

# *Caged Bird*

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*<https://discord.gg/rphq>*

Everyone says dating reaches a point where things get stale, boring. Fortunately, for Kendall and Sam they never really for listening to what others said had to be. They started dating early March, and just like every relationship the beginnings are always the best. The first week, nothing could keep them apart. Week two, most say was 'the golden week', filled with cuddling, kisses and pure bliss. Then things started to take a turn, their heat went from solely in their bedroom to the movies, the car in traffic. The turn became more intense in the following weeks. Flirting with different guys in hopes he would take her out back and show her why she was with him, or him dancing with other women buying them drinks for her to escort him to the nearest slightly secluded place and make him forget there were any other women there. Then after a few months of fighting and fucking, showing up to see friends with bruises and choke marks around her neck concern grew among them. Thinking to themselves what could be happening. They just couldn't understand, and maybe Kendall and Sam didn't want them to. Regardless, nothing could explain what happened next.

The three month anniversary came and they went out just like any couple to celebrate. Unlike every couple however, they didn't go out to eat and have a date... They went to a hotel room where Kendall found herself bound. Stripped of all clothing, her legs spread and each one tied to the bottom of the bed. Her face blinded by fabric, tightly tied to ensure it wouldn't ruin the fun. Finally her hands bound behind her head attached to a collar, Sam wanted to make sure if she moved, she'd pay. Rough sex wasn't anything new to them, but these extreme circumstances were a first.

*He kissed her lips gently as he smirked with a breathy laugh*

"Don't go anywhere, I'll be back...." The first minute seemed like an hour as it slowly passed... Four more minutes after that... The five turned into ten... The ten turned into fifteen... Voice's heard in the hallway of people passing by their room, the door was never closed... Fifteen minutes turned to half an hour of anxiety, as people walked past the room. Almost an hour passed before a soft knock hits the door, as the partially cracked wood creaks slightly more open.

*The door creaks open slowly as foot prints can be heard walking closer before they stop in their tracks. A small gasp*

*released and nothing more. Footsteps grow closer to the bed, the feeling of someone looking over the foot of the bed can't be shaken. "Wait- Sam. Where ar-*

She hadn't even managed to finished her question before she heard his footsteps retreating. The sound of the door creaking partially shut. This was...new for them, but Kendall couldn't help but be excited by this new turn of events. Whatever it was he had planned, she was looking forward to them. Or so she thought...

Off to her right she heard the ticking of a clock. The sound of a vacuum in the room on the other side of the wall. Each minute came and wet as she lay there in anticipation and when the minutes turned into an hour. Her anticipation was replaced with anxiety. Fear of being forgotten. Was this some sick joke? Surely Sam would come back for her.

Kendall tensed when she heard footsteps. There had been multiple people pass by and no one had entered yet. Was it Sam? She couldn't outright tell but when whoever the unknown person was approached the end of the bed her heart rate increased. Her head turning as much as it could towards the sound.

"Sam?" His hand reached out to her legs, inches away his fingertips barely not touching her skin. Until she asked for Sam. A few steps are taken away from her, then slowly his footsteps moved from the foot of the bed to its side... A few seconds of thought pass before walking to the door quickly. The door slowly gets shut, and the sound of the lock being hinged is followed by quicker footsteps back to her. Jingling of a belt being toyed with, before the belt itself is snapped to make a loud pop. The thud of jeans hitting the floor before the bed starts shifting to new weight.

His hand reaches out, starting at her ankles his hand follows her body slowly. Moving up her calf, walking on the outside of her thighs to her hips. His hands gently squeeze her hips before moving up her ribcage towards her breast. Gently moving his fingers towards her breasts, his fingers gently rubbing against them. His hands move up to her collar as he softly pulls it not realizing how tight it is around her neck. He moves his hand to his tongue, licking his finger before rubbing them against her nipples, slowly at first, unsure and exploring then starting to pinch and pull them.

The bed shifts more, his legs brush against her arms as his body shifts. His hands starts moving towards her inner thighs as his legs moves up and starts to straddle her face, a

*semi hard length resting on her chin. A little sigh released as he slowly moves his hands closer and closer inside her legs*  
She shifted on the bed, her heart nearly in her throat as she heard more shuffling then the sound of the door being shut. Locked. Her heart plummeted as she tried to move though she couldn't do much more than inch a little where she already was. There was no escaping whatever this was. Was it Sam? Her lips parted as her tongue darted out to trace the dry surface of her lips.

"T-this isn't funny..."

Kendall could deal with the fights, the choking and bruises she'd gotten and even given. This? This was completely different and totally not in her comfort zone. Her heart nearly froze as she heard the sound of a belt being undone, pants dropping to the floor. Every hair on her body rose as she felt the dip in the bed, the springs creaking underneath the weight that had been added to the bed. Her leg twitched as she felt the hand on her ankle, her body trying to move away from the unwarranted touch.

"Seriously stop-"

The hand continued upward, her body reacting in a way that her mind was not okay with. Surely this had to be Sam and he was just messing with her. He wouldn't actually let something like this happen would he? Was she about to be- No, she couldn't finish that thought. She shivered as she felt the hands squeeze her hips before continuing upward. Goosebumps covering her body that was bare for *whoever* this was. Suddenly she felt trapped, caged. This was **not** fun anymore. . Whoever this was tugged on her collar Sam had put on her and she couldn't help the soft cough that left her. She took a shaky breath and shook her head slightly as a soft squeak was eked out of her throat. She felt fingertips against her breasts, her nipples reacting to the intimate touch and becoming hard little peaks before they were pulled taut. She tensed even further, her head moving side to side in hopes the blindfold would become more loose. She needed to see. The sense of dread spreading through her veins as she felt the body overing over her chest. *His* body, clearly a guy from the feel of what hit her chin. Her head shook again, her mouth closing tight. Kendal moved her legs as she tried to shake him off. *The man couldn't help but become more excited by her body*

language. It would be too easy if there wasn't a little fight to it.

As he felt her lips tighten and was as she desperately did anything she could to move her legs away from him. She wasn't going to make this as easy as he suspected..

Scooting himself backwards a little bit, his now growing erection sitting on her lips as his hands claw her thighs. From her tied position, he knew he could take whatever he wanted. And in this exact moment what he wanted was tightly shut. There were a few solutions that came to his mind, he could always tell her to open her mouth like the good slut she is, but that could be risky... he could use his hands and force them open or.....

His hands move slowly towards her clit, he thought he knew exactly how to get what he wanted. Without hesitation he slowly starts rubbing small circles against her..

**SMACK**

Swiftly he slapped the top of her clit and his excitement from it was obvious. Another one while at the same time his member twitched up and down smacking her lips. He couldn't contain his excitement much more. As one hand



*went from rubbing and hitting her clit, his other moved up to breasts again, squeezing them.*

This was too much all too quickly and Kendall didn't want whatever this was, with *whomever* it was. Had she done something to piss off Sam? Did she know this male who sat on her chest and pawed at her flesh like he had a right to? Or was it worse, and this was some unknown sick and twisted fuck? Her mind raced with thoughts of how she could get out of this but there was nothing she could do. Perhaps she could plead with whoever this was-

His hands were rough as he forced her legs apart and she ground her teeth in frustration. A sound of displeasure escaping her throat as she felt his hand move to her clit. One circular motion of his finger against her ball of nerves and she twitched and tried to move, to cause anything to deter him from his attentions. They failed of course and the unknown hand moved to toy with her some more, another circle and another. The cock that had only been semi-hard was not twitching and slapping against her closed mouth and she shook her head. She didn't want this, anything but this. Where the fuck was Sam?

## SMACK

Tears stung her eyes at the force of impact against her clit though her mouth remained shut. Another smack and her jaw loosed as she cried out, her hips bucking whether she wanted them to or not. With the stimulation against her pussy she felt another hand grip her breast to squeeze them. She let out a whimper then as she felt her body betray her still as heat pooled between her thighs. Was she actually becoming aroused at being used by some unknown assailant?

She tried to close her legs again only to feel another slap, this time when it hit she couldn't prevent her mouth from opening in a gasp.

*Something about watching the struggle created such a power rush for him. And with her mouth opening he saw his chance.*

*He quickly smacked her breasts again trying to make sure he had enough time with her open mouth. Forcefully shoving his cock into her mouth, the angle pushing against her tongue.*

*A soft moan leaves his lips as he forced himself in her but clearly he was holding back his vocalization. His hands*

*slowly started leaving her legs and chest and weight was lifted from her body. His hips now fully focused on her face and his own pleasure.* He smacked her breasts and her mouth opened slightly wider, and it was in that moment of opportunity that he forced himself inside of her mouth. If she hadn't been so taken by surprise she may have caught a glimpse into if she had known the one who was doing these things to her except she was too preoccupied with the sudden intrusion into her mouth.

The cock slid over her tongue with ease, going into the back of her throat and pressing into it. She gagged then, trying to move her body. The struggle was for naught as he moved his attention to the new sensation. While her legs were free there wasn't much she could do with him still hovering over her, his legs on each side of her leaving her perpetually trapped. If only she wasn't wearing the fucking collar that had her hands locked in a position where she could do nothing.

Tears were falling freely now only to be soaked into the blindfold, her hair had been in a messy bun but with all the moving she had done it had come undone and now her hair was a wild untamed mess of a halo around her head. She groaned, the vibrations traveling up the rigid cock

that slid in and out of her mouth. God, she hoped whoever this was wasn't diseased.

*His grin hidden to her, in his mind he had started to win this fight. To his shock there wasn't as much resistance as he had expected. His hand moved to her throat, softly massaging it, as if he was trying to prepare her for what he had planned next.*

*In a awkward lift, he moved his hips up until only the tip of his cock remained in her mouth. His hands grip tightening as he slowly pushed himself down again. The choking at first seemed like just that, but the further he pushed into her throat the more clear it became that he was trying to feel himself through the bulge in her throat.*

*His thrusts started slowly, seeing how hard she could take it and how badly she'd gag, but after a few muffled moans, the pace quickened. He thrust came at more rapid paces, not giving her time to breathe. Each deep thrust left his body covering her mouth and nose. Until a minute, maybe two passed and he released his spit covered member from her, keeping it on her face. His breathing heavier, and his voice was clearly trying to be contained.*

In her mind there were a few options for her to do. She could thrash, fight every second of this in the hopes that *something* would be effective or she could wait, bide her time until he had a false sense of security in this situation and *then* fight with all her might. She'd been roughed up, bound and gagged before but in that she had had power but this was different. Now, with this unknown man there was no power dynamic. He had it **all** and she knew it.

Kendall took a deep breath, her body shaking slightly beneath him as he fucked her mouth slowly. His hand around her through has her wondering what the hell he was trying to do. Would he joke her to death while he fucked her mouth? Was her mind swam wiiwitmany questions but the one that came forward to the forefront was when exactly she should strike.

He lifted his hips and pulled back and she contemplated clamping down her teeth on the head of his cock before he had a chance to even do anything... Yet just as the thought finished forming Kendall's throat was once again assaulted by the rigid flesh of his cock pressing further down. Her throat constricted, fighting the offending length but there was little she could do as he

still had her right where he wanted. His hand massaged her throat and she groaned.

She hated it, yet the more lewd sounds that echoed in the room of the hotel the more she felt the heat between her legs grow, the wetness clearly evident. The slow thrusts became harder, faster and Kendall could do nothing but gag and struggle to breathe, the tears coming down more now as her lungs protested and demanded air.

Thankfully her assailant pulled back then and she gasped for breath, her swollen lips tingling as she took deep gulping breaths of air.

Her words came out hoarse, broken apart by each gasp for breath.

"Who- are- you? Why?"

*The man didn't move for a few seconds once she asked those questions. Maybe considering what he's doing, maybe giving false hope, his intentions really were unknown.*

*The weight on the bed starts shifting again as the man moves, now sitting over her chest. His hand moving the mess of his member all over her again, pushing it against her lips, while he leaned backwards reaching between her legs.*

*This entire time, the man focused on not letting as much as a sound of his voice leave, even his moans and breathing was muffled but it was clear just how much he was enjoying it regardless of her struggles. His throbbing member was pressing against her lips, as if he was using his cock to say “be a good slut and take it”, while his hand reached behind her testing to see if she was enjoying it. His fingers making small circles against her clit, letting a finger slip inside her momentarily before bringing it back out. His excitement undeniable from the precum, dripping from the tip to her lips Kendall counted the heartbeats as she waited for him to answer and when she was met with nothing but silence she frowned, her lips pressed tight together now that his cock was no longer in between them. It was clear after several more moments that she would not be getting the answer she wanted.*

Would it be better or worse if this truly was Sam? What did it say about her that she was slick with excitement even though she was currently and truly in the role of a victim. She shook her head as she felt his weight shift. Her eyes closed though she already couldn't see, her body thrumming with adrenaline.

Whatever the case she needed-

What did she need? To give in? To break free from the confines in which she had been placed?

A groan escaped her as she felt the man's hands move back between her thighs. His finger swiping up slowly on her slit before it pressed in. It would be met with no resistance, likely telling him just how much her body was enjoying what was happening despite her mental protest.

Her hips bucked away from his hand as if trying to hide her arousal but the fact was out. When his cock pressed against her mouth she shook her head, her lips remaining closed. She wouldn't give him what he wanted. If he wanted it he would have to take it.

*To his disappointment she wouldn't be so easily broken. But he didn't have time to waste. His thoughts were his own and could be anything, could he be in a rush in case whoever was supposed to be here comes back? Could this all be on big illusion and Sam is just torturing her mind? There would be know way to fully know unless her blindfolds came off.*

*Eagerly the man kept pushing his newly shined member against her face, having it rub her when she shook her head*



*in protest. A soft sigh released. Her body clearly enjoying but yet her stubbornness to please was present.*

*At this point the man's hand that was once teasing her slit, moved to a more aggressive position. Without hesitation or wait, two fingers penetrated her deeply. The tips of his fingers moving up and down in her as they pulsed in and out. He was ready to watch her break. The pace quickened and slowed every few seconds to show her who's in charge, her fate was still her hands, if she played nicely*

She didn't want this, hadn't asked for it when she'd come to the hotel with Sam. Kendal had thought this was to be their celebration... Three months together, of exploring their limits together, of pushing each other to the edge. She hadn't listened to the warnings their friends had given but now, trapped here she wondered if she had made a mistake.

The cock slid around her face, his precum coating her freckled skin as she denied him entry into her mouth though as she fought that she felt his fingers slide into the depths of her soaked cunt. Her hips involuntarily bucked as they slid in and out of her. The curved upwards, hitting her most delicate spot and without being able to help it her hips began to follow the

movements of his hands. Her pussy aching for more force, more friction. Her walls tightened around his fingers and Kendall's swollen wet lips parted as a moan slipped from them.

*A smile pressed against his face hidden to Kendall. It is working, but this wasn't enough. To truly break her, he wanted her to start it, not force it. He wanted her to know that he owned her and to show how much she liked it. Her face hid it well, but her soaking slit told him all he needed to know.*

*The hand he was using to press his cock forcefully against her lips moved, only to slap her face. Tingling hear against her cheek, before another hits her just as fast. Meanwhile his pace had no intentions of slowing down, his finger moving up and down quickly, not letting her most sensitive part settle from stimulation.*

*A soft mumbled "mmmm" mistakenly leaves his mouth, as his cock bounces from excitement smacking her parted lips each time*

She was riding the high that her body was giving her at the hands of an unknown assailant and Kendall couldn't put logic to it. Try as she might to fight it her body liked

it, as if whoever this was knew the deeper, darker, more intimate parts of her. His cock was released, moving more freely and away from her lips as she moved her head but she was met with surprise as she felt the smack across her face. It stung so bad it burned and for a few seconds she forgot how to breathe.

Kendall gasped for breath as she felt the second sting of a hand making contact with her cheek, his fingers pumping in and out of her tight sex as if it was their mission to get her to become unhinged. Eyes full of tears a cry escaped her, louder this time as her inner walls clenched as if trying to devour his fingers. She shook her head side to side, a whimper escaping her.

