### Slippery When Wet

by ThreeBulletNecklace (That_LChap)

**Summary**

After a week and a half of enforced no intimacy, Chloe summons a pent up Max to her house, having recently received a very special "package", that neither woman can wait to try out.

This is part of my main series, What If's, though you don't need to have read that, as this works as a standalone.

**Edit 30/04/17:** NOW WITH BONUS, EXTRA SMUTTY CHAPTER (°_<°)

**Notes**

You all know what you're here for: filthy, filthy smut.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Slippery When Wet

Max’s eyes widened as she read the text from Chloe. It consisted of two words and nothing more.

Chloe: It's here

Max dropped the textbook she’d been holding with a thud, and scrambled off her bed. After two frantic minutes of throwing on her hoodie and shoes and grabbing her bag – and almost falling over several times in the process – Max was out of the door, heading for the bus stop in what she hoped didn't look too desperate a manner. Thankfully, she didn't have to wait for long before a bus pulled up. For Max, its arrival may as well have been heralded by a choir of angels. She hopped on, and fired off a text to Chloe the instant she sat down.

Max: On my way! ôワô

She knew the emoji would annoy her partner, but she couldn't help it. She squirmed in her seat, almost rubbing her thighs together in need.

For the last week and a half, Chloe had been denying her sex, or any kind of intimacy at all. Not out of any sense of maliciousness, no. What Chloe was doing was far, far worse. She was teasing Max, relentlessly, ruthlessly, and Max could barely take it anymore. Chloe had even banned her from taking care of herself.

“That would be cheating.” She had said.

Max's phone buzzed. Naturally, it was Chloe.

Chloe: Wow, I didn’t think u were that eager.

She almost glared at her phone, and then rapidly typed out a message back.

Max: Don't play innocent, you know exactly how eager I am ¬_¬

Not even a minute later, she received a reply. It was a picture message. She tapped the icon, and the resulting image made her situation instantly worse. It was of Chloe, the camera angled downward so the bottom half of her face was visible. She was biting her lip in a way that Max knew was entirely for her benefit. But that wasn't what had captured her attention so easily. Chloe had pulled down her tank top, exposing a generous amount of cleavage, made all the better by Chloe wearing a lacy blue bra she knew was Max's favourite. At the very bottom of the image, Chloe's bare legs were visible, spread just far enough for her hand to be seen resting between them. Max bit her own lip, incredibly conscious of the now almost unbearable ache between her legs. It
had been especially bad for the last couple of days, when Chloe had decided to send her a selfie every few hours, featuring varying states of undress and a teasing comment. She forced herself to tear her mind away from the images racing through her mind and compose a reply.

Max: No fair!

Chloe: Just making sure you’re as horny as possible…

Another picture message followed. Apparently Chloe had removed the bra, and judging from her hard nipples, one of which she was rolling between her fingers, she was just as eager as Max. She was also giving Max her best fuck me eyes.

Max almost moaned out loud, and the wet, sticky heat flooding her sex seemed to grow even worse. Please let this bus ride be over soon… she pleaded to nothing in particular. Unfortunately, the universe didn't seem to be feeling kind, as it was another fifteen minutes before it reached her stop. When it stopped, Max shot off the bus like a bullet from a loaded gun. She hurtled down the street, uncaring of the odd looks directed her way. She slowed only once when her phone vibrated in her hand, and she paused to read the message.

Chloe: Door’s unlocked. I'm waiting…

Max growled, and sped up. Three minutes later, she arrived at her lover’s house, panting and almost entirely out of breath. That still didn't stop her from opening and closing the door as quickly as possible, and then hurtling up the stairs.

Inside the bedroom, Chloe smirked, and made sure she was arranged perfectly.

Max burst through the door, panting wildly and an almost feral look on her face. She had fully been intending to ravish Chloe the second she entered the room, but what she saw momentarily stopped her in her tracks.

Chloe was sat at the foot of the bed, her bare legs crossed over one another and her arms out to the side, supporting her weight. Just like in the last picture she’d sent, she was only wearing panties and a tank top, which she'd tied up at the bottom to expose a generous swathe of midriff. As Max's eyes hungrilyroamed across her body, Chloe lowered her eyelids and quirked her lips into a deliciously evil smile, a look she knew Max could never resist. She uncrossed her legs and spread them, letting Max see the obvious damp patch adorning her underwear.

“Well, here I am.” She said, dropping her voice into a sultry purr.

Max’s response was nothing short of explosive. She practically flew across the room, crossing the space between the door and the bed in under two seconds. She tackled Chloe backwards onto the bed, almost too forcefully.
Chloe landed hard, the impact driving the wind from her lungs. She didn't even have time to draw
breath before Max's lips smashed into her own, kissing her ferociously, desperately. Chloe kissed
back just as hard, her hands roaming over Max's waist and ass. She gave it a quick but decisive
smack, which only seemed to spur her on further.
Max growled, and forced Chloe further down onto the bed, using her weight to pin her lover down.
Even as she continued her assault on Chloe's lips, peppering them with kisses and small bites, her
left hand went straight for Chloe's panties, diving under the hem. Max was right, Chloe was easily
as excited as she was. Her lover was soaking wet, and Max used this to her advantage, running a
finger through the slick folds until she easily found her prize: an overly sensitive bundle of nerves,
already engorged and poking out from under its hood.
The instant Max's finger made contact with her clit, Chloe's hips bucked, almost involuntarily. She
broke the kiss and gasped, both in pleasure and a need for air.
Max grinned and continued her ministrations, rubbing Chloe's clit in small, deft circles. Though, as
much as she enjoyed making Chloe into her own personal toy, her own need was becoming too
great to ignore. She flipped a leg over Chloe's thigh, trapping it between her own. She began to
grind her hips against the bare skin of her girlfriend's thigh, desperate for any kind of contact. But
even though the motion of her hips brought friction, it wasn't anywhere near enough.

