

LOVING SARAH - ADULT EXCERPT NUMBER TWO

Jesse's hands reached out and began unbuttoning her blouse, slowly pulling the flaps up out of her jeans. The fabric parted, revealing the dusky slopes of her breasts, the shadowed valley between them. For a moment he just stood and stared, breathing harshly. Then he reached inside, skimming his hands up the sides of her rib cage, nudging the shirt off her shoulders and down her arms. It dropped to the floor, baring her completely above the waist. Her nipples distended, becoming hard little beads of pleasure.

Adam's hands came around her from behind to cup her breasts, lifting them, kneading them, marveling at the pink flush spreading across her creamy skin. "*Christ*, Sarah, you have the most beautiful breasts," he whispered in awe. "They're perfect, absolutely perfect."

She moaned, pressing back against his hard chest, arching her back to give him fuller access. He flicked his thumbs rapidly across both nipples, sending aching curls of sensation straight to her clit. She cried out in rapture, lifting her hands to hold him harder against her. Giving her nipples a hard pinch, he twisted and rolled them back and forth, making her cry out sharply.

"Oh! God!" She hissed in her breath as pleasure shot straight to her pussy. She had never been more aroused or wetter in her life. Her clit pounded, sending need pulsing through her with every frantic beat of her heart.

Jesse unzipped her jeans and pushed them down her legs. "Step out."

Shivering, she did as she was told.

While Adam continued to plump her breasts, Jesse's hands grazed the smooth, firm skin of her belly, hips and ass. He cupped her mound and she let out a groan, squirming as he skimmed two fingers through her wet folds. Chuckling softly, Jesse pulled his hand away, nodding for Adam to do the same, leaving her bereft and panting and whimpering with loss. "Kneel up, little sub." The harshness of Jesse's tone sent her heart plummeting to her feet.

"Um..."

"On your knees, back straight, eyes down, legs spread wide, hands clasped behind your neck, elbows out."

Sarah sank to her knees, trying to maneuver into the awkward position.

"Bend your toes forward." He pushed against her knees with the toe of his boot. "Legs wider apart. We want to see our wet, shiny pussy."

Good Lord. She had never felt more vulnerable in her entire life. Or more aroused. She was completely naked, her glistening folds exposed to the avid gazes of two Dominant men. Her entire body hummed, shivering with the excitement coursing through her. She was floating, buoyed by currents of energy that seemed to flow through her like electricity. She was sparking, crackling, like short-circuiting live wires.

Adam stepped around her, his jeans open. His fist was wrapped around his cock, stroking it slowly from base to tip, slicking his thumb over the slit, picking up the pre-cum that dribbled from it to lubricate his glide. He stood directly in front of her, his cock mere inches from her face.

She stared, transfixed by his long, hard, elegant penis, thick and nearly purple with engorged blood, curving upward from a nest of dark blond curls. Longer than Jesse's. Thinner than Jesse's. The shiny satin knob flared out at the end of a stalk that was heavily corded with thick veins. His balls were suspended beneath the base of that stalk like two ripe plums.

She could hardly wait to taste him.

Grabbing her chin with one hand, he forced her gaze upward. "You are not actually a slave, Sarah, but we are going to give you a slave name. A name we will call you when we are ready to

use your delectable body for our pleasure, like right now. When we address you by this name, you are to stop what you are doing and assume the 'Kneel Up' position and await our further orders, do you understand?"

"Yes, Master." *Good Lord, had she just called him...Master?* The title fell so naturally from her lips she hadn't even realized it.

"Good girl. Many Masters give their slaves demeaning names, like 'Hole' or 'Thing' or 'Worm'. But we love and respect you, and we honor the gift of your submission. Therefore, your slave name will be Sunny, because you are like sunshine to us."

Her throat tightened as if being gripped by an invisible hand. "Thank you, Master," she whispered.

"That doesn't mean we won't punish you when you've done something to earn it," he chuckled. "We will. Punishment, after all, is merely a tool for us to use in order to make you a better sub. It is our gift to you, and you will thank us for it every time we administer it."

"Yes, Master."

Releasing her chin, he pressed the weeping tip of his cock against her nose. "Smell it, Sunny. Smell my cock." She inhaled his musk and her mouth began to water uncontrollably. She gulped, knowing that her mouth was just the first of many holes that this cock would eventually penetrate tonight. *What was she doing? She had to be completely insane!* But even as her mind questioned, her body was already betraying her. Eyes closing, she leaned toward him slightly and drew his musky, masculine scent into the bottom of her lungs.

"Lick the head."

She stuck out her tongue and curled it around the spongy head, licking up the pearly drops of pre-cum that oozed from the tiny slit.

"Open your eyes, Sunny."

Her gaze flew up to meet the glittering hardness of his.

"Now, I am going to allow you to suck my cock. Use your mouth only. You have two minutes to make me come. Every minute it takes you beyond that limit will earn you five swats on your bare ass, do you understand?"

She gulped. "Y-yes, Master."

"You must not come. This is for my pleasure, not yours. Am I clear?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good girl. Open up." He forced her chin downward and held her jaw immobile as he slowly fed her the tip of his massive cock. "I like it wet, so lots of spit. You must swallow all of my cum."