

“You’re a cute little slut aren’t you?”

I wasn’t feeling it tonight. It should have turned me on to high heaven when he said nasty things like that. Lying in front of me was an ideal man that I should of, and had previously, pounced on. Earlier when we got into the hotel room I had stripped him of all his clothes and nestled myself against that immense bulk. Now he had his legs spread wide with his short, fat cock oozing underneath the bit of hairy flab just below his sagging paunch. Instead of launching myself onto it head first I sat still beside him, feeling sick at the sight.

I hesitated, cringing as I realized I didn’t know how to say no after saying yes so many times.

He chuckled, probably thinking my flustered reaction was just bundled up lust. “Suck my dick, boy.” He ordered, leaning back with his hands behind his head, expecting a mouth on his hard prick.

I didn’t want to. We’d played with each other for a whole hour and a half now and I wasn’t exhausted. I was...bored. I didn’t like the constant taste his thick precum sliding across my tongue or the stench of his balls sinking into my nostrils. I didn’t want to hear him call me a bad boy or even a good boy. I wasn’t turned on by the fact another man was naked in front of me. Neither of us had cum. This should have been a hot moment but I couldn’t feel anything.

Had sex already lost its impact? Was it going to ever be fun again?

“No thanks.” It took more energy and courage than I thought it took to say that.

He looked surprised, glancing up over the huge mound of a belly towards me. I thought I was going to get reprimanded or, worse, he’d order me to do it anyway. His tone, however, carried a weight of concern I wasn’t expecting. “You okay, babe?” He asked, frowning.

There wasn’t a straight answer for that. How was this whole relationship supposed to work? The meet-ups had been exciting and fulfilling; every dream I had about sex and men was being met. He knew how to throw his weight around, when he should add the extra bit of dominance and when to ease me into a peculiar intimacy that we could share.

Yet, that was all I had to bring home with me. The distance between us kept him a stranger for the most part and I knew he wanted to bridge that gap, but how do you tell your friends and family you are moving in with a forty-six year old man after only a few months? How do you leave your job for someone you met just for sex?

So instead of saying anything, I just shrugged.

He sat up and I heard his tone grow serious. “If you don’t want to do something, you

don't have to be afraid to tell me."

I run my hands through my hair, trying to smother the countless thoughts plaguing this moment. "I don't know."