"Chloe. Please..." She breathed, nuzzling into her lover's neck.

Chloe was only too happy to oblige. Max had waited a long time, after all. She maneuvered a leg
around Max's waist, braced her core muscles, and rotated, flipping them over so Max was
bottoming.

Max's eyes were half lidded, and she seemed almost delirious in her desire, but she was still in

“Yes ma'am.” Chloe whispered. With a swift, practiced motion, she slid down Max's body and
unbuttoned her pants, sliding them and Max's soaked panties off in a single pull. Once they were
off, she spread Max's legs, and was rewarded with the sight of glistening pink folds. She wasted no
time in teasing Max any further, she spread Max's lips and dove in, letting her tongue circle around
the entrance a few times before burying it as deep as she could.
The sensation almost made Max come there and then. She arched her back, a high pitched cry
tearing itself out of her throat. Her hands buried themselves in Chloe's hair, gripping almost
painfully as she moved her hips against her mouth, seeking yet more pleasure.

Chloe switched tactics: she withdrew her tongue, drawing a small expression of protest from Max,
until she slid two fingers into her, curling them up in a “come hither” motion until she hit Max's g-
spot. Simultaneously, her tongue sought out Max's clit, lavishing the little pink nub with short, fast
licks.
Max was in heaven; her moans were coming hard and fast as Chloe's fingers and tongue guided her
towards a release she so, so badly needed. Her moans turned into pleading, urging Chloe to keep
going.
“Chlo… keep- keep doing that. I'm so- so close… Oh fuck.”

She was teetering on the edge, a few more seconds and she would achieve sweet, sweet release. She felt her inner walls begin to tighten, and she threw her head back in anticipation.

Abruptly, the pleasurable sensations in her womanhood ceased as Chloe withdrew.

Max couldn't help it, she whined pathetically in protest, her hips twitching at the sudden loss of contact.

Chloe crawled back up her body, and clamped a hand over her mouth, stifling her continued mewling. “You don't get to come yet.” She breathed into Max's ear, giving her earlobe a bite for good measure.

Max gave her a confused, questioning look, and Chloe couldn't help but giggle. “Remember what you came here for (no pun intended)?” She prompted.

Max's eyes widened in realisation.

“There we go.” Chloe purred. She reached up and underneath a pillow, and retrieved a shiny purple dildo. Only, it wasn't quite a regular one. One end was the classic phallic shape, with little ridges going down the length of the shaft. At the bottom of the shaft, it curved back up in the opposite direction, from a thin base into a sort of egg shape. “I got a little excited and unboxed it before you got here.” She admitted, a little sheepishly.

Chloe waved it in front of Max's face, an eager smile on her own. Max, however looked confused, and tilted her head like a curious puppy.

“I thought you got us a strap-on?” She said, eyeing the purple cock in a quizzical manner.

Chloe couldn't help but feel confused herself. “I did?”

“But where's the strap?”

Something clicked in Chloe's brain. “Oh sweetie, with this kind, we don't need one. Because of this fun little sucka.” She tapped the egg shaped end.

Max looked like she was on the verge of getting it, but wasn't quite sure if she was right.
“The non-dick bit goes inside me. Or you. Whatever.” Chloe prompted.

Max's face was the very picture of discovery. “Ohhh.” She said.

Chloe kissed her, slowly, letting Max taster herself on her tongue. “You're so hella adorable when you do that.” She whispered.

She knelt up, and stripped off her tank top and panties, leaving her completely nude. She began stroking herself, relishing how Max's eyes zeroed in on the fingers now massaging her outer lips. She was still wet from Max's earlier attention, so it was with relative ease that she slipped a finger inside herself, and after a few seconds of testing, added another. She slowly pumped her fingers in and out of her sex, her gaze fixed upon Max. She grasped the strap-on with her free hand, and positioned the egg shaped end against her entrance.

Max watched, entranced, as Chloe gently pushed the appendage inside herself, her mouth forming a perfect little “o” as it sank fully in. When she let go, the purple cock jutted out a solid eight inches in front of her. Max swallowed, suddenly a little apprehensive.

“Don't worry, you'll be fine.” Chloe said. “I know you've never had anything this, well, big inside you (aside from that time we used the courgette). But I promise, you'll like it.”

Max nodded.

“C’mere.” Chloe beckoned.

Max knelt up, and fell into Chloe's waiting embrace. They kissed, slowly, lovingly, but still with a deep seated need. Max felt Chloe's hands at the hem of her shirt, and suddenly it was being lifted over her head. Max hurriedly unfastened her bra, and threw it away.

The two came back together, hot flesh pressed against hot flesh. Chloe ran a hand down Max's breast, rolling a nipple in her hand until it was rock solid. Max sighed in pleasure, and Chloe took that as a sign, and pushed Max down onto the bed. She nudged her legs open, and positioned herself between them.
Max held her arms out, seeking out Chloe's embrace. “Make love to me.” She whispered, when Chloe was laid on top of her.

Chloe swallowed. “I'm gonna make love to you.”

She took hold of the cock, and lined it up with Max's entrance. She ran it through the still-wet folds a few times, so Max could get a feel of it. Then, carefully, tentatively, and conscious of Max's every breath, she pushed the first couple of inches into her lover’s sex.
Max's eyes widened and her mouth dropped open. “Oh fuck!” She gasped.

