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He started off by softly sucking her plump lower lip. Vicky continued to fight him by trying to get out of his hold but Oscar did not let go as he really wanted to do something to her.

He pinned both of her hands above her head, securing them with his right hand, all these while not taking his mouth away from hers.

He continued to Kiss and explore her lips despite the fact that she was wriggling under him.

The moment it finally hit Oscar that she was not responding to his kiss or eventually planning to give him full access, he did what was in his mind, he softly bit her lower lip and smiled against her mouth as she instantly gave him access.

Oscar took good advantage of the situation and explored the sweetness of her mouth. He knew he was a good kisser. He had known that since his p***y days and did not fail to prove that to Vicky now.

He felt his heart swell with so much pride when she unknowingly let out a soft moan and started responding to his kiss.

With his mouth still covered in hers, and his left hand pinning her hands right over her head, Oscar placed his right hand on her lap and slowly caressed her right thigh through her satin nightgown. He kept caressing up and down for a couple of seconds after which he slowly snuck his hands under her skimpy night dress and kept caressing from her thigh upwards.

“F***k!!” He whispered in her mouth when his hand met with her ***s, noting that she was not wearing anything under.

He enjoyed the way he was caressing her body. Her curves, and her *. **He noticed her shape was well-defined and even her a***s had gotten bigger and perfect. A scene of her bouncing her *** against his d***k crossed his mind, making Oscar’s d***k stand erect. He loved how Her skin felt so smooth under his touch.

His hands left her lower body and moved towards her upper body. He pushed aside the stripes of her nightie off her shoulder, revealing her very plump boobs.

Oscar freed her mouth so she could get some air.

He looked down at her boobs and instantly felt his eyes getting teary. They were perfect! Plump, heavy, with her nipples standing and begging for his attention.”

Before she changed her mind Oscar quickly placed kisses on each boob before finally taking her right- nipple in his mouth. He latched onto it like a kid who had been deprived of his favorite meal and at the same time playing with the left boob by fondling her nipple in circles

With Vicky’s eyes closed, She let out a soft moan which gladdened Oscar. He was really turned on by her gorgeous body and was happy that she was enjoying what he was doing to her. That gave Oscar so much hope that the feelings between them were valid.

Subsequently, he freed the right boob and moved on to the left boob to give it the same attention as the previous one.

With his mouth still pleasuring her nipples, he slightly parted her legs, then ran a hand through her inner thigh, finally stopping at her p***y.

He lingered a bit by caressing the face of her p***y, loving how smooth and clean it felt in his hands.

Without being able to wait any longer, Oscar ran a finger through her folds and subconsciously let out a groan noticing how wet she was. He could not control himself so he instantly stuck two fingers in her warm p***y, going in and out, hard and fast.

He continued to finger f*k***** her until her legs got shaky and she needed some form of extra support.

Oscar had no idea what came over him. He pulled his fingers out of her p*y, **freed his mouth

from her nipples, brought his fingers to his lips, and licked off her * wh**ile watching her trying to catch her breath.

Oscar could not hold it anymore so he unbuckled his belt, and pulled down his pants along with his

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briefs, making his erect d***k spring out.

Vicky got a glance at it which made her swallow heavily.

Oscar saw that and before she would object to anything, he closed the small gap between himself and her, teased her*** by slowly rubbing his * ag**ainst her cl it.

She purred when he held his c o c k and started smacking it against the face of her p u s s y.

Before She knew it, Oscar slowly slid his d i c k in her, he could see the discomfort in her eyes as he tried to enter her. She was so tight and that gave him the joy and confirmation that he needed.

Oscar went at a slower pace until she got comfortable with his size after which he increased his thrusting in and out of her really fast.

pace,

Hearing Victoria moan while f** king her was the most beautiful sound Oscar have heard in a while.

“Don’t hold back, I want to hear all of your moans. I want you to c um for me.” He said, the moment he started feeling pressure building up in her lower abdomen.

Not long after his statement, she came really hard on his d**k. Oscar groaned, loving the way the walls of her pu**y clenched against his d**k as she came.

He held her tightly against himself, just for her not to lose her balance as she caught her breath.

Knowing he was so close, Oscar increased his pace in f**king her until he came really hard, dropping every ounce of cu m in her.

Catching his breath, with their bodies still intertwined with each other, he whispered against her neck, his breadth fanning against her body. “You are officially mine, Vicky. No one is going to take you away from me.”

His words stung her as though a glass of iced water was splashed on her face.

Literally, Oscar had more strength than she could ever dream about having but with everything in her, she pushed him away from her and ran straight into the bathroom with her boobs falling out of her silk. night dress.

She shut the door behind her and Oscar heard her lock it.

He sighed, running his hands through his hair. Heaven knows he does not regret a thing but a little part of him was starting to get anxious of the probability of ruining things already.”

“He pulled up his briefs as well as pants, buckled up, and decided to stretch his legs by taking strolls around the room before deciding what to do next.”

For the first time since he stepped into her room, Oscar took notice of the details in his environment.

Super tidy and beautifully decorated with fine pieces of furniture. It was also spa cious too, making him. remember how organized his Vicky usually was.

Oscar found himself taking steps toward Vicky’s nightstand.

When he got there, he picked up the picture frame that was there and brought it closer to him.

