

GrimJustin 2.37 DeServed

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"I don't think you're an invalid." Brenner's voice was deliberately low, his face inches from hers. He shoved a hand through short blond hair, jaw clenched in suppressed temper. "But you do need to rest."

"I'm rested." Dinah was almost screaming, the urge, the need to do... something, churning in her gut. She didn't care if the woman on the leg press stared at her. She didn't care if Brenner was sweet and helpful and wonderful.

The surgery had gone well. The failed chip blocking pain and pleasure and touch was out of her body. But Brenner had treated her with kid gloves ever since he'd shuttled her back on GrimJustin -- food in bed, waiter service and, when she could talk him into it, sweet tender sex. Dinah was done with sweet. "I'm fucking rested! I'm so rested I'm ready to wipe the floor with your ass to show you!"

"Fine." Brenner clamped a hand on her arm, dragged her out of the gym, ignoring the obviously interested glances from Duke and his captive ex-lover.

"Let go of me, you big bastard!" She was growling now, trying to wrench her arm free. In response, Brenner simply lifted her and slung her over his shoulder, ignoring the stream of curses she poured over his head.

"Excuse us." The bastard strode out, carrying her like a sack of rehydrated vegetables, his hand possessively on her ass. Dinah struggled for form's sake while her belly clenched in anticipation. Finally she managed to piss him off. She wasn't sure

what had gotten into her – but she wanted him the way he was before, when he was tough and rough and fucked the hell out of her.

He dumped her on the bed face first. Before she had the chance to scramble up his weight was on her, pinning her down. “That ass thing was a great idea,” he growled and suddenly this “piss off Brenner” game wasn’t looking like the smartest thing she’d ever done. She squirmed under his weight, arousal mixing with a hint of nerves.

He’d taken her anally before. He’d been pissed too, since she accidentally fired on GrimJustin. The punishment.... she shuddered thinking about it, even as heat coiled up her spine. That’s when she figured out it was no longer his weight that pressed her down. The kinky bastard somehow turned up the grav field, filtered the coordinates so it only surrounded her skin. She was as good as bound.

His hands were on her, effortlessly manipulating her limbs -- how could he do that when she couldn’t move? -- stripping off her unisuit in swift tearing motions. He pulled her across the sheets until her legs dangled to the floor, her nipples rasping deliciously against cool silk. The pleasure of it shot into her sex and froze as a hand landed sharply on her exposed ass.

“I think you should apologize.” Smack! Shards of pleasure mixed with pain at the stinging sensation.

She wasn’t giving in so easily. “What the hell for?”

Smack! “For being a little bitch.” This one was on the other cheek, the sting echoing into her pussy. God, she was perverted.

“I’ll show you little,” she panted, gripping sheets into both fists.

Another smack. On the first cheek. Followed by a long leisurely finger-dipping into her cream slicked cunt. “Will you?” He tweaked her clit and when she moaned he spanked her ass again. “Apologize.”

“I’m sorry you’re an ass.” Smack! Another slide of his finger into her cunt, another delicious rub over her swollen clit. Then he turned her, lifting her thighs. Above them she stared into glittering green eyes.

He was still clothed, his standard uniform of sleeveless tee and pants. Except his cock was out, already hard. She watched his hand wrap around the thick length as he slicked it with lube.

The broad tip of him teased over her swollen clit and for a second Dinah thought maybe she was wrong, maybe he wasn't going to...

She wasn't wrong.

Keeping her legs closed, forcing them down onto her shoulder so she was almost bent in half, Brenner pressed his cock into her nether opening, pushing slowly, firmly into her. The painful pleasure of it had her groaning.

He stared down at her face as he entered, his eyes a glowing glittering green, his muscles bulging. Dinah gritted her teeth and ordered herself to relax, to ease him in. Her body wouldn't listen. Her muscles gripped tight around his cock as he pushed further in, finally seating himself to the balls.

A finger brushed her clit, sweet pleasure to counter the sharp one. Brenner stood still, allowing her time to get used to his cock buried in her ass, still holding her while his other hand brushed gently over her cunt.

The pleasure built. He moved his hips. Fire licked goose bumps over her skin as he pulled out, pushed slowly back in, all the while playing with her pussy.

"Apologize." His jaw was tense. Sweat glistened on his forehead.

She forced a breath in so she could speak. "This is apology enough."

He pushed in deeper, harder, and the fire snaked over her body, every nerve ending shuddering alive. "You really think so?" Faster now, his hips were moving against her, her thighs now open, knees resting at the crook of his elbows. His thumb still strummed her clit.

"I really - ah - do." She couldn't meet his thrusts, but the sharp pleasure was good, insanely, darkly good, she wanted more of it. Harder.

His thumb moved faster over her clit. "Unless you apologize I won't let you come."

The sparks were stinging, her ass burning with pleasure. "You really think I'm gonna come this way?"

He drove into her hard, her scream answer enough. His cock pummeled inside her, driving into her, pulling her body onto his. His thumb worked the hard knot of her clit, rubbed her juices with firm deliciously fast strokes.

"Apologize."

She was so close. "I'm sorry you're an asshole."

Another hard thrust. "Apologize!"

"I'm sorry you are an -- ahhh!" The crest hit her, she clenched around his cock, would have arched off the bed if grav hadn't hold her down. He rode her through the orgasm, mercilessly pounding into her, watching her through every wave of pleasure. She felt him freeze. Despite the grav she tried to squeeze her thighs around him, clenched her muscles around his cock. Felt him spurt into her, watched his eyes close, his neck arch as he groaned into a climax.

Seconds passed. He crawled in bed next to her, gathered her into his embrace. She didn't know when he managed to turn the grav fields off but even though she should have clocked him -- on principle -- Dinah figured she'd wait.

His arms were warm and strong around her, his thighs tangled with hers. "You pissed me off on purpose."

Great. The man might as well fucking read her mind.

His lips were on her hair. "Good thing too, cause I was going nuts."