Chloe stopped, her eyes full of concern. “You ok?” She brought a hand up to Max's face, and caressed her cheek.


Chloe obeyed, and inch by inch, pushed the thick fake cock deeper and deeper into Max, until it filled her so completely, so utterly that Max couldn't help but moan at the tight, pleasant stretch it was causing.

After a minute or two of stillness, and getting used to the sensation, Chloe felt Max relax around her.

“Alright.” She said. “I want you to move.”

In response, Chloe kissed her, hard and deep. Max kissed back eagerly, and let out a pleasurable squeal when Chloe tried an experimental, short thrust. She did it again, and was rewarded with a low, throaty moan this time. Emboldened by Max’s response so far, Chloe took up a slow, deliberate rhythm, sinking the shaft agonisingly slow in and out of wet heat.

Max was soon moaning outright and gripping Chloe's ass, urging her on further. She clamped her legs around Chloe's waist, wanting – no, needing more. “Chloe… please… harder.” She begged in between kisses.

Chloe looked down at her girlfriend's beautiful, sweat slicked face, and decided to do just that. She pulled out so the head of the cock was just barely grazing Max's swollen entrance, left her hanging for a few seconds, and slammed back into her, their hips meeting with a loud smacking sound.

Max shrieked. She couldn't help it.

Chloe grinned in a deliciously evil fashion, and before Max could recover, did it again. She kept up the rhythm, pounding into Max roughly. Max herself had dissolved into an incoherent, gasping mess, unable to do anything but grip the bed sheets as Chloe fucked her.

Chloe found herself fascinated by the motion of Max's breasts as she continued to thrust into her. Max may have not been exactly well endowed, but she was definitely jiggling in all the right places, in Chloe's opinion.

She looked up from Max's breasts, and saw her head was thrown back, an ecstatic smile on her face. Chloe smiled herself, and decided to activate her secret weapon. Literally. In the midst of thrusting, she reached down between them, looking for the little dial on the bottom
of the strap-on. After a few seconds, she found it.

Somehow, Max had retained enough awareness to notice Chloe's hand sneaking between their bodies. “Chloe, what're you- holy fucking shit-fuck. Fuck fuck fuck that's good.”

Chloe had turned the dial way up, causing both ends to begin vibrating, hard. She added her own voice to the wild cries coming from Max, whose hips were bucking wildly, trying to match Chloe’s pace. Rivulets of sweat were running down both their bodies, adding a salty tang to whenever they kissed.

Chloe was getting close; a wonderful pressure was building in her core, and her inner walls were clenching in a way that told her she was going to come, and come hard, very soon. She just hoped Max was close as well.

She needn't have worried. Max was on the edge of release again, and this time there was nothing to stop her crashing over the edge. She met Chloe's gaze, and the look in her eyes of pure, animal lust was enough to push her over. She screamed out her orgasm, her inner walls trying desperately to slam shut on the vibrating cock, even as a flood her of release soaked both the strap-on and the sheets beneath them.

Chloe followed a few seconds later, her voice high and strained as she achieved her own orgasm, her fluids dripping down and mingling with Max's. She stilled, panting, her abdominal muscles already aching from the pace she'd been maintaining. Unfortunately for her, Max was still far from done.

“Don't stop.” She whined, undulating her hips to try and make the still-vibrating shaft hit her most sensitive place. “Please. I need you. I need you to fuck me, Chlo.”

“You got it.” Chloe said, summoning reserves of energy she didn't know she had. She coyly looked at Max. “You want it deeper?”

Max looked like she'd been offered all her Christmases at once. “Hella yes.” She replied, nodding vigorously.

“I was hoping you'd say that.” Chloe said. She pulled out, and stilled the wet purple shaft, not without a measure of complaint from Max. “Turn over”. The punk commanded. “Get on your knees.”

Max obeyed, almost quivering in anticipation of what she knew was going to happen. She felt Chloe lining up behind her, and a second later that glorious feeling of being utterly filled was all she cared about.

To her surprise, though, Chloe didn't begin thrusting.
“What do you want?” Chloe said.

Max looked back and met Chloe's gaze. “I want you to fuck me.”

Chloe leaned down, and ran her tongue along the edge of Max’s ear. “How bad do you want me to fuck you?” She breathed. She straightened back up, and gave a single, sharp thrust.

“Uhnn, shit. I need you to fuck me more than anything. I want you to ravish my cunt. Make me come. Make me yours. Please, Chloe.”

Chloe was impressed at just how horny Max must have been to engage in dirty talk like that, when she was normally quite shy about it. “What the lady wants, the lady gets.”

She snapped her hips into Max's, making the younger girl cry out yet again. She pulled out slightly, and turned the vibration mode on. From the way Max arched her back and how her hand shot backwards to grip Chloe's hip, she definitely appreciated it.

Chloe eased the vibrating cock in and out of Max's wet sex, drawing a wonderful series of low moans from her girlfriend. Soon enough, her own need kicked in, and she resumed their previous rhythm, rutting frantically into Max, their hips meeting over and over again with a wet thwap sound. The shockwaves of Chloe’s energetic pace were travelling up Max's ass in a mesmerizing fashion, and Chloe wished she could burn the sight into her brain for all eternity.

She didn't have long to think that, though. She felt her limit approaching, far sooner than she had anticipated. She tried to keep going, for Max's sake, but a few seconds later a second orgasm hit her like a freight train, and she had to pull out and collapse onto the bed, exhausted.

“S-sorry.” She panted. “Kinda came.” She removed the other end from within her and turned off the vibration. Her legs felt like jello, she definitely wasn't going anywhere anytime soon.

