

A Discovery Not Made

Story: A Discovery Not Made

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Summary: Yes. You read the pairing right. It's fucking Christopher Columbus the thief getting fucked stupid. Yes I wrote this and I have no regrets. *Chapter 1*: A Discovery Not Made

A Discovery Not Made

You didn't think you would get away with it now did you Christopher?

"Gaah..."

The bed rocked back and forth, the backboard hitting the wall each time with a hard thud. Groans were loud and clear along with the sound of skin hitting skin.

You think that this land is yours to keep and take? Heh...

"R-Release me..."He groaned as his face was pressed firmly against the sheets but then he felt the mysterious person behind him shift which caused the member inside of him to push further inside which sent stars shooting behind his eyes from shock.

I don't think so dear Christopher...I wonder how would your lovely darling would feel to see you like this...Fucked mercilessly and begging for more...

Christopher's eyes rolled to the back of his head as he felt the member shift and move along his tender and rather aching barrier which was twitching and clenching around it. His fingers clenched the sweaty white cotton sheets in fistfuls as he then immediately yanked up off the bed by a rough hand clawing his hair.

I think you should go back to where you came from my dear...

"N-No I will not..."Christopher bit out harshly but then the mystery person behind him started to pound away at his tender sore walls, hitting his already sensitive prostate. Then his head was pulled back further as he finally got a glimpse of the mystery person's face.

You're not so big and bad now are you Christopher dear? How does it feel to be at the mercy of someone else?

Christopher's back arched as his cock twitched against his chest, aching and sensitive from a previous orgasm. The evidence of his release were still warm, wet and sticky on his lower abdomen and the sheets.

This land belongs to the Natives. You have zero right to this land. Mmm...god you're tight...

Christopher let out a loud moan as the man behind him started to pound at him harder, the skin slapping sound echoing throughout the room. Christopher's eyes were rolling and his body was feeling like a live wire – sparking and livid with electricity.

"I...I..."Christopher struggled out before he was forced back down onto the sheets where his head was forcefully pinned down as his hips were lifted into the air.

Keep your head down.

Those were the only words the Christopher heard before he felt a foot being put on his face though the strength that it possessed was being held back. Then he felt two hands on his hips before he was mercilessly pounded. Christopher's cries were muffled by the sheets as he was getting closer to the edge that he'd been pushed over many times earlier.

'God help me...'

God can't help you my dear...he's angry with you...

Christopher gurgled out a inarticulate response before he felt the person behind him shove themselves inside of him one more time before groaning loudly and rushing into Christopher's body was what felt like gallons of semen being pumped into him. He gripped the sheets hard in his fists as he let out a hoarse cry before releasing as the mystery person continued to come inside of him. His own orgasm sent stars and a piercing white behind his eyes as he released spurt after spurt of come onto the already soiled and sweaty sheets.

Soo....good....

Christopher panted heavily as he continued to lay there, twitching and squirming from the intense aftershocks of his powerful orgasm. He practically emptied everything he had in his nuts onto the sheets. Finally the mystery person finally finished coming as they slowly pulled out of his entrance. Come shot out once they did, squirting out in thick ropey strings. It dribbled and dropped onto the sheets in thick dollops.

I do hope you take heed to this warning Christopher...I suggest you leave while you can...

Christopher could only pant and breath heavily at that response as he felt the bed shift and move. He didn't dare to look behind him and really see what had just fucked him.

I wish you luck on your voyage back Christopher..

Christopher let out a single breath as he heard footsteps slowly moving away from his bed, his ass was still up in the air as come steadily flowed down from his hole.

You're gonna need it.

That's when it went all silent, only the quiet sound of Christopher's breathing could be heard.

He soon leaned forward and collapsed all the way on the bed, his stomach full and his body aching tired – he would have to wake up the next day and then declare that they would have to make a voyage back across the great sea...

The mysterious person was right. He was most definitely going to need some luck on the voyage back...'

End!

=?

Happy Memorial Day