It hurt so much, but the surprise of hearing the moan from his lips had her mind focused on that. Her head whipped to the right as she tried to see if she could decipher who it was just by the sound. Her core tingled, her mind struggling to focus as she felt her excitement coming to the precipice.

*Her assailant had been careful so far, keeping his moans low, not saying a word. But his excitement was getting hard to contain, in his mind he knew she was close to breaking.*

*He thought, if he can just get her a little further, push her a little harder she would break down as the slut she was*

*His hands gently moved on the red skin he created, caressing it with the back of his hand. This gentle facade faded quickly when that same gentle hand moved back to his cock pushing again against her. At this point he was starting to get impatient, and the evidence was in his actions. Slapping her face and pushing his cock onto her lips again.*

*His other hand in her most sensitive area however was relentless. Pumping in and out at quick paces only slowing down to play with her most lust filled spot. However, to get what he wanted, something had to change, he would go from relentless fingering, to a quick pull out and **whack** another smack on her cunt, before a fast forceful group of circles were drawn on her clit.*

There was a complexity to the swirling ball of emotions going through Kendall as she felt the caress of the back of his hand on her already reddened cheek. It was gentle and just as quick as it was there it was replaced by his cock near her mouth once again. She thought about denying it again, of opening her mouth and biting down on it as soon as it dared to enter the chasm that was her mouth. Yet... the ache between her thighs only grew with

each and every thrust of his fingers. She was so close to erupting into an unhinged mess of a whore. Kendall knew it, knew that she could have fought harder, tried to escape longer but the fact remained she *was* finding enjoyment in this. Enjoying some unknown person using her body like it belonged to them.

What did that say about her? Did she even care? Was she even a victim at this point?

The fingers stilled, slipping from her lower lips and leaving an ache in their wake. She had been so close to release. Of feeling the eruption of sensation through her entire body. Kendall didn't have long to protest or scream. Scream. Why hadn't she thought about that? Just as quickly as the thought formed in her mind she felt the sudden smack against her pussy and she sobbed. The sensation of it traveled from her most intimate area all the way to the roots of her scalp and the tips of her toes. Her mouth opened in a wide O as she felt her body shatter into a million pieces beneath her assailant. Her pussy walls twitched erratically as she climaxed, a sob escaping her from the betrayal that her body had just committed.

*Her body's betrayal was all she needed. His excitement that was hidden by his face was very apparent by the eagerness in which he put the tip in her now widely opened mouth. He had done it. A stranger turned into a free use toy, just for his taking.*

*She had been such a good girl regardless of her struggling her body gave in. Her shaking legs and arching back was proof enough. However, one orgasm from her wasn't enough to feed his hunger. Slowly he pulled out his slick fingers. It was time to find out just how broken she was, the tip of his shaft in her mouth waiting to see, while he moved his fingers southward teasing the rim. A whimper escaped her as her body rode the last wave of her climax. Kendall could still feel the tingling from the slap against her cunt and with her release she was now more sensitive than she'd been before. His fingers slid out of her and she shivered, her legs falling loosely at her sides as there was now no fight left in her. She was damaged, had been before this encounter but made more so evident now as he slid the head of his cock into her mouth.*

*Her tongue flicked against it, circling it, coaxing it even further into her mouth. She'd already come this far... maybe just a little bit farther. She felt his fingers travel*

further down but her legs still spasmed every once in awhile. She tried moving her hands, tugging and testing the give of the collar and cuffs. Not trying to get away, almostbseeming as if she wanted to put her hands on him.

He was met with no resistance, at least not in the moment. She wiggled her hips slightly, her body reacting to every twitch and touch he gave.

*A sigh of relief left his lips as she finally gave in. Her flicking tongue, and willingness to obey and please caused another soft moan. The man was still being careful, guarding his voice.*

*He eyes stared at her hands moving around. Contemplating as he let her slutty mouth work his cock. If he uncuffed one of her hands, who knows what she would do... she could use it to please, or she could take off her blindfold and ruin everything....*

*Passing by voices from the hallway, make his head shoot looks towards the door. The tension felt with a forced buckle in his hips, moving himself half way in her mouth and an accidental penetration of her ass.*

*As the voices pass, and the return of focus on himself and his newly found toy, the accident turned into opportunity, leaving his finger in her, slowly pulsing it in and out.*

The moan though soft was enough to let her know that he was enjoying what she was doing. He paused, possibly startled by the voices coming from the hallway or perhaps contemplating what to do next as his finger slid into her tight puckered hole. Her body tensed, her body automatically wanting to deny but she was already so wet and had cum once that he truthfully met no resistance from the hole itself.

He pressed forward more into her mouth and she used that opportunity to make him feel good. Her tongue rubbing the underside of his cock. She groaned, knowing the vibrations would travel up the length of him, hopefully bringing him one more step to his release so that he would lower his guard or perhaps get off of her. Another groan left her though this one was more of a moan as his finger began to pump in and out of her tightness. Her heels dug into the sheets beneath.

*The unknown man couldn't help but let out another breathy moan, the deep sighed and breathy moan was enough to*



*mask his voice, but the pleasure he felt from her mouth was far to immense.*

*His hips moved forward again he wanted more, her lips and tongue were magically, in ecstasy that he hadn't felt before. His fingers and hips now in sync pulling and pushing in her holes at the same time. He couldn't contain his lust much longer and he had to make the most of it, another finger slides in her ass at the same time he pushes his full length in her mouth before letting it back out until his precum coaxed cock dick remained on her lips.*

*His body language at this point was changing, his aggressive manner was changed with his shaking body, his tightened muscles were evidence of his approaching climax. His focus now on playing with her rear was only a distraction to try and prolong his enjoyment of her mouth*

In and out, both his cockband fingers working in sync as he fucked her in multiple ways. There was no point in denying that her body was enjoying this no matter how much her mind tried to deny it. As Kendall gagged from the thrust of his hips his cock pressed in fully, her throat bulging from the foreign intrusion. Her saliva coated her mouth in reflex as her throat became restricted from his cock in that moment and she fought the urge to swallow.

She could taste the saltiness of his precum on her tongue and like the good little whore that Sam had taught her to be her body reacted. Her tongue lapping at it before he pulled it from her mouth. He didn't take it far, the head of it still pressed on her lips as she took deep gulping breaths. His fingers were still plunging in and out of her ass and Kendall shook her head, her swollen lips glistening as she did. Her once messy bun now a wild mane of hair around her head that shook as she did.

"PLEASE..."

That one word came out jagged and broken as she pleaded with him.

"Just...untie my hands..."

Her tongue darted out and licked her lips, her chest rising and falling with each breath.

Another moan and her hips reacted on instincts as her puckered hole tightened around the fingers inside.

"||I'll be a good girl for you please...|| Her words, so pathetically needy, and so sexual. She desperately wanted him and he knew it, but he couldn't keep it up much longer.

*His fingers quickened their pace but his limit was being reached. His desperate cock against her lips, twitching up and down as her tongue darted out to lick her lips. He was going to cum and he was going to cum now. His fingers left her tightened hole just as quickly as they entered.*

*His balls tightened as his climax began erupting. A loud untethered moan leaves his mouth, he excitement was too much for himself to hide anymore. Her lips drizzled on at first before a line of cum sprays on her face, the warmth felt on her blindfolds. Another covering her lips and dripping across her face as the weight of the bed shifts again.*

*The weight on the bed shifts again until the only weight on it was of hers. The sound of pants shuffling quickly and a belt buckling before quickly paced footsteps move to the door. The lock clicked and the door creaked opened just enough for him to leave.*

*Silence.. deafening silence. Ten minutes go by... Twenty minutes, as footsteps approach. Again the door shuts. "Just where I left you.. such a perfect little slut."*

*He walked in smirking. The sound of his pants hit the floor, absent of a belt. His weight moves into the bed as he*

*straddles your chest. Slowly he removed his shirt, wiping her face.*

“Since you have been such a good whore I think you can use your hands. But if you take your blindfolds off, you’ll be in trouble.”

*His flaccid cock on her chin as he slowly unlocked her hands, one at a time. Once the first was unlocked he pinned it on the bed, and with the second he used it to pin the first.*

“You wouldn’t want to be in trouble would you? Suck me if you understand.”

*He smirked to himself releasing her hands.* There were a multitude of emotions in which Kendall could have felt. Disgust, for being used as a cum doll, her blindfold and mouth covered in the semen of whoever it had been. Relief, for the fact that instead of assaulting her more he got off and departed. Yet as she lay there in the ticking silence she was only left...wanting. What that said about her she had no clue and didn't particularly want to dwell on it as she laid there stuck in her position which Sam had originally left her.

She tensed as she heard the sound of footsteps. She heard the sound of the door click, the feeling of instant

relief flooding her when the sound of Sam's voice broke the deafening silence. Following that relief came the anger. The anger of Sam leaving her in such a compromised situation. To be used by...who even the fuck was that? Gritting her teeth Kendall waited as she hear him remove his pants, the sound of them hitting the floor. More ruffling of fabric and he began to wipe her face, the smell of his cologne wafted from the material and she shivered. She loved the scent, had since she bought him the first bottle on their one month anniversary.

Her face now clean she opened her mouth to speak only for him to speak again. The words digging into her as he moved to undo her cuffs from the collar. Kendall had so many things to say, to yell. How bad she wanted to slap him in the moment but as her lips parted again to speak no words came out, only an unsteady breath as she moved her wrists to relieve some of the pain they had felt.

Did she want trouble? She hadn't asked for any of this. Swallowing the knot in her throat she shook her head.

"Fuck you Sam." She pushed at his legs trying to get him off of her though her arms ached from how long they'd been in the earlier position. "I won't..."

"So that's how you wanna be, you were just someone's free use whore, and I'm the one to blame?!"

*His voice grew louder, Sam did this often in fights he knew he would never win, he would raise his voice and try to intimidate her into submission. But yet, through the past few months of them being together, fighting became something he fetishized. His once flaccid member started to grow against her chin towards her lips.*

"Fine! Maybe you need **more alone time** to whore yourself out more."

*His hands returned to one of hers cuffing it back against her collar. He knew he was able to overpower her with little effort from previous fights. Yet he chose to leave the other hand free.*

*He spit on her face right in the middle of where she was smacked previously. The redness of her cheek still there. He quickly reached down to her cunt, rubbing her wetness with two fingers.*

“Fuck me? Fuck me Kendall? REALLY?! You’re gonna choose trouble went you’re the one soaked from being used?! Last chance to reconsider...”

*His voice lowered from his yelling to a more even headed tone towards the end. Preparing himself to accept that Kendall was going to need more punishment.*

She grit her teeth, her body tensing as he yelled at her. It hadn't been unexpected and the reaction her body had automatically didn't help the case at all. Kendall pushed against him again trying to get him off of her. She felt his erection against her face and she tried her best to ignore it. This wasn't the way their three month was supposed to go.

"You're the one who fucking left me here!"

Her heart sunk hearing him saying he would leave her here again.

**"If I'm a fucking whore then you're right fucked in the head aren't you?! Who the fuck takes their girlfriend out for their anniversary and ties them up leaving them like this!"**

She couldn't, *wouldn't* acknowledge the fact that she had actually gotten off with...whoever the fuck that had been.

She tried to fight back as he grabbed her wrist, not wanting to be stuck in such a position again. Sure she could have sucked his cock like a good girl she knew she was but this was too fucking far and she knew that when he spit on her face. The sting hadn't all the way left from her face yet and kicked then. Her legs moving up into the air, her whole body thrashing as she tried to buck him off of her.

"||Fuck. You. Sam.||" She wasn't exactly sure where his face was but she had a rough idea and what happened next she could only hope that her aim was true as she lifted her head just enough and spit. "||You're a fucking psycho.||" She wriggled underneath him more though it was more than likely futile. She knew he liked this, knew he liked when they fought and where it would lead to. Fuck, even she enjoyed it by this point and that was all thanks to the man that had left her to be used and abused. Her next words came out with just as much venom as the first time she had seen him with his hand in another girl's skirt.

"||See how hard you are? So hard as soon as I rejected what you wanted? Don't like me calling you out on your shit, **daddy?**||"



Kendal took a shaky breath before she drove the final nail home.

"||Least whoever the fuck that was knew how to really rough me up unlike you...||" *Spit landing on his cheek. She knew this would piss him off, and as his grip tighten around wrist harder and harder, he attempted to keep some composure*

“Oh I’m the pyscho?! **IM THE PYSCHO?!?**”

*His emotions were in abundance now, he couldn’t let her just get away with it. He knew she wanted it, and she wanted it hard, the only time she had ever called him daddy was when she was trying to egg him on. The first time she ended bruised and red, he remembered her calling him daddy, and kept the connection since that point.*

*The like glass shattering she broke him. ~Oh so she thinks that person roughed her up better then I could..... I’ll show this dumb bitch what she really wants~ he thought to himself. His red with anger and frustration, but he couldn’t help but get more turned on. He ripped his hands from her wrists to her face pushing it sideways into the bed.*

**SMACK**

*A harsh and swift collide between his hand and her cheekbones, he was done attempting to be nice*

*“oh really..” in a calmer yet unsettling voice now “that’s what you think?”*

*He kept her face pushed into the side of the bed as he undid her blindfold and grabbed her hair roughly and pulled her head up pushing her lips against his semi erect length*

*“Don’t look away, I want you to remember my face and what happens when you don’t know your place.”*

*He slammed her head back into the bed, and moved his hands to her lips, pulling them as far as he could stretch them, he wanted it to hurt. Slowly he put himself in her mouth.*

*“now shut your fucking mouth and do what a good whore should!”*

*She had seen the switch on his eye. The right trigger having being pulled like so many before and a rush of fear and excitement coursed through her entire body, and energy practically humming beneath the surface of her skin. The hairs on the back of her neck rose in apprehension just moments before he would slap her.*

**SMACK!**

The sudden rush of blood through her head had a ringing in her ears as her eyes filled with tears. A whimper escaped her before she could stop it as she felt the blindfold be ripped off of her. Eyes opening she winced at the light only for his hand to grip the back of her hair and pull her to him. A shudder ran down her spine as she looked up at him.

Her tears fell down her cheeks ruining her makeup she had spent hours on doing just for this special night. Her lipstick was already smeared beyond reason as she gasped for breath. Kendall couldn't even form words as he asked her a question; it was probably rhetorical anyway.

She was pushed back into the bed and she groaned, his grip on her tight as he stared down at her. Still disoriented from the force of the smack Kendall would give little resistance as his hands moved to pry her mouth open wide open for him. Another whimper from her as she felt the muscles of her cheeks stretched almost beyond their limit. She knew she was not strong enough to fight him. The power was all with him as he pushed his cock into her waiting mouth.

His command had her half whimpering half moaning whether from pain or pleasure unclear. Her head beginning to slowly bob up and down his length. Each one taking more and more of him in while her mouth coated him in her saliva. Once he pressed into the back of her throat Kendall choked, her eyes squeezing shut as her throat protested.

*His eyes closed with a sigh of relief, some of his anger rolling off his shoulders. Sam slowly moved his fingers out of her fish hooked cheeks, letting out a soft moan as he length grew in her mouth*

"That's it baby girl, show me just how much you love being my nasty lil whore"

*He smirked cockily at Kendall. He loved feeling himself grow harder and harder inside her. To him it was sign of submission from her, that even when he wasn't ready she would be willing and able to make him.*

*Sam's spit covered hands slowly slid down her neck, to the back of her neck and up to the back of her head. This is where he pushed her limits the most. His gripped tightened as he held her head up. He waited until his full length was ready for her. Once it was mercilessly thrusting in her mouth.*

*He had always loved a good face fuck, but in this moment he was trying to fuck her throat too. Repeatedly, he thrust his full length down her throat and back to the tip, not giving much time to think let alone to breath.*

*"That's it you nasty slut, your mouth is fucking toy and Im going to use it as much as I fucking want. You can try and say no, but we both know you wont be able to talk when your choking." He chuckled to himself after letting out howling moans. He would let her catch her breath when he needed to catch his. Fortunately for Kendall, it was sooner rather then later. Slowly pulling his spit soaked member from her mouth, watching as strings of drool connect it with her lips. Once satisfied with this sight, Kendall's face became his resting place. Letting that same spit decorate her nose to forehead, he let her catch her breath while his balls and taint rested right above her lips.*

*With a breathy moan "Fuuuuuuuuck that's exactly what I want!"*

*His words filled her mind and pulsed like a wicked temptation through her body as he stared down at her. He had told her not to look away, and try as she might want she kept her eyes on him steadily as he smirked down at herm that cockiness had been part of what had*

drawn her in when they had first met. Wanting to see exactly what type of person he truly was behind that smile. Kendall liked to think she was in part the reason he became who he was now. She'd take pride in it if he wasn't literally shoving it down her throat like it was his own personal fuck toy. Which, it was though the irony of the stranger fucking her throat was still in her mind and if she was able she'd have pointed it out.

