Oh, baby, you’re about to work for this nut.”

She lifted her hips and removed herself from me, stopping briefly to suck my dick clean. I was in awe of how nasty she was. Had she been holding this in the whole time? I watched as she got comfortable on her back.

She grabbed my hand and placed it on her pussy. I instantly located her clit, massaging gentle circles. She moaned softly, pulling my head to hers to kiss me again.

“I want you to fuck me how you’ve always imagined fucking me,” she whispered, thrusting her hips forward. “Wherever you want... however you want... whatever position you want.” She licked my earlobe. Her voice came out in a breathy whisper. “You ready to try?”

The amount of times I’d beat my dick to thoughts of her was sinful. Of course, I’d thought of the many ways I wanted to have her: knees to chest with her feet at my shoulders, up against the wall, in the shower. Perhaps my favorite was from the back. Ivy’s ass was insane. It was one of those collard greens, cornbread fed asses. I loved watching her walk away because no matter what she wore, that thing was gonna shake.

“On your knees,” I said. She smirked as she maneuvered into position, arching her back effortlessly. Her ass jiggled slightly as I moved into position behind her. I gently caressed it before giving it a hefty slap.

“Ooh...” she moaned. “I like that.”

She reached behind her and spread her cheeks. That pretty pussy peeked out at me, her lips glistening with her essence. That was enough to have my dick on full brick. Gripping it, I rubbed the head against her clit, eliciting a moan from her lips. When I slid into her wet center, we both exhaled in satisfaction.

She was too damn tight... so damn wet. I had to close my eyes because if I watched her ass slapping against my thighs at that moment, I was gonna nut. My dick slid in and out of her effortlessly, her walls contracting around it.

“Fuck, Ivy,” I groaned, gripping her hips.

“Mmm... that’s it, Dec...” she moaned, gripping the sheet. “This is your pussy. Take control of her, baby.”

I wasn’t sure if I knew how to control myself. I didn’t know what she liked or how she liked it. Had I gone with my first mind, I would have asked, but here I was winging it, giving her hard quick thrusts.

“Slow down,” she instructed. “We aren’t there yet, baby.”

“I’m sorry. Maybe you should—”

“No. You’ve got this. Don’t be sorry. Take your time. Slow strokes until you’re confident.”

She said all this while slowly bouncing her ass on my dick.

“Just like that,” she moaned, looking back at me. “Catch my rhythm.”

I followed her instructions, slowly trusting into her while gripping her hips. She moaned softly as she picked up her pace a little. Her ass had this ripple effect as it lapped against my thighs. I slapped it again, producing a slight hiss from her.

“Did I hurt you?” I asked.

She gave me a sexy chuckle. “No, daddy.”

Daddy? That stroked my ego just a little bit. I found myself giving her harder, deeper strokes. Her moans began to amplify.

“Ooh shit!” She threw her ass back at me, causing me to adjust my posture to catch it. I was so deep in her, I could feel my balls slapping against her clit and her juices trickling down my thighs.

“You like that?” I asked, awkwardly.

“Yes!”

“What do you like about it?”

She laughed, causing me to stop mid stroke. “I’m not laughing at you, I promise. You’ve never talked dirty, have you?”

“Is it obvious?”

“You’re a little green, baby. Why don’t we skip the dirty talk for now and you just go with what you feel. Don’t be afraid to be a little rough. I like my ass slapped, a little hair pulling... just don’t rip my shit out.”

I gave a nervous chuckle. “I hear you.”

“Come here,” she purred, beckoning me with her finger. I leaned in and kissed her softly. She sank to her stomach, spreading her legs... slowly grinded against me. I immediately caught her rhythm, filling her with gentle, deep strokes.

“Mmm, that’s it, baby,” she moaned. “Make me take this dick.”

Remembering that she gave me the green light to be a little rough, I put a little force behind my thrust. She gasped and my first thought was that I hurt her, but the look on her face said she liked it. So I did it again, and again, until she gave me a vocal response.

“Fuck!”

“So you *do* like it rough?” I asked, kissing her shoulder.

“Yes! Just like that.”

I slapped her ass again, smoothing over the spot with my hand.

“Shit, Princess. You’re a fucking work of art.”

I leaned into her, gently gripping her hair in one hand and her throat in the other. Her eyes closed and a smile spread across her face. *So she liked to be choked?* I gave a gentle squeeze to her neck. Light gasps fell from her lips. To my surprise, she gripped my fingers, forcing me to squeeze tighter. The way her pussy juiced up from that one told me she might be a little kinky.

“Declan!” she panted. “You feel so fucking good! Fuck me!”

The hand wrapped around her throat, moved to caress her nipples as my lips found their way to her neck. The scent of her perfume lingered behind her ear. I loved that scent. It was my favorite on her and anytime she wore it, I wanted to ravish her. My strokes went harder and deeper still. At this point, she was moaning profusely.

“Fuck... I’m gonna cum, baby,” she told me.

I gave her everything I had as I lightly nibbled on her shoulder. I felt her trembling beneath me.

“Ooh shit!” she cried. “Oh God, I’m cumming. Fuck!”

The next thing I felt was her pussy contracting. She buried her face in the pillows, screaming her pleasure as she squirted on my dick. The act alone caused me to erupt right along with her.

“Got.... dammit!” I growled.

My body stiffened as the last of my nut expelled deep inside of her. I collapsed against her, both of us trying to catch our breath. She quivered beneath me as I placed light kisses down the center of her back. Once the tremors subsided, I slid out of her and climbed out of bed. For a moment, I had to brace myself because my legs felt weak as shit. That nut took a lot out of me.

Going into the bathroom, I grabbed a washcloth and ran it under warm water to clean her up. When I returned to the bedroom, she was on her back, with her legs spread, waiting for me. I gently cleansed her. Before I could pull away, she sat up and cupped my face, kissing me sweetly.

“I love you, Declan.”

“I love you too, Princess.”

Tossing the rag in the laundry basket after cleaning myself off, I climbed into bed with her. She snuggled up next to me. For the longest time, we laid there in silence. I was still coming down from the high of what I'd just experienced. She lifted her head, resting her chin on my chest.

“What are you thinking about?” she asked, poking my nose.

I chuckled. “You really have to ask?”

“I mean, I just want to know if your first time was anything like you thought it would be?”

“Honestly, no. I expected my first time to end a lot quicker. I probably wouldn't have said anything and my performance would have spoken for itself. But you... You were perfect and patient. I wouldn't change anything.”

She smiled. “Well, if you want my honest feedback... I could tell you were paying attention. Some women don't mind teaching you how to please them but all of us love men who know how to take subtle hints. You figured out how to please me by paying attention to my face and my body. You don't have to be a man that's slept with a bunch of women to know how to be an unselfish lover. That's why when you *really* get comfortable, I just know you are gonna beat this shit up.”

I had to laugh. “I've fantasized about you more than a few times, Princess, and you know my imagination runs wild.”

“Well, whenever your imagination runs wild, I'm always down to test your theories.”

I grinned, shaking my head. Something told me I was going to be in for quite a bit of experimenting.



“GOOD MORNING, Ivies! I just wanted to wish you all a beautiful Monday morning. I hope your weekend was amazing as mine was. I had fun but ya girl is tired. Look at my hair! But I digress! I’m going to get ready to start my day, but before I go, I’ll leave you with Ivy’s Affirmation of the Day. I found this on Google because y’all know I love to google shit. *‘Not all storms come to disrupt your life. Some come to clear your path.’* Remember that the next time you wonder *‘Why me?’*”

After blowing a kiss at the camera, I ended the video and posted it to my Instagram account. Life as an influencer was not for the faint of heart. I bared so much of myself to strangers and was always up for criticism. One thing people were gonna do was talk about you. They would talk if you were doing good and would talk if you were doing bad.

I had thick skin. A bitch needed to understand it would take a lot more than her to get next to me. Niggas, too, for that matter. I got into the influencer game years ago, during my freshman year of college. I came from humble beginnings. My father was a teacher and my mother was a receptionist. I was the baby of four girls, so there were a lot of hand me downs in

my family. From a young age, I learned to sew and I was a beast at recreating something new from my sister's old clothes.

Money was scarce at times in my house. It was the reason my sisters and I worked extra hard to get scholarships for college. My grants and scholarships covered enough to pay for tuition, room and board, and my books, with quite a bit left over for me to spend as I pleased. I didn't need much. I stayed on campus and I ate at the café. Plus, I had a job that covered my basic needs.

I sent the majority of the money to my mother to help out at home. While her pride didn't want her to take it, my father's medical bills were adding up. My junior year in high school, he'd been diagnosed with cardiovascular disease. It had been a battle and they were struggling financially. I almost didn't go to school so I could stay home and work to help out.

My father told me he'd muster every ounce of strength he had and whip my ass if I ever thought of putting my life on pause because of him again. Needless to say, I went to school. What started as a fun vlog about my HBCU experience quickly gained popularity online. I did segments on making dinner in my dorm room to Get Ready With Me (GRWM), to the campus parties or step shows.

I had a special segment that I did once a week called, "Ivy's Baddie on a Budget Guide". There, I'd share my latest thrifty fashion finds or clothes I'd revamped. I also did hair and makeup tutorials. From there, different companies were inboxing me, wanting to send me free shit or pay me for promos.

The rest was history.

For the last ten years, I'd been heavy on social media, just being myself. As authentic as I was online, Declan really understood my truest self. When the makeup and glam came off, when my hair was tied and I was chilling in a sports bra and biker shorts, when I was stripped bare, he saw my soul and he nurtured it.

The sound of my phone ringing broke me from my thoughts. As usual, it was Declan with his morning call. He always started my morning.

“Hey, baby,” I answered, smiling big as I headed into the bathroom to shower for the day.

“Good morning, my love. How did you sleep?”

“I slept like a baby. What about you?”

“So good, I almost overslept. I think you’re a bad influence on me, Princess,” he added with a chuckle.

“I can make it up to you,” I sang into the phone.

“I bet you can. What’s on your agenda today?”

“I have a photoshoot at eleven and a meeting with a local boutique at three. I’m free after that.”

“You want to come over? I’ll cook dinner.”

“Sure. I’ll bring dessert.”

“You *are* dessert, Princess.”

I bit my lip as the words left his mouth. “In that case, I’ll make sure I wear something sexy.”

“You do that.”

“I’m about to shower. I’ll see you later. Have a great day.”

“You too, baby. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

We ended the call. After snapping a few sexy pictures and sending them to him with the caption, “*Think of me today,*” I hopped in the steamy shower. The water was relaxing to my joints. The fuck fest Declan and I had from Saturday night until well into Sunday afternoon had worn me out. If I worked a regular job, I wouldn’t have been shit this morning.

After my shower, I moisturized my skin and dressed in a pair of sweats, a tank top, and my favorite pair of glittery Crocs. Being that I’d probably be done with my photoshoot just before my meeting, I opted to pack a change of clothes in

my tote bag, along with a cute pair of sandals. Ensuring that I had everything I needed, I headed out to start my day.

* * *

Once my photoshoot and my meeting were done, I headed to find something sexy for tonight. I had plenty of lingerie at home but this would be the first time Declan saw me in it so I wanted something special. I headed over to my favorite plus-sized lingerie store called "*Plush Crush*" to see what I could find.

I was a featured model on their website and my girl, Tammy, always got me together. When I walked in, she came from behind the counter to greet me.

"Ivy!" she exclaimed, opening her arms to hug me. "It's good to see you, love!"

"It's good to see you too."

"It's almost time for us to set up another photoshoot. I have some bomb ass pieces coming in a few weeks. You and this body is a sight to be seen in it."

"We'll get together and set something up."

"Awesome. What brings you by?"

"I'm looking for something special for my boyfriend."

"Ooh, birthday? Anniversary?"

"Just because."

"Oh, you have one of those kinds of men? Let me find out, chile. Does he have a brother?"

"He has two but they are nothing like Declan. I wouldn't buy just because lingerie for them."

"Duly noted. Anything in mind?"

"Well, he likes anime."

"I think I have to perfect thing. Follow me."

She led me to the costume area of the boutique. The moment I laid eyes on the sexy *Sailor Moon* outfit, I knew it was the one. *Sailor Moon* was the one anime show I loved growing up. It was my go-to show when I got home from school. Declan was surprised that I watched it when he revealed his love of anime to me. We'd binge watched the entire series together.

After making my purchase, I headed home to take a quick shower and get ready to head to Declan's for dinner. I tucked my lingerie into my tote to change into later. Dressed in a pair of slides, leggings, and one of the many shirts I'd stolen from him, I headed to Declan's condo, arriving around six. Using my key, I let myself in.

The tantalizing aroma emitting from the kitchen made my mouth water.

"Baby!" I sang, putting my bag down and following the scent. I found him cutting up spinach in his "*Kiss the Cook*" apron. I walked over to him with a smile and kissed his lips. "Hey, my love."

"Hey, baby. You smell good."

"Thank you. Speaking of smells, you have it smelling like heaven in here. What are you making?"

"Pasta with spinach, tomatoes, and sausage."

"I can't wait to taste it."

"It won't be much longer. I chilled you a bottle of wine in the freezer."

He really did spoil me. There was never a shortage of my favorite wine when I came over and he cooked for me at least once or twice a week. Honestly, I was a princess in his world. He catered to me. Tonight, I would cater to him.

While he dumped the spinach into the pot to cook down, I poured us both a glass of Apothic Red, him only a small swig. After washing his hands, he took the glass from me and pulled me into his chest with his free hand. His lips settled on mine in the sweetest of kisses. There was no burning desire behind this kiss, yet my pussy throbbed as his lips departed from mine.

“I missed you,” he said, taking a sip of his wine.

“I missed you too. How was your day?”

“It was pretty good. I’m developing a software for this new dating app. As if we need another one of those. Just another app to get scammed and catfished.”

I laughed. “You sound bitter.”

