

*YOU SCANNED IT...Cheeky little thing.
I'm glad you're here - you will be too ;)*

Extended from "I Prefer Peter"

Chapter 32

Our tongues intertwine, threatening to tie one another in knots as she and I never come up for air but instead hungrily survive off of each other's breaths. I use my hands for leverage as I lay on top of her, but soon give in when I pull the lass close to my chest, rolling over so now I am the one getting to look at *her*:

And my God, is she beautiful.

"So you're a bottom?" Maya smirks, and I can't help but nearly choke on the phlegm that hasn't attacked me in quite a while. Luckily, it comes out more like a guttural growl.

"Shut up, Sexton. Make your last name useful."

Birdie bites her lip at my dominant command, and my pride isn't the only thing that swells at the sight of it. I cheekily simper, her straddling me while her hands are placed on my bare stomach. She feels along my abs with her delicate touch; the tips of her fingers grazing my sides and up to my chest.

The lass leans into me, "Your heart is beating crazy fast," she whispers, and I kick myself for not controlling my nerves.

"You seem to have that effect on me." I stroke her thigh. "My heart is simply enamored by you."

Her cheeks become red again and I take them in my palms, kissing her once more – *hard* and with such force that I nearly drift away into her, as if she's the vast Neverland sea come to life. Her sharp hips begin to ride back and forth and I smile faintly upon her lips.

"What?" Maya chokes and looks down nervously. "I'm sorry...do you not like that?"

I run my lip through my teeth, "Oh, darling." I grasp the back of her neck and pull her close, growling, "*I never said stop.*"

I throw the bird back and catch her before she hits the ground, switching roles so I am dominating her again – my new favored position of power above everything on the list I've endured before now. I reach and pull her little shorts down, revealing a pair of black lace panties handmade just for her by a Paragon Peculiar, no doubt. It's as if those wild creatures knew I was destined to see them one day, because fucking hell...is she wearing the hell out of that little thong. I guide Maya back onto her new throne, and without hesitation, she proceeds to ride, but harder this time. I grab her hips and follow their motion, causing a moan to erupt from her throat into the stillness of the night. I feel a fresh wetness seep onto my formerly conjured dry trousers before she slithers backward off of her seat and down in between my legs.

"Whatcha doin' down there, hmm?" I hum, buzzing with pleasure.

"What would you like me to be doing, *darling*?" She taunts, mocking the pet name I have no doubt she's thriving on.

"Whatever you want, pet. I'm all yours."

She pounces up at me like a lioness and stops every beat of my pulse. "Say that again."

I bite my tongue and my body flies us both up in an instant, and before she can acknowledge what is happening, I have her pinned against one of Neverland's enormous oak

trees, her throat tight in my grip, and her *damn bloody* tense body so closely bordering mine, that I can barely contain the animal inside me that wants to tear into her so anguishedly. I squeeze my fingers around her jugular and like the psycho chick she is, she smiles.

I go absobloodylutely mad over it.

I look deeply into Maya's tearing-up, bottomless blue eyes, and then, moving my mouth closer to her ear until I can feel her heated breath on my neck, I hiss, "*I. Am. All. Yours.*"

She pushes me away, and though the tiny 'Half-Pint' is in no way strong enough to move me, I fully allow it. She positions my body against the tree, and I adhere to her every command, as flip-flopping roles seems to be something she thoroughly enjoys. She struggles and sweats at the task of unbuckling my belt, yet will not accept my help when I so generously ask. When she finally manages, I take the opportunity to praise her,

"That's a girl." She looks up at me with rolling eyes and a snarky grin, though I know she adores hearing those commending words slide off of my sadistic tongue. Hiding my smile, as I do ever so frequently, I feel Maya's hands slide up the sides of my thighs and grasp the legs of my pants, pulling them down to my ankles.

She goes rigid when she is face to face with my hard cock hiding beneath my boxers, as if it's a monster she's only ever heard about in stories.

"Well," I voice matter-of-factly, "say hello."

A chiming, playful laugh springs from Maya's belly as she smacks her forehead, well beyond embarrassed. As I sense the tension in her body fly away as her laughter rings throughout the foliage around us, I am pleased to assume I'm making her as comfortable as I possibly can, as she likely doesn't realize joking around a bit at this newborn sexual

tension makes me less anxious all the same. She pushes back her hair, and then slides her hand downward from the lowest part of my stomach, feeling every inch, until she is centimeters away from where her eyes silently beg to touch the most...*where my soul silently begs to be touched by her the most.*

I'm practically panting for the feeling of her.

Aching. Burning.

