There had been a bit of tension between Dalila and George for a little while now, not in an argument, but in the bedroom. Both had begun vying for control over the other, which led to playful wrestling, but it never seemed to decide on a winner.

That was about to change, as Dalila was planning on turning the tables and finally getting the better of George, giving him a taste of submission that’d leave him coming back for more.

Dalila snuck up behind George, wrapping her arms around his waist and giving him gentle kisses across his neck.

“Did you miss me~?”

George immediately tensed up, but relaxed once he realized it was Dalila, smirking to himself as he responded.

“Of course. How could I *not* miss the chance to have a little fun?”

Without warning, he spun around, clasping his hands around Dalila in a sudden rush that caught her off guard. It was as if he knew of her plans all along, simply waiting for her to come along and fall right into his hands, and she felt her heart skip a beat with excitement when she thought of what was about to happen.

He wasted no time in tossing her onto the hay, watching as she fell backwards, her chest rapidly rising and falling as her ragged breaths gave away her arousal. Dalila instinctively parted her legs for George, eliciting a chuckle as he watched her give in so easily. She watched as he came closer, stripping his clothes, revealing his painfully-hard cock throbbing between his legs, causing her to freeze in place.

Still frozen, Dalila felt George place his feet either side of her thighs and press his tip against her tight, quivering hole. Her senses returning for a brief moment, Dalila tensed up to wrestle him for control, but something entirely different erupted from her body. A passionate, pained, and whorish moan. She felt George grind his tip against her pussy, teasing her gently, as if she was a toy for his pleasure. Her hips instinctively rose with him, not wanting to let him go for a moment, desperate for his touch.

“D-don’t stop, **please!** I **need** more~”

Watching her give in so easily, George decided to toy with her arousal even more, leaning forward, he pressed down on her back, keeping Dalila from pushing back against him and forcing him inside. From this position, it was easy for him to take control of her body, sliding his hands beneath her, teasing her nipples roughly as he squeezed them between his fingers. Dalila had become a wet mess, her eyes losing focus while she tried to retain what little of her senses that she could.

All of a sudden, George pulled away, leaving her moaning pathetically, eager for more of his rough touch. In an instant, George thrust inside of her in a single motion, listening to her scream with pleasure as he bottomed out completely, feeling a sense of fullness that she’d never felt before, her entire body **quaking** with a mixture of pain and arousal. She was desperate for him to start pounding into her, and soon enough, she got her wish.

“**Ff-fuck~!**”

It was mind-blowing, feeling his thick, veiny cock force its way inside of her, stretching her tight hole out in ways that she’s never felt before. All the while, she couldn’t help the feeling that she was being **used** like a fleshlight.

It was what Dalila had been fantasizing about for long enough already, and after **finally** receiving his frustrations so roughly, Dalila couldn’t help but succumb. The relentless and rhythmic smacking of George’ hips against her cheeks filled her mind, echoing in a constant flow of humiliation at being broken so easily. With his positioning, he had the perfect angle at her pussy, fucking her with every inch of his cock. Each thrust turned more lights off in her head, slowly melting her away into a compliant slut for him, feeling her once-tight hole claimed by him.

“Fucking **squeal** for me you little **bitch!**”

That sudden and harsh word awoke Dalila from her trance of pure lust, causing her to remember why she came here, and gave her what resolve she needed to claim control back. She moved her hand slowly to get in position, wanting to roll over and force George onto his back, which is when she’d wrap the tendrils of her control around him and claim what is hers.

“Grab my ass, please!!”

She let out a desperate plea, fully intending on springing her trap as soon as he let go to grab her ass. It was a frightful few moments, her pussy still tensing around his dick as he let go, giving Dalila the single chance to flip him over using all of her force.

“What’re yo-!!”

Unable to finish his sentence, George had the wind knocked out of him after hitting the hay, his back planted firmly on the ground as Dalila was triumphantly straddling his crotch atop him.

“Aww, didn’t expect a little struggle~?”

Her sweet tone betrayed her current state, Dalila having only just had her pussy stretched by George, she was still trembling with an overwhelming arousal, one that she was keen to slake. Wasting no time, she stared down at George, slowly grinding his dick inside of her wet hole, feeling him desperately try to struggle back on top of her, only to be pinned in place as she lunged forward.

Now looking down on George, his wrists held down by her hands, she spoke mockingly, still riding his dick.

“It’s not *my* fault you can’t handle me~!”