“I went on one date. She was a nice girl. I thought we hit it off until she asked me how I wanted to pay at the end of the night.”

“You matched with a hooker?”

“An expensive one too. She tried to charge me five hundred dollars. She said she wanted the cash upfront before she slept with me. When I told her it wasn’t that kind of party, she told me the extra was for me wasting her time.”

“Did you pay it?”

“I wasn’t going to but then her security rolled up on me. I’m a man who knows how to pick my battles. I didn’t want smoke with that gentleman.”

I burst into laughter. “So, you got catfished and robbed?”

He chuckled. “I didn’t exactly read the fine print on that one. How was your photoshoot?”

“It was amazing and they let me keep my outfits.”

“As if you need more clothes.”

“I keep telling you, you can never have too many clothes. A girl needs options.”

“Whatever you say, baby.”

We continued to talk about our day, carrying the conversation over into dinner. The pasta he made was so delicious, I almost went back for seconds. If it weren’t for not wanting to feel too sluggish for this session I was about to give him, I would have. As he cleared the dinner table, I headed up to his room to get ready. After slipping on my outfit, I pulled

on my favorite red heels. Looking myself over in the mirror, I decided I looked like a bad bitch and headed back downstairs.

Declan was loading the dishwasher with his back turned to me. Perching myself on the countertop, I posed, crossing my legs.

“Baby?” I called him seductively.

“Yeah, baby, oh shit...” He damn near dropped the skillet in his hands. His eyes trailed me from head to toe as he slowly licked his lips.

“You like?” I asked, hopping down and doing a slow twirl. This *Sailor Moon* get up was giving what it was supposed to and then some. My titties sat up perfectly and my ass hung out of the little skirt that barely concealed anything.

“Hell yeah.”

He put the skillet into the dishwasher, his eyes never leaving mine. Closing it, he walked over to me, caging my body between his and the counterspace.

“You are so fucking beautiful,” he said, inhaling my scent. “So fucking perfect...”

His lips hovered over mine.

“I have one more surprise,” I revealed, smirking as I side stepped him. Turning so that my back was to him, I bent over, grabbing my ankles. “It’s crotchless.”

My pussy was clean shaven and sat up like the ripest, sweetest, juiciest Georgia peach. He licked his lips again, watching me as I stood upright. This time, it was I who caged his body between mine and the counter.

“I seemed to have forgotten my scepter...” I said, sliding my hand into his pants. “Can I borrow yours?”

My hand wrapped tightly around his dick, causing him to bite back a moan.

“You’ve been a bad boy, Declan,” I said, stroking him. “*In the name of the moon, I’ll punish you’.*”

His grin was wide and his eyes held excitement. “Punish me, then.”

I pulled my hand away. “Drop them,” I said, looking down at his pants.

He smirked as he pushed his sweats and boxers down over his hips. My new best friend sprang forward, causing me to salivate. I squatted before him, taking it in my hands. I kissed the tip with a soft moan. I moved to kiss his balls, sucking each into the wetness of my mouth as I gently stroked him.

“Damn, Princess...” he groaned, gathering my hair. He was such a gentleman.

With my eyes trained on his, I sucked the head of his dick between my lips, massaging it with my tongue. His grip on my hair tightened slightly. My mouth welcomed the rest of him, coating him graciously. His dick passed through my lips effortlessly as my head bobbed back and forth.

“You’re such a good fucking girl,” he said through gritted teeth.

Gripping the base of his dick, I moved my hand up and down in a twisting motion as I sucked. I’d fallen in love with the feeling of having him in the back of my throat. I loved the taste of him. So much so that it turned me on. I found myself spreading my lips and finding my clit. She was slick and throbbing with desire. I stroked her, moaning in my continued assault on my “scepter”.

“Fuck, Ivy!” he growled, gripping my hair and my chin as he fucked my mouth slowly, filling it to capacity. “Now that’s a beautiful ass picture.”

He pulled his dick out and leaned in to kiss me, gently gripping my throat as he did. His tongue swept for mine, colliding in a battle for dominance which I quickly relinquished my control. I moaned deeply into his mouth.

He pulled away, placing his dick on my lips. “Finish.”

It was a simple command but the authority in his voice did something to me.

“Yes, sir.”

I sucked him back into my mouth, using every ounce of spit to coat it. He'd gotten head but it was time to introduce him to the sloppy toppy.



I KNEW SHE WAS A FREAK.

A big ol' nasty ass freak, and I was loving every minute of it.

The moment I saw her in that *Sailor Moon* inspired lingerie, I knew sex with Ivy would never be just sex. She was going to put on a show every single time. At this very moment, she was sucking my dick like rent was late and the light bill was due.

With a purpose.

My knees were buckling as I watched her devour me. She took me to the back of her throat, her succulent lips kissing the base of my dick. Spit trickled from her mouth as her head bobbed. At one point, she took me so far in, she licked my balls in the process.

“Nasty girl...” I moaned, pushing her hair aside to get a better look.

Her nails dug into the back of my thighs as she held me in place. There was no need. I wasn't running from this shit. She

sucked my dick like *she* craved my nut and I was more than happy to give it to her.

“I’m about to bust, baby.”

She popped my dick out of her mouth, rubbing the head over her lips as she jacked me. When she slapped it against her tongue, my nut shot all over her pretty face. She didn’t move, didn’t flinch. She smiled like she enjoyed herself.

I grabbed a clean dish towel from the drawer and ran it under hot water before cleaning her up and then myself.

“Let’s take this upstairs,” I said, pulling my sweats and boxers back up and grabbing her hand.

“I was just going to suggest that. I have something else in store for you.”

She winked as she sashayed toward the stairs, pulling me behind her. Watching her walk was enticing. I loved the sway of her hips. I loved the way that ass jiggled when she moved. The way it was hanging out of her little ass skirt was intoxicating.

We reached my bedroom and she opened the door, leading me inside. She walked over to her bag, rummaging through it as I took a seat on the bed. When she came to me, she held a purple cock ring in her hand. It was a peculiar contraption with a vibrator attached to the top and a jelly dildo attached to the bottom for anal penetration I assumed.

She pulled me to my feet and pulled off my sweats and boxers completely. Dropping to her knees, she stroked my semi-hard dick to full capacity before slipping the ring on and pushing me down on the bed. Standing to her feet, she climbed on the bed, straddling me.

“You ready for me, baby?” she asked, strumming her clit.

“Let me feel that shit,” I said, slapping her ass.

She lifted her hips and slid down onto my shaft. Leaning forward slightly, she eased the dildo into her ass with a moan. When she turned on the vibrator, she moaned louder.

“Mmm... That’s my shit right there,” she purred, settling into a slow, sensual ride.

Now, I knew how big my dick was. I beat my shit enough times to know that information down to the millimeter. However, I swear I felt like my boy had grown another inch. With every thrust of her hips, I felt like I sank deeper into her when I thought I didn’t have any more dick to give.

Reaching behind her, she freed her titties from the confines of her top. She leaned forward, bouncing her voluptuous ass on me.

“Shit, baby,” she moaned, popping her nipples into my mouth. I eagerly sucked them, feeling them pebble between my lips. “Mmm... just like that,” she said, moaning as she caressed the back of my head.

Bending my knees, I thrust upward to meet her. Her essence cloaked my dick, leaking down my balls. The sounds of me entering her over and over echoed in the room.

“You’re so fucking wet, Princess,” I said.

“I’m always wet for you, baby,” she whispered.

Her hand moved from the back of my head to my throat. I didn’t know I liked being choked until she did that shit. Every time she slammed her pussy down on me, she gripped harder. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head. I could tell she was about to cum but I wasn’t ready for her to do so just yet. Wrapping an arm around her waist, I flipped her over onto her back, my dick still throbbing inside of her.

My stamina was through the roof right now. Hooking her legs in the bends of my arms, I pushed her knees to her chest and pinned her arms above her head. The best part of her being so damn thick was the fact that she was flexible. She was folded up like a pretzel, taking this dick like a champ.

“Ooh shit!” she moaned, her beautiful face contorting. “Ooh fuck! You’re so deep, Dec!”

“You feel that?” I asked, pumping my hips faster. “You feel how bad you got my dick throbbing because of you? Fuck, I could never get enough of you, Princess.”

“Oh, God, I’m about to cum!”

“Sing to me, baby.”

Her pussy gushed, splashing all over both of us. The scene had me releasing deep inside of her. It was possibly the longest, most powerful one yet. I’m talking about one of those that left you feeling debilitated for a minute afterward. If there was ever a time for her birth control to be effective, now would be it.

“That was so good.” She panted, looking up at me lustfully. “I take it you liked my Sailor Moon costume.”

“Please tell me you’ll dress up more often.” I removed myself from her and went to grab a towel to clean us off.

“I can absolutely do that.”

“You’ve always been like... this?” I asked, wiping my chest and torso before patting her dry.

“You mean this sexual?”

“I guess you could say that.”

She shrugged. “I lost my virginity my freshman year of college. I was this young girl away from home for the first time. I met this older guy and he turned my ass out. Now that’s not to say that I was loose because I wasn’t. I mean, I wasn’t popping my pussy around campus... But anyway, he taught me how to be comfortable and own my sexuality. To be sexually liberated. He made me see that sex and lovemaking should be an experience. I want you to have the Ivy Experience.” She paused, then added, “Ms. Jackson if you’re nasty,” with a giggle.

“Nasty you are,” I said, looking her up and down, shaking my head. “Mmm, mmm, mmm. How lucky am I? What else do I have the pleasure of looking forward to?”

Ivy smirked. “It wouldn’t be much fun if I told you. All you need to know is you’ll nut every... single... time.” Leaning forward, she whispered in my ear, “Wherever you want.”

“What am I gonna do with you?”

“I can think of a couple things.” She gripped my dick, stroking it to full length again. “Seems like you have another round in you.”

“I do. Bring that ass here.”

* * *

I was absolutely late to work this morning.

Messing around with Ivy’s ass had me sleeping right through my alarm. I ended up calling my secretary and telling her that I was having car trouble and would be a little late. I’d been punctual for the entire stint of my employment so there shouldn’t be an issue today.

I walked in around ten, heading straight to my office. Because I was rushing, I wasn’t fully dressed, carrying my shirt and shoes in my hands. Once in my office, I sat everything down to take a breath. The elevator was out so I had to walk up six flights of stairs. I was tired as hell. My body was already tired from last night’s activities.

I pulled off my jacket and hung it on the coat rack. Retrieving my deodorant from my bag, I put on a little extra, being that I broke a light sweat trotting up all those stairs.

“Hey, Siri, call Ivy.”

“Calling Ivy.”

I sat on the couch and kicked off my sneakers as I waited for her to answer.

“Hey, handsome,” she sang into the phone, sounding well rested.

“Hey, baby, you made it home okay?”

“I did. I was just about to text you. I’m sorry I made you late.”

“Nah, it’s on me. I was persuaded by the booty.”

She giggled. “I’ve been told it’s magical.”

“Mesmerizing, baby. What’s on your agenda today?”

“Just editing some content videos. I’ll probably go check on my parents around noon. Why don’t you come over for dinner?”

“I might be a little late, but I’ll be there.”

“Great, I’ll be dessert.”

I chuckled. “I think I’m developing a sweet tooth.”

As I stood to put on my button up, my office door swung open. In walked my secretary, Liza. She had a nasty habit of just opening my door. Clearly, I was going to have to reiterate to her that she needed to knock first.

“Mr. Chambers, here are the files—” She stopped mid-sentence and stared at me, eyes widened. She slowly looked me over as I pulled my shirt on over my tank top. “Pardon me,” she said, stepping inside and closing the door. “Here are the files you asked for.”

“Thank you, Liza. Next time, knock.”

“I apologize. Silly me, always forgetting.” She stepped closer to me, sticking her chest out. “You look different this morning, Mr. Chambers. I can’t quite put my finger on it.”

She poked my chest, allowing her finger to linger a second too long.

“Liza—”

“Is this what you look like outside of work? I must say, I didn’t think all of this... was under all of that.”

“Liza—”

“I never would have guessed you had so many tattoos.” She traced the one on my shoulder as she stepped closer to me.

It was weird being hit on, even more so because she was my employee. Women at work didn’t look at me the way she was right now. She was a beautiful woman, standing about five-nine, slim-thick build. She had these beautiful brown eyes and what my brothers would call dick sucking lips. The guys around here were thirsty over her.

She'd been moved around in the department so much because potential harassment suits kept happening with different men. I could clearly see why now. I guess I seemed like the safest person to pair her with. I was quiet. I did my job and it was known that I had girlfriend because Ivy visited me regularly. I guess she didn't get the memo.

"Liza, have you met my girlfriend?"

"Girlfriend?" she parroted.

"Hi, Liza," Ivy spoke, giggling. "You checking out my man, sis? He's beautiful, ain't he?"

I had to laugh at her unbotheredness.

"I'm sorry," Liza said quickly.

"I could and I should follow through with that harassment suit, however, I'm in such a good mood and I should have locked the door. I'll let you off with a warning. Don't let it happen again. And again, next time, knock."

"Yes, sir." She hung her head and quickly left my office. I walked over, locking the door behind her.

"Are you out here showing my goodies to your work wife?"

"My what? Liza is hardly on my radar."

"Well, you're definitely on hers now." Ivy laughed hard as hell. "I must say, Mr. Chambers. I love your authoritative voice. My kitty tingled."

"Your nasty ass." Grinning, I shook my head.

"You love my nasty ass though."

"I do... in more ways than one."

"Now who's being nasty?"

"Whatever. I have to go, love. I'll check in on you later."

"Okay, baby. I love you."

"I love you too."

We ended the call and I finished getting dressed. I needed this day to fly by, especially since I was making up hours. As I settled behind my desk, my phone notified me of a message. I saw that Ivy had sent me a picture. I opened it to find her butt ass naked, squatting in front of the mirror.

The caption read, *“Have a great day. We can’t wait to see you. ☐”*

“Damn...” I said, shaking my head.