I don't know if she knows what she's doing; teasing me like this on her knees...but fuck, it isn't fair.

I can't take it anymore. I snag Maya's wrist and gently guide her palm to my dick – nonverbal permission granted. She doesn't flinch, just pets its firmness through my underwear, discovering everything she can before she obtains the real thing. I play with her hair, comforting her and letting her know she is safe to do whatever she wants with me.

I'm finally ready.

I'm damn willing to wake up.

She understands and releases my concrete cock to bounce freely out into the crisp night air. Maya licks her lips, breathless at the sight of it, and I won't fib...the dignity that jets through my gut makes me feel infinite.

I often wondered if a girl would think I was packin'...

Without any further ado, she skips the hand play and her parched tongue goes straight to the tip. My legs buckle and I let out an involuntary groan at the sudden rush of pleasure.

"Whoa, darling," I ride a chuckle. "I was under the impression that you wanted 'slow'."

Unreservedly, she momentarily releases me. “Sorry, Pan,” *the apology is empty*. “Try and keep up.”

At that, Maya begins to suck me with full force. The ecstasy I experience, as she rides her eager mouth along my shaft, is dangerous already, and she’s only just begun. She teases the tip often, circling it like her tongue is a predator and I am at the bottom of the food chain. I moan, though quietly in fear of the forest hearing me, but I know the hush won’t last for long. She pushes forward with her head, bringing my cock toward the back of her throat; and as her cheeks suck in, her lips pulse forward, repeating a bobbing, sloppy rhythm that’s becoming my new favorite song.

“Are you –” my voice cracks – *fucking hell*. I clear it immediately, “Are you certain you’ve never done this before?”

Maya’s tongue performs one last circle around my cockhead before releasing me. Proudly, she looks up with red-rimmed eyes, wiping her mouth. “Quite. Guess it’s just a part of being a *Sexton*.”

She kisses and licks up my thigh and past my pulsating length toward my lower abdomen, and upward until she’s standing and her lips dig into the nape of my neck. I lean down, letting her rest her forehead on mine as she attempts to catch her breath.

As if I’d let her catch it.

Raising my eyebrow sadistically, the corner of my mouth follows suit as I threaten my sweet little plaything, “My turn, dearie.”

I hoist Maya up and against me, colliding my lips back into hers, tasting the musk of my cock on her tongue. I slam her back against the tree, conjuring two vines to descend from either side to twist around her wrists, and at my command, they fasten themselves tightly like makeshift

handcuffs to hold her in place. She is flabbergasted not only by my control but also by my knowledge of play...

With her, I am fully capable of anything.

My mind is not my own.

As I feel her studying my every move, my once shot and insecure spirit rises from the ashes like mercury in a thermometer, ready to burst through the glass. I adjust her legs over my shoulders and meet her searing stare, "Are you alright up there, love?"

"I didn't take you for a kinky one, Peter."

I give her a chortle. "I guess you just bring out the beast in me."

I leave a trail of hungry scratches along her outer thighs while I slowly lick up the inner parts of their tender skin. She sighs at my slow and sensual kiss, and as I am finally nearing the most sensitive part of her, I bite down and suck laboriously, leaving my mark just below her thong. The darling puppet cries in painful pleasure, her teeth grinding in ache, but she fails to hide the sly smile through the fading burn that sends my insides reeling.

My little masochist.

I pull the soaked fabric of Maya's panties to the side and hook it with my finger to reveal her throbbing, wet cunt. My mouth waters at the sight, and I become starving for a taste of her.

No.

Not a taste.

I want to devour her.

I give the lass one last gentle kiss on the leg, and I feel her suck in a breath – she undeniably knows what’s coming, but truthfully...

*I don't think she **really** does.*

I don't even think I do...

I am being reborn.

I am learning who I am right now just as much as she is.

Tilting my eyes upward, they ask Maya if she’s ready – if she is okay with all of this. Breathlessly, the darling girl begs,

“Please, Peter.”

I don’t waver anymore. Ferociously, my mouth attacks her pussy and I suck, lick, and eat her out heartily. My tongue laps up her wetness like a desperately parched dog, and I predatorily groan at the tangy, exclusive taste of Maya Wendy Sexton, like I didn’t know this was something – someone – I’ve been waiting for my entire life. She lets out a yelp as I nip at her folds, and whimpers sweet, melodic tones as I explore every inch of her pussy with my tongue. I stick the tip of it inside her and she bucks her hips, tugging the vines from the trees and bending her knees back, giving me a view of everything I will remember for the rest of my life. She is frothing, saturating around my mouth and down my chin with her wetness, and just when I thought *her* consuming *me* was my favorite song, I exhaustively conclude that *me* consuming *her* will permanently be the anthem of my existence.