She shivered as she felt his hand travel to the back of her neck, up into her hair where he grabbed a fistful. Kendall knew what was coming next, though she was unaware of the intensity as he began to pull her down his length, his cock pressing ever further I the back of her mouth and down her throat. The gagging sounds she made were loud and lewd and had her pussy aching for a pounding of its own. Tip to back, over and over again his hips thrust and her throat could do nothing but reflex or accept his hard cock, eventually the gagging was replaced by moans, the vibrations spreading through her to him through their connection in her mouth.

She trembled on the bed beneath him, her eyes wide as he continued his rough thrusts and her mouth and throat began to protest, her lungs burning in need of oxygen.

Thankfully she didn't have to wait long before he was pulling out of her, his cock falling onto her face as she took deep breaths. Kendall tried to swallow down the feeling of her throat being used but it was sore and it ached. His moan and comment had her narrowing her eyes at him. His balls right above her mouth she was half tempted to bite. To make him feel the pain she had once promised him yet... . Kendall shut her eyes, a shaky inhale of her breath and she did the one thing she felt would rock him over the edge, though whether it was good or bad she would soon find out... Her lips parted and her tongue darted out, the warm and wet muscle flicking against the sensitive flesh that hovered before her. Circling around the rim before she tilted her head just slightly, her nose pressing into his balls as her tongue flicked over the tight and sensitive skin.

*He took pride in how well she handled him, she was never bad but the more the fucked the better she got until the point where she was irreplaceable. No one could get him off like her and Sam thought that she knew it.*

*Sam hadn't always been so sadistic. Cocky yes, but until Kendall he hadn't been rough. She had a bratty attitude and knew exactly how to get under his skin to his boiling point.*

*That's where his abuse started, but this is where it slowed. Her behaving in such a dirty way brought him so much pleasure it was impossible for him to stay mad.*

*“Fuck.. Now your pu~” His legs twitch as a loud growling moan released from his lips. Excitement dripped of his twitching eagerness. His balls tightened as her tongue had done something he had never experienced. The wetness of her tongue circling and flicking against the rim caused his panting moans to become more excessive. His body grew weak, dropping from a dominant position of having full control to his arms holding his shaking body up.*

*“Kendall... Kendall- fuuuuucckkkk!! I- I can- I can't han...ndle”*

*His words spread and broken by moans and loss of breath as his body quivered from pleasure.*

His reaction pleased Kendall to now end. Sure there was ringing still in her ears and her face was swelling from the impact of his slap but what he wouldn't be able to deny was that she could read his body. She knew what it was he liked, what he thought he wanted but she knew what he *truly* wanted. His words went from dominant and demanding to a quivering mess as she circled the



rim. An impish smirk spread over her lips as he repositioned himself to hold himself from crumbling on top of her. She would use this, though with one hand still cuffed to the collar her options were severely limited.

A purposeful moan escaped her lips, the heat of it caressing him, spreading over his achingly eager puckered taint. He had given her everything she needed in this, at least for now... the control he'd thought he had was so close to completely crumbling and Kendall eagerly repeated the earlier action. Her wet tongue circling once, twice before she pushed the pink muscle against his center. Enough to apply pressure but not quite enough to enter. She would repeat this several times before her one free hand would move beneath him to add into the fray. Her middle finger following the same path that her tongue had done except for when it skimmed over the center she pressed her finger in just so, her nail and all pressing partially inside. She hadn't left her mouth wanting, instead moving her head just so in order to take his balls into her mouth and suckle them just like she knew he liked it. A deeper, more lustful moan escaping from her throat to vibrate through him. Slowly she pressed her finger in slightly more though

she quickly pulled it out. Toying his rim agonizingly softly while her tongue massaged his sack in her mouth. Another moan and she repeated the process, finger circling, pressing just enough. She would do this until he either protested or demanded more from her.

*He was breaking, and he was breaking fast. Every circle and flick of her tongue caused Sam to shake and moan. Himself barely able to catch his breath. As she pushed her tongue against him a quick and loud inhale was forced. For a split second he had thought he lost. His breath being held each time she did this as his face grew redder and redder. His body grew weaker and weaker from pleasure and not breathing from excitement. Her hair getting the brunt of his leaking precum.*

**“Ahhhh fuckkkk!!! FUCK KENDAL YOU NASTY LITTLE WHORE!!”** *He spurted out with a yelling moan to follow as her finger barely entered. He couldn't stop her, he was enjoying it too much. His balls tightening in her mouth, he wouldn't last longer if he kept giving her free will. He needed to take control again and he needed to do it now.*

*Using what crumbling strength he had left he moved his hips backwards, sliding down himself from her face. He grabbed her hand and pinned it back to the bed. His body shaking in*

*excitement, anyone at this point could win the battle for power. He kissed her on her lips gently before gently and teasingly biting her bottom lip.*

*“Fuck, you’re such a good little fuck toy princess” he smirked at her between catching his breath and focusing on not finishing.*

*His wobbly legs lifted him up just enough to be able to turn around. When something familiar happens. Her face once again was used as a seat leaving all of himself exposed to her, his throbbing eager cock, his tightened balls and his newly found most sensitive spot all open for her..... SMACK... SMACK A quick smack against her already swollen clit, and just as quickly as the first did so did the second. A part of this really felt familiar until she felt it. His tongue moving up and down on her clit, moving in small circles from side to side, branching to flicking motions up and down. He only stopped his tongue to suck her sensation, before quickly moving his tongue again. In his head he may not be able to stop her, and he most certainly couldn’t resist her, but at least in this position he had more control. He continued using his mouth against her while his hands crept below. One of his hands roughly squeezing her thighs, the other giving her the same*

*toying treatment she had given to him. Small circles but when he entered her, it wasn't barely and it was rough.*

A breathy laugh left her as little called her a nasty little whore. She knew he liked it, in fact he seemed to be enjoying it a lot more than she had anticipated. The thought to take it farther had grown only for him to pull away and pin her back into the bed. Sam kissed her then, softly a stark contrast to his earlier behavior as he teasingly pulled into bottom lip with his teeth. Her body vibrated with the praise he gave her and just as quickly as it had been given he changed their position again, leaving her no time to reciprocate the gentle teasing.

He turned fully around then, his ass was balls once again over her face. She moved her hand that was once again free. Wrapping her hand around his cock in eager excitement only for her whole body to freeze as Sam smacked her pussy fast and hard. Barely any time to adjust to the sting and there was a second smack against her swollen and aching cunt and she cried out. Her breath spilling forth against his exposed parts that were directly above. If he wanted to play hard and dirty then she could give just as much as he did. Her hand around his cock squeezed, pumping up and down his length, her

thumb circling the tip of his cock as he flicked his tongue against her aching clit. A moan escaped again and her tongue darted out, mimicking the same exact actions that he took. She couldn't use her other arm as it was still licked to the collar but she would make do with the things she *did* have.

"Mmmm...so good **daddy**." . Another flick of her tongue around the rim as her was continued to stroke him. Her hips rotated against the bed and his mouth, her pussy wanting even more attention which Sam gave when his lips circled around her clit and suckled. A mixture of pain and pleasure coursed through her body and Kendall got a little too excited, her tongue pressing against his anus as her body jerked involuntarily.

She pulled her tongue out, flicking it against him hard and fast as the speed of her hand increased as well. She wanted him to cum before her, to prove that she could best him even if he thought he held all the power... the question was if she would manage it or not. *Sam knew at this point it was a race. Whoever, came first would ultimately have the power. It started off as a fun bet, whomever made the other cum first would have bragging rights. Then just like everything in their relationship it*

*evolved. This is sometimes they would end up doing things they weren't certain about at first. The loser next orgasm was completely controlled by the winner.*

*His more wild moanings were felt against her as she toyed with his head. He took deep breathes felt against her lips, his cock coaxed in his precum. Her tongue dangerously edging him. Sam pushed his tongue against her tasteful slit as she rotated. Until his head whipped up from pleasure letting out a silent moan. Her pressing in was almost to much but yet he couldn't stop himself from pushing down against it. He was at his breaking point. Her tongue and hand were a dangerous duo.*

*Sam didn't think he could manage to put himself in her mouth again, her hand was squeezing him just right and with purpose, the only thing he could think of doing was trying to make her climax before him. He moved one of his hands under her thighs and the other against her cunt. His last ditch effort, to fill almost every one of hers. Quickly without caution two of his fingers penetrated her tight puckered hole forcing himself in and out. He spit on her clit and let it fall down to his fingers. His other let three inside her eager cunt. Trying to match the same speed she was pumping him, but falling short, struggling to not finish. Like*

*a wild animal his tongue swayed and flicked against her not stopping to let his moans be heard but rather be felt. His body tightened and shook.*

Most people liked to battle their wits and strengths, Kendall and Sam seemed to like driving each other wild with their sexual acts almost as if it were a competition. In the early stages of their dating life it'd started off simple. Who could turn each other on the most, then later who could last the longest almost to the point where it hurt. Edging each other until someone caved, or better still who could discover some knew kink about the other. It had been a literal slippery slope that both had become addicted to and today on their three month anniversary it still held true.

She felt his moans against her sensitive folds and her hips bucked, her fingers and tongue pausing as she moaned herself. This match Kendall had thought he had held the upper hand when she began to use both her mouth and hand working in tandem on his ass and cock. She was shortly shown that the match was still in the air as his fingers plunged into her ass, the other three filling her aching pussy, all over them pumping with as much force as her own hand had been.

Kendall threw her head back slightly and let out a cry that she was sure the neighbors on the next room could. Her breath hot and wet against his skin and she shook her head side to side. Her nose pressing against his ass cheek as she bit whichever part of him she could. Whether it was pleasurable to him or not she couldn't care. The stimulation was almost too much and her hips bucked like she was in the process of a seizure as she tried to contain her release, or was she trying to get it to come sooner? Her mind buzzed with the pent up release that begged for her to just give in. To let Sam win this once... .  
"No nono no...mmmnnng." Her mouth still open she flicked her tongue hard and fast against his perineum to try and get him to cum in a last ditch effort as her hand worked at a speed her arm was beginning to protest. One final tightening of her small hand and her vision went dark, small orbs of light danced across her vision as her body betrayed her and her climax hit like a force of a freight train.

Her pussy and anus clamped around those fingers that he'd been fucking her with. Her hips becoming still as her thighs tried to shut though every muscle below the waist twitched with each wave of her release. She had



lost and there was no telling what sort of punishment awaited her...

*Sam would have been excited, smiling, proud even that she broke first yet again. But this time, this time as her body bucked and tightened with each part of her climax he couldn't contain himself either. As he pulled himself from her. Her efforts were way more intense than she even realized. His head leaned back as his eyes shut releasing a mound of breathes and soft moans.*

*His hands squeezed her wrists as his body shook. The efforts of her work strung from her stomach towards below her waist. His grip tightened harder and harder as he moaned louder and louder.*

*"Oh fuc- oh fuck Kendall! Yes-Yes- yes yes yes yes yesssssss.. Such a good slut. Fuccccckk!!" His moans soon followed heavy breaths as he moved himself from on top of her to the side. Soft kisses moved up her arm as he unlocked her other hand. His head plopped next to the side of hers parallel to her shoulders. Despite his sexual sadistic side after finishing he still wanted the closeness of Kendall, letting each other feel each others heart race.*

"Th-that was great.... such a good girl Kendall." *With however sweet that moment had been for Sam and for her, they both knew it was fading fast. Kendall still had lost and Sam had enough air in his lungs. He slowly sat up and got off the bed. He fidgeted in his backpack for a few moments before a few toys came out. A vibrating wand, a dildo and a vibrating dildo. He smiled at her placing them where she could see. He sat down on the bed next to her feet.*

*His hands gently ran up and down her leg, slowly. "Take your time Kendall, the night is just beginning, and it's looking like its going to be a long one for you." She coated his fingers, her head lulling back against the bed as she took deep gulping breaths. She was deliriously relaxed as Sam began to verbally praise her and moan. Kendall felt his muscles tense then, his cock beginning to squirt his cum all over her hand and some of her chest and stomach. The warm thick substance causing her to shiver before he moved off of her. The relief was instant as the heat of his body left and a soft breeze of cool air caressed her body. Her nipples ached and she shivered as he kissed up her arm. A groan escaped her lips as he uncuffed her other hand, her arm protesting as she straightened it out. The tingly sensation traveled*

through her arm as her blood flow began to spread through the limb once again.

Kendall moved stretched as he lay beside her, softness in the moments after were one of the things that had lured her in giving her a false complacency that they were good for each other. Even now as he lay beside her and calling her a good girl she wanted to give him whatever it was he wanted even if it meant she was in pain. Her cheek still stung and when she raised her hand up to touch it gingerly she winced, there was some swelling that was for sure. Biting her lip she looked at Sam, her eyes partially hidden beneath her lashes.

Her throat ached for a multitude of reasons and when she spoke it still held a bit of gravel to it. "Where are y-" He fiddled within his backpack after sliding off the bed and after he placed the toys on the bed she couldn't help but take a deep inhale of breath. Already she could tell by the end of tonight she would be a mess of a woman, even worse than she was now. . Kendall propped herself up on her elbows, her eyes moving from the toys to where he sat on the end of the bed. "Sam..." The hairs rose on the back of her neck and goosebumps spread across her skin as he rubbed her legs, her eyes drifting shut as a soft

moan escaped her lips. Whether it was a threat or a promise Kendall found that she was looking forward to whatever was coming next.

*“Yes baby girl?” His voice was soft and gentle, a grimace of a smile across his face. Fingertips dancing along her legs. He wanted to make her feel comfortable and relaxed.*

*In moments like this, he knew they could be such a sweet couple. Cuddling and soft caressing. She was so sweet and her skin so soft. The only problem being the abuse they both so desperately enjoyed. She like being dominated in every way, being forced into a messy puddle of emotions and bruises and he loved taking her there. They constantly pushed each other further and further.*

*A click of a button, slow vibrations.. “Now remember, you’re my good girl, and you’re gonna take this punishment- without complaints”.*

*The wand is the first toy, teasing her with mild vibrations rubbing up and down her leg, getting close to her inner thighs and then back down. His smile crept wider as he edged closer and closer.*

“Be a good girl and hold this right here”. *He moved the wand directly above her clit, watching her to see what she would do next. His other hand reaching towards the next toy.*

Her eyes once again fell to the toys at the end of the bed between her legs. Kendall wasn't fooled by the soft voice that he had given her, nor the small smile that had come across his face. They had their good normal couple moments but when it came to things of a sexual nature they were both depraved and liked morally questionable things. The fact that he had left her to be used by...whoever that had been earlier didn't stop her from being so turned on right in this moment.

"Y-yes sir." She bit her lip. Her eyes eagerly staying on the toys. *"I'm your good girl."*

She knew she should still be angry, upset at the whole situation and perhaps even get up and leave yet she couldn't. Not as his hand moved to pick up the wand, her pussy clenched in anticipation as he moved is slowly up and down her leg. Her thick thighs shaking from the vibrations of it as it moved. Her lips parted and a sigh escaped her as Sam teased closer and closer to her sex.