Max, however, was still desperate for another release, though she did notice all Chloe seemed to be able to do was lie down. Fortunately, she knew there'd be something her partner would be willing to do. She swung a leg over Chloe, and shuffled up her body until her hips were positioned over Chloe's face.

“Aren't we eager?” Chloe teased, though she couldn't help but suppress a shuddering of delight at the thought of lavishing Max's moist folds with her tongue.

Max could only mewl like a kitten in response.

“Fuck it, c’mere.” Chloe said. She braced her arms around the outside of Max's thighs as leverage, and gripped her ass with both hands. Her tongue went to work, and suddenly her entire world was the heady smell of Max’s natural musk, and the salty-sweet taste of her most intimate parts.
It wasn't long at all before Max was grinding her hips against Chloe's mouth and tongue, desperately chasing an orgasm that remained frustratingly just out of reach. She massaged her breasts, pinching her diamond-hard nipples to try and add to her pleasure. She felt Chloe shift the angle of her tongue slightly, and suddenly her release wasn't just in reach, it was going to hit any second. “Fuck, Chlo. Don't sto- I'm gonna… I'm gonna…”

She looked down, and found Chloe looking up at her. The instant their eyes met, Chloe winked, wrapped her lips around Max's clit, and sucked, hard. A blinding wave of pleasure hit her like a haymaker, and she screamed out Chloe's name even as she came directly onto her face.

Chloe didn't seem to mind. In fact, she eagerly lapped up as much liquid as she could, like a bee starved of nectar.

Max shuddered, riding out the last waves of her orgasm, and collapsed sideways onto the bed. “Wowser…” She managed to force out between giant, shaky breaths.

Having sufficiently recovered enough for lateral movement, Chloe snuggled up to her, wrapping the still trembling woman up in her arms. “Max like?”

It was a few seconds before Max could reply. “Max definitely like.”

The two women kissed, happy to spend the time in silence, simply holding each other, fingers lazily wandering up and down curves.

A thought meandered its way into Max's mind. “Hey.” She said. “What did it look like, when you were making love to me. You know, with our purple friend there. Did it look hot?”

Chloe purred. “So hot. Especially the way your face looked, and how your tits were bouncing.” She ran a hand over the strap-on. “This was definitely a good idea”.

“Mmm.” Max agreed. A flirtatious edge crept into her voice. “I think I'm gonna have to find out how hot it looks, fucking someone like that.”

Before Chloe could process it, Max had pinned her to the mattress, her legs on Max's shoulders. Max wasted no time, she grabbed the egg shaped end, and slipped it inside herself. The stretch she felt wasn't quite as much as the more phallic end, but it was still pleasurable. She took the other end in her hand and, after a little bit of difficulty, pushed into Chloe's entrance, which was luckily still wet enough for there to be barely any resistance.

After a few awkward thrusts, she found a rhythm she was comfortable with. Chloe seemed to find it to her liking too, she was rubbing her clit with one hand and pinching a nipple with the other.
Max looked down at the beautiful woman underneath her. “Hey, you were right.” She said, after a particularly deep thrust made Chloe moan loudly.

Chloe opened her eyes. “Right… about…. What?” She asked, as Max increased the pace.

“It's totally fucking hot.”
Chapter Summary

Do I really need to spell it out? Lesbian sex. A shit ton of it.

Chapter Notes

If you thought the first chapter was smutty, you ain't seen nothing yet. You better bring a towel. Just sayin'.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She awoke slowly, pleasantly, her conscious mind gradually floating back to a state of awareness from the deep places and patterns of REM sleep. The last few seconds of her dreams flickered and faded into oblivion, doomed to be forgotten once wakefulness took their place, save for random, half-remembered flashes here and there: a face. A pair of lips. Heat.

Max Caulfield uttered a pleased, satisfied sigh, her now-conscious mind swiftly taking note of what Max's physical self was feeling, which included a heavy, almost blissful warmth blossoming throughout her entire upper body. Wait, it wasn't in her body, she realised. The warmth was on her.

She opened sleep encrusted eyes, and blinked a few times before the object in front of her swam into focus. Chloe was laid almost entirely on top of her, with her head nestled comfortably between Max's breasts. Her left arm was flung over the rest of Max's torso, her hand resting on the pillow next to Max's head. Chloe's left leg was also draped over Max; it easily bridged the breadth of her body, running from the left side of Max's waist to her right hip. Max's own legs were tangled with Chloe's right, which was extended down the length of the bed. Max could feel a particular kind of heat, and a slight bristling sensation from where Chloe's pubic mound was in contact with her leg.

Both women were, of course, entirely naked. Neither had possessed the energy to reclaim any clothing after the previous night, which had run on into a marathon two hours of lovemaking: a record for both of them. Max was amazed their stamina had lasted as long as it did; fucking each other multiple times with a strap-on was exceedingly demanding.

Max bit her lip as memories of their activities flooded her mind, as if a shoddily constructed dam had surrendered to the inevitable, and let the waters surge forth in an unstoppable torrent. She remembered Chloe's face, contorted in ecstasy, as she came explosively under the dual assault of her fingers rubbing her clit, and Max rutting into her with wild abandon with the strap-on.

Her mind skipped to another image: looking down her own body, her legs spread wide and Chloe's face between them, three fingers buried deeply in Max's sex and her lips wrapped around her clit.

Max almost shuddered, and felt an unambiguous spark of desire flare into life between her legs. Her hand, almost involuntarily, travelled down her body towards her sex, where she was surprised
to find she was already wet. She ran an experimental finger through the slick folds, and was pleased to find no soreness from the previous night remained.