I wasn’t sure if we were still sending dick pics in 2022, but I knew she’d appreciate one, especially since she wasn’t expecting it. Whipping my boy out, I stroked him to full length before capturing the perfect shot and sending it to her. Those three dots appeared immediately.

“Come prepared to have that sucked as soon as you hit the door.”

What was I gonna do with her?



DECLAN and I had been having an entire fuck fest all week long.

We'd been exploring each other's bodies on damn near every surface of his condo and mine. Since the proverbial cherry was popped, it was like the beast in him came out. Each time, his stamina surprised me. I was never one to tap out, but I almost called it quits last night.

He was attentive, taking cues from my body. He familiarized himself with every crook, every nook, and every curve of her. He was so unselfish in giving me the dick I'd been craving for six months and I was so satisfied, I didn't care I hadn't gotten any head yet. I definitely had plans to teach him how I liked my pussy ate.

"What are you smiling so hard about?" Kiely asked as we sat across from each other at our favorite lunch spot.

"Nothing. I just had a great weekend and an even better week," I answered.

"Speaking of a great weekend, girl, Rodney tore this lil kitty up after that reception." She shivered slightly with a huge grin on her face. "I might have to add him to the roster."

I rolled my eyes, shaking my head. “That roster is almost full.”

“At least my players are coming off the bench.”

We stared at each other for a moment before bursting into laughter. It was great that we could take jabs at each other and not take offense. It was all love.

“Your boo was looking cute or whatever in his li'l suit.”

“First of all, I've told y'all about insulting my man. Puppies and babies are cute. Declan has grown man energy. He's sexy, fine, and all mine, bitch.”

“Well, he still ain't giving you no dick so he ain't *all* yours.”

“That's where you would be wrong.”

She looked at me with a raised eyebrow. “You saying you fucked him?”

“I'm saying I fucked him. He fucked me. We fucked each other.”

She jumped in her seat, covering her mouth to stifle the loud ass scream I knew she was dying to let out. “You know I need details. What was it like? Was it big? Ooh, is he a grower or a shower? Is he circumcised?”

“Bitch, you're asking too much. To give you a general overall answer, ten out of ten. Would recommend. That dick was glorious. Big, pretty, thick, and veiny.”

“You introduced him to the freak yet?”

I rolled my eyes. “I'm working my way up to it. He's getting small bits and pieces. I don't wanna throw too much at him at once. He's enjoying fucking me and I'm enjoying the hell out of it too.”

“Alright now! Not nerdy ass Declan laying pipe. Who knew he had pipe.”

“Pictures don't do justice to that pipe in person.”

“You mean to tell me straight laced Declan Chambers sent you a dick pic?”

“He did. I can look at that big, pretty thing while I fantasize about it.”

“Well shit, let me see.”

“Aht, aht! No ma’am.”

“Why not? We’ve swapped pics before.”

“Because this is *my* dick. And I’m not trying to lose a friend.”

“You tried it.”

“Y’all are gonna stop disrespecting my man. I told y’all about that shit.”

“My bad, boo. He’s just... different. I mean, the nigga’s name is Declan. I never met a black ass Declan. Honestly, I thought you were being funny when you asked him out.”

I frowned. “When have I ever been cruel enough to do something like that? That’s what you get for being closed minded. Declan may not be your type of man but he’s perfect for me. I don’t need those thug ass, triflin ass niggas you, Kiki, and Pash are attracted to. The man was hitting me from the back telling me I’m a fucking work of art. Has a nigga ever called you art?”

“No need to get all defensive!” Kiely said, holding her hands up. “Get ya panties out the bunch, bitch. I’m happy for you. I see how much you love him and he obviously adores you. I’m glad you finally got some dick. I was prepared to come strap you myself if you didn’t get relief soon.”

I had to laugh. “You know what? You never know what the hell to say.”

Our lunch date carried over for another two hours before we headed out. I made sure to grab Declan something to eat because he often skipped lunch when he was working. Talking about him made me miss him. Hopefully he had time to spare when I took him his food.

I made it to his office building about fifteen minutes later. Taking the elevator, I made my way up to the sixth floor. When I stepped out, it was all eyes on me. I got stared at every time I walked in here. I didn't mind. I was a beautiful woman. Today, I was dressed in a navy-blue, long-sleeved shirt that I tucked into a brown suede skirt that buttoned in the front, sheer navy tights, and a pair of boots.

The gold nameplate necklace Declan gifted me for Christmas hung from my neck and simple studs adorned my ears. My hair hung at my shoulders in feathered curls. I was looking good if I did say so myself.

“Good afternoon,” I spoke to Liza.

“Can I help you?” she asked, smacking her gum with way too much sass in her tone.

I smirked. “Yes, I'm here to see Declan Chambers.”

“And you are?”

“His girlfriend.”

She looked me up and down. “No, really, who are you?”

“Why would I lie about who I am?”

She rolled her eyes and picked up the black landline. After pressing number two, she paused, waiting for him to answer. When he did, she smiled a little too hard for my liking.

“Mr. Chambers?” she said. “I'm sorry to bother you. There's a woman here to see you.”

She says she's your girlfriend... oh? Oh, she *is*?”

I crossed my arms, handing all the attitude back at her. “You remember we spoke on the phone on Monday, when you felt up my man? Yeah, he mentioned that.”

Her face was painted in embarrassment. She looked away from me, focusing back on the call.

“Yes, sir, I understand. Right away.” She hung up the line, looking up at me and popping her gum. “His office...”

“I know where it is.”

Rolling my eyes, I made my way down the hall and past the cubicles to Declan's office. He was waiting for me at the door.

"Princess," he greeted, offering me his panty wetting smile.

"Hey, baby."

He cupped my chin and kissed my lips softly as his coworkers looked on. Normally, he waited until we were behind closed doors to kiss me when I came to see him, but today was different. He pulled me into his office and closed the door.

"You look beautiful, baby." Declan pulled me into his arms.

"Thank you. I had a podcast shoot this morning, then I went to lunch with Kiely. I brought you something to eat."

"Thank you. You must have known I skipped lunch?"

"I know how you are when you're focused, so I had to make sure my man ate."

He pecked my lips. "You take such good care of me."

"Because you take care of me. Sit down and eat."

I turned to take a seat and was pleasantly surprised when he slapped my ass.

"Alright now," I warned him with a giggle as I sat. He took a seat behind his desk. "How's your morning been?"

"Pretty smooth," he answered, digging the to-go container from the bag. "Scored a pretty big contract today."

"I'm so proud of you! I know you've been working hard. You are gonna run this company one day."

"I don't think I'd wanna run it. I'm content here. I get off at a decent time and my weekends are free. Besides, my current schedule offers the flexibility I need to spend time with you."

I smiled. "You spoil me."

“You deserve it. How was your podcast?”

“It was good! You are looking at the new brand ambassador for Melanin Mixed Cosmetics.”

“Congratulations, my love. We should celebrate.”

“What did you have in mind?”

“How about a weekend getaway? Maybe Tybee Island. I know you said you wanted to go there.”

I loved that he always listened when I spoke. He remembered shit I long forgot I’d even said at times. Tybee Island was perfect for several reasons but I’d keep one under wraps until we got there.

“I can’t wait. This is our first trip together.”

“I know. I’ll handle everything.”

“Baby...”

“What did I say, Princess?”

My panties flooded. Not him bossing up on me.

“Yes, sir,” I answered with a sheepish smile on my face.

“Good girl.”

That activated my hormones. I couldn’t sit still as I watched him eat. Every couple of minutes I was crossing and uncrossing my legs. I’d paced the floor, admiring shit in his office like I wasn’t familiar with the layout.

“Why are you fidgeting?” he asked closing the empty container and throwing it in the trash.

“I’m not.”

“Princess, you haven’t sat still for the last fifteen minutes.” He chuckled as he stood. “I’m going to the bathroom. I’ll be right back.”

“Okay.”

The minute he was out the door, I stripped down to my bra and panties. As horny as that “*Good girl*” comment made me, he was about to get this pussy as soon as he walked back in. A

few minutes later, the door opened and he stepped in. His eyes widened as they settled on me half naked on his couch.

“You’re being a bad girl, Princess,” he said, locking the door.

“Maybe you need to punish me,” I purred, massaging my pussy through my thong.

I was surprised when he untucked his shirt and began unbuttoning it. He pulled it off along with his wife beater and stepped in front of me. I loved that he was ditching his normal play it safe routine. That only heightened my arousal. Prepped cherry Declan would never have fucked me in his office.

He leaned into me, bringing his face to mine, and kissed me. It wasn’t his usual sweet kisses. This one was filled with lust and desire. The next thing I knew, he’d pulled my legs around his waist, hoisting me into the air. I locked my arms around his neck, continuing to devour his mouth. The strength in his legs was impressive as he stood steadfast, unhooking my bra and taking it off.

He lowered us onto the couch with me in his lap. A hard slap to my ass caused me to moan against his mouth. He pulled back, looking at me with his lip between his teeth. Grabbing the thin fabric of my thong, he pulled the sides with so much force he ripped it from my body.

“Damn.” I moaned as my nipples hardened with excitement. “Do something for me, baby.”

“Anything.”

I climbed to my feet, standing over him on the couch. Pushing his head back with my finger I said to him, “Eat my pussy.”

His eyes widened. “I’m not sure I’ll be any good...”

I gave him a sexy chuckle. “Don’t worry, baby...” I ran my finger along his jawline. “I’ll teach you.”

My pussy tingled with excitement as I stood over him. He looked up at me, pulling one of my knees next to his head. His

left hand rested right up under my ass, giving light massages to the back of my thigh. His right gripped my leg as he slowly kissed and licked the insides of my thigh.

I could feel his breath on my sensitive clit, causing my pussy to quiver in anticipation.

“You smell so good, baby,” he complimented, slouching just a tad bit more.

He motioned for me to put my other leg up. Using the table located behind the couch to brace myself, I positioned myself right above his mouth. His hands gripped my ass as he lowered me. The first swipe of his tongue caused me to release a soft cry. I hadn't had my pussy eaten since before we started dating. My clit was sensitive as fuck.

“Declan...” I moaned, looking down at him.

His eyes were closed as his lips went to work. He placed light kisses on my clit, sucking her ever so gently. His tongue circled her, flicking feverishly back and forth, causing me to inhale sharply.

“Mmm... Yeah, just like that,” I moaned, caressing the back of his head. “Look at me... Look at me, baby.”

His eyes met mine as I fed him more of my pussy.

“That's a good boy,” I whispered, grinding against his mouth. “Look at me while you suck this clit.”

His normally light brown eyes seemed to darken a shade or two. As he sucked on my pussy, I felt two of his fingers ease into me. He moaned beneath me, the vibrations sending pleasurable sensations throughout my lower region.

“Fuck, baby. You feel so good.”

To say this was his first time, it seemed to be effortless with him. He licked and sucked and fucked me with his mouth until I was sure my juices were running down his stomach.

“Just like that, baby,” I moaned, stuffing my pussy into his mouth. “Just... like... that!”

I enunciated each word, winding my hips to match the rhythm of his strokes. He slapped my ass and I cried out.

“Declan!”

Thank God his office was soundproof. He liked to work without the interference of outside noises.

“I’m gonna cum... Fuck, I’m gonna cum!”

My body quaked. I felt blinded for a moment and I almost forgot how to breathe. The orgasm ripping through me was debilitating. He’d snatched my soul with that one. As my body returned to normal functioning, I felt myself being removed from his mouth. It wasn’t until I felt his dick breaching my walls did I know it wasn’t for rest. When did he even undo his pants? He entered me so roughly I almost immediately came.

With my hands braced against the back of the couch and his on my hips, I bounced on his dick as he thrust his hips in a swift, upward motion.

“Fuck...” he growled in my ear. “I love you, Princess.”

“I love you too... shit! I love you so fucking much!”

The pleasure of him filling me was exhilarating. His rhythm was powerful, controlled, and intentional. His lips devoured my nipples as his dick drilled my G-spot. When his middle finger slipped into my ass I gasped for air.

Over the weekend he discovered that I enjoyed anal play. Something about all of my holes being filled just did something to me. I had so much pleasure coursing through my body that I didn’t know whether to cum or cry. He was loving me so... damn... good.

“You gon’ make this pussy cry for me, Princess?” he asked, slapping my ass.

“Yes, daddy! Fuck, I’m cumming!”

Without further warning, my pussy was juicing and gushing all over his lower region. He watching, seemingly amazed that he was the reason behind it. A guttural groan came from his throat as his body stiffened and I felt his hot seeds filling me.

“Shit!” Declan fell back against the couch. He pulled my face to his, kissing me ravishingly. When he pulled away, he chuckled.

“What?” I asked panting.

“We need to invest in condoms. If we keep going like this, you’re gonna get pregnant.”

“I can see a little you running around here,” I said, playfully slapping his chest. “A perfect little replica of his daddy.”

“You see yourself having my baby?” he asked, massaging my thighs.

“I’d have as many as you want. Of course I need a ring on this little finger,” I said pointing at my ring finger.

He grabbed my hand and kissed it. “I’m gonna marry you,” he said in all seriousness.

I smiled. “I know.”

My response wasn’t cocky. I knew this was the man I’d marry before we ever made things official. I grew up with a strong father. He was my first love, my best friend, my confidant, and protector. I watched him treat my mother like a queen and my sisters and I like princesses. He was the blueprint of the qualities I wanted in a man.

That was why my attraction to men was never based off looks alone. My man just happened to be the total package, looks included. And how the dick was on the same level as everything else I loved about him, there was no question. Put a ring on my finger and call me Suge Avery cause *I’s married now!*



MY CO-WORKERS HAD to know something was up.

Ivy had been to my office every day for the rest of the week with lunch and every day she'd been my dessert. Even the soundproof walls of my office was no match when concealing our guilty, pleasure ridden faces when she emerged an hour or so later. I wasn't even ashamed that they were probably speculating what was going down behind closed doors.