A few moments was all it took before he moved the wand right above her clit and Kendall moaned, her eyes looking at him as she nodded her head obediently. Her make-up was ruined, her eyeliner and mascara running down her face as she accepted the wand from him and doing exactly as instructed. She was already so wet, her pussy still ached from the force in which he had finger fucked her but the pain was part of the pleasure and she would not bow out of accepting her punishment.

*He smiles as she took the toy. Shivers sent up his spine when she claimed to be his good girl. It was enough to rise some excitement.*

*“That’s what I like to hear. No fighting, just acceptance” Sam loved to push the boundaries, trying to get knee jerk reactions from her. His hands went down to the other two toys.*

*He scooter himself next to her body, on his knees, overlooking her beauty. He took a few seconds to take in her body, already posturing to accept the punishment.*

*“We have been together three months. So-“ He moved the two dildos into view.. “We are celebrating by filling up three different places.”*

*His smile widen as his excitement grew, another first for him. He moved his hand between her legs, slowly pushing one inside her already wet cunt. Leaving it halfway.*

*He moved his lips to hear ears whispering “where do you want the real one baby girl?” he smiled as the toy in his other hand followed her curves, painting her body while waiting for her answer.*

Kendall eyes went wide at hearing Sam explain about filling her holes. Her mouth and throat running dry as she imagined what that was going to be like...not that she would have to wait long for it. The hand that held the wand on her clit continuously vibrated against her clit causing her pussy to clench and her hips to move involuntarily as the dildo that he had was pushed halfway inside of her. A whimper escaped her lips as he whispered in her ear, the warmth of his breath tickling the fine hairs there. She was already aching, wanting and waiting for her punishment.

"*Fuck.*" The one word came out as a breathless plea, her eyes shutting as her hip gyrated again. "I want your cock inside my pussy. Please.. I **need** it." She turned toward him then, her tongue flicked against his lips.

Kendall wanted more, need it right then and there, a moan escaping her throat as she rubbed the wand against her clit.

*“It’s your punishment after all, sweetheart.” A wicked smirk rolled off his face as the toy in hand pressed against her mouth. “Now hold this in your mouth, Im going to need my hands free.... Don’t moan... and most importantly, **dont cum** until I say.”*

*He left the toy where he placed it as he raced to the end of the bed. Slowly he undid the ties around her ankles, freeing one leg at a time. He stood at the end of the bed, pulling her to the end of the bed. He slowly pulled the dildo from her tightened hold. His head slowly, moved down between her thigh. A soft breath in appreciation of her body. He smiled before spitting on her puckered hole. Slowly pushing the freshly lubricated toy inside her. His excitement fully erect from this display. Without hesitation Sam pushed his length inside her letting a moan release as he did.*

*“Ahhhh fuck, that’s what I needed!!”*

*Slowly at first he pushed his full length inside her, and back out until just the head remained. Watching her reactions, looking to see how well she would handle her punishment.*



Her eyes went wide as he told her she couldn't cum unless she was given permission. It was something she had never been good at but something that she wanted to achieve. To feel the ecstasy of an intense release only when he said. Kendall opened her mouth obediently like the good girl she knew she was. A soft sound escaped her as she watched him slip from the bed. Her ankles being freed one by one before he pulled her to the very end of the bed.

Her heart clenched as she watched him pull the toy from inside of her, a gasp turned into a whimper as she felt his breath against her throbbing lips. Sam spit on her and she twitched slightly as he pressed the toy against her tightened hole. Goosebumps spread across her toned abdomen, her toes curled and her head fell backwards once he plunged his hard cock into her dripping wet entrance. Her walls spasmed and sucked him in like the wanton part it was.

Sam's words echoed in the room and Kendall shook her head side to side. He was being agonizingly slow and she wanted, *needed* more from him. Needed the rough and fast friction she was used to when they were ever intimate before. Another whimper escaped her as she

tried to thrust her hips upward, as if the action would make him give her what she wanted.

*Sam knew what he was doing, its the same trick he used before. Start slow, bring her to a point where she beg for him to go harder before finally giving in to what they both wanted. His hands roamed her hips and thighs before turning the vibrations coming from the wand higher. He was going to put her through a crucible of pleasure, but he wasn't going to make her wait. The moment he could feel the vibrations intensify he pumped himself faster inside of her. Giving her the majority of his length. Breathy moans started leaving his lips.*

*"Fuck baby girl..... Don't move, not yet..." His sentences only broken with soft breaths and softer moans. Those moans grew louder however as he grabbed her hips with both of his hands pulling her into him as much as he could. The toy slid more into her tightness as his aching member pushed deeply in her walls. Her legs help on his chest as his moaning was broken by the sound of slapping against her slit.*

*"Such a good fucking girl. Give me it.. give me all of you"* His voice raising as each of his pumps hit her deeply. His hands gripping tighter against her legs and hips. Sams eyes

*could stop but stare at her face, he smirked before once again increasing the rate that his hips moved.*

It was pure ecstasy as he tormented her slowly, her eyes rolling shut as she felt the desire turn into an ache of need. As if he could read her Sam turned up the vibrations of the wand and Kendall gritted her teeth, her whole body clenching and twitching. "Mm mmmm!" The increased speed of his thrusts, the head of his cock ramming into her walls had Kendall wanting to cry out but she bit down preventing herself from doing exactly what Sam was doing at that very moment.

He told her not to move and she groaned, her hands clutching at the sheets beneath her as she tried to rein in her desires. She wanted to give in, to give him just as much pleasure as he was giving her but Kendall knew if she moved before he allowed there would be another punishment to follow. He grabbed her hips and pulled her down hard and her back arched into a perfect curve, her tits thrust into the air, her nipples tight peaks begging for attention.

She was so wet, so drenched in her need for this that he slid in and out deliciously. She was hungry, starving for the beating that her pussy was already getting and with

her legs held against his chest there was a new depth to which his cock pressed inside, her walls pushed to the limit as her body accepted it all. "Sammmmm Sam Sam...please." She was begging now, her pussy clenching around his rigid member as he smirked down at her. That cockiness in his eyes as he rammed into her had her almost over the edge. Faster, harder; the bed creaking with each thrust made a lewd symphony as it accompanied the sound of skin slapping against skin.

"Fuck Kendall!! Fuck you're such a good girl. s-such a fucking good girl!" *His moaning grew louder as his quickened pace kept repeating, his throbbing member inside her begging for another climax. Sam could do this all night if their bodies let them. That dream was only that, a dream. The bliss he felt inside her, how tightly she clamped around him.*

*His hands squeezed her legs tighter and tighter, as his howlings of pleasure overtook him. His desperate need of her grew more intense as he yelled out. "Don't you dare cum, dont you dare cum yet you perfect little slut!!" His body in a lucid dream, where nothing else in the world exists except them. He didn't care at this point who heard or saw, she was his and he wanted her more then she could realize.*

Sam slowed his movements down edging himself as his shaft pushed the full length between her legs. What he lacked in speed he made up for in force plummeting harshly. He could feel the vibrations outside of her constantly moving him closer and closer to his breaking point. To far gone in her lust he stopped caring about the toys, he pulled himself from her. Letting the wand drop to the bed he forcefully flipped her over, giving her one hard lash of his fingers on her rear as he pulled her by her waist off the bed. His hands moved up her stomach to her perked tits gingerly teasing them with the tips of his finger, before moving to her now standing slit. Sliding himself back between her soaked thighs pushing himself in her. His hands toyed with her clit as he slowly began moving his hips back and forth. One hand moving up her chest, squeezing harshly as the other wraps around her neck, pulling her face towards his. His hips moved faster as he started choking her kissing above his hands up to her ear where his hot breathy moans hit. His voice a whisper as both of his grips grew tighter and tighter. "Kendall, baby girl... I want you to cum for me" His soft demand bringing him to the verge of a climax himself A chuckle would escape Kendall's lips in the moment that his praises washed over her. The toy that had been in her mouth had at some point fell out and she couldn't have cared less as her

tongue ran over her teeth. The hand that held the wand against her clit pressed it harder into the sensitive ball of nerves bundled there. Her back arched off the bed, her body now coated in a thin sheen of sweat from the intensity in which she was currently being fucked. Yet just as she began to apply that extra pressure to her clit did he toss the wand to the side. His hands slid across her glistening and freckled skin and she moaned for him as he flipped her over. It was like she instinctually knew what was about to happen.

White hot heat spread across her left ass cheek as his fingers made sharp contact. A half cry half whimper left her parted lips. He pulled her off the bed and Kendall couldn't help but feel a rush of adrenaline course through her veins. It didn't matter that Sam had left her alone and vulnerable in this hotel room, it didn't matter that some random man had fucked her throat like she was nothing but a discarded sex doll. No, in this moment as Sam's fingers teased her breasts as his cock repositioned itself at her swollen and aching slit.

"Mm....yes, *daddy. Like this!*" She moaned the words out, the roughness in her voice so evident now as the words cracked in just the right places to make it sound

extremely sultry. Kendall gripped the sheets tightly as his cock slid in and out of her slowly as his fingers teased her clit. It was agonizing, it was perfect...but she wanted, **needed** more. His hands traveled back up north, one claiming her perky c cup sized tit, the other gripping her neck. He squeezed and her head lulled against his hand as he applied pressure to her throat. Kendall could barely breathe as her oxygen was kept from her, each thrust of his hips causing that much more of her breath to be gone until she found herself on the brink. . Little dots began to dance in the corner of her vision as he whispered like the devil himself in her ear. It was what Kendall had been waiting for as his consent for her release finally had ben granted. **"Yes, yes, yes!"** The one word repeated over and over as he pressed into her. Her walls clenched and spasmed as she get her core erupt. Her vision blurring as tears filled her eyes. **"Mmm Sam-yesssss!"** Her whole body felt like it was on fire as she rode each wave of her release. Her scalp and toes tingled, her fingers turned white from the grip she had against the sheet.

**"Fuuuuck!"**

*Sam loved pleasuring her, almost as much as he loved receiving it. The way her body quivers and shakes made him*

*feel a sense of proudness and a rush of adrenaline. As she clenched against his stiffness he knew that he release was going to be intense. His hand wrapped around her neck, slowly loosened the grip as each wave of her climax struck him. Riding her waves he continued pushing himself in her, relentlessly each shake of her body was a call for him to push harder. His moaning howling louder as he can't contain himself much longer.*

*“Yes baby girl, just like that! Such a good girl!!!”*

*His volume turning down as his member throbs inside her. It was over, he couldn't edge himself any longer. What started slow, became a rush as he started filling her with his cum until both of their labors of love were dripping between her thighs. His rough grips slowly turned into a tight hug from behind as the last of him was drained. Heavy short breathes followed by pulling himself out inch by inch. He lips kissed her back up her spine to the back of her neck before he plopped himself on the bed in front of her catching his breath slowly*

*Ever so slowly Sam's grip on her neck lightened, blood rushed up her neck and caused her scalp to tingle even more. Her cheeks more flush with color in the post euphoric glow and he continued to thrust inside of her.*



Kendall's already used cunt still spasming around his cock as he brought himself to his own release, using her body like it was intended. The sound of sweaty skin slapping against skin as he pounded into her over and over until she was over stimulated. A long raspy groan left her throat as he finally hit his orgasm.

His cock growing even more impossibly hard as it swelled and his cum began to shoot inside her depths rope after rope. He filled her, made her feel whole as he filled her hole and Kendall's head rolled side to side, an euphoric laugh bubbling up from the depths of her gut as he slowly began to pull out of her throbbing pussy. She was so spent and well used that as Sam fell beside her on the bed so too did she collapse into a mess of a puddle, rolling over just enough so that she could look at him. Her right hand moved to caress his face, her fingers gently moving some of the hair out of his face while she gave him a shit eating grin.

It was only in these moments post orgasm that they ever seemed to be sweet on each other, but Kendall didn't mind it. Say what other's might about their relationship *it's toxic, he's not right for you, you're a giant walking red flag...* none of it mattered. So what if he had left her at the

whims of some unknown man, her mouth and throat used and abused and then abandoned. Sam loved her, she knew it, and she loved him too in her own way.

*A smile broke past his lips as his chest rose and fell with each breathe*

“Happy three months baby girl.”

*He rolled himself to his side, resting himself on her legs while looking her in the eyes. His hands gently brushed along the side of her face, followed by soft kiss on the cheek. It had been a wild three months but he loved every minute of it. They both know that they have a fucked up relationship but he liked it that way. It kept it exciting, fresh, passionate. His fingers slowly traced the outside of her body, moving around her curves and back up to her face.*

“Did you enjoy our little celebration princess?”

*a coy smirk crossed his face like he already knew the answer and just liked hearing her admit it.*

"It was fucked up Sam." She said, her eyes holding his own as he laid on Kendall. "Happy Three months, and yes... I did. After a bit." Her serious look switched at the flip of a hat, her lips spreading into a small smile. Everything she said she had meant, and part of her

wanted to ask him who the fuck the man had been. But she had a feeling even he didn't know, and if he did he wouldn't tell her so she bit her tongue and instead enjoyed the post glow of their activities. That was until she needed to use the bathroom. Her eyebrows scrunched together as she put her hands on his shoulders, moving to push him off of her.

"I love you, but I've been in this bed for way too long and I need the bathroom. Among other things." She shimmied free from underneath him and slipped from the bed though Kendall would learn as she tried to stand her legs weren't quite ready. Wobbling for a moment she fell back onto the bed, a soft groan leaving her. "You're a fucking asshole, you know that?" She ran a hand through her wild hair the coppery waves becoming tangled on her fingers as she sighed. She waited, giving her legs a moment to adjust.

*He smirked at her comment of it being fucked up. Her smile at the end made him think she just didn't want to admit she loved it.*

"I always knew you loved things that are fucked up."

*He lifted himself up a bit to help her squirm free. Once free, he gave her ass another swift spank, chuckling*

“It wasn’t that long was it? And what are the other things you need?”

*his head cocked slightly, wondering what she was talking about. Until he noticed her wobbling legs followed by a collapse back on the bed.*

“Awww poor baby’s legs can’t handle walking yet?” he moved closer to her whispering in her ears. “Why am I an asshole baby girl? Not my fault you like to ruined hard”

*his words leave his mouth as he smiles kissing the back of her head. Scooting himself more into the bed laying his head back. He got what he had wanted. Sex so good Kendal had to take time to recover. He didn’t think she was really mad at him, in fact he took it as her being upset that it’s so good she can’t get enough. But he would give her time to do what she needed. He reached for his pants on the floor, grabbing his phone looking at pizza places that deliver. Almost obvious to her in that moment*

His retort had her rolling her eyes as she sat on the edge of the bed. Her hands moving to massage her thighs in hopes that it'd help her be able to make it to the

bathroom. Him asking her what she needed only irritated her as she turned to glance at him. "You mean the fact that I haven't had food or **water** in how many hours? You're a fucking prick."

He'd been right, she wouldn't admit that she'd actually found enjoyment out of being used and abused. Her fucked up mind had relished it before the end and now that she'd had a taste of it she could already see herself falling down a rabbit hole of wanton desire. She balled her hands into fists and massaged her twitching muscles.

"It is precisely your fault Sam and you *know it*." She stuck her tongue out at him but he was already well into his phone. More irritation had Kendall pushing up from the bed, this time her legs were steady enough though still quite wobbly as she made her way into the bathroom. She shut the door, intending for it to slam but with how heavy it was it just slid shut with a soft click, not adding her any relief to her frustrations.

Once in the bathroom she sat down, relieving herself with a sigh she cleaned herself up, her used pussy way too overly sensitive as she did. Once done she moved to

the sink, staring at her bruised face and neck she turned on the water. How far she had fallen in three months...

*Sam knew she was right that she hadn't eaten nor drank anything in a while. Which is why on his phone he secretly was ordering one her favorite pizza places. He wanted to show her he loved and cared about her, but after everything they had done, he always struggled to show it after. So instead he would just get her things that she would like. He placed their order for delivery and quietly got dressed. He grabbed his wallet and keys and knocked on the bathroom door. He meant to leave cash on the bed for the pizza but it passed his mind in the moment*

“Hey princess, I'm gonna go get some wine. I ordered pizza and some soda. It should be here in 20-30 minutes.”