She closed her eyes. *Maybe I can get some “me” time in before Chloe wakes up…* the eternally horny part of her brain said. *That sounds good.* Her more rational side responded. *I should be quiet though,* she thought, *Chloe’s probably still tired.*

As quietly as possible, Max let her finger resume its motion through her outer lips. She parted them, enjoying her own wetness and how it clung to her fingertip. With her first and third finger, she pulled back the hood of her clip, leaving her middle finger free to stimulate herself. She almost gave an involuntary jerk of her hips as she began rubbing the always sensitive bundle of nerves.

It wasn’t long before she was breathing slightly heavier, and lightly shifting her hips up and down as she pleasured herself. A tiny moan made its way out of her mouth, and she stopped momentarily to see if Chloe had noticed. Thankfully, it appeared she hadn’t, so Max eagerly resumed her activities, a wonderful pressure building quickly within her core.

Knowing she was only seconds away from release, Max sped up, rubbing her clit as fast as she dared. Just as she was approaching the point of no return, she felt soft lips press themselves against her neck, and a pair of fingers begin circling her entrance.

“Damn, and here I was hoping to wake you up with my tongue…” Chloe murmured. “But I see you got started without me.”

Max could do nothing but let out a high pitched whine: she was so close. She heard Chloe giggle, and as her warm breath tickled Max’s neck, she felt two of Chloe’s fingers push themselves into her tight, wet passage, and immediately begin massaging her inner walls. The combination of her own finger on her clit and Chloe’s inside her proved to be too much; she cried out as her orgasm overtook her. Her mind went blank, even as her body was wracked by vibrations and her release soaked Chloe’s hand.

When the ability to think had returned, Max opened her eyes to see Chloe grinning at her. She pulled her fingers out of Max, who whined slightly at the loss of contact, and provocatively licked them clean. “*Mm,* you taste good.” She said with a wink.

Max stuck out her tongue, and instantly regretted it, when Chloe grabbed it between nimble fingers that still tasted of Max, latching on firmly.

“*Ch’oe ‘eh go!*” She managed to half-say.

“*No.*”

Max glared.

“You want me to let go?” Chloe teased her.

Max nodded, still glaring.

And then, with a devious smirk and wicked curve of her lips, Chloe said the magic words.

“Make me.”

Max growled, and launched herself at her girlfriend. They collided messily, with Chloe being bowled over backwards. She landed, hard, on the edge of the mattress, her head hanging over the
edge. An instant later, Max came to rest on top of her, straddling her waist.

Max wasted no time. With Chloe appearing to be dazed for the moment, Max quickly leaned over the side of the bed, fingers scrabbling for an object she knew should be within arm’s- there! Her hand enclosed around a pair of padded leather wrist ties. With her other hand, she grabbed Chloe’s wrists, bringing both of them down her body. She raised herself off of Chloe’s waist for a second, just long enough to flip her over so she was lying face down on the bed.

The next thing Chloe felt were her arms being held behind her back and the leather cuffs being hastily fastened around her wrists. A grin she knew Max couldn’t see broke out on her face. Max had gone into domme mode, and if previous occasions were any indication, Chloe was in for a treat.

“What’re you gonna do to me?” Chloe purred, her voice low and lined with need.

“Shut up.” Max commanded. “You don’t get to talk anymore.” She emphasized the point with a light smack to Chloe’s ass. She leaned down, breaking character for a moment to whisper into Chloe’s ear. “I know we’re playing a game, but if you’re uncomfortable with anything, just say, and I’ll stop, ‘k?”

Chloe nodded.

“You remember our safe word?” Max prompted.

“Butterfly.”

“Attagirl.” Max nibbled her earlobe.

“Now.” Max said, a commanding edge making its way back into her voice. “I’m gonna tease you, and if you make any kind of noise, there’s gonna be… consequences. Understand?”

All too eager to begin, Chloe nodded energetically.

“Good girl.”

Max began by letting her hands drift up and down Chloe’s exposed back, feather-soft touches lightly stimulating already sensitive skin. As she reached the nape of Chloe’s neck, Max dug a single nail in, and swiftly ran it down the length of Chloe’s back.

Chloe shuddered, already fighting back the urge to moan. She felt Max’s fingers ghost over the curve of her ass, pause on the apex, and then spank her lightly. Chloe shifted her hips a little, but still made no sound. She felt Max lean over her, her petite breasts pressing into Chloe’s back.

“Looks like I might have to step my game up a little.” Max whispered into Chloe’s ear, her warm breath creating a pleasant tingle on her earlobe. The hand that had been resting on her ass began to journey lower, heading towards a place that was growing hotter and wetter by the second.

Chloe parted her thighs in anticipation, and was rewarded with Max cupping her sex. A nimble finger slid agonisingly slowly through drenched outer lips, and Chloe had to fight hard against the overwhelming urge to moan.

“Oh my.” Max said, her voice dripping with pride. “Is it me you’re this wet for?”

Chloe nodded, breathing hard through her nose.
When Max next spoke, Chloe could practically hear the arrogant smirk that was no doubt plastered all over Max’s freckled face.

“You’re damn right. It’s only me who can make you this wet.” She flicked a finger across Chloe’s engorged clit. “Am I right?”

Still fighting the urge to moan, Chloe nodded vigorously.

“Good.” Max whispered into Chloe’s ear. She nibbled the lobe, and at the same time began to tease Chloe’s sodden entrance, circling it with a torturously slow index finger.

Chloe’s eyes rolled back into her head. It was almost too much to bear. She began grinding her hips, trying to find some more purchase on the fingers ruthlessly teasing her.