Since the night of the reception, I couldn't get enough of her.

She awakened a level of desire for her that I didn't know existed. How could I possibly want her even more now? That was what my brothers called the power of the pussy. I was currently at Rodney's with him and Donell. I found it strange that they asked me to come over. We hung out on occasion but the vibe felt different as soon as I walked in the room.

"Why are y'all looking at me like that?" I asked, taking a sip of the water Rodney had offered me when I came in.

"You glowing and shit, li'l nigga," he said, grinning.

“Hell yeah,” Donell agreed. “Nigga shinin’ like we used to when Mama slapped that damn Vaseline on our faces as kids.”

I shook my head. “You two are trippin’.”

“Nah, we ain’t,” Rodney said, leaning forward on his elbows. “Yo’ ass got some pussy.”

I tucked my lips to hide my smile.

“Yes the fuck you did!” Donell yelled, throwing playful jabs at me. “My boy! You finally let Ivy pop yo’ cherry.”

“What is this obsession with calling it cherry popping?” I asked with a laugh. “I’m a grown ass man that just happened to lose his virginity.”

“Call it what you want, you finally got some ass.” Rodney stood and went to his bar, returning with three shots of that damn Hennessy. “We have to toast to that. I know you don’t drink, but this is a celebration.”

“You act like this happened to you,” I said, taking the shot glass from him, a frown on my face.

“Listen, you losing your virginity after twenty-eight years is a win for all of us. We were worried about you for a second, li’l bro.”

“Worried for what?” I inquired.

“We thought you were gonna be on your Andy Stitzer shit,” Donell said, referring to *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* movie. “Then here came Ivy and her thick, fine ass.”

“Watch it,” I warned him.

“My bad, bruh.” He held his hands up. “I’m just saying, you got a baddie. I don’t know how you resisted her this long. I couldn’t do it.”

“Shit, me either,” Rodney agreed. “I shall hit her friend after the reception. That pussy was chef’s kiss.” He closed his eyes and kissed his fingers. “How do you think I found out you finally smashed Ivy? Ol’ girl was just as excited. Apparently, your lady been fiending for her a piece of you for the longest.”

“Yeah, and you out here extending Steve Harvey’s 90-Day-Rule,” Donell chimed in. “You lucky she stuck around.”

“Ivy isn’t like the women y’all are used to. She’s... different. Her different and my different just mesh. I’m gonna marry that girl.”

“Look at you,” Rodney said cheesing. “Pussy made you wanna pop the question.”

“It’s all her,” I said, twirling the shot glass between my fingers before downing it whole. “All her.”

Ivy was a blessing in every way possible. She deserved the world simply because she was mine.

* * *

The weekend came quick and before I knew it, Ivy and I were packing for Tybee Island. She insisted on us at least matching colors, so Friday afternoon before we left, we did a little shopping. I loved this woman but I hated shopping with her. She could spend hours in the mall and never buy a thing.

At the moment we were in Jagged Couture, one of her favorite stores. She’d picked up about six different outfits and was in the dressing room trying them on while I sat slumped against the wall waiting for her to show me the next one. I could admit she looked fine as hell in everything she stepped out in. It almost made the wait worth it.

“Baby?” she called.

“Yeah?”

“Could you help me with this zipper? It’s stuck.”

“I’m coming.”

I tucked my phone away and stood, walking to her dressing room door. I knocked and she opened it slightly, allowing me to slip in. It wasn’t until I turned around did I notice she was in nothing but her bra and panties.

“Where’s the—” I started, only to be cut off by her lips crashing into mine. She pushed me down on the bench and straddled my hips.

“Baby...” I said.

“You have to be quiet,” she whispered, slipping her hands past my basketball shorts and into my boxers.

I couldn’t answer. The grip she had on my dick felt too good to do anything but nod my head.

“You know what makes public sex so exciting?” she asked, moving her thong to the side and sliding down on my dick with a moan. “The thrill of possibly getting caught.”

She slowly bounced on my dick, looking back at us in the mirror.

“Look at that shit,” she said, spreading her cheeks so I could watch her pussy coating me. Us being quiet would do no good as long as this wet shit kept sounding off. She was juicing up so bad, I couldn’t help but moan.

“Shit...”

She covered my mouth with her hand.

“I said be... fucking... quiet,” she whispered, enunciating each word but thrusting her hips.

“How do you expect me to do that... fuck!”

She clamped her muscles around my shaft. Her walls were always so damn snug, so damn wet. It took everything in me to hold in the loud grunt I almost let out. Ivy seemed to find amusement in my struggle to keep calm. A smirk spread across her beautiful face as she played puppet master. She had the audacity to fuck me like this yet tell me not to make a sound.

“I’m about to bust, baby...”

“Let me have it.”

She rode me hard and fast. I gripped her ass, thrusting deep into her, filling her with my seed. When she tossed her head back and her mouth opened, I thought she’d scream but she

held it. Her body trembled as she rode out the wave of her orgasm. The look on her face was beautifully euphoric.

“Shit!” she hissed, catching her breath. She looked at me with a grin. “I hope that compensates for making you wait.”

“If you really want to show me your gratitude you can do so when we get to the island. I have a couple things in mind.”

“Oh, do you now?” she asked, removing herself from my dick with a moan. She pulled a pack of baby wipes from her purse. “Well... I have something in store for you that’s a generous show of my appreciation. Just you wait.”

My dick jumped with excitement. I didn’t know what she had planned, but I was ready for all that shit.

* * *

The drive down to Georgia from Columbia seemed to take forever. South Carolina drivers were the worst. It took a lot to upset me, but traffic gave me road rage. You had to look out for you and everybody else too.

We made it to our hotel around eight. After checking into our suite, we decided to order in and get comfortable. Ivy was doing her best to tempt me, walking around in a sports bra and boy shorts with her ass on full display. Here I was sitting on the couch watching TV when she walked in front of me and started twerking. I pulled her down, bending her over my knees and slapping her ass.

She giggled hysterically. “Declan!”

“Don’t pretend you don’t like that,” I said slapping it again.

She moved to straddle my lap with her back to me. Leaning over, she placed her hands on the floor.

“What are you doing?” I asked, watching her ass swallow her boy shorts.

She looked over her shoulder with a smirk. “Stretching.”

“Stretching, huh?”

My eyes drifted to the print of her pussy. I ran my hands under her boy shorts, gripping her bare ass as I massaged it. My thumb slipped into her wet canal, causing her to moan softly.

“Are you gonna help me?” she asked, grinding against me. “I can think of a certain appendage that would stretch me out perfectly.”

I smirked, whipping my dick out and stroking it to full capacity. Pulling her underwear to the side, I teased her clit with the tip before sliding into her walls with a moan. I got off maybe three good pumps before there was a knock at our door.

“Room service!”

“Fuck!” she groaned, sitting up and easing off of me.

“I’ve got you later, Princess,” I said, tucking my dick away and standing. I kissed her lips softly. “No need to pout.”

She adjusted herself and went to wash her hands as I went to open the door. After tipping the server, I rolled the cart inside, stopping briefly to wash my own hands. After removing the food from the cart, I pushed it aside and settled back on the couch.

“Is there anything in particular you have planned for us tonight?” Ivy asked, digging into her smothered hamburger steak.

I smirked. “I thought we’d relax for a bit. Maybe check out the night life.”

“Well, I want to take you somewhere,” she said.

“Oh really? Where?”

“It’s a surprise. I just need you to be open minded.”

I raised an eyebrow. “What are you up to?”

“Something... pleasurable. I want you to have the full Ivy experience. There’s a side of me you haven’t met and I want us to explore that. I wanna give you pleasure like you’ve never known.”

That piqued my interest. What could she possibly have in store for me? I knew she had more sexual experience, but just how much of that was there left for me to explore? I must have been thinking pretty hard because she cupped my chin, turning her head to mine.

“Don’t overthink it, baby. Do you trust me?”

“I trust you, Princess.”

“Then trust me when I tell you you’re in for a special treat.”

She leaned over and kissed my lips, sealing that promise. I was going to trust her. She hadn’t disappointed me yet and I was sure she wouldn’t tonight.

* * *

Around eleven, Ivy disappeared into the bathroom to shower and prepare for this surprise she had for me. She wouldn’t allow me to shower with her, something I’d come to enjoy quite a bit. I’d already taken a shower and was getting dressed when she finally emerged. The clicking of heels on the floor caused my head to snap up and my mouth to drop.

Ivy stood before me dressed in the sexiest lingerie. The black fabric wrapped around curves, clinging to them in ways that would make a man jealous. Her full breasts sat nestled in a black bra that barely concealed anything but her nipples which were covered by two ribbon bows. The thong covered just enough of her pussy, topping it with a bow as well. Those thick thighs and legs glistened with some kind of shimmery shit and I couldn’t wait to have them wrapped around me.

She looked fucking delectable.

“Damn,” was all I could muster.

“You like?” she asked doing a slow twirl for me, showcasing all that ass.

“Mmm hmm...” I walked over to her, and my hands instantly sought her exposed flesh. “All this for me?”

“All for you, daddy.”

“That means I get to take it off later, right?”

“Absolutely. That’s always been the plan.”

She kissed my lips before walking over to the closet and slipping on a tiny black dress from the hanger. I watched her pull it on, admiring the way the silky fabric contoured her curves.

“I’m ready,” she said.

“That’s all you’re wearing?”

“Unless you want to waste time taking off extra layers. I figured this was... easy access.”

“You naughty girl,” I said, smirking and shaking my head.

“One more thing.” She went into her suitcase and pulled out a black silk scarf. When she came over, she stood behind me, using the scarf to cover my eyes.

“Are you kidnaping me?” I joked.

“Oh, baby, I don’t have to force you to come... pun intended. It’s a given.” She rounded the front of me, kissing my lips softly. “Tonight, you rely on your other senses. I’ll be your eyes.”

I heard her walk away, and a few seconds later, she grabbed my hand and was leading me out the door. I had no idea where we were going, but something told me I was in for quite a surprise.

* * *

The ride seemed like a long one, I guess because I didn’t know where I was going.

When I felt the car come to a stop, my nerves tensed up a little.

“Loosen up, my love,” Ivy said, giggling. “Get out.”

I opened my door and got out of the car, waiting for her to come get me. She grabbed my hand, leading me blindly to our destination. When we stopped abruptly, she let go of my hand. I felt the scarf being pulled from my eyes. Once I was free to see again, I looked around. We were standing in front of an extravagant mansion, cars lining the circle driveway.

“What’s this?” I asked.

“So this is the home of a friend. A few years ago, I did a segment on her podcast on love, sex, and relationships. It was... quite the experience. We’ve kept in contact all this time and when I told her we would be here for the weekend, she invited us to a party.”

“Oh... Well that was nice of her.”

“Baby... it’s a passion party... with a twist.”

“A twist?”

“Let me explain. Behind that door, you can explore your deepest, darkest fantasy. Whether it’s threesomes, swinging, BDSM, roleplay... whatever you want.”

I swallowed hard. “You’re into all that?”

“I’ve experimented a few times,” she admitted. “Does that turn you off?”

“No. Actually, I’m intrigued. So how does this work?”

“Well, we have to sign a NDA upon entry. First, there’s a presentation of the products and toys available. Once we make our purchases, everyone just kind of hangs out for a bit, seeing what kind of trouble they want to get into. Then we’ll separate into different rooms and the rest is up to whoever you’re with. Don’t worry... it’s just you and me. I want you to lower your inhibitions and open your mind. Everything we do is consensual and intended to please each other.” She ran her hands up my chest. “Can I please you, baby?”

Without waiting for me to respond, she pulled my face to hers and kissed me with so much passion and lust, I was ready to let her do whatever she wanted. What would it hurt to indulge in a fantasy?

“Alright, Princess,” I said when the kiss ended. “I’m ready.”

We made our way up to the door and she knocked. A few seconds later, it opened and we were greeted by a beautiful woman in nothing but pasties and a thong.

“Ivy!” She squealed as she embraced her. “It’s so good to see you!”

“It’s good to see you too. Sequin, this is my boyfriend, Declan. Baby, this is Sequin.”

“It’s nice to meet you.” She tried to hug me but I held out my hand.

“Respectful. I like that. My apologies, I’m a hugger. I assume that Ivy has told you how this works.”

“She has.”

“Good. This NDA just basically states you won’t discuss what happens here amongst anyone but yourselves. There is also a safety clause. Signing means you are here of your own freewill and I won’t be held accountable for anything once you enter the private rooms.” She motioned to a white man sitting in the office off from the front. He came over with a smile.

“This is Jonah, my lawyer. He’s just here to witness you sign the papers.”

“Nice to meet you,” he said, shaking my hand. “Ivy, nice to see you again.” Producing two pens, he handed them to us. “You’ll each get a copy of the NDA when you leave. No phones allowed.”

Ivy and I both handed over our phones. Sequin informed us that they would be placed in a lock box and could be retrieved at the end of our visit. With that in mind, we signed the NDA and headed into the common space. My eyes widened at the array of half-naked people and sex toys available. I’d never been to anything close to this, yet everyone here seemed extremely comfortable. I could tell it wasn’t their first go round.

“See anything you might want to try?” Ivy asked, squeezing my hand.

I’d been eyeing a few things including a door swing and vibrating underwear for her. When I picked up both, a smile spread across her face.

“Okay now,” she said giggling. “I’m gonna pick out something for you.”

Her eyes scanned the tables until she spotted what she was looking for. She showed me two things. The first was this thing called a Lover’s Cage. It was made of rubber and basically slipped over my dick and my balls. Attached to it was a bullet vibrator that would tease her clit with every thrust. Knowing that my baby was a squirter, I was down for that.

The second was something called a PDX Elite Motor Blower. Basically, it was something that gave the sensation of being fucked and sucked and it vibrated. It reminded me of a high-class flesh light, just technologically advanced. I wasn’t sure about sticking my dick in that but I agreed to try something new.