*He left the hotel room closing the door behind him.*

She'd been staring at herself, lost in her own inner thoughts when he'd knocked on the bathroom door. The sound startled Kendall, causing her to flinch for just a moment. "Ah, okay!" The mention of pizza had her stomach rumbling and her mouth watering. If he was leaving then she'd shower. Twenty to thirty minutes was

enough time to get some of the dried up cum and the more fresh bits off, as well as hopefully relieving some of the tension that her muscles had built up.

Hearing the outer door shut Kendall turned of the tap, moving to the shower and turning on the water as hot as possible. The bathroom began to instantly steam and she didn't wait, stepping under the scalding hot stream of water. She hissed, the slap on her face stinging terribly as she put her head under the water. This was the most rated ever been done to her in the span of time and most of the time the marks that had been on her body before had been able to be hidden. These? Nothing would cover them up, she knew it.

Twenty-six minutes and a deep scrub where she could manage with a wash cloth and soap and Kendall felt well enough to get out of the shower. She'd began to squeeze her hair dry with a towel when she'd heard the knock on the hotel door. "Shit." Not thinking much of it she grabbed one of the robes that was provided, slipping it over her shoulders and securing it as best she could before scurrying out of the bathroom. "Coming!" Dropping the towel on a chair near the dresser in the room Kendall opened the door. "HI! Ah, my-"

"Holy shit!" The pizza guy looked to be at least nineteen, his mouth fallen agape as he stared at her. His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. Hesitantly taking a step forward as he looked around. "Are you okay? No that's a dumb question ahhh shit."

<:blankspace:1041172932426211448> "Oh no! It's okay! Really I'll just get the money for the pizza! One second." She turned and went into the room, looking to see if Sam had left any money, which he hadn't and Kendall sighed, moving to her purse to see if she actually had enough.

What she hadn't realized was the pizza guy had come in, his concern clear on his face as he looked around to see if anyone else was in the room. Not seeing anyone he sat the pizza down, already he'd pulled out his phone.

*He pulled his phone out. Behind Kendal a few flashes from a camera shoot out. She was pretty beaten and bruised, but he also could be a pervert. His head probably was filled with ideas having a girl like Kendall dressed in only a robe answer the door. He cleared his throat, trying to look away but only lasting a few seconds before his eyes race back to her. A bit of excitement is visible in his jeans as he tries to clear his nervous throat*

"It... it's umm 60\$"



*the price did seem a bit high for some pizza and a drink. Almost as if he was trying to milk the situation. He nervously tapped his foot staring at her and then back to his phone.*

*“Should I maybe call someone?”*

*When Kendall turns around it’s clear he can’t decide what to do. Unsure if he should call the police about her bruises or if it was his lucky day.*

*Kendal’s phone goes off. A text from Sam – traffic sucks. Just got to the liquor store. See you soon kitten–*

She only had twenty in cash and about seventy-six in change, added that Sam hadn't even left her money Kendall felt the embarrassment growing. How could he have ordered pizza and not left enough cash to cover the expense? Or even better, why hadn't he just paid with his card?

The flash of the camera had not been missed and for a moment she just paused, her hand still in her purse. He'd taken pictures of her and for what purpose Kendall could only guess. Hearing him claim the pizza was sixty bucks was another inkling of what might be going on. Her phone went off and she read the text message from Sam. He was an utter idiot for putting her in this type of

situation. Those frustrations she had felt earlier about this whole ordeal had bubbled back up to the surface and Kendall tossed her phone onto the chair with her purse.

Sam had *surprised* her with this gift so now it was her turn to give him an anniversary gift to remember... Already an idea had begun formulating inside her mind. She stood straight, her hand moving to undo her robe a little to reveal the curvature of her breasts before she turned around. "I don't have sixty..." She chuckled with a faux nervousness, her hand running through her untangled and damp waves. "But I'm sure we could...come to some sort of an agreement?"

Kendall crossed one arm underneath her breast making them push up just a bit, her ass leaning against the dresser that stood at thigh level. She lifted a leg, moving it so that it dangled off of the edge, the robe falling open slightly to reveal the tiniest glimpse of her inner thigh, the silky smooth olive toned muscle held a few freckles as if their purpose was to draw the eyes in even deeper.

*His nervous was evident, he swallowed deeply, looking around again before looking back behind him at the still mostly open door.*

“What are you thinking? I-I could just pay it if you need.”

*His eyes dart between her smooth skin and her curves... then to her bruises and markings of love. He definitely enjoyed the view, that much was very clearly visible. What was less visible is that on his phone he had typed 911 on his keypad.*

*He looks around once more, checking to see if anyone is coming. He exhales a short breath and whispers*

“I can call the police if you’re in trouble. Just give me a sign or tell me and I’ll call them right now.” Her eyes went wide hearing the pizza guy say he could call 911. She shook her head. “Oh no, sweetie. These?” She pointed at the handprint around her neck. “These were *consensual*.” For the most part. She bit her lip and pushed off from the dresser, closing the distance between them. Her hand slowly moving to grip his wrist. “I don't need the cops...”

He was only slightly taller than her and Kendall couldn't help but to compare him to Sam, he wasn't *bad* looking, the pizza guy but in no way was he as attractive that Sam was. Her hand slid down from his wrist to grab his phone, her head moving side to side. “I also can't have you paying for my pizza so that leaves us in a

predicament doesn't it?" Kendall released his wrist to move around him, shutting the door to the room before she undid the sash to her robe. She turned around then, forcing the robe to fall from her shoulders to drop on the floor.

Her body while bare was scattered with bruises some fresh and some looking to be a few days old. Kendall's nipples were hard as the cool air caressed her skin, her eyes hidden behind half closed lids. "Would you like to take more pictures on that phone of yours? Or perhaps you'd like to do something else?"

*The instant spring in his jeans was enough to tell the story of what he wanted. The constant twitching inside like a lion behind a cage, roaring to get out. His nerves started fading as his hands raise. The flash of a few pictures being taken.*

"Fuck. This is a dream holy fuck... I can't believe it."

*with as much excitement as to be expected by his predicament, his pants were quickly unzipped. He looked up at you, as he hit the record button on his phone. His phone in one hand scanned the room, recording that he was delivering pizza and then back to Kendall's naked body then*

*down to his crotch where he slipped himself through the zipper.*

*It wasn't that he was small, or unattractive. But he was no Sam. He was so excited and focused on recording that he barely knew what to do with himself*

*Sam unlocked his car, putting two bags in the car, one of which had wine and the other bag shotgun next to him. His car started up, as his stomach grumbled.. he had an innocent smile on his face excited for pizza and to see his girl Kendall.*

It didn't surprise Kendall that he guy had decided to take some pictures. She even went so far as to change her positioning some so that he had different angles like she had done something like this before. In fact she had, several times in fact. Those images and videos however were only on Sam's phone. He loved taking her pictures, seeing the marks he left on her. Some of them he had taken himself, some she had done on her own and sent them to him while he was at work, with friends, and one time even while he was spending time with his parents.

If Sam knew she was allowing this to happen she knew he'd be livid and it brought excitement to her. Her body swirling with a heat. A seductive chuckle escaped her lips

as the pizza guy spoke, her eyes falling to stare at the bulge that was very evident in his trousers. After he set it free she was surprised he had begun to record a video. Biting her lip as he moved the camera to point at his cock Kendall moved forward, her words coming out way more seductive than it needed to be, almost as if she were staring in a porn.

"So tell me, how am I supposed to pay for this pizza? What is it that you would like me to do, mister?"

Reaching out with a hand she grabbed his shirt, pulling him closer to her. With that grin still on her face she pushed him back towards the bed until the back of his knees met the edge of it. "Perhaps I could use my body." She pushed on him then, watching as he fell backward, his camera once again pointed at her from where he lay. She climbed up on the bed, her tits swaying as she positioned herself over him.

*he watched as posed for the camera, his excitement growing every pose. Then he realized what was happening. She knew she wasn't gonna pay for the pizza to begin with. As she reached out and grabbed his shirt, pulling him closer, he made lips in an attempt to kiss her but instead was pushed on his back. His member fully saluting her as he aims his*

*phone back to her, watching as she moved herself onto him her tits teasing his cock until she was completely over him.*

*He didn't even attempt to take his clothes off before pushing himself inside of her. The phone leaving his hands to record the ceiling or glimpses of Kendall's face as it happens. He moved his hands to her hips letting her ride him while he moans loudly. His moans almost over the top, taking a page from her book and acting as if he was in a porno. While his hands moved from her hips to her ass, slowly rubbing them in small circles. The car parked in the hotel parking lot. Sam smiles as he grabbed the things from the car and texted Kendall*

*-Hey kitten, just pulled in. See you soon-*

### **Boop boop**

*The car locked as he slowly made his way to the elevator. Waiting a few seconds for it before it finally came to the lobby floor. Sam took a step inside. Hit the button and waited Its the best night of his life, pumping himself in and out. Wild moaning.*

*“Fuck I don't even know your name but you're gonna make me cum soon!! You are amazing at this!!”*

*His breath grew deeper as his once ambitious hips started slowing down allowing Kendall to do most of the work. His head lied back against the bed. The elevator stopped on their floor. Sam started walking to the room when heard some noises.. he quickly ran up to the room, fumbled with his card until he finally got the door open* If Kendall hadn't already been pleased by Sam hours earlier she'd have been annoyed with the man beneath her. Being that she had been he slid into her used cunt with ease, his over eagerness was another matter entirely as his hands moved to clasp her hips. She rode him, throwing in her own little fake moans to mix in with his loud ones. Kendall had been around enough men to know when he was getting close and as his hips slowed she stared down at him.

Her hands had been placed on his chest but that quickly changed as she moved to his hands from her hips. She pulled out of him for a moment and when he'd begun to protest verbally she shushed him. Her lips coming down on his own as her tongue was shoved down his throat. His protests quickly replaced with a moan. He was a terrible kisser but it had only been short lived as she lifted herself up before she repositioned herself to ride



him reverse cowgirl. Without preamble she dropped herself back onto his cock, his head pressing into her walls she she began to grind against him.

Kendall could feel his hands on her hips again, moving to cup and knead at her ass. It was at this moment that she heard the beep of the door, a wicked smirk forming on her lips as she let out an overly loud moan. Her hands moved to cup her breasts, her hips gyrating on the poor guy beneath her that had no clue what he was in for. Her head tipped slightly back, her waves of hair tickling her back as she rode him harder and faster hoping to get him off just as Sam entered the room. Her eyes instantly making contact with his own, a look of euphoria on her face.

*The door slowly creaked open. The smile on Sam's face slowly faded. The bouquet of flowers he was holding dropped to the floor, as well as the bottle of wine he had gotten them. The had flirted with other people to get each other mad before, and they had done some questionable things.. but this, for Sam this was to far. His face grew red with anger, fists tightened until knuckles turned white. Every instinct in him, told him he needed to destroy them.*

As she grinded herself harder on him, her wish came true. His body tensed up and started shaking, his moans grew deathly quite until she could feel a few ropes of cum shooting inside her.

*Sam had seen enough. He left the door open, and walked back to the elevator.*

*A loud sound resonated in the hallway as his fist put a hole in the dry wall. Before he got back into the elevator The reaction she had thought she would receive was nowhere on his face as Sam dropped the flowers and wine. Kendall's world began to move in slow motion as she watched the petals scatter everywhere as he turned his back, heading out into the hallway. The guy had come but at what costs? Not even concerned about him in that moment Kendall scrambled off of him, moving to pick up the robe off the floor and throwing it around her body as she ran through that same open door. She didn't care if she was seen or heard, instead following Sam.*

She'd seen him punch the wall, easily breaking through it with his fists. He was livid and while he had every right Kendall too had things she wanted to say and whether she would come to regret them was unclear. "Sam!" She ran as he moved into the elevator, her body moving to

prevent the door from closing. "Where do you think you're going?!"

"Fuck off Kendall. I get it, you just wanted another fuck. Get out of my way"

*His voice was soft, broken in parts. He gently tried pushed her out of the way to let the doors close. His hands were shaking, either out of anger or disappointment. He started pushing the button to go the lobby over and over not paying attention to Kendal. Just hoping she would leave him be and go fuck around with other people like she wanted to.*

"First off, fuck you! I won't!" She huffed, jamming more of her body into the elevator as she stared at him, her cheeks flushed as she stared at him. Her eyes darted to his hands and where they shook. "How is this any fucking different than you letting some RANDO walking into our fucking hotel room?! **WHILE I WAS STILL CUFFED AND BLINDFOLDED!**" She was practically shaking herself as she continued. The pizza guy apparently having gotten his stuff together in a quick fashion poked hi head out of the room door, unsure if he should make a run for it or stay. A look of fear in his eyes but at the same time curious about the couple who were fighting.

**"How do you fucking think I felt? Alone. FOR OVER A GOD DAMNED HOUR then that- To be sexually assaulted while in that compromised position?! No choice on whether I had wanted it or not?!"** Tears stung in the corner of her eyes and her arms crossed her chest. "So fucking what if I let the pizza prick stick it in me? It's not like I wasn't already fucking used!"

**“IT WAS ME KENDALL! IT WAS FUCKING ME. I THOUGHT YOU WOULD HAVE FUCKING KNOWN THAT!!”**

*He pulled her into the elevator and let the doors close. As the elevator started moving down he pulled the emergency stop button. It shook up and down a little bit before it's movement completely halted. His teary eyes were now more visible. The isolation with just the two after he walked in on her finally was to much for him to try and shrug off*

**“IT WAS ALWAYS ME! I thought you would have recognized the body of the person you had been with for three fucking months!! YOU THINK ID EVER PUT YOU IN A REAL PLACE TO BE HURT?!? Every time you flirted with anyone I'd be watching you over the shoulder making sure you were safe! Every time someone pushed to far I made sure to beat their ass!! Not cause I was mad**

but to make sure you were protected! I thought you loved me just the same way I loved you. But no. I was wrong you just wanted someone's head to fuck with."

*Sam didn't know if he was the bad guy or he was gaslighting her to be the bad one. In his head he could see how she got to the conclusion she did, but he couldn't understand how she would let someone else fuck her let alone cum in her. Just the thought of it again brought his emotions higher and higher. He buried his face against the wall of the elevator, his hands gripping the wall handles hard enough to make his fists white.*

**"HOW THE FUCK WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW, SAM?"**

She was pulled into the elevator, the door shutting behind the two of them as he began it's descent. Sam pulled the emergency button and the elevator shook as it halted. She'd moved to one of the handles along the edge on the opposite wall of where Sam stood, gripping it tightly.

**'IT WAS ALWAYS ME!'**

His whole spewed speech had her feeling guilt, but more than guilt there had been a rage slowly building and as he faced the wall, his back turned to her Kendall felt the

tears streaming down her cheeks as she felt her body tremble.

**"The same way you loved me?"**

A scoff escaped her constricted throat, her head shaking side to side.

**"What a fucking joke, Sam! LOOK AT ME!"**

She would wait until he turned around, and if he didn't she would move over to where he was and grip his shoulder tightly and pulling him forcefully so he *would* look at her. Tear filled eyes and stained cheeks she ripped open her robe showing every bruise and mark on her body.

**"Can you honestly tell me that this...that this is love?"**

Bruises scattered her body, some new and some old, some barely even visible to the naked eye. She scoffed, her voice barely above a whisper. "I'm the villain?" She shook her head. "*I'm the bad one in this scenario?*" She swallowed the knot in her throat, letting it fall to the fit of her stomach. She was going to be sick.

**"Go fuck yourself, Sam."**

There was a loud beep in the elevator.

"Is everything alright? We are working on getting the elevator in working order. Please bear with us."

The voice came out staticky and Kendall closed her robe, unsure if there was a camera inside.

Sam listened to her, but couldn't bare to look at her, when she forced him to he barely looked, whether out of anger for her or at himself. She liked the abuse, he knew she did, and using it against after she cheated was low. He roughly turned his head from her.

