

# Contradictory

By : Verballyenticed

There are two sides to every woman. The one the world sees and the one only her lover sees.



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Verballyenticed](http://booksie.com/Verballyenticed)

Copyright © Verballyenticed, 2013  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

# Contradictory

She is the epitome of contradiction; her day life not meeting her night. By day she is one thing and by night she desires to be another. The change is so abrupt it fills her with heat, lust and shame. She begs for balance and begs for no change. She is confusion.

By day she is mother and wife. She loves and protects; she cooks and cleans. She is reserved and in control never betraying the true nature of things. Her outward projection is that of the perfect woman. She does what is expected of her by herself and others. She obeys the rules set upon her by society. She cares for those around her; expects nothing in return. She is martyr.

By night she is a slave to her own desires. The things he does to her would shame her in the light. At night she becomes conflicted by the arousal she feels. At night she is his servant; he is her master. He demands of her and she gives to him without complaint. He stretches her boundaries and fulfills her fantasies. She is putty in his arms.

They break the rules. He is physical and animal; she is wild and uninhibited. He attacks her senses with every tool he has in his arsenal. Toys that make her purr and moan, blindfolds that heighten the senses, ties that leave her restrained and begging for mercy.

No part of her body is left untouched. He probes into her center and plunders her ass with his hands. He licks her clit with a hunger that can't be sated. He plunges into the moistness of her mouth. Thrusting deep until she chokes.

He ministers to her until she screams with the orgasm that comes so rapidly. As she cums he wraps his hands around her throat and chokes her lightly to increase the sensation. The effect is instantaneous. She is lightheaded and in heaven.

He rolls her on top of him and plunges into her hot wet center. She rides him with a strength and power she didn't know she possessed. She is control; driving him slowly insane. All he can do is arch and thrust to meet her hips. His screams, a match to her own.

She pulls off of him long enough to allow him to plunge deeply in her ass. The pain is so intense she wants to scream from it. He remains inside her promising pleasure around the corner. He strokes her clit with his fingers willing her to relax under his will. She is ashamed on some level; the daytime martyr screaming for her to stop.

She cannot stop! She rocks against his cock in her ass. The thrusting becomes compulsive need and there is no control. She throws her head back screaming from orgasm. He thrusts to completion, reveling in the sight of her pleasure. He teases her to orgasm again with his fingers. She clenches and convulses around him, milking his cock with the sensations of her body.

She tries not to think. She cannot balance these two sides that are so contradictory. The daytime woman would never dream of desiring sex so animal and primal. The night time slave revels in him dominating her. There is no balance and there is no need.

Contradictory

Contradictory

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2013-05-25 19:13:55