We looked around at a few more items, picking up at least six more items to take home. I dropped a cool grand on this shit but if I knew Ivy like I thought I did, we’d be getting my money’s worth out of it. The night was just getting started, and from the looks of it, it was only up from here.



I **WAS** anxious to get Declan upstairs, especially after the drinks started flowing.

He was sipping on water while I was on my third cup of strawberry Hennessy. At this point, I was tipsy and horny and watching this couple fucking in the corner was intensifying the feeling.

“Baby,” I moaned, straddling Declan’s lap.

“Princess.” His voice was deep and laced with arousal.

“Are you enjoying yourself?”

“It’s cool... different that’s for damn sure.” He chuckled. “I see you’re feeling yourself.”

I giggled. “Just a little. What I’m trying to feel is this dick,” I said, grinding against him. “I’m horny.”

“I can see that.”

“Can we go upstairs before I fuck you in front of these people?”

He grinned, shaking his head. With his arms wrapped around me, he grabbed our goodie bag and stood with me in

his arms. I was always impressed by how effortlessly he was able to pick me up. Declan was tall and skinny while I was on the thicker side. He'd been tossing me around like a damn rag doll all week long.

"Bye, Ivy!" Sequin sang, giving me a finger wave as Declan carried me upstairs. We located a vacant room and locked ourselves inside. He dropped the bag to the floor and tossed me on the bed. I watched intently as he came out of his shoes, shirt, and jeans. The thick bulge in his boxers taunted me.

"I see you're ready for me," I purred, pushing off my dress.

"I'll never not be ready for you, Princess."

"Every time you call me that, it makes my pussy wet," I admitted, reaching behind me to unhook my bra. Pulling the straps from my shoulders, I took it off and tossed it aside.

"Oh really?" he asked, grabbing himself. "What else makes that pussy wet?"

I let out a low moan as I massaged my breasts. "When you tell me I'm a good girl."

"You know what I like about you being such a good girl?" he asked, taking steps toward me. He leaned in, his fingers lightly trailing my neck before grabbing my throat. "You're bad just for me."

He kissed me. Not a peck. He full on kissed my lips like he wanted to ravish me. My back met the bed as he climbed on top of me. The stiffness of his dick massaged my pussy, causing her to secrete her sweet juices.

"Do you know how hard it was to keep my hands off you, Princess?" he asked, slipping his hand into my thong. "How bad I wanted to fuck you in front of all those people?"

His fingers breached my wetness, causing my legs to voluntarily spread.

"I could smell you, baby." He moaned against my lips as he stroked me. "The smell of you makes my mouth water and

my dick hard. Like I just wanna bend you over and fuck you where you stand at any moment.”

His head dipped to kiss my nipples. They were so fucking sensitive that the moment his lips touched me, I cried out in pleasure. When he started licking and sucking on them, my body writhed beneath him.

“Declan...” I moaned breathlessly as he overloaded my hotspot and my G-spot. “Baby!”

I was quickly on the brink of cumming when he pulled both his hand and mouth away.

“Not yet, Princess.”

Gripping the elastic of my thong, he slid it off as I lifted my hips to assist him. I was left in nothing but my heels. Declan pushed my knees to my chest, staring down at me.

“Look at you,” he said, licking his lips. “Dripping wet. Let me clean you up.”

I shuddered as he ran his tongue from my ass to my clit, gathering my juices before spitting them back on my throbbing pearl. When he sucked her into his mouth, my toes curled. He made love to her with his lips and tongue, adding just the right amount of suction to have my legs shaking. Easing two then three fingers inside me, he slowly stroked my pussy.

“Fuck, baby!” I cried, gasping for air.

He French kissed my lower lips, his fingers making a come-hither motion. My back arched from the bed and the muscles in my stomach tightened. Tears stung my eyes as my breath caught in my throat. For a brief moment, I think I went blind, deaf, and dumb. It wasn't until my body began to tremble did I regain my senses and my ability to speak.

“I'm gonna cum... Fuck, I'm gonna cum!”

He looked up at me and the minute we locked eyes, I was done. My pussy creamed something serious in his mouth. I gripped the comforter so hard, it bunched up at my side. Declan emerged from between my thighs, face dripping in my

juices. He licked them from his mouth before wiping his face clean.

“My turn.” Panting, I rolled off the bed. “Take that shit off,” I said, pointing at his boxers.

He smirked as he pushed them down over his hips. His big, pretty dick sprang forward.

“On your back.”

He climbed on the bed and laid flat, pulling his hands behind his head.

“You said you trust me, right?” I asked.

“I trust you.”

“May I have your permission to restrain you?”

He thought for a moment before nodding slowly. Stooping down, I unwrapped the foot restraints from the bottom of the bed and locked them around each of his ankles before doing the same with his wrists. Going over to our goodie bag, I pulled out the scarf I’d covered his eyes with earlier along with the riding crop and vibrating Kegels we purchased.

“I told you I’d be your eyes tonight,” I reminded, leaning in to kiss his lips before covering his eyes with the scarf. For a moment, I stood back and watched him. His breathing slowed. His dick leaked precum that I wanted to lick so bad but I waited. I could tell he was anticipating what was to come.

“Princess?” he called, his voice deep enough to make my pussy quiver.

“I’m right here...” I trailed the riding crop up his legs to his inner thigh, giving it a good smack. He inhaled sharply as his dick jumped. “You like that, baby?” I asked, lightly dragging my nails up his abdomen to his nipples, giving each a subtle rub.

“Yes...” he said with a low moan.

Wrapping my fingers around his throat, I gave a gentle squeeze.

“Show me you have manners,” I whispered, leaning in.
“Yes, what?”

He smirked. “Yes, ma’am.”

“That’s a good boy. Now... Tell Mama where you want to put your dick first.”

“That nasty ass mouth,” he answered without hesitation.

“Good choice.”

Tossing the riding crop aside, I climbed on the bed, straddling his chest reverse cowgirl. Lubing the Kegels with my natural juices, I inserted them into my ass with a moan. My pussy instantly got wetter from the vibrations. He inhaled my scent, licking his lips. My pussy was right in his face but he wouldn’t be allowed to indulge, as I knew he wanted.

“Don’t touch me,” I said.

“That’s not fair, Princess. You can’t put your pussy this close to my mouth and expect me not to eat...”

I gave him a gentle slap to the side of his face. “Are you talking back to me?”

His teeth sank into his bottom lip. “No, ma’am.”

“You can eat my pussy when I *say* you can eat my pussy. Understood?”

“I understand.”

Turning my attention back to the dick at hand, I stroked him until the precum was trickling down his shaft. Opening my mouth, I licked the milky white stream up before swallowing his dick whole.

“Fuck...” he groaned, jerking as the tip of his dick met the back of my throat.

I sucked him in slow, allowing all the spit in my mouth to thoroughly coat him. His toes curled as my head bobbed up and down. Moans spilled from his lips as I gripped his length, jacking him as I pleased him.

“Shit, baby... suck this muthafucka.”

I loved the feeling of him in my mouth. I'd been dying to suck his dick for months and now every chance I got, I was swallowing his kids. The sensation of him filling my mouth made my pussy super fucking wet. I grinded her against him as I continued to deep throat him.

"Mmm, I feel your pussy leaking, Princess," Declan moaned. "You're letting my favorite juices go to waste."

He lifted his head, swiping between my lower lips with his tongue. As much as I wanted to punish him for being defiant, it felt too damn good. So good that I thrust my ass back to sit on his face. He immediately shoved his tongue into my pussy, licking, sucking, and lapping all the juices she produced for him.

"That's a good boy," I moaned, bouncing on his tongue as I continued to jack his dick before taking him back into my mouth. When his teeth sank into my cheeks, I moaned louder. He didn't know it, but love bites turned me on. They drove me crazy. I started sucking his dick for all it was worth.

Gagged on it.

Spit on it.

Took that beautiful piece so far down my throat, it restricted my airways. The vibrations of the Kegels combined with the way he moaned into my pussy, which was still stuffed into his mouth, caused my girl to contract. She quivered and trembled. His dick throbbed in my mouth until the sweetness of his cum was free falling down my throat. Popping his dick out of my mouth, I cried out as my own orgasm fell forward.

"Fuck!"

I grabbed the back of his head, forcing him to catch all of my juices as I rode out my wave. When my body returned to normal functioning, I rolled off his face to see his mouth glistening with my essence. He panted heavily as he licked his lips.

"If I'm gonna die from suffocation, that's the way to go," he said chuckling.

I giggled as I moved to straddle his hips.

“Nah, baby,” I moaned, easing down onto his dick. “If anything is gonna take you out, it’s gonna be this pussy.”

As he filled me, my walls expanded, pressing up against the Kegels.

“Ooh shit,” I moaned, tossing my head back.

“What the fuck... What the fuck is that?”

“Pleasure, baby.”

I didn’t appease him with a slow ride. Instead, balancing myself on my feet, I rode him hard and steady, contracting my muscles with every thrust. He gripped the ropes of the restraints, the veins of his muscles becoming prominent.

“Dammit, Ivy!” he groaned, biting his lips. “Grip this shit, baby.”

I gave him another gentle slap to the face. “Tell me how good this pussy feels, Dec.”

“Ain’t no better pussy, baby.”

I giggled internally because he didn’t have any other pussy to compare it to but he knew this pussy was just for him. She craved him. Curved to him. His dick was her most perfect fit and she loved him as much as I did, if not more.

Pulling the scarf down, I gripped it as not to choke him, but to hold his head up.

“Look at how she’s taking this dick.” I slowed down so he could see just how bad she was creaming for him.

“Fucking perfection. You better ride this shit, Princess.”

There it was again, the feeling I got every time he called me princess while he was in me. Gripping the scarf, I rode him like a prize-winning horse. Like the scarf was the reigns and his dick was the saddle. My titties bounced heavily as my ass slapped against his thighs.

“God, you feel so good, Declan!” I whimpered. “Fill me up, daddy.”

The room filled with the sounds of our skin slapping against each other and his dick filling my pussy to capacity. The vibrations of the Kegels became even more intense with every thrust. The muscles of my stomach tightened as my pussy released her creamy essence all over his dick.

“Fuck, I’m cumming!” I cried, bucking against him, feeling his seed shoot off deep inside of me.

“Shit!” he yelled. “Fuck, that was so damn good, baby.”

I leaned forward, with him still throbbing within my walls, and hungrily kissed his lips. Remnants of my pussy lingered on his tongue. I slowly eased off of him with a moan.

“Did you enjoy that?” I asked, unhooking him from the restraints.

“Hell yeah I enjoyed that.” He sat up and slapped my ass before he stood. “You gonna let me return the sentiment?”

I turned and looked at him. “You want to restrain me?”

He nodded, biting his lip as his fingers trailed my neck. He grabbed it with enough force to have me moaning and a smile spreading across my face.

“You got a problem with that?” he asked, peering down at me.

“No...”

He squeezed my neck harder. “What did you tell me? Show me you have manners. No, what?”

“No, sir.”

He pecked my lips. “Get on the bed... on your fucking knees.”



THE INITIAL SHOCK of Ivy asking to restrain me was over about two seconds after she asked the question. Of course I'd never had it done, but I was committed to exploring new things with her and nothing we'd done brought me anything less than pleasure. Relinquishing control of my movements only intensified my orgasm, especially since I'd been blindfolded.

The two slaps to the face I received were exhilarating. While I would never be okay with her putting her hands on me outside the bedroom, I discovered that I liked a little force... a little dominance. She'd definitely fucked me and now I was going to return the favor.

Ivy smirked as she climbed into position.

She rested on her knees, her arms stretched out in front of her. I moved to lock them in the restraints, ensuring that they weren't too tight. As I walked around to the foot of the bed, I picked up the riding crop she'd used earlier. I admired her beautiful, plump ass. The arch in her back had it sitting up just right.

“Mmm... You look delectable, Princess.” I slapped her ass with the riding crop. She hissed and moaned loudly. “So you like to be in control?”

“Yes...” she whispered.

I slapped her ass again. “I can’t hear you.”

“Yes!”

“I can tell by how wet your pussy got.”

I climbed on the bed behind her, positioning myself on my knees. She bounced her ass enough to make that bitch ripple like waves. I gave it yet another hefty slap before gripping her cheeks and spreading them. Leaning in, I grabbed the stem of what I recognized as the Kegels with my teeth and pulled them out of her ass.

“Don’t worry, I’m gonna fill you up later,” I promised, tossing them aside.

Positioning myself between her legs, I rubbed the head of my dick against her throbbing clit and through her slit, before entering her in one swift motion.

“Shit!” she moaned.

Gripping her hips, I fed her long, powerful strokes. It was ridiculous how wet her pussy was. It made me wonder if all pussy got wet like this or was it just her? How could I have denied myself this type of pleasure for so long?

“Fuck, this pussy is so damn good, Princess. Throw that shit back.”

She didn’t miss a beat, throwing her ass back to catch my strokes.

“Mmm... That’s a good girl. Just like that. I want you to bust all over this dick, baby.”

Picking up the pace, I plunged deep into her wetness over and over. Her moans mixed with the sounds of me sliding in and out of her, filling the room. Spreading her cheeks, I spit on her asshole, rubbing it in with my thumb.

“Declan... baby...” she whimpered.

“That’s where you want it, Princess?”

“Please?”

She asked so sweetly that I would never deny her. Pulling out of her pussy, I positioned the tip of my dick at her second entrance. Slowly, I pushed in her tight hole, pausing every so often to allow her time to adjust to my size. When she began moving, I took the cue to follow suit. In and out, I plunged into her slowly, slapping her ass in the process.

“I can’t decide which hole I enjoy fucking you in more,” I confessed, caressing the spot I slapped.

Her verbal displays of enjoyment migrated from soft to loud moans then from loud moans to a stream of curses spilling from her lips. My balls slapped against her clit, her juices trickled down my sack.