"THEN FUCKING LEAVE. IF IM SO AWFUL FOR GIVING YOU WHATEVER THE FUCK YOU WANT THEN LEAVE!...."

*The voice went over the elevator and he pushed the emergency stop back in. The elevator started moving again, and he moved to the side of Kendall.*

"Tell the next guy you're with to not give you want then, if all you're gonna do is say he doesn't love you by trying to bring you pleasure, all while you're letting whoever else fuck you."

*As the elevator door opened he figured she wouldn't make a scene. Not this publicly wearing almost nothing. He stepped out, not making a sound or even a glance at her. He started*

*walking out to the lobby, his hands went into pockets ready to grab his keys and leave.*

Her entire body shook. His refusal to actually look at all the marks on her body, the ones **he** had made. To not acknowledge anything she said save for telling her to leave... She held her breath, the tears held in the corner of her eyes as the elevator began to move again. Once it was close to the ground floor and he spoke again, breaking the silence that had been deafening.

She wanted to yell, to scream and make a scene as the door pinged open and he began heading towards the front exit. Kendall wanted to follow, **needed** to follow yet her body just remained still as if she were a statue. The door slowly beginning to shut. Only when the door was mostly shut, the outline of back blurred, her tears finally falling down her cheeks.

She pushed the button for the floor they had been, her arms wrapped around herself as she slid down to the floor. Her body rocked with each silent sob until the door ultimately opened to the hall, it empty save for the door that had been opened. On weak legs Kendall rose from the floor, walking to the room and shutting it behind her.



The smell of sex was still in the air, the flowers still scattered on the floor.

**"Happy fucking anniversary."**

Kendall up a glass vase that was propped up by the tv. She threw it as hard as she could at the wall, the thing shattering into pieces all over the bed, the floor and some even landing inside her purse. She'd get dressed, not worrying about how presentable she was before picking up her phone and dialing one of her best friends. She could have called an uber but what she really needed right now was a friend, not a random stranger judging her life choices.

She sat on the edge of the bed, the other end of the line slowly ringing.

*He calmly, quietly walked past the lobby, back into the crisp night air. He pulled his hand out of his pocket, bringing his keys out to unlock the car. His eyes slowly moved towards the window of the room they had stayed in. His fist slammed the roof of the car.*

**"FUCK!"**

*He sat in the car. His hands holding the key to the ignition, hovering in front of the hole. Intrusive thoughts started*

*flowing through his head. This could be it, why not. After what she did, after what she said who would honestly care if he did it. After all who could miss a monster... He took a deep breathe. Time seemed to move slower and slower. His thoughts were winning. 'Get on the freeway... max the speed out of the car.... Drive as fast as he can. Make it quick, hit a pole and end it. Simple...' they key entered the ignition and he rev'ed the engine... it was time.*

*||After thirty minutes pass... there's a soft knock on the hotel door. Sam waiting on the other side. He couldn't do it... Tears covered his face, his eyes red and puffy. He couldn't do it... not without saying goodbye to her. Those thirty minutes he tried to get the courage to do it, to get rid of the monster he thought himself to be in this moment. Instead he spent the time crying, angry at himself for not being able to do it. He needed to see Kendall one last time..||*

Ten minutes after Kendall had ended the phone call there was a knock on the door to the hotel room. She'd made her way over to the door, not noticing a piece of glass that had been on the floor and stepping on it. A scream of pain leaving her voice only for the knock on the door to become a urgent pounding. Wincing from the pain and

making a trail of blood as she hobbled to the door she twisted the knob only for the door to swing inwardly.

Kendall scurried out of the way, careful of not putting her foot down. "*Where is that mother fucker?!*"

A petite blonde pushed her way into the room practically seething with rage as well as a baseball bat in her hand. Her other hand holding her purse as she looked around the room.

"*I'll kill that li-*" Her eyes fell to Kendall and her current state. Her puffy face, the bruises both new and old, the literal blood dripping from her foot.

"Oh fuck! Kendall!" She dropped the bat and wrapped her arm around her friend's waist, helping her to the chair before running to the bathroom. Straight to the sink she soaked some towels before rushing back, bending down and staring at the jagged piece of glass in her foot. Thankfully it was small and would only need a minimal care but that wasn't what mattered.

"Did he do this?" Bright green eyes looked up at Kendall. If he did, Taylor was going to kill Sam. "T-tay, s-stop. I told you he left..."

She hobbled over to the chair and sat, waiting as Taylor ran for the bathroom. Her head falling into her hands while she wiped at her eyes. There was no way to stop the tears but the hysterics had passed while Kendall had waited in the silence.

"Do what?" Her eyes looked anywhere but at her best friend. She was thankful she wasn't alone now but that didn't mean she wanted Taylor to make Sam public enemy #1.

"I broke the vase. I wasn't looking where I was walking." She worked at pulling out the piece of glass Kendall hissing as she did before quickly wrapping a towel around her foot. "Apply pressure to that until it stops." Rising from the floor Taylor looked around the room at the mess. everything had been explained to her over the phone and she had rushed over right after. She'd never liked Sam, or well she had when Kendall and he had first gotten together but now? Now she wanted to punch him in the dick.

"Look, I love you. I'm here. I'm going to clean up, you just sit there and calm down." More than likely he will be back, the bastard. Her thoughts urged her forward, moving to pick up a trashcan as she began to carefully

clean up. She'd managed to get it all done in twenty minutes and had just tied the trash bag to go and deposit it elsewhere. Her hand on the door when there was a knock.

Swinging open the door with a fierceness she stared into Sam's face. The door barely opened so he couldn't see in and see Kendall.

"What do you want?"

*He didn't know what to expect as he walked to the door... he half expected her to be long gone, the other part of him expected to walk in on her sleeping with someone else... but regardless of his thoughts he needed to say goodbye.*

*The door swings open only to have it swing back mostly closed with his least favorite blonde in his face. Taylor hated Sam and he never understood why... maybe she saw him for the monster he saw himself as, or maybe he was jealous of Kendall. Either way he wasn't sure, and he definitely was prepared to deal with her now*

*He looked away, trying to advert his weak demeanor from her gaze. He didn't want her to see his puffy eyes or red cheeks. He didn't want to seem weak. But yet regardless of how he tried to hide his physical symptoms his voice failed*

*him when he spoke. Cracking and changing to a higher pitch then his normal calm tone.*

*“Let.. let me see..”. he clears his throat and speaks quieter.*

*“let me see Kendall. I just want to say goodbye.”*

*His eyes looked to the floor as his left foot raised kicking the tips of his shoes to the hotel carpet repeatedly from nervousness*

*"Why, so you can lay a hand on her again?"*

Her eyes narrowed, her lip turned down in a frown to show her distaste. It wasn't that Taylor wouldn't have like Sam in any other situation. But the relationship he had with her best friend was toxic as fuck, they weren't right for each other and honestly she'd had a crush on Kendall for the longest time which might have had something to do with her disapproval of him in the beginning. She wanted to refuse him, to tell him to fuck off and that she would take care of Kendall.

*"Go to he- " "Tay, stop... Let him in."*

Kendall's voice had interrupted her, already she was getting up, ignoring the advice of staying off her foot. Hobbled over to the door she waited for Tay to move away before opening the door. She wasn't quite ready to

look at Sam so instead she turned and looked at Tay as she moved to let Sam come in.

"Could you...give us a minute?" She looked between Kendall and Sam, her eyes narrowing once they were back on the man in question. "Fine." Giving him a death glare of a warning as she uncrossed her arms and moved to get her purse.

"I'm going to go get some antiseptic for your foot and some food. I'll be **right down stairs** if you need me." She stroked Kendall's cheek before heading out, giving both of them one last look before shutting the door. Taylor didn't want to leave them alone, but hopefully this would finally be an end to the toxic shit and Kendall could heal...

*Sam watched as Kendall hobbled to the door. He couldn't help but smile seeing her. Something inside him wanted to be around her 24/7, to make him want to stay. Until his eyes noticed her foot. He watched Taylor as she went downstairs. Tears floated in his eyes, he knew he needed to see her. He just didn't know how badly. Almost the second Taylor had gone he picked Kendall up, giving her a big hug and kissing her cheek. Lifting into the room and putting her against the*

*wall. Tears dropped onto his face as he continued kissing her cheek*

“I’m sorry..... I’m sorry... I didn’t mean to make you do what you did... I just wanted.... I just wanted to give you what I thought you wanted....”

*his kisses moved up her cheek to her forehead before putting his head against hers. He looked her in the eyes as tears fell from his*

She'd watched Taylor until she disappeared, the door shutting Sam and Kendall together in the room. Holding her breath she let her eyes finally turn to the source of her ire and heartache. Sam's eyes were red and puffy, but she'd barely been able to get a glimpse of him before he had scooped her up. Every one of her senses filled with nothing but Sam and she felt her heart falter, her arms and legs instantly wrapping around him as more tears began to pour down her cheeks.

It was always the same pattern with the two, the fights, the seething rage until someone went too far. Like a tidal wave everything always came crashing down until one or *both* of them were broken. The next moment one of them would come crawling back, the apologies seemingly



sincere and the other would accept it, giving in to the blatant disregard for either of their feelings. It would seem this time Sam had taken the helm of the transgressor though Kendall was also at fault and as he whispered into her neck, her body and her soul Kendall let her hands run into his hair.

His lips pressing anywhere he could touch, her cheek, her forehead and everywhere in between. When he rested his head on hers and she could really look at him everything dissipated, the anger at what he'd done and the revelation he had given, the guilt she had felt for what she had done and the joy it had also brought. In this moment nothing existed but Sam and the pain she saw in his eyes.

*"It's okay, it's always okay... I am so so sorry Sam, I love you. I only love you. You know that. I can't live without you. I didn't mean it, I didn't."*

Her hands moved to hold the sides of his face, pleading with her large puppy dog eyes, her bottom lip trembling as she took deep shaking breaths. *Her words just made his eyes water more, as he just held her there. Time stopped yet again for Sam, but in a way he was much more happy with. When he was with her, like this..... seconds felt like years.*

*Suspended in time, connected together he just held her, and he didn't feel like a monster anymore, he just felt her.*

*Sam and Kendall fought way more than the average couple, let alone a new couple. It was almost a weekly tradition, things go to far, they fight, push each other and desperately do anything to get back together. It was a plague, an addiction they shared in each other. The best moments of caring and love quickly fading into toxic actions that would bring them back to the sweetness they felt for each other. A part of Sam knew that they did this on purpose. Causing fights, being rough, pushing the lines, just so they could go back to moments like this.*

*His lips moved down her forehead, kissing down to her quivering lip. With soft whispers he returned her statement.*

*“I love you... I love you Kendall... don't ever leave me please... please never leave me”*

*he carried her as he kissed her back to the bed, sitting down with her in his lap. His lips kissing her neck to her cheek over and over as he gripped her back squeezing softly*

*“I know you didn't mean it... I know.. we are ok... we're ok...”*

*his lips stopped as he buried his face between her neck and chest.*

Whether it was against the wall or on the bed Kendall clung to Sam as if he were her lifeline. Her silent sobs uneven as he kissed over her face, to her lips. When he squeezed her back she returned in kind, her arms pulling him closer into her as he buried himself into her neck. Kendall's eyes drifted shut as she relished the feel of himself against her. Her hands only let up when she let her hands travel into his hair, her fingers raking through the soft tendrils of hair as she inhaled deeply.

"I'll always come back, always..." Her words were whispered against his head, her fingers gripping a handful of his hair. "I didn't. Sam, I need you. I need—"

The hand that was gripping his hair pulled, pulled until his head would give and lean back just enough so that she could see his face. Her eyes searched his, her face coming so close that she could feel his breath against her face. "I need *us*." She kissed him then, her lips pressing into his own, her other hand that held onto his shoulder dug in slightly.

*A single tear fell as she gripped his hair telling him exactly what he needed to hear. His lips formed a bit of a smile. It wouldn't take much for her to move his head, he was putty in her hands. Her words resonated in his mind as she kissed him. He matched the same pressure she was using against him as he returned the kiss. His hands pulling her body in as close as he could. He wanted to feel every essence of her. His hands moved to the top of her back and one the lower back, gripping and pulling her in, his lips unable to leave hers. His kisses grew deeper as his hands moved into her hair, his fingers interlocking.*

*“I love you Kendall.... I love you..... Be mine... just.... Be... mine... forever...”*

*Each word being broken up by continual movement of his lips hard pressing hers. Her emotions intoxicating him. Her words, love **need**, us.... It was the driving force he needed*

*Their kiss was needy and desperate as he pulled her into him. His hands dug into her back and Kendall released his hair, her hips gyrating against him. She needed contact, to feel alive and like she could breathe again. It didn't matter that they had fought, that he had used her, that she had done the unthinkable and cheated. In that moment she only knew that Sam was the one place she*

could truly be herself. He saw every part of her and still managed to come back to her time and time again and the same could be said for her. She saw every part of him and even if he hurt her he was always so sweet after, so kind and caring.

His hands moved into her hair and she moaned as he pressed his lips even harder against her. Their kiss so deep that she wondered if her lips would bruise, but she couldn't care. She needed more, she needed all of him. Kendall's tongue slipped into his mouth, exploring every part of it that she knew so well. Her tongue coaxed his into a passionate dance as her hips gyrated against him, her own hands pulled his hair before she released the strands she'd been holding. They traveled down his neck, over his shoulders and further still. Intent on baring all of him to her.

*Sam was in his happy place, his joyful bliss, his safe place. When they were together nothing else mattered. Her moans like song birds singing, and her touch was better than any drug. He wouldn't stop her hands, nor her hips. He would let her show him that it was all ok the only way they knew how. he moved his hands around the back of hips and back to her lower back squeezing as she moved like an oceans wave*

*against him. His hand in her hair pulling it gentler the normal, this wasn't a game like before, to see how much she could take this was love to him. His lips would gently suck on her bottom lip before letting their tongues swirl together and collide. His heart beat quickened as her hands moved along him. His lips broke apart from hers, just to kiss down her face to her neck. Letting her feel soft soothing kisses and licks against her skin. His mouth moving down her chest and back up to her. Their lips connected again as he slowly pulled her down with him onto the the bed.*

His hands on her skin were kindling to the fire that was burning inside of her, the need to express what she felt for him at that moment was more important than her need to breathe. She had meant to be gentle with his buttons but as he pulled her down with him, his back pressing into the bed Kendall bit her lip. Her hands grabbing each side of his shirt as she pulled, buttons flew which ever way they pleased as she exposed his chest. With a shudder she bent down to claim his lips one more. Her tongue coaxing his back into the dance before she let her teeth claim his bottom lip. Tugging just hard enough to give him a little pain with the pleasure.

She'd kiss from his lips to down his jaw, down his neck. She'd suck hard enough to leave a mark, in case he ever forgot who he belonged to. She already had so many marks by his hand but this... this was her reciprocating the desire to lay claim. Her nails raked across the exposed skin of his chest. She made her way down to his chest, alternating between little nips and kisses. Kendall slid down her lap until she could handle the buttons on his pants. She made quick work of them with his assistance, pulling them down just enough to expose his manhood.

She didn't wait as she climbed back up, her hands propped up on his chest as she positioned herself just right. Her eyes staying locked with his as she slid down his length, a soft groan escaping her. There was no one else who could please her like Sam could and she knew that. Knew that he was the keeper of her darkest desires. "Fuck Sam, baby... mmm" Kendall lifted herself back up only to slide back down, her hips gyrating so that he would fully hilt, pressing into her tight walls. "Only you... only ever you baby."

