

Encounter -- Caveat Emptor: Sicily & Lamon Zenobia Renquist

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Caveat Emptor: Sicily & Lamon

Sicily stared at Lamon as he loomed over her. His long black hair trailed along side her on the bed. They were in his secluded, one room log cabin and the look in Lamon's eyes had Sicily's mouth and pussy watering.

"I have something else you'll like," he said in a husky voice. He twirled his hand in the air and a ping-pong paddle appeared in his hand.

Sicily's breath hitched and she licked her lips as she looked at the paddle then Lamon and then back to the paddle. He didn't mean to do what she hoped he meant to do... did he?

His lips brushed over her breasts in two light kisses before he stood back. "On your knees."

Oh God. He was going to do it. Sicily scrambled off the bed and leaned over the edge, presenting him her ass. Hot rivulets of liquid from her throbbing pussy snaked down the insides of her thighs.

This was all his fault. Sicily hadn't been into pain before meeting him. But she was part of the small percentage of people who felt pain from a vampire's bite. As such, Lamon had made sure to only bite her when he had her in the throes of passion. It got to the point where she couldn't climax without a little pain.

That need graduated into this. She wiggled her ass and looked over her shoulder at Lamon. His heated gaze scorched over her skin and made her lick her lips again. She sank her teeth into her bottom lip when he twirled the paddle.

“Let’s see how you enjoy your new toy.”

Sicily faced front and waited.

Lamon’s first tap of the paddle against her right ass cheek didn’t amount to much more than a friendly swat. It was enough to make Sicily jump and give a tiny mew of pleasure. She wanted it harder, but didn’t say so. She wanted to see what Lamon would do.

His second tap was harder. Sicily whimpered with need as she arched her back and pushed her ass in the air. That’s the way she wanted it. Just like that.

A rapid double tap, one hit per ass cheek, made Sicily started bumping her hips against the bed. Her pussy clenched and unclenched, gushing hot liquid down her inner thighs like a waterfall.

This was happening. She was getting off on someone spanking her ass. No other lover had gotten this reaction from her. She’d had some past lovers who had delivered a few smacks in the middle of sex. It hadn’t done a thing for her, but they seemed to enjoy it, so she hadn’t said anything one way or the other. Lamon hadn’t even touched her except to paddle her ass, and she was humping the edge of her bed as though riding his dick.

When Lamon reached between her legs and rubbed two fingers over her clit, Sicily lost it. She clawed at the mattress as she climaxed.

Lamon didn’t give her time to recover or take a breather before he was pushing his dick into her tight pussy. He used that connection to bring Sicily to her feet but kept her bent over with her hands braced against the bed. Holding her hips steady, he slammed into her. He pushed his hips against hers in a small circle before pulling back and driving home again.

Sicily panted at him stirring her inside and then bumping roughly against the deepest part of her.

A loud smack echoed the room as he bounced his hand off her ass.

“Ah!” She clenched her pussy, which made Lamon grunt and stop moving. She didn’t want him to stop. Stopping was bad. She tried to make her body relax so he would continue moving.

He slapped her ass again. Her pussy clenched, sucking his dick in. He stroked her hole a few times before stopping and giving her ass another smack. Like before, her inner muscles clenched. She felt every delicious inch of the hard, hot shaft filling her pussy.

Oh yes, she loved feeling this man. He pumped his hips, faster this time, and slid one hand around her waist so his fingers teased her clit. He rolled the hard nub between two fingers

Sicily knew what was coming. Her. Lamon only had to do one thing and she would drench his entire length with her juices. He knew that. And he didn’t disappoint.

Lamon pinched her clit over and over, driving short bursts of exquisite pain to her very center. Sicily panted loudly as she started pushing her hips back against her lover, taking him deep and riding his dick until she screamed her release.

Except it wasn’t a release. Lamon kept her in the sensation, rolling her clit hard, as he continued thrusting his hips. Her legs started quaking and her arms lost strength. She wouldn’t be able to stay standing for much longer.

Lamon didn’t seem to notice. He continued the assault on her senses, dragging her body through the longest orgasm she had ever experienced until she couldn’t take any more. Her knees gave out and she dropped against the bed, freeing her body of Lamon’s sweet torture.

Hot spurts of liquid landed on her lower back and ass as Lamon came. She smiled weakly that her lover had gotten off but couldn’t manage more than that. She was exhausted.

Lamon leaned over her, with his mouth close to her neck. “Next time, I won’t go easy on you.”

Oh heaven help her. That had been easy? She wouldn't be able to survive more. That thought didn't seem to register with her body. Heat engulfed her and her pussy clenched at the promise of things getting harder.

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