

Good Girl

By C. Jade Wyton

An erotic scene featuring Becky and her girlfriend, Mattel. It has a companion story, Aftercare, and the intention of these two pieces is to highlight the key differences in both of Becky's most serious relationships and how her two most defining sexual partners treated her.

Contains explicit sexual content.

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Becky let out a sigh as handcuffs —*clicked*— tight around her wrists, binding her to the bed, and Mattel's soft hands trailed down her arms to her cheek.

'Comfortable?' Mattel asked.

'Yeah,' Becky replied, letting the hair be brushed from her face with a contented sigh.

'Good,' said Mattel, running her hand down Becky's shoulder and back. She traced a finger over the thin strap of Becky's underwear. 'You ready?'

'Yeah,' Becky repeated.

'Safeword is "*pizza*,"' Mattel joked as she slipped off the last of Becky's clothes.

Then, Becky tensed as Mattel's hand met her rump with a firm —*slap*— and she let out a moan.

Mattel giggled again, and gave Becky another hard spank before gripping her hips and pulling her to her knees. 'Let's get you up a little, shall we?'

'*Okay*,' Becky said quietly and shuffled onto her elbows.

'No, no,' Mattel corrected Becky by leaning over her and pressing a hand between her shoulders. 'Keep your head down.'

Becky dropped face-first into Mattel's pillow; excitement pricking her skin as she breathed in the woman's lingering scent. It was floral, and tangy, and made Becky's stomach tingle in anticipation.

'Good girl.'

Mattel's words sent a shiver through Becky— Which was interrupted by another firm spank. Then another, and another.

Becky moaned into the pillow as Mattel hooked a hand under her hip to stop her collapsing forward.

'Keep steady,' she said. 'That's my girl.'

Mattel's hand ran lightly along the stinging prickle in Becky's skin; and Becky could only guess that she was tracing the mark she'd left.... Then she stood up, and Becky turned to crane her neck to see what Mattel was doing at her drawers.

'Head down,' Mattel reminded Becky; petting her on her butt when she listened. 'Good girl.'

She clambered back on the bed, kissing Becky on the back as she did, and then took her place behind the girl.

Something that was not soft skin pressed into Becky's crotch, and she realised

with a moan that Mattel had been getting one of her toys.

A strap, it felt like, with the way Mattel leant against her.

'Mm!' Becky bit the pillow and flinched forward as she was penetrated with a sharp sting, and let out a sigh as the toy was immediately removed.

Mattel stood again, and then there was a —*pop*— of a bottle being opened... and when Mattel's hand met Becky's labia it was coated in cold, wet lubricant that made Becky twitch and lean back into Mattel's hand as she gently massaged between her lips.

Then Mattel adjusted herself, pulling Becky into a better position and pressing into her.

*'You're doing really good, Becky.'*

The toy didn't sting this time.

*'Good girl.'*

Becky let out a heavy sigh and leant back against her girlfriend as she thrust into her; her pace picking up quickly until Becky could barely hear Mattel's gentle compliments over the sound of their hips clapping together.

*Perhaps it was too much*, Becky bit the pillow again as Mattel gripped her hips tightly. *But... maybe it wasn't?*

Becky gave a whimper.

It was so good.

But so much.

So, so much....

And then, the tip of the toy hit her cervix and Becky's whimpering turned into a half-cry as she tried to pull away.

Mattel immediately stopped, letting Becky slip out of her hands to recover.

'You alright?' she asked gently, pecking a kiss on Becky's back.

'Mhm,' Becky replied.

'Do you need to stop?'

'Mm....'

'Yes?'

'No....'

'Okay,' Mattel pulled Becky back onto her knees, and slowly pressed back into her. She was gentler, this time, and didn't push as deep. 'You're doing so good, okay.... Is that better?'

'Mhm...'

'Good girl,' Mattel's teeth met Becky's shoulder and Becky felt her entire body tense; Mattel's thrust faltering as Becky clenched. 'Oop.... Do I need to use a smaller toy?'

'Mm....'

'Yes?'

'No....'

Teeth again; this time on her ear.

'Brave girl....'

Mattel continued to work her way into Becky; every thrust sending twinges of hot pleasure through her body.

Becky felt herself tensing as she grew closer to orgasm; and Mattel took that as her cue to push firmer. Deeper. Until her hips were pressed against Becky's

rump and the tip of the toy was nipping painfully deep.

Becky shivered as Mattel held her position; the nip slowly subsiding as she grew used to it.

‘Relax,’ Mattel whispered, brushing the hair from Becky’s face. ‘There we go... good girl. Do you like that?’

Becky nodded. Then moaned as Mattel shifted her weight; she was *close*. Right on the edge. And she wanted to be pushed over *so badly*....

Mattel giggled as Becky pressed back into her.

‘Eager,’ she mumbled into the skin on Becky’s back.

‘Mhm,’ Becky squeaked.

‘You want me to keep going?’

‘Mhm....’

‘Make it clear you want it.’

‘Please,’ Becky whimpered. ‘Oh, god, please.... Don’t stop. Make me cum. Please.’

Mattel slowly, carefully pulled back.... And then slammed deep into Becky again.

Becky gave a loud moan. ‘Please—’

Again, Mattel pulled back slowly, removing all but the tip of the toy from Becky— Before slamming to the hilt again.

Becky gave a loud cry and bit into the pillow.

‘Beg,’ Mattel whispered.

‘Please!’ Becky felt her voice rising. ‘More! More— I’m so close. I’m so—’

Becky cut off with a loud moan as Mattel began to pound into her, hard and fast and deep.

‘Come on, baby,’ Mattel said, hooking Becky tighter by the hips and yanking her as far back as her restraints would allow. ‘Cum for me! That’s my girl— Yes! Good girl! Good girl! Come on, baby! You’re doing so good—’

Becky didn’t mean to shout. She tried to hold it back. But her orgasm shook her so intensely that it escaped her against her will and she felt heat shooting through her.

Mattel didn’t stop; she continued to ride Becky through her orgasm until it was almost unbearable and Becky had to pull away.

‘Enough—’ she exclaimed as Mattel let her slip forward onto the bed. ‘Enough! I can’t— Oh my god—’

Becky could feel herself trembling as she collapsed, her entire body burning with pleasure. And as Mattel unclasped her handcuffs and placed them on the bedside table, all Becky could do to fight the overwhelming heat was curl into herself and whimper.

‘Shh, *shhsh*,’ Mattel comforted, sliding up Becky’s side and falling into place behind her.

Becky felt the toy slip between her thighs as Mattel gently spooned her, and let out a shaky breath as the woman began to pet her hair.

‘You did so well,’ Mattel’s lips met the back of Becky’s neck as their legs entwined. ‘Did you have fun?’

‘Mhm,’ Becky mumbled as her heart finally began to slow.

‘It wasn’t too much?’

‘No,’ Becky replied quietly. She let out a contented sigh as Mattel kissed her again, and closed her eyes.

‘Good girl,’ Mattel mumbled into her skin. ‘*Good girl.*’

—END—

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