

Encounter: More, Sir
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More, Sir

Zoe was still a complex creature I hadn't quite figured out yet, but I was determined to solve the puzzle. She was almost like a Rubix Cube -- you twist the pieces and if you're lucky, they all line up right. Except I couldn't figure out the right combination. Oh, I knew what buttons to push in the bedroom. We were explosive when we came together, but I wanted more than that.

It might have all started out as a way to get my daughter Allie back, and Allie was definitely my top priority, but the more I got to know Zoe the more I wanted from her. Sex wasn't enough.

She stood silhouetted in the bedroom window, the moonlight bathing her in its silvery rays. The diaphanous material of her nightgown did little to conceal her curves. I moved closer, reaching for her. My hand slid along the curve of her hip and pulled her back against me. My hard cock nestled against her delectable ass, and I knew she could feel how much I wanted her.

I slid my other hand up her ribcage and cupped her breast, her nipple pebbling against my palm.

"Do you know how beautiful you are?" I asked.

She tipped her head to the side, giving me access to her neck. I sucked and nibbled at the delicate flesh, making her shiver in my arms. "You only tell me every day," she said.

"How much do you want me right now?" I whispered in her ear.

She turned in my embrace, her hands going to my chest. Zoe licked her bottom lip as she peered up at me through her lashes. The look was seductive and full of promise, making my dick jerk in my pants.

I couldn't figure out what it was about her, but something always had me tied in knots. I couldn't look at her and not want her. The way she bit her lip when she read her romance novels made me want to order her to her knees. The

way she sashayed across the room made me want to bend her over the nearest piece of furniture. But it was the look in her eyes that made me want to worship at her feet and give her everything she'd ever desired.

Her hands played along the muscles in my chest and abdomen, her fingers gliding along my skin and making me feel like I was on fire. Her touch seared me as her palms slid further down, coming to rest on the waistband of my pants. There was a teasing glint in her eyes and I gave a soft growl, tunneling my hand through her hair and pulling her lips to mine.

My tongue delved into her mouth, tasting and teasing. Her whimpers only fueled my desire and took my passion to new levels. With her soft curves pressed against me, I kissed her long and hard, showing her that she was mine in every way that mattered. I knew she wanted me. She always wanted me. But pretty soon she'd need me every damn bit as much as I needed her, if she didn't already.

I pulled away, licking the taste of her from my lips. "Get on your knees."

She sank to the floor in front of me, her legs folded beneath her and her palms flat on the floor. She looked angelic and too damn sweet, only making me want to corrupt her even more. I removed my belt and smacked it against my thigh.

"Hands," I demanded.

She offered them to me, wrists pressed together. I used the belt to bind her, reminding her that she belonged to me. She was mine to take, mine to please... mine to love, if I dared. I tested the leather to make sure it wasn't wrapped too tight then released her. Unfastening my pants, I opened them and pulled out my hard cock. Zoe licked her lips, her eyes wide as she waited for my next instructions.

"You're going to make me cum," I told her. "And then you're going to get me hard again so I can fuck you. You want that, don't you? Want me to fuck you good and hard?"

"Yes, Sir," she said softly.

"How much do you want it?"

"So much."

"Open wide, princess."

She licked her lips again then dropped her jaw. I reached out and threaded my fingers in her hair, pulling her closer. Her tongue flicked out and licked the tip of my dick, making me hiss at the soft contact. Her soft lips wrapped around my cock, her tongue teasing the shaft as she took as much of me as she could. With her hands bound, she was completely at my mercy.

I gave her hair a gentle tug and she sucked harder. Using long, slow strokes, I fucked her mouth, taking anything I wanted, and know I'd give her plenty in return. Her mouth was hot and wet, and so damn good. I could have enjoyed her sucking me off for hours, but there were other things I wanted to do. My hips jerked faster and I could feel my release fast approaching.

"Get ready to swallow, baby," I told her. She hummed around my dick and was just the catalyst needed to set me off. I came so fucking hard I nearly saw stars. She swallowed my cum and kept sucking until I was good and hard again.

Releasing her hair, I pulled free of her mouth and helped her stand.

"Are you wearing panties?" I asked.

"No, Sir."

"That was naughty of you. I think you need to be punished, don't you? Bend over the foot of the bed."

With a sigh of contentment, she did as instructed, presenting her ass to me. Her nightgown rose up, teasing me with a hint of ass cheek. Shoving it further up her back, I bared her to my gaze. Damn but that was a beautiful sight.

My hand caressed one globe. "Are you ready for your punishment?"

"Yes, Sir."

I brought my hand down hard enough to sting, but not harm. "Count them out."

"One, Sir."

Smack. Smack.

"Two, Sir. Three, Sir."

Smack.

"Four, Sir."

Her cheek was turning a rosy pink and I knew she felt the burn. "Do you want me to stop? Have you learned your lesson?"

"No, Sir. I want more, Sir."

I smiled and gave her three more swats before sliding my fingers along her wet pussy. She was soaked and more than ready for me. I teased her, easing a finger into her tight channel, then two. She moaned and pushed back against me, wanting more. I knew exactly what she needed.

My fingers slipped free and I quickly donned a condom. I lined my cock up with her slit and with a flex of my hips, I slid inside her tight little pussy, not stopping until I was balls deep. I'd never grow tired of seeing her body so readily accept me. I fucked her with long, deep strokes, bring her up on her toes with every thrust.

"Yes! Yes! More!" she begged.

Gripping her hips tight, I took her as fast as she wanted, giving her as much pleasure as she'd given me. Her body tightened and her pussy grew hotter, wetter. My hand slid around and my fingers found her clit. It only took a few strokes before she was screaming my name and coming so damn hard she nearly squeezed my dick off. I pounded into her until I felt my balls draw up and then I was coming, spurt after spurt of cum filling the condom.

When I was finished and we were both panting for breath, I slid from her body and disposed of the used latex, then I lifted her into my arms, settling her on the bed.

“Bath?” I asked.

She shook her head, looking drowsy. “Sleep.”

I crawled in beside her and pulled the covers over us before gathering her in my arms. She cuddled against me, her breath fanning across my chest. As she dozed, I thought about how damn perfect she was and how well we fit together. I just hoped I’d get her to see it before it was too late. The last thing I wanted was to lose Zoe, even if I did gain my daughter in the bargain.

I was a selfish bastard and wanted both of my girls under my roof. Whatever it took.

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