Maya whines, “Peter, I...Peter, you...”

I keep going, knowing full well what she’s about to say – what she’s about to do. “Do you want it, darling?”

She takes a second, so I devilishly slow down, circling her throbbing clit with my animalistic tongue. I await her answer as my Christmas-colored eyes interrogate, though

everything within me pleads with her to hurry the hell up and answer.

She inhales deeply and nods, giving me her next round of approval. “Yes. Yes, please. I want it, Peter.”

I count down in my head:

Three...

Two...

One.

Two fingers shock her when they push inside Maya’s tight little hole, driving her to writhe, twist, and try everything in her being to bite her lip into silence, but she can’t deny the complete and utter euphoria as she explodes down my wrist. I shove them in and out of her, holding and hooking them in while running my thumb along her sweet button. Her eyes roll back as she squirts more, a gruff cry escaping from deep within her chest.

I let up, softly pulling my fingers out of her and watching Maya’s juices stream along my fingers and down her thin, though fine-as-hell thighs. Her breath is heavy, but she lets out a laugh that sends me to Heaven and back.

“You sure you haven’t done that before?” She mimics my previous question as sweat dampens the hair around her face and her bittersweet aroma fills the air.

“As I said,” I lick the wetness off my fingers and snap, commanding the vines to drop her quivering body into my arms, “it’s just the beast in me.”

I attempt to stand her on the grass, but she can barely hold her own without my assistance. I pick her up again like a small child, and fly my happy thought back to my treehouse, as I presume she will enjoy the finest shower on the island to wash up. Regardless of what she *wants* though...as she will

likely try to pull some shit like *'I don't want to be a bother'* and push to use her own...Maya *deserves* the best, and I will see to it that it is granted to her.

I lay her down on my bed fit for a king, and just before I walk to the kitchenette to fetch some water, I hear her purr as she strips off her shirt.

"Finished, are you?" The little minx taunts.

I can hardly believe my eyes and ears. "Maya, it's late and you've endured a lot...We can wait for another time."

"Oh, Peter." She glides over to meet me, nearly hovering above the wood floor as she gives me a sly, seducing smirk, bouncing her head. "I was just getting started..." She places her hands on my chest and the ache from down under distracts me again. "I think the question is, can *you* handle it?" She tiptoes and kisses my neck, then down my arm, and creeps down and onto her chafed-up knees. Her pink lips meet my length...which is solid again for her...through the fabric of my briefs, and I hold my breath, longing for *all* of my precious little darling bird.

I've never done it...

Never thought I would want to.

Frankly, I don't know if I can handle it.

But hell, if she keeps this up, I think I'm damn well gonna try.

Maya hears me sigh in apprehension and rises again, pushing herself up so her chin rests just below my chest. Her hand strokes my cock as I look down into her puppy eyes, overflowing with lust.

"And here I thought you were the masochist," I testify, rolling my neck from pleasure along with my eyes in beguilement.

She giggles and runs her fingertips along my still faintly glowing skin. "What do you say?"

I chew my bottom lip and look at her imploring expression again – a woman who wants me so ruthlessly, turning me into a man who is going equally mad for her.

“Fuck it.” *This was supposed to be said in my head, but...c’est la vie.*

I swipe Maya up and heave her onto the bed. On top of her in an instant, I am once again yanking her shorts and thong down her still-moist thighs, my lips revisiting the place I have craved since I retreated when I assumed she was satisfied for the night.

Turns out, she craves me just as much as I do, her.

The aphrodisia this woman casts upon me is her own uncanny sorcery that I don’t believe she is aware of –

*The Aphrodite to my Hermes –
A proper goddess, but even that is an understatement.*

My knickers come off, and my cock slides up along her thigh like a snake preying upon its next kill. She leans her head into the pillows, and arches her back at the sensation – my hands coming up to meet the curve of her jaw as I kiss her passionately on those cherry-red lips.

“You are divine, did you know that?” I say in between kisses. “Striking.” *Kiss.* “Dazzling.” *Kiss.* “Exquisite.” *Kiss.* “Sexy.” *Kiss.* “Beautiful –”

“No...” Maya interrupts, “Rest assured that’s you, Peter Pan.” Though she plays it off as a compliment, I sense her damn insecurity creeping in...and we can’t have that now, can we?

So, as sweet as that is, I hop back and spread her thighs, grabbing her from underneath and thrusting her toward

me in one swift motion that makes her gasp heavily. I look down at her, “No, darling girl.” I bend over and kiss her wetness. “That’s all you.”