*A soft moan left his lips as she left her mark against him. He was concerned of who saw it or what they may think, He*

*was her and didn't care if the world knew it, in fact he wanted to let the world know. His shirt ripped by her without a single care by him, the only thing that was on his mind was her raw passion. He couldn't think of anything besides that. His lips pressed against the side of her head as she bit and kissed his neck. He didn't care where it was, he couldn't make his lips leave her.*

*As she slid down his lap he knew what was coming. When Kendall wanted something, she took it. He wanted it too, but it was clear that she wanted it more. As she handled the buttons on his pants, he eagerness showed as they slipped just down to his mid thighs, with his member shooting towards her. Without even a second of admiration she was on top of him her hands digging into his chest as she pushed herself down on him. Her words encouraging him to take more control.*

*He moved his hands to hers, then up her arms. His eyes locking with hers until he made his way up to her back pulling her down onto him. His lips met with hers again as he bucked his hips towards her. In a rapid pace he moved himself in and out of her, half of his length diving in and out. His hands moving to her rear squeezing as his pace grew faster. His breathing growing heavier with each moan only*



*broken up by quick soft kisses anywhere he could place them. He continued the fastest pace he could pump himself into her before giving her a smack, leaving her with a red painting of his hand. His pace slowed down giving control back to Kendall after only a few minutes as his hands explored back to her chest*

He was made for her, his cock sliding up into her folds so deliciously as he stretched her wall. His head pressing all the way in as she went down on him. Her hips gyrating before he pulled her down into that all consuming kiss. Sam pumped into her with a fierceness, in and out as hard and as fast as he could. Her walls so slick and warm as he claimed her mouth while his cock claimed what was rightfully his. It didn't matter what happened in the hours leading up to this moment... While their bodies were joined all that Kendall could possibly care about was the man himself.

She bounced on his cock, her tits violently bouncing as she moaned into his mouth. His hand moved down to her ass kneading and squeezing it, feeling the slight jiggle that was there. His hand released her cheek only to pull back and release a hard smack. Kendall gasped, a soft groan leaving her as Sam began to slow his pace, once

again giving her the reins of their passion. She wouldn't hesitate, pulling herself back up as her nails raked across the expanse of his chest. Her body moving up and down, her hips rolling on each downward bounce.

Sam's hands traveled back up her sides causing a tingling sensation everywhere they touched until they stopped on her breasts. Her own hands traveling up his arms to his hands. Her hips rolling more sensually, her pace slow and exact. On each upward roll Kendall tightened her muscles squeezing his cock tight. Her eyes remaining on his face the entire time.

"||I love you ...cum for me daddy. I'll never be bad again... I swear... Cum...for mmm me.||"

*Her words ringing in his head as his body tightened. He couldn't deny her, yet he would try. His moans of her name echoed in the room as they grew louder with each push she gave. The way she rolled her hips was precise, hitting just the right spots for both of them. His hands tightened around her breasts harder. On the edge he moved his hips fully flush with hers putting every bit he could in her as he reached his climax. Bit by bit he unloaded himself until he slowly slipped out, letting her filled cunt drip onto him.*

*He pulled her into him again, before his lips moved against hers he whispered in her ears*

"You're such a good girl kitten. You are mine... mine forever."

*He placed one kiss against her lips before moving to her neck, biting and sucking it. He could do this all night with her. Her passion was intoxicating and contagious. He would mark her neck in multiple places, making sure the world knew they were each others. He rolled her on her back, kissing his way to her chest taking his time, slowly making sure there was a trail of gentle markings leading to her breast*

The tightness in her core grew and expanded as his hands squeezed her tits. Growing ever more urgent for release as he began to thrust with everything he had into her before he bottomed out. She hadn't come yet but that didn't stop her from enjoying every moment of his release. He filled her, his cum coming out the sides as her pussy clamped down as her own climax hit. Her cry of ecstasy bounced off the walls of the hotel room as she twitched and shook with the intensity of it. Barely getting time to come down before he slid out of her, their

mixed cum dripping down onto him and making a mess that neither seemed to mind.

He pulled her back down onto him, his lips pressing against hers before trailing to her ear where he whispered.

"Forever, forever...mmm" Her words came out between her shaky breaths, a shiver running down her spine all the way to her toes. He kissed her in which she returned with a soft sigh before he moved to her neck, marking her much like she had him. Each nip and suck pulling out another moan from her.

Sam switched their positions, Kendall now on her back as he marked all the way to her breasts each love bite causing her to fall even more in love with him. Her eyes drifted shut, her lips parted as she whispered his name over and over again.

"You make me feel so good. So so good."

*He smiled at her words, as his path was making more and more marks along her. This was only the start of their return of their passion. This was a marathon not a race and while she had won the first he would happily help lose the second.*

*His hands moved from around her body until finally landing himself on her clit. What started as small little circles turned into a faster against her. His mouth still attached to her as he moved from leaving marks against her to flicking his tongue against her between each few seconds he spent sucking her perfect nipples.*

*Sam took pride in making her feel good, in fact he took the most pride in making her cum. It was true that she could hold longer than he could, especially when she was in control and could rock her hips exactly the way she knew he liked, but what he would sometimes lack in time spent, he would make up for in pure effort after the fact. To Sam it was like a challenge, in his mind counting every second after he finished until he would make her body twitch from head to toe. Fortunately this time it didn't take long at all. However, he knew that it was round one and there were still plenty of rounds to go before the night was over.*

Every little love bite that Sam left on her was another reason Kendall couldn't leave him. Small marks that seemed to tether her to him as if he was weaving himself into her very being. His hand on her clit had those ball of nerves pulling a moan from her lips, her eyes fluttering open so that she could watch him as he gave her body

attention. His tongue flicked against her nipple and she sucked in a breath, her pussy clenching in response.

Every lap of his tongue against her breasts only added to the quickened pace in which his fingers moved against her clit. Her breathing coming in fast little ragged breaths as her back arched off of the bed, her hips pushing against his hand wanting even more friction, *needing* more. "S-Sam..." Her legs fell open wider, her head rolling side to side, the pain in her foot long forgotten and for good reason. The pleasure he was giving her taking over every part of her mind.

*This change in his, was always loved and enjoyed by Kendall but she knew that they were short lived and was mostly used to wind her up to the point he liked. Its not that Sam didn't enjoy it, but he knew the more he wound her up the more she would bend to his will and do anything for him. He wanted her to be putty in his hands. His rubs continued as her legs fell wider for him. A smirk flashed past his face as he was reaching his goal. His nibbles against her nipples were soft but with purpose and his hand slowly crawled up her stomach until she felt his hands wrapping against her neck. It was softer then before, his inner sadist still hidden inside him. His teeth moving back up until he reached his own*

*hand. At that time his fast paced against her stopped to let his fingertips crawl up her skin.*

*"Kendall," he whispered to her softly, his hands tightening their hold around her neck as he looked her into the eyes "you'll always my good girl..."*

*He moved himself to straddle her chest, both hands around her neck he tightened his grip. He stared at her face as it grew more and more flustered until her released it. Quickly he leaned down to place a kiss against her lips as she gasped for air. He let her breathe for a few seconds, his forehead resting against hers. This wasn't to push her boundaries like before, this was just what he enjoyed, apparent but what slowly was rested along her face. The straddle of her chest was inched up as his knees moved higher until she felt his portions resting along her as his hands in her hair. He pulled her face up as encouragement as he watched how amazing he knew she was going to treat him.*

*'Kendall, you'll always be my good girl...'*

*The words sent a shiver through her spine as he straddled her chest. His weight like an anchor that pressed her down into the bed though it wasn't uncomfortable in the slightest. Her lips had parted, the*

words she would have spoken left on the tip of her tongue as his hands wrapped around her delicate through, both squeezing to the point her face had begun to grow red. Those same lips falling open like a fish out of water as her body fought to breathe. When Sam finally released and she pulled air into her lungs Kendall moaned as he kissed her. Deep gulping breaths entered as his head rested on hers, his eyes watching her as he moved even up.

It was clear why, his cock now rock hard as he inched forward, the head of it pressing against her lips. She parted them, accepting the task that was being given to her. Whether he took her breath by hand or by filling her throat Kendall would accept it. Her tongue flicked out against his tip before taking his head into her mouth. She licked and sucked, the taste of their earlier escapades still coating his cock and causing her to release a moan. The vibrations of that moan traveling up his cock as her eyes remained trained on the man she so desperately loved. It had been long enough, their talk was surely done now and while she wanted to storm up there and swear at Sam, to tell him to get the fuck out and never come back she knew she had to be delicate about it.



Kendall had become so dependent on him. Not for financial reasons but whatever fucked up shit he had done to groom her, to make her the way he wanted her to be. Tay had seen the changes, they had been slow and small at first. Just tiny little things like the way she wore her make-up, or the way she styled her clothes. Then it was the cancelling of plans, of the things Sam didn't really like. The people he didn't like... the only exception had always been Tay and for that she was thankful.

But now? Now that she was so bruised and lost... No, Tay knew this time would be different and as the elevator dinged open on to her floor she headed straight for the door. The first aid kit she had bought in her hands as she swung open the door. Instantly Taylor froze. Her eyes going at the sight before her.

**"What. The. Actual. Fuck?!"**

*Kendall was incredible with what she could do. From the second she started she would have Sam totally engulfed in her. This was going to be another night where they would spend the entire night pleasing and making it up to each other. Sam could tell by the way Kendall was taking her time, the soft moans vibrating him while her tongue and lips fixated only on his head. She could do this for incredible*

*lengths of time, she had in the past to make sure Sam would never forget who he belonged to. This was going to be something that they would be at for hours, or so he thought.*

*He had completely forgotten about Taylor, until he heard scream. In this moment Sam didn't care, not even in the slightest. He didn't silence his moans or even attempt to move his head away from her lips. He continued letting Kendall do whatever it was she was going to do as his hands ran through her hair while the other gently tugged her.*

Her tongue worked him, swirling around his head as she sucked him, taking more of him in over and over until she worked up a rhythm. He was enjoying it, and Kendall would make sure he enjoyed it until her jaw ached and her lips went numb. Yet when the door to the hotel room opened and Taylor entered Kendall froze, his cock pressing deep into the back of her throat as she let out a low groan. Her eyes shutting from the panic that had begun to set in.

Kendall knew she had called Taylor here, to comfort her, to provide assistance in trying to figure out what she should do when she had thought Sam didn't want her anymore. But... Now, now things were different he wanted, he **needed** her like he'd said and they were so so

good with each other sometimes. He wanted her and he had come back. Sam stoked her hair while the other gripped, clearly encouraging Kendall to continue what she was doing. He wanted her not to stop and if that was what he wanted... If that was what she needed to do to prove herself to him then that was exactly what she would do.

With another low groan Kendall began to bob her head along his length, her tongue pressing against the underside of his cock as she sucked him off. Her nails raking across his thighs as she moved to cup his balls, massaging that delicate and sensitive sac.

Kendall couldn't look at Tay, not now, not while she was choosing Sam over her for the first time since she had started dating him. The first time she had **ever** chose a man over her best friend and in that moment as she looked up at him, that love clearly showing in his eyes with that dominant smile she didn't regret it. She couldn't fucking believe what she was seeing. She had left for a span of fifteen minutes and in that time Kendall had gone from upset and inconsolable to-

"I can't fucking believe this. **HE DOESN'T LOVE YOU!** You're nothing but his property!" Taylor threw the first

aid kit at Sam. The plastic box flying through the air as the corner of it hit his back. "HE'S JUST GOING TO DO IT AGAIN! Why can't you fucking see that!"

Tears welled up in her eyes and she turned, sickened by the sight of what was happening. Kendall had made her choice, and that choice for the first time ever had not been Taylor...

Her voice cracking she spoke as she turned back around.

"*You two fucking deserve each other. Don't call me Kendall. Ever again.*"

With that she ran out of the hotel room, the door slamming shut leaving the toxic lovers alone once again.

*Sam couldn't believe it, he honestly didn't think Kendall would listen to his subtle motivations. His bliss sung through his moaning as her rhythm picked was found. He could feel in the break in her intentions, the hesitation. Kendall had not once picked Sam over Taylor, he even briefly remembered when they first started dating Kendall never picking any guy over her friends. He could tell that she wanted to stop. But just as that realization hit him he felt her bobbing against his length, her tongue running along him. He let out another moan as his eyes fixated on her. Her*

hands reached to massage him as a soft low 'fuck' left his mouth multiple times. He couldn't help but smile, he was proud, she chose to continue being his good little slut, but more importantly she had chosen Sam.

Taylor's voice cracking his mind. **He doesn't love her** What did she know? Sam couldn't even comprehend how stupid that statement was. Taylor only saw what she wanted to, the bruises, the yelling, the risky behavior. What she didn't and couldn't see was the passion behind each of the marks, the yelling was only from how much they both cared for each other. They yelled to be heard, because they both knew that their love mattered and didn't want to risk not saying what they think. The risky behavior.... well that was just for fun. That's when he felt the plastic box hitting his back. His face grew red with anger as his eyes shot towards Taylor. It was a look Kendall was familiar with, whenever she had pushed him to far, either intentionally or not to get him to rough her up or really upset him. Kendall mostly saw this face before she would be used in a very rough manner. The first time it had happened he had to stop and calm himself down. He looked at Kendall, fire in his eyes and back to Taylor.

**He's going to do it again**

*Fuck her, he had enough of the bullshit she was spewing when she knew so little about them. She couldn't possibly understand. Her eyes swelling and voice cracking when he heard the most important thing she had said. 'Dont call me Kendal, ever again' right before she left the room. His eyes closed for a second and let out a sigh. He knew that she needed Taylor, she would go crazy without her best friend. He grabbed the first aid kit and flopped back on his back next to her. He fiddled with the box getting things to make a wrap for Kendall's foot. He had them in his hand holding them for Kendall to grab. While he was very much still throbbing and eager for Kendall he looked her to her and smiled.*

"I love you, I always want you to be with me... but I'm not going anywhere kitten. Go talk to her."

Bright eyes stared up into Sam's face, the multitude of emotions that happened within the span of those few minutes made her heart hammer in her chest frantically. He was **livid** and for a moment she thought he might do something yet when Sam closed his eyes as she continued to work his cock she knew then that he was trying to rein in that rage he had. The door had slammed leaving the two of them alone and Kendall found relief in that. No more having to choose a side and

instead could love Sam and not have to worry about what Taylor thought. Sure, she loved her best friend and she'd been there when it had mattered but on the other hand Tay had a habit of nit picking every little thing Sam did, even the good things. She'd never had a kind word for him since the beginning.

Yet, when Kendall had moved to continue Sam had pulled free of her lips, falling onto his back. Kendall rose from where she had been, propping herself up on her elbows as he began to work on getting the supplies together. Was he going to wrap her foot for her? Her heart constricted only for him to hold them out for her.

*'I love you, I always want you to be with me... but I'm not going anywhere kitten. Go talk to her.'*

Her heart plummeted, she had made the choice just moments ago and he was pushing her to make it again. Whether he had meant it that way or not Kendall struggled with that decision. She had been so sure...

She slipped from the bed, grabbing the robe and wrapping it around her before turning and accepting the supplies from him. Looking between them and Sam as he sat there, that soft look on his face while his cock

remained hard *begging* for her. Kendall shut her eyes, tears threatening in her eyes. She took a breath. "Okay..."

<:blankspace:1041172932426211448> She limped on her foot, the bleeding already seeming to have come to a stop as she made her way to the door, with the things in her hand she opened the door with the other, she paused looking over her shoulder at him sitting there in his magnificence... Her head turned to see the elevator door beginning to close, Taylor standing there with her head in her hands. She glanced up looking at Kendall with hopeful eyes yet...

She had but a moment to decide and in that moment as Taylor looked at her Kendall felt her heart lurch. Kendall knew the answer, had known the answer. Not once had she ever chosen Sam over anyone, but this time? This time it would be different, it **had** to be. Swiveling on her good foot she dropped the medical supplies and ran back to the bed, repercussions be damned. She tackled Sam back down to the bed, ignoring the pain in her foot. She showered him with kisses, first on his lips and lower still. Her heart hammering inside her chest.

"I choose you Sam."



Her her head shook and her eyes held those tears and his eyes as she kissed down his abdomen until his cock was at her chin. Her tongue flicked against her lips, wetting them in preparation before they parted, taking him into her mouth and throat in one fell swoop.