“Don’t be impatient, my love.” Max said, with the air of a disappointed teacher. “You’ll get your reward, all in due time.” On the last word, she plunged her first two fingers deep into Chloe’s sex, destroying any crumbling resistance Chloe might have had.

Chloe couldn’t help it: she moaned long and loud, her hips bucking involuntarily into Max’s hand.

“Oh no!” Max crowed victoriously. “Looks like someone broke the rules, and now you have to be punished.”

“Max please…” Chloe whined.

“No, I told you not to make a sound. What kind of person would I be if I didn’t stick to my own rules?” Max said. She bent down, breaking character again. “Remember, tell me if it’s too much.”

Chloe nodded, too pent up to speak.

Max grinned, and caressed the enticing curve of Chloe’s ass, before cupping a cheek and squeezing. She drew her hand back, then brought it down onto the pert flesh with a soft yet definite slapping sound. Chloe breathed out sharply, but otherwise made no sound. Max tried again, harder this time. She was rewarded with a low moan, and an adorable little wiggle of the hips.

“Chloe like?” She ventured.

Chloe nodded.

“Chloe want more?”

Instead of answering, Chloe mewed and arched her back, thrusting her ass into the air.

Max spanked her again, but without increasing the force used.

“Harder!” Chloe managed to choke out.

“What was that?”

If it were any other situation, Chloe would have said Max was having far too much fun, but right at that moment, she really didn’t care.

“Harder!” She forced herself to say, practically sobbing with want.

“Beg me.” Came the reply.
Chloe could have hit her. Or cried. Whichever would get her to relieve her sexual frustration.

“Max, please!” She begged.

“Please what?”

Chloe let out a choked moan. “Please spank me. Spank me hard. Don’t stop until my ass is red and you make me cry. Please!” She tilted her ass up even further, presenting herself to a grinning Max.

“Good girl.” Max crooned.

The next smack was hard enough to make Chloe shriek. Her toes curled up, and an electrical shock of pleasure travelled directly to her clit.

“Fuck!” She gasped. “More!”

Max obliged her. Slap after slap rained down on the increasingly sensitive skin of her ass, reddening it by the second. It wasn’t long before pain and pleasure blurred together into an overwhelming assault on her senses, reducing her to a gasping, shuddering mess, and causing rivulets of sticky arousal to run down her inner thighs. Then, when a particularly hard smack sent shockwaves across her ass, and just as she thought she couldn’t take any more, Max stopped.

Chloe barely had time to notice the blows upon her backside had ceased, when she felt Max spreading her legs. A talented tongue and pair of lips found her clit, and Chloe’s world imploded. She cried out, barely holding herself together only a few seconds after Max had begun to pleasure her. She felt her release approach almost blindingly quickly, her inner walls starting to flutter and contract in anticipation. Max seemed to sense her closeness, as she began to lavish Chloe’s clit with short, fast licks.

“Fuck… Max, I’m close. I’m so fucking close…” Chloe managed to say in between moans.

In response, Max sped up even further, and added a finger.

The moment Chloe felt Max hit the perfect spot, in the middle of a ridged, puffy area on her front wall, she snapped. She cried out, her voice high and sweet, and came explosively. Her release drenched Max’s face, coating it in sweet tasting liquid.

Max didn’t mind. In fact, she lapped it up, eager to make Chloe come as much as possible. Her mouth and fingers worked deftly, extending Chloe’s orgasm even further.

Chloe cried out again, her face contorted in ecstasy. Every muscle in her core clenched, then released. She fell forwards onto the bed, unable to support herself any more.

“Holy. Fuck.” She gasped. “Max, that was so fucking good.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it.” Max breathed into Chloe’s ear, with a bite to her neck for good measure. “But I’m nowhere near done with you yet.”

Max drew back, and Chloe could feel and hear her scrambling around the bed, obviously looking for something. It didn’t take long, as it was but a few moments before Chloe heard a quiet “Aha!” followed by a soft grunt, tinged with a sigh. She wanted to see what was going on, but found her orgasm had sapped even more energy than she thought it had, and her cuffed wrists made it impossible to turn over anyway.

Fortunately for her, Max’s intentions became abundantly clear exceedingly quickly. The mattress
dipped on either side of her hips as Max settled over her, one leg on each side of her butt. A hand rested on the red flesh of her still-sensitive ass, while the other ran its fingers through folds that were still dripping with arousal. Chloe sighed appreciatively, and rolled her hips into Max’s hand. Max shifted forwards, and Chloe felt a hard, curved object probing the slick entrance to her sex.

“Oh.” She breathed, as she pieced together what Max wanted to do.

“You ok with this?” Max asked, somewhat tentatively. “I don’t wanna make you sore or anything…” Though as she spoke, she was moving her hips, grinding the fake cock against Chloe’s increasingly wet cunt.

In response, Chloe moved herself back against the shaft, causing it to briefly catch on her clit and make her moan hungrily. “Hng… Cut the crap and fuck me.” Chloe demanded. “All I want right now is you inside me…”

Max leaned over her, resting her slight weight on Chloe’s back.

“I love you.” She said, and guided the broad head of the cock into Chloe’s tight, wet passage.

“Fuck!” Chloe moaned.

Max giggled. “I thought we were doing exactly that.” She teased her lover, running her nails up and down her back.

“You know what – shit that’s good – I mean.” Chloe whined. “Please, I need you to go harder. I need it so fucking bad.” She curved her ass up, driving herself back into Max’s hips, seeking as deep a penetration as possible.