There was a defiant look in his eyes, which only made the stimulation more sweet as she had *finally* turned the tables on George. His struggle wasn’t dying down, but his resistance soon did, the pleasures chipping away slowly at whatever thoughts of dominance he had, until Dalila was able to safely sit atop his lap, letting go of his wrists.

“See? Isn’t it *so* much better when I’m on top?”

Dalila had won her spot on top of George, riding him into submission, he could do little but lay back against the rough hay and savor the pleasures. Her relentless bouncing in his lap was enough to make his eyes roll into the back of his head, as if he had become her human dildo, she used him to sate her lust.

“Don’t go finishing too early now~”

She teased him mockingly as she slowed down her pace, listening to his idle moans soften as the pleasures died down. Dalila had a mischievous smile on her face as she slowed to a stop, rising from George’s dick, she gave him a smug grin and one final look at her body before turning away.

“What ar-!!”

George’s objections were silenced as he felt Dalila spear herself on his cock once again, only this time she was facing away from him, giving George a tempting eyeful of her pert ass bouncing in his lap.

“What was that~?”

Dalila didn’t even attempt to hide her satisfaction over George’s inability to even speak, enjoying the feeling of wrestling control out from under him. Having won, she threw her head back and began surrendering to the pleasures once again, feeling his cock stretch her tight hole from a different angle. George’s mind felt numb as Dalila explored this new sensation, grinding in his lap in different ways to feel what was best, almost as if she was trying out a new toy. Only *this* toy was about to finish…

In her moments of bliss, Dalila had forgotten to keep George in check, and as she felt his dick twitching and tensing up, she looked back over her shoulder to see him well and truly lost to his desires. It only took an instant to throw him over the edge, Dalila deciding to finally give him what he wanted, she slid down as far as she could, listening to his moans as she practically **milked** his cock for everything it was worth.

Each second that Dalila’s pussy clenched down on his cock was another that he throbbed inside of her, pulsing his thick load into her quivering hole. The victory felt sweet, and feeling George’s body give in to what she wanted only made her own orgasm more intense. Just as he was beginning to sink back into the hay, Dalila started grinding again, eliciting a groan from George.

Dalila continued to mercilessly ride George for *many* more orgasms, forcing out load after load from his twitching dick, not giving him a moment to rest as she surrendered to the feeling of absolute control. Her body was almost moving on instinct, bouncing eagerly in his lap, holding on to his thighs as the sound of her ass smacking into his lap fills the barn. George’s eyes are constantly out of focus, his mind only able to keep up with the constant assault of pleasures wracking his brain, almost babbling with each orgasm.

The afternoon passed them by, the sky growing dark outside as Dalila continued to use George for her pleasure, not letting him forget who’s in charge now that she’d won. However, despite her near-endless lust, even Dalila had to rest eventually.

After another earth-shattering orgasm coursed through her body, Dalila tensed up one final time, smiling dumbly to herself as she slumped to one side, falling onto the hay beside George, panting desperately.

“I… fuck…”

George couldn’t even raise the energy to make a snarky comment, instead doing his best to raise his head from the hay, but his body failed him in his state of exhaustion.

With both of them finally having expended the last of their energy and lust, Dalila and George collapsed back into the hay, panting heavily as their bodies glistened with sweat. It was an incredibly intense session together, even more-so because things got a tad out of hand, leading to a fitful struggle for power, which Dalila eventually won.

“So, fancy trying to beat me next time~?”

Even in her exhausted state, Dalila was able to dig her victory deeper to strike at George’s ego. Still panting after having been completely drained by her only moments ago, he struggled to respond while craning his head up from the hay.

“You’re damned right I am! We’re doing this again tomorrow.”

Dalila was surprised by his sudden eagerness, her eyes widening in shock as the fatigued man laying next to him talked up a big game. Still, she couldn’t deny that she was excited at the prospect of a kinky struggle for power again, even if it meant she ended up losing. The thought of being taken by George after he claims victory excited Dalila, and despite having spent the entire afternoon sating her lust, she couldn’t help from biting her lip at the thought.

The idea of George’s pent-up frustrations after being beaten so easily, then taking them all out on her in a fitful frenzy of lust… it was almost enough to urge her for another round. Thankfully, her legs kept her under control, still shaking and unable to lift her body to even attempt it.

“So… how about we team up and head back inside?”

George chuckled to himself at the absurdity of having to rely on one another to stand, but Dalila happily agreed, swinging her arm around him as they both pushed themselves from the ground.

With that, the couple used what remained of their energy to stagger their way out of the barn, leaving their session behind them, but *most definitely* looking forward to the next.