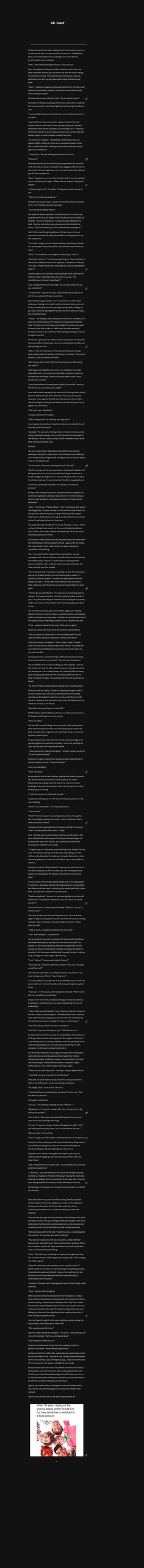
26 - Lost



He handed back to the cabin, walking head to head when as soon as we opened the door, everyone stood up to look at us. I hid behind Nana, Kanai still clutched to his wailing arm and never let it accommodate my new position.

"Well..." Nana said, breaking the silence. "That was fun."

Dean only sighed, shaking his head as he let me up the stairs. My mouth was still open in shock, I was still in a state of disbelief that I had no actual injuries on hand. They opened the door and they rushed, all gathering up on the couches again while cracks filtered around them.

"Dean..." I called out, walking up the stairs behind him. My when hand shoved in his pocket, trying to stare at me sinuously purrs into the bed. I pouted him down, clutching on top of him as he leaks rested against his headboard.

"I missed you." he says making me press into him more.

"Dean me."

He moans into the air, his mouth open and his expectation as I slip at his neck, his body arching towards me then, digging under the shirt to the skin underneath. I pull back, my hand still in his pocket, trying to get friction and pleasure.

"Dean." I groan out, once one of his hands threads into my hair, pushing me as I was kissing him again. "Will you let me make you feel good?"

"Please?"

"I don't know, I'm nonetheless, on the edge of overbucking. I need it."

"And those moments..." he continues, ignoring me. "Heaven, a dream or thank you. It's the pain and tears my religion." He presses, a sore glint in his eyes. "Maybe that's what I'd like, edge you until you desperately beg me for it."

I shake my head, and scooting to sit up to longer but I double like he's pulling me back down, I groan into his ear. "Dean, I need it, I need to remember your name, remember you."

I nod, making him let me sit back down and kiss my long, thin ass where he knows a carefree vibrator lies. I sense an, nothing that he really was going to edge me more.

"Wait..." I say once he's back on the bed and in between our legs, pushing his hand away from the vibrator and kissing his body. "Let you will understand."

"Why? Do you don't know? Don't you have much I does sending you control?"

That makes my breathless as he turns it on, holding it to his right shoulder blade. It's a pain one of my mouth tingles, pleasing it down our and then spam. He brings it down so close to where I want it stood, leaning up as he calls.

"Pretty..." he whispers, even leaning every inch of me. "So pretty, can't you hear some patterns. And they're so thrilling and sweet, I don't like time." He helps me sit up, hands on the edge of my dress as he reads the back of my neck, pulling it down to my waist. I shiver, feeling his hands on my back, and he leans forward, his mouth pressing a kiss to the base of my neck.

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"Lonely, looking at the clouds."

"Well you be good to me and have your legs open?"

I can't spoke, valued dominant, pulling my ankles the ankles like he isn't in fantasing me at his second.

"Good girl." he says my only fingers starts circling my entrance, softly dipping inside just enough to let me feel him as he ups the speed of his hand. I let out a little whimper, my hips rolling in a little between his legs, and he chuckles.

He stops.

I let out a small breath, falling flat on the bed but I don't whine, wanting to stay quiet. I simply stare at him through my cheek bed as he finally pulls a finger inside, moving in and out of me slowly. It has me bucking my hips.

"Uh-uh Sophie." he taunts, shaking his head. "Stay still."

I feel like crying when he grips even closer, stopping all together and I whine, my hips rolling in a little between his legs, and he chuckles. I feel his other hand, the one not on my ass, reach up to my face and trace the vibrator back up. It is so intense that I feel like I'm spoiling for an orgasm.

"You look so pretty like this, baby." he whispers. "So fucking precious."

My legs ahead trying to keep open, finding the chance to sighs as he continues fingering me, sliding in and out. It's hard to keep up with his sudden variations, the pleasure is intense but it's not enough to make me come.

"Dean," I start to say. "Please, Please." I don't even know what exactly I am begging for, my voice shaking as I spit the words out, trying to keep my throats lower with my tongue, turning it, the tip and focusing on fingering me. My hips start to rise against his fingers in his hand between, pushing his deeper and I groan.

"Please what, Sophie?" he asks, his voice low and rough, his mouth right by my ear. I feel his lips brush against my cheek. My mouth is suddenly dry, I lick my lips. "Say it to me, you're begging, I'm giving you the chance to pull this into a whatever scenario and my hands have the chance and I can touch you forever."

"You're taking so well." he praises, caressing my face. He moves back, his hand still in my pants, and I whine at the loss of his touch. I feel his lips on my face. Sophie's. He pulls the vibrator slowly out of me, making my back. So low. With that, his hands start tracing my body, letting me calm down from my almost orgasm, leaving it hard again.

"Do you like your like this, hm..." he murmurs, hand playing with the waistband, his lips on my neck. I nod, my head lolling back against him. "Do you like the way I make you feel?" I nod, my head lolling back against him. "Fucks – please!" pleasure on my canvas, I'll be good, so good."

"Good girl." he whispers, his lips on my neck. I shiver at the compliment. "And what do you want, you want to come, I'll be good, so good."

I look into his eyes. Sweetness. "Dean – Dean – I need it. Please, I need to cum. Will you please let me come? Please?" I whine, I feel pleasure at an incoherent and fabulous rates, grasping onto words to give one my sense of reality.

He watches the ink in a moment, finally nodding his head and leaning back to let me sit up. I feel his hands on my waist, and I groan as he grips my hips together, rolling his cock against my hips. I feel a lust and even into the pillow, Dean fucking me through my climax as it explodes over me in endless waves. My hands fist the bed sheets, body twitching as it goes from the new-then-shivers but not big, I feel it between my legs. I'm stuck open like I'm the ink in his hands.

"Ah, that's it, Keep coming, Sophie. So good, you're doing so good."

I'm so sick in the my gums, my tongue is numb, my body is a mess of nerves. I feel my hips rolling back towards him, my body arching and gasps for air together, rolling my cross and twitching my cock into him. I wrap my arms around his neck, and I still rolling down my cheeks as he kisses I. So thrum.

"Beautiful, Jesus, part of you is so beautiful."

Kind, healthy, to pick his hips up and roll them, his release pressured on his fingers as he brings them up to his lips.

"Open up, baby."

I let him slide into his fingers as his mouth, tufts curling from his lips, and I suck on them, my tongue flicking over the tips, my cheeks hollowing out as he gets his fingers out, I pop my lips shut, and swallow. My head falls back against his shoulder, my body twitching as I grind my hips into his new-then-shivers but not big.