

Afterglow

By C. Jade Wyton

Becky Bloom and her boyfriend Jareth Slader have a steamy night, with a very unexpected ending.

Contains explicit sexual content.

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Becky felt her toes curling as Jareth's lips pressed against her neck.

Her entire body was hot, and her breathing was laboured, and she couldn't stop twitching as the feeling of the orcish man's hands slid from her breasts to her hips and he lifted her to his own so he could grind against her.

The fabric between them did nothing to dull the friction, and Becky felt herself moan as Jareth's slow, firm thrusts grew into a rhythm.

He kissed her again and mumbled comforting words in her ear before gently pressing her down against the bed. His weight as he pinned her was heavenly; everywhere he touched felt like it was sparking with electricity.

Becky couldn't help but let out a whimper as Jareth ran his tongue over her neck.

'Oooh, baby, make that noise *again*,' Jareth moaned into her, pressing his hips down firmer.

Becky wouldn't have been able to hold it in if she tried; she felt her teeth chattering as she shivered from head-to-toe.

'Yeah,' Jareth breathed, wrapping his arms tight around Becky and pressing down into her so hard she felt the mattress bend underneath them.

She stretched her leg as Jareth continued to grind against her, and felt it meet something hard and plastic. Then there was a quiet *thump* as the remote hit the floor and the television turned off, leaving them in almost pitch-darkness....

Not that it mattered, or that they cared; they could both see just fine and the sudden quiet only made it easier for Becky to hear the rustling of bedsheets and panting of the man above her.

'How much do you like this shirt?' Jareth panted.

'I don't,' Becky answered, breathlessly.

Jareth's hands were immediately upon it; tugging it open with force and causing the small pink buttons to fling themselves across Becky's room.

A button hit her wardrobe mirror with a loud *PINGK*, and Becky felt a hot flush shoot through her, so intense she thought she might pass out as she dropped her head back onto the pillow and moaned.

Then Jareth's face was buried in her chest and his hands slipped behind her to unlatch her bra....

'I've got it,' Becky breathed after the third failed attempt, reaching around to help him.

As she undid her bra, Jareth pulled away and slid down lower; finding her belt and making a much more successful effort at removing it.

He discarded it to the floor and then yanked Becky's pants and panties off together. He slipped them over her feet and threw them halfway across the room, and Becky immediately felt the cold night air chilling the lubricant that rolled from her labia down to the bed.

Jareth ran a finger over her vagina, and chuckled.

'You're so wet,' he said before gripping Becky's ankles and hefting them onto his shoulders.

He slipped two fingers into her with ease, gently massaging her insides before pecking a kiss on her thigh and unbuckling his belt.

He pulled his pants down, and Becky bit her lip as he his fully-erect member flicked out. It lay against her, rubbing against her opening as Jareth went through his pockets.

He retrieved a condom, which he tore open and rolled onto his dick, before dropping Becky's legs down and leaning over her.

She felt herself trembling with anticipation as he thrust against her, smearing himself with her lubricant.

Then he sat back, resting a hand on her hip and using the other to adjust himself.

'I'm going to push in now, okay?' he told her.

'Mhm.' Becky replied. She squeezed her eyes shut as Jareth slowly, carefully, pressed into her.

His tip barely penetrated her before she let out a squeak and he pulled back.

'You okay?'

'Mhm....'

He was so big... it always took a moment for her to adjust....

Becky let out a long, contented sigh as Jareth went back to grinding. She could feel his shaft rubbing against her clitoris, and it sent shivers through her.

He thrust against her for a minute or two before pecking a kiss on her cheek.

'I'm gonna try again, okay?'

'Mhm.'

Jareth adjusted himself and gently pressed back into her. His tip penetrated again, and Becky felt herself flinch and take a sharp breath.

Jareth pulled out, and gave Becky a moment to breathe before pushing in again.

She whimpered; feeling her toes curling as her thighs squeezed his sides.

'Should I pull out?' he asked.

'No,' Becky answered, wrapping her legs around him to keep him close.

'Deeper....'

'Okay,' Jareth breathed softly, letting Becky's grip around him guide him forward. He slowly pressed deeper and deeper into her with one long, gentle thrust until he bumped her cervix.

Becky gave a squeak and he began to pull back at the same pace he'd pushed in, not stopping until he'd pulled all the way out.

He paused for a moment, looking down at Becky with a warm smile.

And then he pushed back in.

Becky let out a long moan, and wrapped her arms around Jareth to hold him close; her hands gripping tightly at his back for a hold.

She felt so full as he thrust in and out; his natural girth pushing her to her limit without even trying.

And as Jareth held her close, burying his face into her neck, she thought she had never felt so fulfilled, and loved, and safe....

Her orgasm came to her in a shudder; slowly flowing through her body in a gentle wave that made every muscle in her body relax completely.

She let out a moan and went completely limp, letting her arms and legs slide off Jareth as he kissed her.

Then, Jareth paused, his lips pulling away from Becky with an audible smack as he reeled back in surprise; though he didn't pull out or climb off her.

'Becky?' he asked. 'What— Uh— *What?!*'

'Hm?' Becky opened her eyes and, to her surprise, found the room had lit up.... But as she glanced around, she couldn't seem to find the source of the light— 'OH MY GOD!'

Becky jumped in surprise and scrabbled backwards as she saw her hands; pale and bright, *glowing* with starry energy.

Jareth jumped back as she did, pulling out of her as she bumped her head on the wall.

'Fuck!' Becky cried, moving forward but putting her weight on the wrong pillow and slipping out of bed. She tumbled into her bedside drawer; sending it and its contents falling sideways to the floor with a loud *CRASH* as she landed on top of it with another shout. 'FUCK!'

The room was suddenly dark again as Jareth leapt to Becky's side and her skin went dim, returning to normal.

'Becky?! Are you alright?!' he exclaimed, pulling her off the hard wooden drawers and looking her over. 'Oh, god, what the hell was that?! Your entire body just started— Are you hurt?!'

'Ow,' was all Becky could manage, rubbing her side. '*Fuck....*'

Then the bedroom door burst open and Isa came rushing in, Mimi at her heels.

'Becky are you alright what happen—' the drow froze, going silent as she caught sight of Jareth and Becky on the floor.

Becky felt herself blushing, and saw Jareth's own cheeks darkening as he yanked the blanket off the bed and covered himself and Becky— And Becky had to grab her mimic as it attempted to playfully skitter underneath it with them. She held it up high above her head so it couldn't grab the blanket in its teeth and yank at it, and then she turned back to Isa, half-opening her mouth before being interrupted by her father as he appeared at Isa's side.

'What's going on—' Ken started, before Isa thrust an arm backwards and hooked it around him; hurriedly retreating out of the room and slamming the door behind them.

—END—

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