*Sam smiled as he had thought he had done the right thing. He didn't want Kendall to not be able to have friends and although he didn't think Taylor was serious, he wouldn't risk it. Regardless of how much she hates him, he would always put Kendall first. He watched as his perfect girl got up to leave, her eyes unable to move away from him and his member. The pure thought of her having such a hard time moving away from him, and her eyes still lingering caused him to twitch.*

*Sam left a soft sigh out, he figured it may be a while, but in a few seconds just as he was sitting up Kendall rushed in pushing back on to his his back. A wide smile crossed his face. She was so adorable and yet still so eager. His face being covered with her kisses as he chuckled softly to himself, until she started kissing downward.*

I chose you Sam.

*it played over and over in his mind as she kissed down his chest, her glossy eyes locked with his. It was probably the hardest choice Kendall's made in the relationship. A part of Sam wanted her to go get Taylor for their friendship. That part quickly faded tho as she flicked her tongue against her lips, she wasn't done with him yet, not even close. His head pushed deeply into the pillow as he felt her throat tighten against him in an instance. A moan leaving his lips.*

**“FUCK KITTEN!! You're such a good girl. My good girl”**

*His hands taking hold on the back of her head and her hair as his noises continued. He had hoped Taylor had gotten on the elevator so she wouldn't hear how good he felt being the one who was picked. His head raised to watch Kendall work on him until he couldn't stand the pleasure and buried the back of his head in the pillows again. His hips buckled as his body twitched from pleasure. Using the leverage he had, he attempted to lift her head in an effort to not climax quickly from the immense pleasure.*

*“oh fuck, you're so good, you're such a good girl!! You're mine, you're always mine...”*

*Part of Kendall knew she would need to eventually try to salvage the relationship she had with Kendall, to at least*

make her understand just how right Sam was for her. That she had been a willing participant in all that had happened to her save for the fiasco of today. But even then she had enjoyed it, eventually. If that made her a slut... she was Sam's slut, and he could use her as he pleased.

His praises had her shivering, her core clenched and her pussy ached. He gripped her hair and she let out a small moan of her own, those vibrations transferring to his cock as she continued to bob up and down his shaft. Her eyes remained trained on him even though his head had fallen backwards, the corner of her lip twitching up as if she had been trying to smile but with a mouth full of cock that was a bit impossible. Sam bucked his hips and Kendall took all of him in, pressing even further until her nose was pressing against his lower abdomen.

She hummed, her entire throat and mouth thrumming with the sensation. His grip in her hair tightened and Kendall lifted, setting his cock free from the confines of her mouth. A string of saliva remained connected from the tip of his cock to her mouth. One hand moved to wipe it away while the other moved to grip him in her hand. Her fingers wrapped around him, stroking him from

base to tip and back again as she looked up at him, her face still so close to his cock that he would be able to feel her breath against it.

"I am your good girl daddy, always yours...Did you want me to stop?"

Her tongue flicked out against the head of his cock, her lips moved to kiss it as she watched it twitch in excitement. Her grip lightened, her lips wrapping around his tip a soft hum leaving her as she looked up at him innocently, her tongue lapping at the small opening as she teased. Lifting her head once again she bit her lip, her eyes pleading.

"Can't I finish, please?"

*Her humming sent him into a mix of moans and twitching his body unable to hide even an ounce of the pleasure she was giving him. Her eagerness driving him crazy as the second he attempted to take his break she immediately grasped him and started to move her fingers. Her breathe teasing him only making his anticipation to climax grow even stronger.*

*Her words sounded so innocently cute, but she knew exactly what she was doing. Her words carefully chosen to turn him*

*on more as her question was one she already knew the answer to. She knew Sam wouldn't dare ask her to stop, she flicked her tongue out as his excitement dripped from head. Her tightened grip and the humming was almost too much when she looked at him innocently. She was his perfect little slut. She knew just how to tease him. Asking but then just using her tongue to not give him a chance to answer. She knew how to switch between the eagerness of pleasing and the innocent looks of her face that were begging him to use her like a toy.*

*He last question would be the one that completely broke Sam. Quickly and with force he grabbed the back of her head and shoved the entirety of his length down her throat. Using her mouth he lifted her head up and down repeatedly. His body twitched as he groaned out a loud moan turning to a softer plea.*

*“please Kendall. Please make me cum please.”*

*His grip tightened as he approached his limit. His arms and hands shaking as his muscles throughout his body tightened.*

*“oh fuck kitten. Don't you dare stop. Don't stop. Fuck I'm gonna cum. Oh fuck I'm cumming.”*

She'd seen it, the moment his will had broken, her eyes sparkling with delight as she felt his hands pull her down. He hadn't even given her a moment to prepare before he was ramming his cock all the way to the hilt. Her throat gagging tightening around his cock as her mouth watered around him to try and lubricate the intruding organ. Kendall's eyes rolled into the back of her head as sounds of delight escaped from her mouth from around his cock. Up and down he forced her head though he hadn't needed to force her at all but by doing so with the force and intensity in which he fucked her throat only seemed to make her pussy ache more. She wanted him, she wanted this.

Kendall wouldn't and didn't stop, her head bobbing up and down as her eyes moved to refocus on his face, the need to see the ecstasy on his face just as important as the air she needed to breathe. His warning not to stop let her know what was coming and her mouth watered even more in anticipation. She hummed, her hands digging into his thighs as she pumped her head up and down quicker and quicker until she felt his entire body tense, one more thrust of his cock down her throat, her nose pressed against his lower abdomen as his cock began to

shoot rope after rope of cum. He filled her throat and mouth, her toes curling as she waited until she felt the very last twitch of his cock and his grip in her hair loosened before she sat up on her knees.

Her eyes trained on his face as she swallowed the cum he had given her, the cum she had milked from him, her tongue coming out to trace around her lips to make sure she had gotten every last drop. Her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath and let her jaw readjust to not having him in her mouth, a very satisfied look on her face.

*His chest felt heavy as it sunk and rose. His breathes escaping him and each puff he took was in an attempt to try and recover it. He couldn't keep his eyes off of her as she propped herself up and swallowed only to have her tongue ensure it was completely gone.*

*Sam sat up only to pull Kendall down with him, holding her as they attempted to breathe. He rested her head on his chest, slowly walking his fingers through her hair as he slowly kisses the side of her cheek.*

*A smirk painted on his face as he started kissing down her neck, his hands moving in small circles above her chest. As*

*his kisses moved down her neck his fingers followed suit, still drawing circles between her breasts, then her stomach until his hands were against her clit with the same motion. His lips gently kissed her perked nipples before sucking them and giving them a teasing nibble. He fingers started moving faster against her as he playfully blew on her chest to give her an ice sensation against her. His eyes looked up at her*

“It’s your turn kitten, my good girl deserves such an amazing reward.”

*He slowly moved himself down her body, until his fingers stopped. He quickly replaced them with his now flicking tongue as he slid two inside of her, gently teasing her g spot.*

A soft squeal of delight would leave Kendall as she was pulled down with him, her head on his chest with her ear flat against it. The thumping of his heart was a welcome sound, letting her know that she had brought on that frantic beat. His hands in her hair sent shivers down her spine, her eyes shutting as she enjoyed that silent bliss. He kissed her cheek and Kendall's heart skipped a beat, Sam could be so sweet sometimes... People just didn't understand their love but it was the moments like this.



That simple sweet kiss on her cheek seemed to take a turn, his lips moving further down to her neck. Sam hitting all of her most sensitive spaces because he knew every inch of her body like the back of his hand. He was an expert at getting her riled up and Kendall closed her eyes, letting his attentions stoke the soft ember that was in her belly. His fingers were light against her skin, circling her breasts and causing goosebumps spread across the surface of her skin. Her breathing hitched, her body lightly squirming beneath him.

Lower still his fingers traveled, her eyes fluttering open only as his hands reached her clit. His mouth sought her already hardened nipples, her chest pressing upward eagerly. His fingers rubbed her clit, increasing in intensity and Kendall's lips parted, her hips writhing against his hands. He blew against her nipples and she shivered a small whimper leaving her as the heat between her legs only seemed to grow.

*'It's your turn kitten, my good girl deserves such an amazing reward.'*

Those words were better than any aphrodisiac she'd ever had, her pussy clenching in anticipation as he lowered himself between her thighs. His fingers slipped from her

slickness only for his tongue to take their place and Kendall released a full blown moan, her hips pushing up from the bed to grind against it.

*Sam smirked to himself as he hips lifted. The satisfaction of knowing her and what she likes, what she needed only drove him to continue his movements. His tongue flicking faster now against her clit, his eyes closed as he let his fingers explore her.*

*His fingers pulsed faster in her, rubbing her most sensitive area, in and out quicker and quicker. He wanted her to feel better, to make her feel the best she could. His lips kissing her when his jaw needed to relax. The soft teasing kisses only to be replaced again. Sam, regardless of how much he liked to be dominate, loved to bring her pleasure and the best way he knew how was between her legs. His tongue like pen to a paper, his words were the motions that he made. His speed would speed up and slow toying with her, making sure he would take his time before giving her a full release*

He was a composer with that tongue of his, every lick and flick of his tongue causing her body to writhe and her mouth to moan. At some point Kendall's hands found themselves entangled in Sam's hair, gripping him tightly to make sure he wouldn't let up. She needed this, needed

him to show her that he still cared for her as she did for him and in this moment he was proving just that. It didn't matter what other's thought about them, as long as they were able to keep this, then the entire world could burn.

Kendall's eyes drifted shut, her hips urging Sam to pick up the pace and as if he were a god or a mind reader he had answered her prayer. His tongue picked up it's pace as he fucked her with it, her pussy's walls clenched as if trying to pull him in further and Kendall moaned his name, a warning a plea... and then he slowed; bringing her down from that edge. Her chest rose and fell with every deep breath she took, her head rolling side to side as she pulled on his hair only to push him back down. She wanted this, wanted him.

*Her pull down on his head was the motivation that he was looking for. Sam loved the feeling of being wanted, being needed. He wanted her to want him as badly as he did her. He wanted to give her exactly what he wanted. His pace quickened in rapid succession. His tongue moving around her clit as if it was going to be the last thing he was going to do. Whenever he needed to slow his jaw, his fingers pushed deeper inside. He was down toying with her. He stopped his*

*mouth completely before looking up at her. Soft whispers towards her as he looked her in the eyes.*

"Kendall, I want you... Cum for me kitten. You're such a good girl, I want you to. Please.... please kitten cum for me.."

*As he finished his sentence, immediately his tongue was put back to work. Dancing against her sensation. His hand moving in the best way he can, trying to give her the best sensation he can. He smiled to himself, he could do this all night.*

Higher and higher she was brought closer to the brink of her release, his tongue and fingers working in perfect unison as Sam continued to give her the pleasure and attentions he craved. She held him there against her, her hips rocking against the motions of his tongue she was so close and when he stopped her entire body was thrumming with an energy that she needed to release or else she felt like she might explode from the inside out.

Instinctually her eyes fluttered open as she looked down at him to meet his eyes, that intensity in his eyes nearly stole the breath that had been in her lungs. Yet it was his words, his pleading for her to cum had that fire that had

been inside of her erupting the moment his tongue pressed against that sensitive ball of nerves. Heat shot from her core as her pussy clamped down on his fingers as he continued to pump them in and out of her.

Kendall's back arched up off the bed as her thighs closed around his head. The moan that came out of her was almost a primal cry as her fingers gripped his hair tighter. "Saaaammmm! Aaahh!"

*His motions continued as she called out his name, slower and gentler as he let her fall down from her climax.*

*Teasingly kissing his way up her stomach. His body moving up higher towards her as climbed into the spot next to her. He let a soft smile break through as his fingers traced the outline of her body.*

"You're so cute when you finish baby girl."

*His hands slowly traced up her body until he made it to her head. His hands pulled her face into his, giving her a soft lingering kiss before placing his hand on her abdomen, feeling it rise and sinks. He turned his body to the side and let his fingers slide through her hair. He kissed her cheek.*

"You did so well.. you really are my good girl Kendall"

*He spoke softly and slowly, watching her glow after a long night like this. He had lost track of just how many times that made each other finish and just how many times she showed each other how much that they needed one another. He couldn't help but feel proud. Sam pushed his face between her neck and shoulders softly kissing her.*

*"I'm so proud of you... I'm so glad that you are mine."*

*The hand on her stomach waited and watched until he felt her breath being caught. He got off the bed and grabbed the supplies that Taylor so generously provided. His fingers moved against her legs and feet in a way that a masseuse would, applying soft pressure and rubbing tender areas before wrapping her foot in the bandages, giving the area tight pressure. He looked back up towards her.*

*"All better beautiful?"*

*A hum of contentment left her as Kendall turned her head, her eyes shut for a moment as she let her body slowly come back down after her release. Her chest rose and fell with each breath of air that she took, Sam's fingers stilled as they traveled along her body but she made no move to shy away from his touch. Too relaxed*

post climax she was practically a puddle in the middle of that bed.

Her eyes slowly opened, her lashes revealing those warm pools of color as she offered him a smile that held just as much warmth. Despite the fight, the bruises and the chaos that happened earlier she was happy. Here in this moment with Sam was the only place she had wanted to be and the fact that he continued to shower her with praise only solidified that feeling.

*"Mmm."*

Kendall watched as Sam slid to the edge of the bed before rising, moving to grab the box of medical supplies that Taylor had thrown at him. Her eyes remained on him though her eyes were half shut in her languid state, he moved to massage her legs and she bit her lip her hands moving to run through her hair as she released a small sigh. He was being so sweet and gentle, if Taylor could see this side of him... No, she didn't need to worry about Taylor anymore. All she needed was Sam and as he finished wrapping her foot she gave him the sweetest smile as he asked his question.

*"I love you."*

The words left her lips and she meant them, perhaps even more so now with a desperation that hadn't quite been there before. Kendall opened her arms indicating she wanted him to come to her, to join her back on the bed where his presence made everything seem like it would be better. It had to be, she'd chosen him and it had to have been the right choice.

"Thank you for wrapping my foot, you're the best."

*It had to be...*

*Sam smiled up at Kendall, her opens arms and red face were to adorable to ignore. Like a bear he crawled up past her legs his hands indenting the bed as his legs softly followed the outline of her. Small chuckles and a big smile on his face each step he moved forward his lips gave a gentle kiss to the nearest body part to him. Taking his time to reach the destination before giving her a soft little kiss on her lips, cheeks and forehead. Once he made it to her he dropped back to his side and let his hand rest on her chest.*

"Are you ok beautiful?"

*Sam figured the answer would have been yes regardless of what was going on in her mind. He had hoped that she would say anything other however. In his head her thoughts*



*were filled with Taylor, if she would still be friends with her after picking him, if she felt ok with everything that had happened tonight. He couldn't help to think if he was still ok with everything that happened tonight. His intrusive thoughts started provoking anger within him. Yet the second he looked into her eyes, he felt better.*

*He didn't want to be upset with her, he didn't want to feel angry or saddened, he just wanted to be in the moment. To absorb her essence and feel her love. Sam rested his head against the pillows and pulled her head on his chest.*

*"I love you Kendall. I don't want us to ever leave this bed... I just want to be here, with you..."*

*He smiles and kisses the back of her head and slowly ran his fingers through her hair.*

*"I'm fine... This is all I need."*

*It was mostly true, but she couldn't rightly tell him her worries and let her insecurities show... especially not after what had happened earlier in the day. In truth she just wanted to forget it all, to just focus on Sam and the moment they were currently sharing. Kendall watched as he made his way back up her side and once he was there and his hand was on her chest she gave him a small*

smile. It was meant to be reassuring but whether it truly was or not she wasn't sure.

Sam moved to rest on the pillow, pulling her against him. She curled herself against him, her ass pressing against him. His confirming words of his own love for her were enough, and it filled her with more warmth than even alcohol would give, more intoxicating even. It helped that she wasn't facing him, even if they said they were okay there was still that underlying unease from it all. Though just his weight and presence was enough to help keep her level. Her eyes closed as she focused on the feel of him, of the way her heart beat.

His fingers in her hair were her favorite thing, the softest of touches and whispers of a promise, the tenderness. "I'm tired." The words came out barely above a whisper, her eyes still closed as she focused on the thumping of his chest at her back. "Can we...just rest for a bit?"