

Dolphin

By C. Jade Wyton

A fun, erotic short featuring Becky Bloom and her boyfriend Jareth Slader.

Contains explicit sexual content.

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‘Becky, babe, don’t forget to breathe!’ Jareth laughed, cupping Becky’s cheeks and pulling her head back from his crotch.

She was removed from his shaft with a quiet wet *pop*, trails of thick spit hanging from her lips to his tip as she gasped and grinned up at him impishly.

‘Aw, you’re not fun!’ she teased, realising she was more out of breath than she’d thought. ‘Not breathing’s the best part!’

‘Babe— *Heh....* I thought *this* was the best part,’ Jareth joked back as he grabbed Becky’s ponytail; wrapping it around his hand and gripping it hard at its base.

Becky felt a tingle shoot through her body and shifted on her knees so she could lean back towards Jareth.

He didn’t argue as she took him in her mouth again; running her tongue over his member before taking a deep breath and slowly pressing forward, sliding him deeper and deeper down her throat until her nose pressed tight against his groin and she couldn’t push any further.

‘Aw, *fuck!*’ Jareth breathed, his grip on her hair tightening as he held her on him.

Becky felt his hips buck forward slightly, and his tip slid that extra bit deeper as she gave a hard swallow.

Then he pulled away, giving her another moment to breathe before moving forward and carefully thrusting into her.

She felt like a dolphin surfacing the ocean for air; taking one deep breath and then sinking down again.

Jareth began to pull back again and she wrapped an arm around his hips to try and tell him *no, keep going!*

He seemed to understand and pushed forward again, thrusting slow and deep into her throat until she signalled for him to pull away.

She gave a breathy cough into her hand, and Jareth let her hair go to pet her back.

‘You alright?’

Becky cleared her throat again, grinning as she nodded. ‘Am I doing good?’

‘So good,’ Jareth humoured, running his hand back up so he could play with her hair again. Then, he stepped back to his bed and sat down, beckoning Becky to follow him as he did. ‘C’here, baby girl. C’mom.’

Becky shuffled over to Jareth, walking on her knees until she was able to rest her chin on his thigh.

‘That’s my princess,’ he said, sending a shiver up Becky’s spine as he began to

fix her hair. ‘*God*. I can go so *deep* when you do that. It’s great.’

‘Unlike with my puss-puss?’ Becky joked— And squealed a giggle as Jareth’s hand planted itself over her face.

‘Don’t you *ever* call it a “puss-puss” again!’ he laughed. Then he bent down, hooked her under the arms, and pulled her up into his lap; planting a firm kiss on her neck as he began to grind their hips together. ‘But... yeah. Can’t go that deep in your pussy.’

‘It’s that pesky *cervix*!’ Becky snickered, burying her face into Jareth’s neck. ‘Hah.... Hey, you know what *other* hole of mine doesn’t have a cervix?’

Jareth hesitated, and for a moment Becky swore she could hear a dial-up tone coming out his ear, before he pulled back to look at her.

Becky just grinned back, rocking slightly from side to side as she tried to look cute.

A short, barked laugh of disbelief escaped Jareth. Then, when Becky’s grin didn’t go away, he looked surprised again. ‘Oh— Shit. You’re serious?’

Becky nodded.

‘Oh...’ Jareth’s cheeks went dark, dark green as he blushed, and he cleared his throat sheepishly. ‘You’ve never, uh... wanted to do *that* before.’

‘I want to try it,’ Becky said, starting to grind herself against Jareth again. ‘I’ve had, like, my first everything else with you— Why not this, too?’

‘Because I don’t want to *kill* you?’ Jareth retorted; though it was clear he was interested by the way he snickered and hooked an arm under Becky to heft her up.

She felt his hand slide along her hip, and angled herself so he could run it over her butt.

He slipped his hand down further, running it all the way down and through her labia until it was soaked in her fluids, before finally trailing up again.

Becky felt herself twitch as Jareth’s finger came to rest in at her anus.

‘You sure?’ he asked, softly.

‘Mhm,’ Becky gave a nod, and leant into Jareth as he began to massage her gently. Not pressing too hard or penetrating; just stimulating the outside as he rubbed his finger over it. ‘*Mmm....*’

‘That okay?’ he asked.

