

Sex Roleplay in Second Life Gor



(...) [16:18] Aesa [Silent Memo] moved with the urging of his hands, her body pressed and bent over the counter, feet shifting apart as his urgency made her breathless. She whimpered, as if the sound would encourage him to hurry, a low moan given at the initial delicious sensation of his filling her. There was no way she'd be fighting his movements and as soon as he started to drive...she pushed right back and met each relentless thrust with her own drop of hips, only able to pant right at the moment with that hand wrapped about her throat. She felt her feet shuffle slightly, trying to get better footing while her body heated and she rocked back to him eagerly, his cock now easily coated and slick as it repeatedly buried itself.

[16:21] Anarch of Tarnwald [Anarch Allegiere] didn't need long until he finally felt himself satisfied and discharge into the slave-girl. A few hard last thrusts were given as he exasperatedly breathed and pulled out. He had used her swiftly, urgently and hard and just as hard his hand soon slapped on the counter: „Come more paga, beast!“ – The man seemed to have little quarrels with how hastily he just had

taken the slave and to keep her treated as a slave. He had a slight grin across his lips though, a grin of satisfaction after the sex and even though she might've just felt him spill himself into her he was still staring at her with much hunger, as was evident by how he let the back of his fingers stroke over the girl's skin before she could turn to get his cup of paga: „Who rules this village?“ – he then asked as he straightened his tunic.

[16:29] Aesa [Silent Memo] might have gritted her teeth as he came and she was just about ready to herself. As he pulled from her, she was left trembling, panting while her need surged rampantly through her. It was enough for her to lean into the touch of his fingers, his question left for the moment as she begged him „Master, please finish me...“ her hands shook so badly that she wasn't sure if his paga would make it into the bowl if she even tried right now. IT was either that, or she was allowed time to struggle with her need and calm down, but her eyes pleaded with him, her body writhing against the counter as if there was an itch she just couldn't get scratched on her own.

[16:34] Anarch of Tarnwald [Anarch Allegiere] laughed loudly at the slave-girl's plead and honestly, he had traveled for a long time and had not felt flesh for a long time. The mere sight of seeing her beg and remain in position was enough to arouse him a second time, never before, that he could remember, he had so soon felt himself recovered only to mount a woman again. He stroked his hand over the thigh as he made her spread her legs a bit before he positioned himself behind her again and penetrated her a second time. He was somewhat surprised that he was hard and eager again so soon and only a moment later they were again in the same obscene pose as they were before. The large Warrior raping her relentlessly as he made her plump breasts drag over the counter, rocking her back and forth. He knew that this time though, he would not be satisfied as swiftly as the first time. Sweat started to drop

from his forehead as he used all the force he could muster to ram this slut hard from behind, the wood of the counter was probably about to leave some bruises on the front of her thighs in the brutal manner which he fucked her. But it was obvious he was tired, he nearly laid on top of her from behind, but he was fond of such closeness and the warmth of female bodies. His mouth soon kissing the edge of her lips again as he kept riding her and pulling her back over his hard cock. (...)