

Harsh Response

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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“I always loved you.”

As soon as the words slipped out of my mouth, I knew it was the wrong thing to blurt out. I didn't intended to say it quite so loud or actually say it at all. It was in my thoughts, but in a lunch about Dave's latest breakup, it definitely wasn't the right thing to say. I watched with growing fear as his lips compressed into a thin line.

“Ever since high school, I wanted to fuck you.” No, that didn't help. I clamped a hand over my mouth before any other secrets slipped out. Not that had we many, we've been commiserating about poor lovers and ruined relationships for thirty years.

He stood up, his dark eyes focused on me. There was a surge of heat that coursed through my body, gathering along my nipples, clitoris, and lips as he took a step through me.

I stood up and backed away but he kept coming. I didn't know if he was going to hurt me or kiss me, but then I backed into the kitchen door. I flailed for the handle but missed. I looked up as he grabbed the front of my shirt with both hands and banged me tight against the door.

“What-”

His mouth caught mine, trapping the word in my throat. His lips—I dreamed of them for years—kissed me and I felt my knees turning to jelly. Dave yanked his arms apart and I shuddered as my blouse buttons were torn off. His hands followed the cool air and he shoved my bra aside to maul my breasts.

I let out a whimper, caught against the door and his body.

Dave reached behind, but instead of fumbling, he just tore the bra clasp apart and yanked it off my body. It left four red brands on my skin. He grabbed the front of my skirt and jerked me from the door.

My bare feet skittered against the tile floor. I couldn't control my balance as he shoved me into the table and bent me over it. My nipples crushed the sugar cookies but thankfully the coffee splattered across the floor.

His hands yanked up my skirt until he could jam two fingers into my cleft. By the time his fingers tore aside my thong, I was hot and slick. He grabbed my hair, wrapping it twice around his free hand, before he pulled hard. He entered with a frantic desperation, driving his cock into me. I could feel my thong adding to the friction and pulling out a few short hairs. He bottomed out and his zipper ground into the sensitive flesh.

A crack filled the air when he smacked my ass. I cried out and he did it again. His cock drove deeper as he spanked me again. I clenched around him as I came.

He yanked on my hair and I had to arch my back. I felt his panting breath tickle my ear as he chuckled, "Me too."

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.