‘*Mhm*,’ Becky moaned. Then she gasped as Jareth removed his hand and flipped her onto the bed. ‘Jareth!’

‘Get comfortable,’ he chuckled at her; pecking a kiss on her nose before turning away and fumbling through his bedside draw. ‘I’m just getting some lube.’

Becky grinned, at that, and rolled onto her stomach. She pulled Jareth’s pillow close, burying her face into it before hiking her rear end up as Jareth returned to her.

He kissed her on the back. Then she heard a snapping *pop* and felt something cold and wet dribble down over her rump; more over the cheeks than anywhere else.

‘Jareth!’ Becky giggled as he began to rub it over her. ‘Eugh, it’s *everywhere*!’

‘I know,’ Jareth replied, humoured, before carefully spreading her cheeks aside and squirting another line of lube over her.

It was so cold!

Becky couldn't help but clench at the cold tickle— Which seemed to amuse Jareth as he gently began to rub it in with a finger.

She took a deep breath, relaxing her body as Jareth continued to softly prepare her for penetration.

'You ready?' Jareth asked, putting down a little bit more pressure.

'*Mhm*,' Becky hummed....

It was like a pinch. Or a sting.

*Sharp.*

Mild, but *sharp*.

'Oh, don't tense up— Don't tense,' Jareth quickly removed his finger and gave Becky a moment to breathe. 'You alright?'

'*Yeah*,' it came out a half-pant, half-laugh. 'Oh, that's.... I don't know what I was expecting.'

'Do you want to stop?'

'No,' Becky told him, shifting back towards him. 'I want to try again.'

'Alright.'

Becky heard Jareth squirt more lube into his hand, and felt the chill of it as he returned his fingers to her skin.

Slowly, he pressed into her, and she felt the pinprick sting return; though now it wasn't as surprising, she didn't tense.

'Is this alright?'

'*Mhm*,' Becky moaned.

'It doesn't hurt?'

Becky knew if she answered that honestly he'd stop— And she wasn't sure if she *wanted* him to stop.... So instead of answering she just mumbled; '*More lube....*'

He complied, and the stinging feeling faded into a strange-but-not-unpleasant pressure.

She wasn't sure if she liked it. But she could tell that she didn't *dislike* it....

Jareth reached around her, hooking his free hand under her hip and rubbing along her stomach and thigh.

The stimulation turned the strange pressure into a tingling spark, and Becky let out a moan, biting into Jareth's pillow to muffle it.

*She liked it*, she decided.

She *really* liked it....

'Mm, baby girl,' Jareth mumbled, planting a kiss on her back. 'I like it when you make noise.... You don't have to try to be quiet.'

Becky dug her teeth deeper, letting out a grunt as her cheeks burned hot. '*They'll hear....*'

'Nobody's home,' he reminded her. 'You can be as loud as you want.'

Becky released Jareth's pillow and let out a long, lustful cry and pushed back against her boyfriend.

Becky's moans encouraged him, and he carefully slipped a second finger into her.... And then, after a while, she felt him press against her again; his erect member hard as it rubbed against her soaked crotch.

It sent shivers up her entire body that almost felt like they were burning as he

pulled her back tight into himself.

It was... a *lot*.

'*Stop*,' Becky put back a hand, leaning forward as she did. '*Mm, it's too much....*'

Jareth let her slip away, and she let her knees give out as soon as he let her go; slipping onto her stomach and giving a long, loud moan as her entire body relaxed.

'You okay, baby?'

'*Mhm*,' Becky closed her eyes as she caught her breath. 'That was... really good....'

'Yeah?'

'Yeah....'

A kiss found its way onto Becky's hip, and then Jareth stretched out and lay beside her.

'You okay?' he asked again, chuckling when Becky nodded. 'You done?'

'*Mmmn*,' she half-responded, eliciting another laugh as Jareth climbed over her legs.

She felt him press into her back and closed her eyes, moaning when he gave a tentative thrust.

Her moan seemed to humour him, and he bent down to kiss the back of her neck as he began to grind against her.

'How's that?' he asked. 'You okay if I do this?'

'*Mmhmm*,' she giggled, much to Jareth's delight.

—END—

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