“Ooh fuck!” she cried. “Don’t stop!”

I pushed her knees further apart until she was on her stomach. Leaning forward, I gripped her hair with one hand and reached under to cup her titty with the other as I pummeled her ass.

“You’re such a nasty girl,” I moaned, nipping at her ear. “You like this dick in your ass that much, baby?”

“Mmm... I love it. Fuck me harder.”

Granting her request, I quickened my thrusts and deepened my strokes.

“Just like that, daddy,” she moaned. “Fuck, I’m gonna cum!”

I reached beneath her, playing with her clit as I fucked her hard from behind. That pussy had my fingers dripping in her essence.

“Declan!” she cried, gasping for air.

“Let it go, Princess.”

Let it go she did. I wasn’t even in her pussy and she still squirted a fucking waterfall against my thighs. It turned me on

so bad, I came right behind her, filling her ass with every drop of my cum.

“Fuck!” I growled, feeling my body stiffen on top of hers.

We laid there panting for a few minutes before I removed the restraints from her wrists and let her up. She went to stand and her legs almost gave out on her. I caught her just as she was about to hit the floor.

“Whoa, baby.” I chuckled. “You okay?”

She giggled. “I can’t feel my damn legs. Let me find out you are hiding an inner freak in there.”

“You just bring out the animal in me,” I said, cupping her chin. I kissed her lips softly. “Why don’t we clean up and get out of here?”

She nodded. “Thank you for tonight.”

“I promise, the pleasure was all mine.”

It had definitely been a pleasure. If the rest of the weekend was this exhilarating, I might just have to call out of work on Monday to recuperate.

“I want to show you one more thing,” she said, climbing to her feet. She slipped her dress on and tossed me my boxers. “Follow me.”

* * *

We ended up in the basement of the house.

It looked just like any other basement, yet what caught my attention was the red glow coming from series of doors aligning the back wall.

“What’s this?” I asked.

She stepped in front of me, turning to face me.

“Pick a door.”

I wasn’t as wet behind the ears as she might have thought. I knew what that red light meant. I just wasn’t sure which door

to pick. Either way it went, I was sure to see some shit beyond my wildest dreams.

“Number three,” I said.

She smiled. Grabbing my hand, she pulled me over to the door, typing in a code on the keypad. I heard the sound of locks disengaging, bracing myself for what I was about to see. When the door opened, we stepped inside. My eyes widened. It looked like a dungeon, only filled with all types of sex equipment. In the middle of the room was a bed suspended from chains. Against the wall was an array of whips and toys.

My eyes landed on a huge BDSM cross with cuffs for hands and feet. Various stations were set up for different kinds of foreplay and bondage.

I had to admit that I was curious.

“So, this is the type of shit you like?”

“I like a nice... playground,” she said, walking around the room. “Normally, I’d be the one indulging, but tonight, that’s for you.” She pulled her dress off and tossed it on the bed. “That’s if you’re up to it.”

I looked around at the assortment of toys. “None of that,” I said, pointing to the anal plugs. “I’m open but not that open.”

She giggled. “Understood. Because I know you, I’ll inform you that all equipment has been sterilized. Any used toys are discarded after every use of this room.”

That gave me relief.

“Pick your poison,” she said.

“You pick.”

A smirk played on her face. “Follow me.”

She led me over to the BDSM cross, roughly pushing me up against it. After securely locking my wrists in, she pulled my boxers down, leaving me bare. She then secured my ankles.

“I could really have my way with you right now,” she whispered, in my ear, licking the side of my face.

For a moment, that statement fucked me up and I wanted to back out of it. My brain was running rampant with what if scenarios. What if she really did try to have her way with me while I was locked in these restraints?

“Wait, wait, wait!” I said quickly.

She turned back to me. “What?”

“I’m just a little... you know... nervous. You have me down here in a dungeon. I’m kinda at your mercy, baby.”

She sighed. “Pause. Let’s just make something clear, because I can see your brain doing the calculations, baby. I am an aggressive female, but I will never try to humiliate or emasculate you. And I’ll never do anything against your will. Anything between us is consensual and for pleasure purposes. I need you to trust me.” She kissed me softly. “Can you trust me, baby?”

She asked me that with my dick in her hand. Her grip was strong and firm as she stroked me to a head nod of agreement. Maybe I gave in too quick, but shit. I hadn’t found a problem with anything she’d done to me thus far. Walking over to the wall of toys, she grabbed a whip, a feather, and something that I had no clue what it was.

“You know the thing about pain and pleasure?” she asked, trailing the feather across my face and down my chest. “They complement each other so well.”

She slapped my thighs with the whip, causing me to hiss. If I was being honest, that shit excited me. She gripped my dick with one hand, slapping my chest with the whip in the other.

“Fuck...” I moaned.

“I’m going to stimulate you to the point you’re begging me to fuck you,” she revealed. She produced a small device with the words *Pink Cherry* on it.

“What’s that?” I asked curiously.

“It’s a pocket rocket, also known as a vibrator.”

“Ivy, I’m not...”

She smacked my thighs with the whip again, causing me to purse my lips. "I'm aware of your boundaries."

Smiling, she tossed the whip and feather aside before climbing on the cross and mounting me. The heat radiating from her pussy was making my dick hard. Leaning in, she wrapped her fingers around my throat and kissed me ravishingly. She then moved to my neck, licking and sucking on my flesh as she tweaked my nipples. I inhaled sharply as she proceeded to lick and suck them too. It wasn't something I was sure I'd like at first, but I'll be damned if she didn't pull a moan out of me.

"Mmm... I love hearing you moan," she purred, looking up at me as she stroked my dick. "Let me hear it again."

She slipped the head of my dick inside her wetness, fucking just the tip.

"Princess..." I moaned, biting my lip. "You ain't playing fair."

"Who said anything about playing fair?" She smirked as she removed me and hopped down from the cross. "Did you know that your dick has several erogenous zones for stimulation?" she asked, gently stroking my man as she turned on the vibrator. She used it as a pointer.

She slowly ran it along the underside of my dick, causing my body to jerk.

"Shit!" I hissed.

From there, she placed it on the V-shaped part of my dick, right below the head. Again, my body jerked. Allowing the vibrator to linger, she kissed the tip, gently sucking it into her mouth a few times. My shit was painfully erect at this point. When she moved the vibrator to the tip, I shuddered.

The sensitivity in that shit was arousing. I bit back moan after moan after moan as she teased me. The moment she began stimulating the tip of my dick, I knew I was done for. I was at full attention with no handling assistance. Precum leaked from the tip. She stuck out her tongue to catch it.

"You so fucking nasty," I said through gritted teeth.

“You wanna see how nasty?” she asked, turning the vibrator up to the highest setting.

“Fuck!” I growled as she sucked my balls into her mouth. I could feel myself losing control.

Her tongue snaked from her mouth, flicking, licking, and sucking the head of my dick, all while holding the vibrator in place. I was on the verge of sounding like a female because the orgasm building from stimulation alone was a force to be reckoned with. The muscles of my stomach tightened. It was a wonder I hadn't bit my damn lip off as hard as I was biting it. Just as I was at the cusp of an orgasm, she stopped.

I was ready to punch the air as she stood, smirking.

“Don't worry,” she said, gently stroking me. “I'll let you cum... eventually.”



DECLAN WAS HOLDING out better than I expected him to.

We'd been in this dungeon for about thirty minutes and much to my surprise, he hadn't tapped out on me yet. His dick had to be throbbing, ready to burst at the seams. Four times I'd brought him close to orgasm before abruptly stopping.

Edging was not for the weak.

Handing over control of your orgasms to another person wasn't an easy feat but the pleasure... The power behind that sweet release, that made it worth it. When I was done with him, I'd let him get his lick back. Being around all this equipment was an itch too deep not to scratch. It had been almost a year since I'd been tied up and subdued and I was in for a tune up.

Vedo's "Face Down" played in the background.

Walking over to where he was chained to the bed, I climbed up and straddled him.

"You've held out on me pretty well," I said as I grinded against him.

“I think you’ve forgotten I held out up until last week.”

“Talk big shit if you want to. I’m about to end all that.”

Reaching up, I grabbed the ropes suspended from the ceiling, wrapping them around my wrist. Pulling myself up, I positioned him at my entrance. I could feel his dick pulsating as I slid down on it. A moan fell from my lips as my walls contracted, welcoming him back home.

“Shit, baby,” Declan moaned, gritting his teeth.

“Let’s see how long you hold out now.”

Using the ropes to brace myself, I began bouncing on his dick. Lightly at first, then gradually speeding up. The bed gently swayed back and forth.

“You sure you don’t wanna cum for me, baby?” I clenched my muscles around his shaft. “Tap out now and you get to have your way with me.”

“You wanted to fuck me... so fuck me,” he spat. “Make me tap out.”

I smirked, leaning forward and grabbing his throat. “I will.”

Without missing a beat, I dropped from my squatting position to a position on my knees. This gave me better control of my hips. I rode him hard, fast, and steady. The sound of my ass slapping against his thighs filled the room. His dick throbbed inside me with every thrust of my hips. I watched as he gripped the restraints, the veins of his muscles popping.

“Fuck, Ivy...” he moaned, pressing his head into the mattress.

“That’s it, baby. Say my name. Just cum for me and you can have me any way you want.” I grinded my hips in a circular motion as I bounced up and down on his dick. “I feel you about to bust, baby. Give me that shit.”

He growled, as though he was trying his hardest to fight against his rising nut.

“Shit... fuck...”

“Fill this pussy,” I commanded. “I need it all, Declan. God, you feel so fucking good!”

I bucked madly against him. My walls held a death grip on his dick. With a final squeeze of my muscles, I drained us both. Curses fell from our lips in synchrony.

“Dammit! Shit! Fuck!”

I could feel the mixture of my juices and his nut seeping out of me. Removing myself from him, I rolled over onto my back panting.

“I think you broke my dick...” Declan mumbled.

I cackled. “Did I hurt you for real?”

“No, but he’s grateful for a break,” he added with a chuckle. “I have to ask... Do you have any boundaries when it’s my turn?”

“None of that shit you’ve probably seen in white BDSM porn. I like a moderate amount of pain with my pleasure.”

“I understand,” he said, shaking his head. “You wanna let me go?”

“You stretch your limbs and decide what you want to do and I’m gonna go freshen up.”

I uncuffed him and we both hopped down from the bed. After a brief kiss, I left the room and headed back upstairs to our room. Sequin stopped me on the stairs.

“You’re still here! Are you two enjoying yourselves?”

“We are. We’re in the basement. I’m just going to freshen up.”

“Well if you need a third at some point, you know where to find me.”

“Girl, as long as I’ve been waiting to get that dick, I’m not about so share him.”

“Damn! Just break my little heart. It’s cool. I’m not mad at you!”

She winked at me before walking away. I shook my head, continuing upstairs. As I stood in the bathroom, cleaning myself up, I anticipated what might go down when I returned. Declan hadn't disappointed me yet. Even with sex in general being new for him, it was as though he'd been training for this shit or something. For a freshly fucked virgin, he had an animal inside him and I loved every moment of him unleashing the beast on me.

* * *

I was greeted with blue lights as I entered the room.

The sensual sounds of "Jhene" by Shaun Mill played through the speaker. Declan appeared in front of me. His hands were gentle as he pushed me up against the closed door. He brought his face close to mine, his warm breath tickling my skin.

"Princess..." came his deep voice as he inhaled my scent.

"Yes?" I whispered.

"It's time to return the favor, baby." He stooped and picked me up, wrapping my legs around his waist. When he kissed me, I wanted to melt right where we stood. God, I loved this man. I knew this teasing would be everything.

He led me over to the swing.

I probably should have told him to pick a different device. His first attempt at placing me into the swing had me landing on my ass on the floor.

"Oh, shit! I'm sorry, baby."

He scrambled to help me to my feet, but I was on my back cracking up.

"We are going to look back at this and laugh tomorrow!" I cackled as he scooped my naked ass up from the floor.

"I guess I wasn't as ready as I thought," he said shaking his head.

“It’s okay. These things can get a little tricky. Just try again.”

I pecked his lips, but he refused to let mine go. He kissed me soft and sensually, pulling moan after moan from my lips. It was a mere thirty seconds before I’d forgotten all about the fall and my desire to have his dick somewhere in me took over.

Again, he tried with the swing. Placing me inside, he put my legs through the designated loops, my ass resting in the seat. He then cuffed my arms behind my back before adjusting everything so that my legs were spread wide. My pussy tingled with excitement as I watched him, pondering the wall of assorted toys. The first thing he grabbed were nipple clamps.

When he placed them on me, I couldn’t help but moan.

“Declan...”

He smirked as he returned to the wall and grabbed one of the vibrating anal plugs. He brought it over, gently rubbing it between my pussy lips to lube it up. When he pressed the button to turn it on, I trembled.

“Shit!” I hissed.

“Your whole body will be trembling just like that when I’m done with you,” he said, easing the plug into my ass.

“Ooh... fuck!”

He gently stroked my forbidden hole a few times before leaving it in. Bending over, he sucked my clit into his mouth as he eased his middle and ring finger into my wetness. A moan immediately fell from my lips. I loved the feeling of his mouth on me and when he pulled away, I felt the pout enter my face. He chuckled as he stood.

Going over to a dark corner of the room, he rolled over something that was concealed under a black cloak. My eyes widened as he pulled it off to reveal one of those automatic sex machines. My mouth watered. I’d been dying to experience one of these and Sequin neglected to mention that she’d purchased one. I squirmed watching him attach the dildo to the end of it.

“Look at your pussy... dripping with excitement,” he said lining the machine up with my soaking wet entrance.

I was so wet, I could feel it trickling down to my ass. He massaged my clit, causing my body to jerk slightly. With the press of a button, he turned the machine on. Slowly, I felt my walls being breached. My pussy stretched to accommodate the sizable addition.

“Fuck!” I cried out as the speed almost immediately picked up.