Max briefly considered teasing her further, but decided against it, reasoning that Chloe had probably had enough teasing for an entire week. She leaned forward and placed her hands on either side of Chloe’s shoulders, resting her weight almost entirely on her arms. This gave her the perfect amount of leverage over her squirming partner. She lifted her hips, as deliciously slowly as she dared, savouring the little, involuntary moans spilling out of Chloe’s mouth as the thick shaft inched out of the molten river that was her core. Then, when the head was barely left inside, she stilled all movement.

Chloe tensed up in preparation. They both knew what was about to happen. Wasting no further time, Max braced her arms and slammed her hips forward, driving the dildo into Chloe with all the force she could muster. Her hips met Chloe’s ass with a loud, wet smack, and Max could have sworn the bed moved forward by an inch or so.

Chloe went almost rigid under her. Her eyes budged and her mouth fell open, but no noise escaped. She couldn’t make a sound. She felt like her nerves were being bathed in golden, liquid fire, beginning and ending at her sex. And then Max thrust into her again, just as hard, and she found her voice.

“FUCK!” Chloe screamed. “Like that!” She immediately added. “Keep fucking me like tha- oh god oh god oh god it feels so good.”

Behind her, Max grinned, and settled into a rhythm. She pumped her hips into Chloe, as fast and hard as she was able without immediately tiring herself. The sound of flesh meeting flesh pervaded throughout the increasingly hot and steamy bedroom as the two women fucked. There was no other word for it. It was a primal, carnal display. A raw act that left no room for tenderness and demanded nothing but pure, undiluted, animalistic passion.
Somehow, in the middle of it, Max managed to turn the vibration on. They cried out in unison as the tingling, electric sensation raced through the both of them, and brought Chloe ever closer to another orgasm.

“Max!” Chloe managed to say in between gasps. “I’m so close- I – I need you to make me come.”

“Working. On. It.” Max said through gritted teeth. Her arms were dangerously close to giving out from supporting her own weight for so long, and as much as she wanted to fulfill Chloe’s desires, she was going to have to move.

“Hang on.” She said, and unfastened Chloe’s wrists. “My arms feel like they’re gonna drop off.” She took hold of Chloe’s ass. “Move back.”

Chloe did so, and Max levered them up into a kneeling position. Chloe was now on all fours, with Max kneeling directly behind her. Chloe immediately pushed back with her hips, demanding they resume their pace. She felt Max’s hands take a firm grip on her abdomen, and a second later the broad cock was pumping in and out of her again.

“Yes!” Chloe cried out as Max took her. She arched the curve of her back downwards, pushing her ass out so Max could penetrate as deep as possible. Once more, a wet thwap sound filled the room every time their sweat-slicked skin met.

“Oh shit. Max, I’m gonna come!” Chloe whimpered. She rose up, pressing her back to Max’s chest, and reached backwards, winding her fingers into Max’s hair.

In response, Max nibbled her earlobe, and gently enclosed her neck in one hand, even as the other went straight for Chloe’s clit, where she began rubbing it feverishly.

It was all too much for Chloe. Her eyes snapped shut and she gritted her teeth before crying out as an orgasm of overwhelming force hit her like a nuclear detonation. There was an audible squirting sound as her release drenched both of Max’s thighs and the sheets beneath them. She cried out again, weaker this time, and fell forward, back onto all fours.

Max kept up the pace, rutting into Chloe as fast as her rapidly depleting stamina would allow, chasing her own orgasm that remained tantalisingly just out of reach. She sped up, desperately trying to come, but it wasn’t quite enough. With a frustrated groan, she slipped out of Chloe and fell backwards onto the bed, legs splayed and the purple cock jutting up into the air. She turned the vibration off, and glared at the dick and its seemingly optimistic upwards direction.

“Did- did you come?” Chloe panted. She crawled up the bed, having recovered just enough to move.

Max shook her head. “No. Couldn’t get there. Too tired.”

“Wanna let me help out?” Chloe said with a wink.

Max nodded, far too conscious of the aching need in her core, and the desire to quench it. She let out a small whimper as Chloe slid the narrow end of the toy out from inside her.

“Trust me, OK?” Chloe said.

Max nodded again, it was easier than speaking.

Chloe winked at her, and scooted around on the bed until she was kneeling in front of Max. There, she slipped the smaller end of the toy into herself, grunting a little at the penetration, even though
she was still more than wet.

“Scooch up a little.” She ordered Max.

Max obeyed, moving up the bed until her head was resting comfortably on the pillows. “Like that?”

“Perfect.” She gestured to Max’s legs. “Spread ‘em.”

Max did so, exposing glistening pink folds to Chloe’s eager eyes. She ran a hand seductively down her body to heighten the effect, and was pleased to see Chloe biting her lip in response.

“God you’re so fucking hot.” Chloe practically moaned.

Max shrugged in a nonchalant “who me?” fashion. “I try.” She said with provocative roll of her hips.

“So humble.” Chloe teased. She positioned herself between Max’s legs, lining the slick head of the cock up with Max’s entrance. She slid it through luxuriously wet folds, catching it on the engorged bud of her clit, causing Max to gasp and involuntarily buck her hips.

“Chloe!” She protested.

“Sorry, just teasing.” Chloe said. “But it is hella cute when you do that.”

Max pouted. “Are you gonna fuck me or not?”

“Say please.” Chloe grinned, pushing the tip of the cock a frustratingly small amount into Max’s sex.

“Please.” Max said, rolling her eyes.

Chloe wasted no more time. She gripped the shaft, and with one smooth motion, pushed it entirely into her lover.

Max groaned, low and deep in her throat. Her head fell back onto the pillow, and her hands gripped the sheets. She was rapidly beginning to love the tight, burning stretch of being filled so completely she was sure she couldn’t take a single centimetre more. She spread her legs a little further apart, taking Chloe in right up to the hilt.