Oscar’s lips curved into a small smile. In the frame was a picture of Vicky and their daughter, looking really happy.

The smile soon faded, replaced by a look of jealousy, wishing his face was also in the picture. He saw the little girl earlier today and even though he did not approach her to talk to her, he could tell that she was a smart kid. Since he had never been present in her life, he could not help but wonder if she ever asked about her father.

Oscar sighed as he started feeling guilty.

He stared at the picture for a couple of seconds more before returning it to the nightstand.

Oscar was about to turn around when he sighted another picture frame on Vicky's vanity area. He went over there, and picked up the frame. This frame was smaller and the picture looked old because Soplue looked so small in it, unlike the previous one which was a more recent picture.

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He had no idea what came over him when he brought the frame close to his face and placed a kiss on both the face of mother and daughter. He placed the frame back and continued to feed his eyes.

Beside the vanity area was an adjoined room which Oscar predicted to be the closet and adjacent to the Queen size bed which was located in the middle of the room was a sofa and beside it was a work desk. Oscar's mind went to Vicky who was still in the bathroom but before he could do anything, his phone buzzed in his pocket, interrupting his thoughts and actions.

He reached for it, trying to see who the hell was calling at this very important moment.

Seeing Ingrid's name appear across the screen, he rolled his eyes, rejected the call, and instantly switched off the phone.

Then he made his way towards the bathroom where Vicky locked herself up. He placed his car against the door, hoping she was not doing what he thought she was doing. But he heard nothing.

"Babe," He called her, knocking on the door at the same time.

"Please open up!" He said, still knocking after which he waited for a while but nothing happened.

"Come on, Vicky, please step out. We need to talk."

He waited almost a minute but got no response whatsoever.

"Look, I don't know what is going through your head in there but I want you to come out and let us talk."

"Please do not blame yourself for anything. Everything that happened is all my fault but please come out, let me see your face that you are okay and we will talk about it."

He removed his face from the door, took a step backward, and waited for her to open up since he was sure that he made a pretty convincing speech.

But two minutes passed and nothing happened.

Oscar moved closer to the door again. "I am going to break this door down if you do not open up."

"Babe?!" He knocked,

"I hope you can tell that I am being serious."

"If you do not come out in two minutes, I am going to break in."

Oscar stood still, waiting, and once the two minutes was over, he moved closer to the door again to check out the lock.

He used to be a very stubborn child during his high school days and that included escaping for night parties and in situations where he was grounded. He knew a couple of things about locks but it has been a while since he broke into somewhere.

After studying the door lock for a couple of seconds, he started looking around Vicky's room to see if there was any sharp object he could use to break in.

As she felt his hands move around her body and his d**k thrust in and out of the right place,

Vicky could not help but yearn for more. She had no idea why but this dream seemed to be the best dream ever.

It was far far better than any other sex dreams she has had about Oscar Wayne.

She was coming down from her high, trying to catch her breath when the very familiar voice came through.

“You are officially mine, Vicky, no one is going to take you away from me.”

Victoria’s eyes flashed open and that was when it hit her that this was not any dream but a reality.

Her mind flashed back to the fact that Oscar broke into her home, she was trying to look for help, and she was about to shout to probably attract the attention of someone when he took advantage of her. She could not believe that what just happened actually happened and he was still standing in front of her with his d**k pointing at her pu**y.

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With all the strength she had in her, Vicky pushed him off her and ran straight into the bathroom with shaky legs. She was surprised at herself that she did not fall on the way. The moment she got into the bathroom, she hurriedly locked the door before he caught up with her. That was if he was going to go after her and once the door was perfectly secured, Vicky literally fell to the floor and all the tears she had been holding began to roll down her cheeks.

“Why? Why? Why?”

“What the hell is wrong with you, Vicky? Why did you let that happen? What is f**king wrong with you? Why did you? Why?” She buried her face in her arms, seated on the floor as she sobbed like a baby. She could not believe she just had sex with the same man that literally ruined her life years ago. After she had promised herself that she would not have anything to do with him ever again. What irked her the most was that she felt dirty and most importantly she felt used again.

The more she cried, the more the pain in her heart became worse.

Vicky cried and cried until there were no more tears to shed.

After what felt like forever, she began to hear knocks on the door, alongside her name, with a gesture of someone trying to open the door but she did not pay any attention.

Eventually, Victoria managed to pick herself up from the floor. She rose to her feet and took off the skimpy night dress she was putting on.

She felt dirty, so she stepped into the shower and immediately started scrubbing her body, trying so hard to get his scents off her and at the same time, ignoring the knocks she was hearing on the door.

Vicky had no idea how long she stood there, scrubbing her body but she only gave up when her skin started to look sore. She rinsed her body and finally got out of the shower, still with puffy eyes.

Victoria was drying her body when the door to the bathroom got open, followed by Oscar’s presence.

No, he did not break down the door but he was able to find his way with the locks.

Vicky did not pay him any attention and neither did he look at his side, acknowledging his presence. She continued minding her business, cleaning her body, as though no one badged in on her.

“I was worried.” He said, coming to a halt a few steps away from her. She could hear the worry in his voice and was sure he had the same facial expression but she couldn’t care less.

“You have been crying, haven’t you?” She said, when he saw her blotchy face.

Silence