Declan watched me, stroking his big, beautiful dick as his hands lightly trailed my body. I was sensitive as fuck. Every touch of his fingers shot electric currents through me. I felt the swing slowly being moved so that my head was hanging.

“Remember you told me you liked all of your holes being filled?” Declan asked, standing over me, dick in hand.

“Yes!” I panted.

A drop of pre-cum dripped onto my lips and I hungrily licked it up.

“Mmm... You like that, Princess?” he asked, rubbing his dick across my lips.

“Yes, baby...”

“Open your fucking mouth.”

I did as he demanded and opened my mouth. He slid his dick in effortlessly.

“Shit, baby,” he moaned, slapping my titties. Slowly, he began thrusting his hips, the tip of his dick kissing the back of my throat. I felt his hand wrap around my throat, generously squeezing. I gave a guttural moan of pleasure.

“That’s it, Princess,” he moaned, turning up the setting on the machine. “Take that shit while you’re sucking this dick.”

As the machine fucked my pussy mercilessly, he fucked my mouth. I couldn’t forget about the vibrating anal plug doing wonders in my third hole. When I felt the vibrating on

my clit, I knew I wouldn't be holding out much longer. I didn't know when he'd grabbed another toy but it was all I needed.

The muscles of my stomach contracted.

The walls of my pussy did the same before giving way to the most powerful, earth shattering, super soaking orgasm. I squirted what seemed like an endless river. Declan withdrew his dick from my mouth, allowing me to finally find my voice.

"Fuck! Oh, God! Oh shit!" I screamed, tears free falling down my face. "Fuck yes!"

At this point, I was panting and crying profusely as my body expelled the last of her juices. When Declan ceased all of the toys that had conspired against me, my body fell limp in the swing. I couldn't move. I didn't want him to touch me. I just needed to breathe. That nut was so good, so delicious, so... fucking... sensational.

If I didn't love this man before... I'd kill a bitch over him now.



LAST NIGHT WAS one for the books.

If someone told me six months ago that I'd lose my virginity and be introduced to BDSM on some freak shit, I would have laughed. I figured my baby had a high sex drive but I was not expecting anything like last night.

Ivy and I left her friend's place well after three in the morning. When we returned to our hotel, we indulged in another round before we drifted off to sleep. I woke up this morning before her, just gazing down at her beautiful face. I was so grateful for her. She'd been so patient with me, not just in the six months of us being together, but the entire nine months of knowing her.

My family loved her. I loved her. Life with her was great before sex and now that we'd finally crossed that bridge, I felt like I could experience more of her and she could experience more of me. She'd told me she worried she'd been too much, but the truth was, I don't think she could ever be. She was perfect for me just as she was.

I ordered us some breakfast before heading down to the hotel gift shop. I wanted to get Ivy some flowers, realizing that

she hadn't gotten her second arrangement this week. Once I paid for the bouquet of red roses, I headed back upstairs to our suite. By the time I got back to the room, she was just rolling over to stretch.

"Good morning, Princess," I said as I approached the bed.

"Good morning, my love." She greeted me with a smile. I rounded her side of the bed and leaned in to kiss her before handing her the flowers.

"I didn't forget."

"You're so sweet, Declan."

"Not as sweet as you." I pecked her lips. "How did you sleep?"

"Sooo good. I needed that. You really did a number on me last night," she replied, playfully pushing me.

"As if the scratches on my back don't tell a story of their own," I said, chuckling.

"What can I say? You were an animal. I'm so hungry right now."

"I ordered breakfast. Why don't we take a quick shower before it gets here?" I pulled back the covers, exposing her naked flesh. My dick instantly bricked in my shorts. "Well maybe not too quick."

She giggled as she hopped out of bed and ran into the bathroom with me on her heels. I was about to work up an appetite.

* * *

After our shower sexcapades and breakfast, Ivy and I got dressed to venture off to the beach for a morning in the sun. Of course my baby had to show out in her swim attire. She had on this black and white striped thong bikini with a sheer matching cover up and black sandals. She'd slicked her hair up into a bun, adding a pair of the diamond studs I'd gifted her a few months ago.

I stood back, watching her as she snapped pictures in the mirror for the gram. I was sure this came from one of the many boutiques that sent her free shit all the time. She was so sexy as she posed. I had many candid photos of her in my phone. Even when she wasn't trying, she was flawlessly beautiful.

“Baby?” she said, snapping away.

“Yes, Princess.”

“Take a picture with me. It's past time you let me show you off to the world.”

I had this thing about social media. I didn't have Facebook, Instagram, Twitter or any of that other shit. I always found it ironic that I ended up dating a woman who made her living from social media. She respected my stance on it and didn't post my face but she had many body shots of me. Her followers always questioned who the man in the pictures was.

Climbing to my feet, I joined her in the mirror, offering my best pose. She snapped several shots in different poses before showing them to me.

“Look at you, looking like a GQ swimsuit model!” she boasted, smiling brightly.

I was wearing a pair of swim shorts with the matching shirt that I left unbuttoned. My entire torso, chest, and arms were covered in tattoos and I had a full left leg piece. The tattoos began as a way to combat my nerdy persona but I'd quickly fallen in love with the ink. Outside of my family, not many people knew I was tatted the fuck up.

The first time she saw me uncovered, she stared at me like she didn't know who I was. I couldn't help but blush every time she hyped me up. I didn't find myself unattractive, but it was always nice to hear it from her. The moment she posted the picture, her notifications started going crazy.

“Your face has officially made its IG debut,” she said, showing me the comments.

“Women are really this thirsty online?” I asked as I scrolled through them.

She laughed as she tossed the phone into her beach bag. “Oh, it gets worse than that.”

“You’re about to break necks in this swimsuit,” I stated, slapping her ass.

“Well they can look. Just know I’m all yours.”

“I know, baby.” I pecked her lips. “Let’s get going.”

After grabbing her bag and my wallet and phone, we left the room, taking the elevator down to the first floor. Hand in hand, we walked through the lobby. Both men and women stared lustfully at my baby, but she kept close to me like she always did. The beach was only a short walk from the hotel so we took the stroll. Once there, we grabbed a spot and rented chairs and umbrellas to lay out and relax.

“Can you rub my sunscreen on?” Ivy asked, standing between my legs and handing me the bottle.

“Sure, baby.”

She pulled off her coverup, and instantly, eyes fell on her. Squirting a hefty amount in my hands, I worked my way up her legs to her thighs and then her hips and ass. Of course, her nasty ass started moaning as I massaged it in.

“You have an audience,” I said, nodding in the direction of the group of men watching her intently like I wasn’t sitting right there. She looked in their direction and one of the guys nodded at her. She frowned. Turning to face me, she straddled my hips and wrapped her arms around my neck before dropping a nasty kiss on me.

I chuckled. “What are you doing?”

“Marking your territory,” she answered, flicking my nose. “Just in case a nigga thought themselves bold enough to come over here.”

“Listen, I’m passive...” I said as I continued to rub the sunscreen on her upper torso. “But I’m not *that* passive to sit and allow either of us to be disrespected like that.”

“Good. Now let’s get some of this on you so we can get in the water!”

* * *

We spent a good three hours on the beach.

By the time we got back to the room, I felt drained. Southern heat was no joke. We went back to the room to shower and take a nap. Four hours later, we both woke up starving. Deciding to forgo dinner at a fancy restaurant, we dressed down in a simple outfit of shorts, a pair of J's, and matching Naruto shirts. We strolled down the strip in search of a place to eat, ending up at Rock House Original Bar & Grill.

“Hi, I’m Liv and I’ll be your server,” our waitress greeted us. “What can I get you two for starters?”

“Ooh, I want an order of the alligator bites,” Ivy said, licking her lips.

“I’ll have the fried calamari.”

“And for your entrée?”

“I’ll have the Chef’s Tacos, no sour cream,” Ivy answered.

“And I’ll have the Macho Tacos, add steak, extra jalapenos.”

After collecting our drink orders, she left us to ourselves.

“Have you talked to your mom?” Ivy asked.

“I have. She’s enjoying her honeymoon so much, she doesn’t want to come back.”

“I hear that. Your stepfather must be giving her all the island vibes,” she added with a giggle.

“As long as he isn’t giving her any babies.”

“You better leave my girl alone.”

“What would I look like with a sibling twenty-eight years younger than me?”

“Like the most loving big brother. You’d definitely take that child under your wings.”

She was right about that. I was the baby of the family. I got along fine with my brothers but I couldn't relate to them on many issues. We viewed the world with three completely different perspectives. They thought they knew and had seen it all. Even at twenty-eight, I was still growing and learning shit.

That was one reason I appreciated my relationship with Ivy. She made every attempt to learn and see the world through my eyes and never judged me. They could have that ratchet ass, toxic love. I'd take ours any day.



I MAY HAVE HAD a little too much to drink.

Much to my surprise, Declan ordered a drink for himself. It was only one and he sipped on it until it was watered down, but it did seem to loosen him up a little. After we ate, we ventured off to the surrounding bars, enjoying the vibes and the music. One of the bars had this mechanical bull that I decided to get my drunk ass on.

I didn't last five minutes before it was swinging me off. Here I was, lying on my back, laughing so hard my sides were hurting. Declan came over to help me up.

"Are you okay, baby?" he asked, squatting next to me with a smirk on his face.

"I'm wonderful!"

He helped me to my stumbling feet. "Are you gonna be able to walk?"

"Why? Are you gonna carry me? Ooh babe, will you carry me? That would be so romantic!"

He shook his head. "Come on, tipsy." He turned around and patted his back.

I grinned as I hopped on, locking my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck.

“Don’t drop me!” I squealed.

“Nobody is gonna drop you, woman.”

We made our way out of the bar and back up the strip toward the hotel. He carried me as though I was as featherlight and without any complaints. The liquor in my system had me horny as hell. As we stood at the crosswalk leading to our home away from home, I kissed on his neck and licked on his ear lobe, knowing that was one of his hotspots.

“Princess, you showing out,” he said in a low, deep voice.

“Princess needs Daddy to take care of her.”

He chuckled. “Is that right?”

“I want you to fuck me so good, the neighbors come knocking.”

The group of women next to us turned to us with wide-eyed expressions.

One of them said, “Okay, sis! I ain’t mad at you! Boy, you better crack that back like a glowstick!”

We all laughed as the light changed for us to enter the crosswalk. Quickly, we made our way across the street. I tapped his shoulder, motioning for him to put me down. I didn’t need anything hindering the process of me having his dick inside me. Grabbing his hand, I pulled him in the direction of the entrance.

Walking through the doors, we headed straight to the elevator. Luckily, we were the only ones inside. As the doors closed, I backed him into the corner and latched on to his lips, kissing him hungrily. My hand slipped into his shorts to grab his dick.

“Mmm... You’re ready for me, baby,” I moaned against his mouth. “You don’t know how bad I wanna suck your dick right now.”

He chuckled. “We’ll be in the room soon, baby.”

I kissed my teeth as I pulled my hand away. Turning around, I planted my ass against his crotch. My eyes counted the floors until we reached ours. No sooner did the doors open was I dragging him off and toward our suite door. The moment it opened, I was on him, stripping our clothes off. We stood in the entryway completely naked, staring at each other, chests heaving.

He looked at me with lust and a tantalizing hint of danger. I felt my body being slammed against the wall. He locked my arms above my head and kissed me ravishingly. Moans and desperate gasps fell from my lips.

“Declan...” I whimpered as he kissed my neck before moving to my nipples. His fingers dipped into my wetness. She was so ready for him but his next action let me know I couldn’t have him just yet. Spinning me around, he pressed the front of my body into the wall. His hands caressed my curves as he dropped kisses on my shoulders.

“Mmm, mmm, mmm,” he moaned, slapping my ass. “What am I gonna do with you?”

“Whatever you want,” I panted in anticipation.

He dropped to his knees, his hands gently massaging my ass. He slapped it again, causing me to hiss as I looked back at him. I slightly arched my back as he spread my cheeks, running his tongue from my clit to my asshole.

“Baby!” I gasped.

He sucked my clit into his mouth as his thumb rimmed my forbidden entrance. Grabbing the back of his head, I rocked my hips against his mouth. His tongue slipped into my wet canal as his fingers dug into my cheeks, continuing to hold them open as he ate my pussy from the back.

“Ooh... that’s a good boy, Declan,” I moaned, biting my lip. Adjusting my stance, I bent over, gripping my ankles. “Eat that shit.”

My entire pussy throbbed as he licked and sucked and fucked her with his mouth. I shuddered when I felt his tongue rimming my ass as his fingers entered my wetness. From my

position, I could see him stroking that beautiful monster between his legs as he devoured me.

“Baby!” I moaned, throwing my ass back at him. “You’re gonna make me cum, daddy.” No sooner than the words left my lips did my first orgasm come barreling in. “Fuck!” I panted as he pulled his mouth and fingers away.

Standing to his feet, he led me over to the bed, tossing me onto my back.

“Wait right here,” he instructed before going into the bathroom.

I could hear the sound of water running and him brushing his teeth. I could appreciate his good hygiene. There were some niggas who would eat ass and then try to kiss you in the mouth. Kissing me after eating my pussy was one thing, but kissing after eating ass was a whole other ball game.

Declan emerged from the bathroom, dick on full brick. I stroked my clit as I watched his sexy ass stroll over to our goodie bag from last night. I could hear him ripping open one of the packages. My body tingled with excitement to see what he’d bring out first. When he turned around, I saw that it was the Love Cage. His big, pretty dick was nestled in the contraption. With him already having a nice girth, the added feature of the Love Cage was sure to fill me to capacity.

He came to me, climbing on the bed between my legs. He rubbed the head of his dick against my clit, up and down my slit, causing soft moans to fall from my lips. He lifted my legs, bringing my toes to his mouth.