“All better now?” Chloe said teasingly. She made an experimental thrust.

Max mewled like a kitten. “Almost. You haven’t made me come yet.”

A grin, quick as a fox, flashed across Chloe’s face. “What’s the magic word?”

Max glared at her, promising a fate worse than death if her orgasm was delayed any further.

“Dude, I’m just kidding.” Chloe laughed. “You should see your face!”

Max pouted. “If you weren’t inside me right now I’d kick your butt.”

“Uh-huh. Sure you would.” Chloe said with a wink. She gave another thrust, harder this time. “Now, about making you come…”

She knelt up, lifting Max’s butt off the bed. Then, she took hold of Max’s legs, and slung them
over her shoulders. She shifted her hips, trying to find the perfect angle. When she thought she had it, Chloe leaned forward, pushing Max’s legs further and further up, and deepening the penetration as much as possible.

Max was a squirming mess underneath her. The cock was bottoming out inside her, filling her so much she would have said it was impossible before. Her inner walls rippled, clamping down tightly on the thick shaft.

“Chloe!” She gasped.

Chloe didn’t need to hear anything else. She moved her hips back, then snapped them forward, driving the shaft mercilessly in and out of the gasping woman beneath her.

She fucked her ruthlessly, with a wild abandon that would make even the most depraved of hedonists blush and look away. Flesh met flesh with an abundance of wet smacks, and beads of hot, salty sweat covered both of their wildly writhing bodies.

Chloe looked down at Max, drinking in every detail, trying to burn the sight into her brain forever. She took in the red flush running from her cheeks to her collarbone. She bit her lip at the petite yet perky breasts with their erect, light pink nipples jiggling with every thrust. She saw a line of sweat running from the valley of Max’s breasts to just above her navel, and yearned to run her tongue down its path. Above all else, she gazed at Max’s face, her eyes squeezed tightly shut, her mouth open in pleasure and sweat-slicked hair stuck to her forehead. Chloe thought it was the most beautiful thing she’d ever seen, and she felt an immense sense of pride that it was her making Max feel so good.

While Chloe admired her, all Max could do was hold on for dear life. At this rate, she was going to come, and come soon, whether she wanted to or not.

Her eyes flew open, locking onto Chloe’s half lidded, lust-filled gaze. “Chloe!” She moaned desperately, her unspoken need all too clear.

Chloe kissed her, tasting sweat and her own juices still lingering on Max’s tongue. “Come for me, Max.” She whispered. “I want you to come. I want you to come while I’m inside you, while I’m fucking you harder than you’ve ever been fucked before.” She drew back, wanting to see Max’s face. “Please come for me.”

No sooner had the words left Chloe’s lips, when a white hot flash travelled the length of Max’s body. She threw her head back and screamed out her orgasm, every single muscle clenching wildly and her thighs trembling uncontrollably. A gush of fluid burst out of her, coating the shaft, most of Chloe’s stomach and the already sodden bed sheets. Max didn't care. Her mind had gone utterly blank as she rode out the rest of the orgasm. She had no idea how long it lasted, it could have been seconds, an hour, or a thousand years. All she knew is that when her senses returned to her, Chloe was laid beside her, smiling lovingly and stroking her hair.

“I – I think I came.” Max said, stating the incredibly obvious.

“Duh.” Chloe poked her in the nose. “You came hella hard. Like, I don't think I've ever seen a chick come so hard. Not even in all the shit-ton of lesbian porn I've watched.”

Max giggled. “Thanks?”

Chloe kissed her. “No problem.” She looked down at the ruined sheets. “Damn, we made one hell of a mess.” She ran a hand down their nude bodies, which were both coated in a sticky, rapidly
drying mix of sweat and bodily fluids. “We should probably shower, too. We're pretty gross right 
now, and the room probably smells hella funky.”

Max nodded. “Good idea.”

The two of them made their way to the bathroom on slightly shaky legs, not bothering to put any 
clothing on. Two minutes later, when they were safely situated under the steamy blast of the 
shower, Max turned to Chloe while lathering up her hair.

“So, what do we do now? We've got, like, all day.” She asked.

Chloe made a show of pretending to think, then grinned deviously. “I don't know about the rest of 
the day, but right now I can think of a pretty good use for the shower head.” She pressed her wet, 
soap covered body up against Max.

Max stared at her incredulously. “I swear to god you're the biggest nympho I've ever met.”

The grin widened. “Yeah, but you love me.”

Max kissed her.

“I do love you.” She smiled.

Chapter End Notes

4654 words of the filthiest, most graphic smut I've ever written. I am a goddamn filth 
wizard. A-anyway, I hope you all enjoyed reading this, and that it wasn't *too* dirty. Wait, 
who am I kidding? It's a smutty internet fanfic. It can never be too dirty.

This chapter is dedicated to SerHawkes, who gave me the idea for Max being a little 
more domme than usual, and Chloe being on the receiving end of it. I hope you read 
this happily, knowing you inspired most of it. And hey, if anyone wants a third chapter (though I'm not sure how much further I could take it), leave a suggestion down below (hehe, down below).

I'm, uh, I'm gonna go wash my hands. So much filth. Peace out.

End Notes

Well, I hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I did writing it. I've never actually written 
outright smut before, so I hope it wasn't too terrible. In fact, I never intended to write any 
kind of smut, but I'm working on A Thing with a friend, which is literally just straight up 
porn, so I figured I might as well get used to it.

Again, hope you enjoyed it, and leave me some feedback if you really want to. Peace out.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!