I continue to lick up and down her clit again, reminding her what it’s like to be tasted by me – as if she’d ever forget. Her legs extend and straighten, as her toes curl with bliss and a plea to preserve her arising climax. I crawl up to greet her lips with mine, soaked in her juices, and she laments at the taste of herself on me. I align my hips with hers, her body then connecting with mine as if it’s meant to be attached to me.

I rock my hips slowly back and forth, grinding against her pussy and coating my length with her moisture, my precum cocktailing and getting lost between us. She squirms under me, unsure about what to do with the sensations and elations that are patrolling through her veins from the top of her head to the soles of her feet, and I can’t say I’m too far off from that wondering either.

I am downright petrified.

My heart feels like it’s gonna stop working soon.

My chest feels like it’s gonna convulse.

But the adventure must commence, right?

I inwardly take a breath and allow myself to relax and accept that I want this – need this. If I have to become a leader – a ‘god’ – a ‘man’ – I only want to become one with *her*.

I slide my hand up her thigh and meet her ear with my lips, “Are you ready, Maya?” I whisper carnally.

She nods and wraps her arms around my neck. “Take me, Peter.”

At her wish, I snatch her thighs again, this time guiding her legs up, lining a perfect entrance for the head of my cock. I gaze at the beauty that is my rose to accept, and

when I concede the marveling could easily go on forever, I slam myself into her, hard and fast, both of us huffing sharply upon impact. I groan as my cock adjusts to her small size, and makes itself at home.

I thrust softly a few times, “Okay?” I ask.

“Yes –” she pants, “Yes, yes, – *God, yes.*”

“Why, yes, I am.”

With that, I fully take her in. Filled with fresh desire and new lust, I drive in and out of her like it’s the first and last time I ever will. I savor every inch of her precious cunt, inside and out, and even as she screams my name and squirms beneath me, I don’t let up. My hips hump her animalistically – grinding on her selfishly and erotically.

Though all of this is undeniably vulnerable and we are tense and scared, we do our best to soak up every inch of each other through and through. Within the nanoseconds of every breath that passes, we feel more and more like we were created to be united as one – as if she and I were always meant to fuck.

*As if she and I were meant to make **love**.*

At least, I feel like this...and for a brief moment, I fear it may easily be just me.

*But by the way she looks deep into my soul and kisses me –
By the way my new name flies off her tongue, and how her
hips synchronously dance with mine –
I have no doubt she feels the same.*

Maya bellows as my cock swells inside her, pulsating as I drive it in deeper; my libido heightening each time I ram into her thin walls. Everything in me aches and begs for a rapturous release, but I refrain. However, my breaths get more staggered and the obedience to my own will frays the more

she ardently whines my name in a strained, high-pitched timbre; and though I know she mentioned once upon a time that she couldn't become pregnant due to her condition, I don't want to take ownership of what isn't mine to take.

Nonetheless, my nice guy card and reign are weakening,

I have...

I have to...

I'm...

I'm gonna...

"Maya, I –"

"It's alright," she keeps the pace, reading my mind, thus making my need nearly painfully intolerable to defy. "I want you to."

"But –"

"Cum for me, Peter," she orders.

"Maya –" I plead...*beg...moan...whimper...praise –*

"Cum. For. Me."

Even if I wanted to repress my release, there'd be no way in the deepest bowels of willpower that I could. I throw my head back and plunge into her savagely, my load exploding into her womb in ropes of warmth and rhapsody. As I cum harder than I ever thought possible, she meets my climax, causing us to reach an exultation together so high, we feel like we're flying. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if we started floating in mid-air, *and bloody hell would I fuck her so hard on the ceiling.*

We become two halves of a whole soul; meant to be from the second the universe spewed us out from our mother's bellies without our consent. A golden light emitting from my skin illuminates around us and as she sobs my name into the surrounding air, I crow hers louder into the sky full of stars.

As my innocence dissipates, so vanish the nightmares of intimacy; and all at once I am with the woman who I can

fully call *mine*. We catch our breaths, our bodies still connected like a new form of imperishable magic.

“I love you, Peter Pan,” she whispers.

My heart stops and I die for an instant. It’s at this moment I realize that death is, in fact, the grandest adventure in this lifetime, the next, and forevermore. For the first time, I have experienced the truest depiction of dying to my own self and living for another.

I smile, though I say nothing...

Yet it seems she’s okay with that for now as I hold her tight.

But I think I just might love you too, Maya Wendy Sexton.

CONTINUE READING THE STORY IN “I PREFER PETER”

NOTE: You’ve just finished Chapter 32.