“I’ve always loved your feet, Princess.” He groaned, kissing my big toe. “So soft and feminine. And this white polish...” He sucked my toes into his mouth one by one. I’d never had my toes sucked, so I didn’t know how much I liked it until that very moment.

“Baby...” I whined as he kissed his way upward. He held my legs up and kissed behind my knees. Goosebumps prickled my skin. It was a feeling I couldn’t quite describe but I loved the way it felt.

“Oh God, baby, put it in!” I begged.

“Patience, Ivy.” He smirked as he turned on the attached bullet.

Pushing my knees to my chest, he lined himself up with my opening. I gasped as he filled me in one swift motion. The way the ridges enclosing his member were massaging my walls as the bullet vibrated against my clit was a different type of pleasure. The double stimulation was doing exactly what it was supposed to.

With every slow thrust, my breath caught in my throat. He dropped my legs into the bends of his arms and leaned forward, bracing himself on the bed. My legs spread further, allowing him to dig deeper into my treasure chest, the tip of his dick gracing my cervix.

“Declan! Fuck, baby! What are you doing to me...” I cried, gasping desperately for breath.

When his lips covered my nipple, I felt my walls contract. The sensations brewing in my being were so arousing, I couldn't contain my moans. They fell from my lips without hesitation. His pace quickened and so did the amount of force he showed me. What was once a slow, sensual screw had turned into a deep, pulsating fuck.

His hand gripped my throat as he breathed heavily in my ear. I clung to him, pulling him in as deep as he could go. My nails clawed at his back as I buried my face in his neck to muffle the screams.

“Let me hear it, Princess,” he encouraged me. “Tell me how good it feels.”

“You're fucking amazing... shit!” My breaths came out in short pants. “Declan... baby... oh fuck, I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna fucking cum!”

The sounds of my own screams and cries of pleasure filled the room. I found myself crying. Not a few tears, full on crying. That's how good that dick was. How soul stirring that orgasm was.

“What’s wrong, baby?” he asked, immediately removing himself from me. “Did I hurt you?”

I shook my head no, trying to gather my-damn-self. I felt sensitive and emotional and just a fucking mess.

“Talk to me, Princess,” Declan said, cupping my face.

“I’m fine,” I assured him. “That was just intense.”

He nodded and stood from the bed. Going over to the mini fridge, he grabbed a bottle of water and brought it to me uncapped.

“Drink some,” he said, holding my chin and placing the bottle to my lips. I drank enough to quench my thirst before holding up my hand to signal it was enough.

“Better?” he asked, sitting beside me.

I nodded. “I’m good.” I looked up at him, cupping his chin. “Now, where were we?”



IVY PULLED out this Moto Blower contraption.

In my twenty-eight years of virgin torture, I'd never stuck my dick in pussy, let alone anything else. My hands always got the job done. I didn't knock men who used sex toys as means of self-pleasure, it just had never been for me. Simulated pussy couldn't possibly be better than real pussy, in my opinion.

As she twirled the thing around in her hands, she smirked at me.

"I want you to watch carefully," she said, climbing on the bed. "This is an addition, not a substitute."

She wrapped her soft hands around my shaft, stroking my semi hard dick to full brick status. Her soft lips kissed the tip before she licked and sucked it in a teasing manner.

"Stop playing with me, Ivy." I groaned, running my fingers through her hair, gripping a fist full of it. Holding it in place, I eased my dick into her pretty mouth. She graciously accepted me. "Mmm... That's a good girl, Princess."

She sucked me slow, allowing her spit to thoroughly coat my shaft. Her mouth was so damn wet that even I was

impressed. Her juicy lips slid up and down my length with ease, the subtle vibrations of her tongue ring massaging me as she did.

Without missing a beat, she grabbed the Moto Blower, fitting it over my length. She didn't ease me into this shit. She went for the jugular, turning it up to the highest setting. The combination of the vibrations, suction, and stroking made me feel like I was being sucked and fucked at the same time. When she started sucking my balls to add to the sensation, curses fell from my lips.

“Fuck... shit... dammit, Ivy...”

There was a frown on my face but I was far from being upset or angry. I was in awe of just how good this shit felt. She removed the contraption from my dick, sucking me back into her mouth, this time with more aggression. She deep throated me, her jaws working overtime.

“Ooh you're so nasty, Princess,” I moaned, gripping her hair as I fucked her mouth.

Spit trickled down her chin. She looked so fucking sexy, taking all of me at one time. Just as quick as before, she popped my dick out of her mouth and slid the Moto Blower back down. The amount of spit she left on me made excellent lubrication. It wasn't like having my dick buried in her wet walls, but it was a close contender.

She alternated between her mouth and the machine for the next five or so minutes. My nut was brewing. I could feel my dick about to explode at any moment.

“Fuck, I'm 'bout to bust, Princess...” I moaned, feeling the muscles in my stomach tightening.

She pulled the toy away and the next thing I felt was her sliding that wet ass pussy down my rod. She rode me hard and fast, her ass slapping against my thighs.

“You can't cum without me, baby,” she moaned, pulling at my hands and placing them on her titties. She tossed her head back, crying out in pleasure. “Shit! Give it to me, daddy!”

I thrust my hips upward to meet hers. Her nipples pebbled beneath my fingers, prompting me to pinch them. She moaned louder as she cupped my hands. My eyes danced wildly as I watched our synchronized movements. I'd come to love watching as she rode me. It was always so sensual... so damn sexy.

"Declan!" she cried. "Don't stop... You feel so good... Don't stop!"

"Shit, baby... Cum on this dick. Make that pussy cry for me, Princess."

"I'm cumming!"

Her entire body convulsed as her orgasm ripped through her. It was so powerful, I came right along with her. She clung to me, trembling, as I gently caressed her back. When her tremors finally subsided, she kissed me softly. I loved the aftercare portion of our sessions. She was always super sensitive and just wanted me to love on her.

Rolling her onto her side, I held her body close to mine. My fingers and hands caressed various parts of her supple skin. Light kisses peppered her beautiful face and she giggled.

"You know something, baby?" she said, tracing the outline of my jaw.

"What is it, Princess?"

"I think you've been holding out on me. Are you sure you were a virgin before last week?"

I chuckled. "I assure you, I've never touched pussy before you. Why do you ask?"

"You just... learned so quick. I mean, I thought I'd have to teach you and I was fine with that but *you*... you clearly understood the assignment. I'm just curious."

"I've wanted you since the day I met you, Ivy. I've studied your body many times over the last six months. I knew where I wanted my hands to be... what kind of pleasure I wanted to give you. I familiarized myself with every typical hot spot area and how to stimulate it. I took cues from your body that you

didn't even know you gave. I've always been in tune with you, baby. That's what makes for great lovemaking."

She smiled. "I was nervous to take you out last night," she admitted. "For one, I thought you might think I was too much. This can be a lot and it's not even the tip of what I'm into. I want to share it all with you, Declan."

"I'm open to exploring things with you, Princess. Just... don't have me in some crazy shit."

She giggled. "I promise, nothing crazy." She kissed me softly. "I love you, Declan."

"I love you too, baby."



Epilogue

Six Months Later

“KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED,” I said struggling to cover them from behind.

“Baby, what’s this all about?” Declan questioned as I led him out of his bedroom.

“You’ll see when we get downstairs!” I squealed with excitement. “Watch your step.”

“Woman, if you let me break my ass...”

“You aren’t gonna fall. Besides, this is your house. You should know how to maneuver blindly. Bring your ass on.”

He chuckled as we descended the stairs, not missing a single one. At the bottom, I led him into the living room and sat him on the couch.

“Is this why you went out super early this morning?” he asked, squeezing his eyes.

“Yes, it is.”

“Well hurry up, woman, I’m anxious.”

“Hold on, hold on, I’m almost ready.”

I finished hooking up the projector to load the tribute video I’d made for him. Today was our one year anniversary and I had a very special surprise for him.

“Okay, you can open your eyes,” I said. He opened them and looked at me. “Happy anniversary, baby,” I said sitting on his lap.

“Happy anniversary, my love.” He kissed me sweetly.

“I have two things for you... well three. First...” I reached for the envelope on the table and handed it to him. “Open it.”

He grinned at me as he slipped it from my hands. When he opened the flap, his eyes widened. “No you didn’t...”

“But I did.”

“Tickets to Comic Con! These have been sold out for months, how did you get these?”

“Well one of the sponsors happens to be a company that I’m a brand ambassador for. Instead of my usual fee, I requested tickets to the expo. They were so generous that they paid for the entire trip.”

“Baby, that’s amazing. Thank you. I’ve been dying to go to this for years.”

“I remember you told me. Now we can’t go in there looking any kind of way! My girl Tammy is hooking us up with matching custom costumes.”

“Stop, I’m about to nut on myself!”

I cackled at his excitement. He absolutely deserved this and I was happy that I could make it happen for him.

“Are you ready for gift number two?” I asked grabbing the remote.

“I am.”

Declan wasn’t big on monetary gifts, but he loved gifts that held sentimental value. I’d spent days putting together this

video and editing it just right and I couldn't wait for the end because the biggest surprise was yet to come. We turned our attention to the screen. His arms enclosed around me as he dropped kisses on my shoulder waiting for the video to begin.

My voice played over the series of pictures and videos. I had content he didn't even know about, from dates, to us chilling and dancing in his living room, to a few lovemaking scenes and everything in between. The video was a beautiful representation of the love we shared.

"You are quite the sneak," Declan said when the video was over. "How many mini pornos do you secretly have of us?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

He pulled my face to his, kissing me lustfully. "It was a beautiful video, baby. Nothing we can show to other people," he added with a chuckle. "But beautiful nonetheless. Thank you."

"I have one more surprise for you," I said before pecking his lips then standing from his lap. "This will take a little while to get here, but he or she will be well worth the wait."

His eyes widened. "H-he or s-she?" he stuttered.

I lifted my shirt to reveal the painted picture of Baby Goten from *Dragon Ball Z* on my stomach. A smile spread across his face.

"Happy anniversary, Daddy."

His hands instantly went to my stomach. "We're having a baby?" he whispered rubbing small circles. "We're really having a baby."

He sprang to his feet, scooping me up in his arms and hugging me tightly. I felt his tears on my skin causing me to finally release the tears I'd been holding back.

"I love you so fucking much, Ivy," he said cupping my face. "Thank you for this blessing."

"I love you too, Declan."

We shared a passionate kiss before he ushered me back onto the couch.

“I have something for you too,” he said. “I was going to wait until later but this... this is perfect. Wait right here.”

He kissed me again before sprinting up the stairs two at a time. I had to laugh at his excitement. I’d been holding on to the news of our pregnancy for the last three weeks. My first appointment was scheduled for next week, but if I had to guess I’d say I was at least three to four months along. It was hell keeping it a secret from him. Since the moment I took the pregnancy test, I’d fallen in love with our little nugget.

There were so many moments where I just rubbed my stomach and talked to him or her, telling them all about how much their daddy was going to love them, how much I already did. In just a few short months, our perfect labor of love would be here.

The sound of Declan coming down the stairs broke my thoughts. He damn near tripped as he reached the bottom step.

“Slow down, baby” I said.

He grinned as he adjusted his posture and walked over to me. Pushing everything to one side of the coffee table, he took a seat in front of me.

“Ivy... If I had to describe the feeling of what it’s been like being with you over the last year... I’d say it was like finding the place where I belong... finding home. You took a chance on a man with no real experience with women and allowed him to show you love in his own way. Baby, I cherish you more than you will ever know or understand. You give me the confidence to embrace and love myself as you love me. I was grown before, but you... You’ve made me into a man. You catch me should I fall short and I know every single day that I look at you that I want to spend the rest of my life making you and our child absolutely happy.”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, black, velvet box. He dropped to his knee and opened the box. My eyes marveled at the three karat princess cut diamond ring.

“Dec...” I whispered, covering my mouth.

“I had a whole romantic dinner planned with a suit and all. I asked your father’s permission and everything.”

He looked at me nervously. His hand trembled as he took mine.

“Ivy Leighann Tremaine... Will you do me the honor of being my wi—”

“Yes!” I screamed with excitement. “Yes, I’ll marry you.”

He slipped the ring on my finger and I jumped into his arms, knocking him to the floor. Both of us fell out laughing before he captured my lips between his in the sweetest of kisses.

“I love you, Princess.”

“I love you too.”

That weekend on Tybee Island still remains our best getaway yet.

We’d grown closer in the three days we spent on the island and it seemed every day since. I’d never let anybody lie to me and say that sex wasn’t important when it absolutely was. Sex with Declan brought about new levels of intimacy for both of us. I felt more sensitive to him. While I was still aggressive, I had no problem submitting to him because when I allowed him full control, he showed me exactly what he was working with.

It opened up his comfort zone and boosted his ego.

It wasn’t a cocky boost, more like a shift in his confidence. I didn’t want him feeling inadequate about anything because he was more than enough just as he was. I wasn’t sure what beast he’d tapped into or what research he’d done, but the man had been fucking the shit out of me since I popped that cherry.

It amazed me how quickly he learned me, but then again, it didn’t. Declan was thorough and observant... a bit of a perfectionist. He gave his all to everything and lovemaking was another one of those things. I was satisfied beyond measure and I had no doubt that he was too.

After all, I was as much for his pleasure as he was for mine.

The End

Afterword

Thank you for reading *For His Pleasure: Virgin Territory*. I hope that you enjoyed Ivy and Declan's story as much as I enjoyed writing it! Please leave a review if you enjoyed this novel. Feel free to connect with me on Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram! Don't forget to sign up for my mailing list for sneak peeks, giveaways, and more!

Much Love,

Kimberly Brown

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Conversations

January 20th-22nd, 2023
Memphis, TN

Registration opens in one week!
www.authorblove.net



Registration is officially open for BLP's second book expo!

Event dates 1/20/23-1/22/23

Website <https://bit.ly/BLPMG23>

#BLP2023BOOKBAE #BLP2023MEETANDGREET

Day passes are available for those who want to attend the expo only!