

Chapter 3

Tiger for a Tiger

“How about I go home, change clothes and meet you back here in an hour with a plan, is that ok? Next time, you can pick how we spend our day,” he looked so excited I couldn’t even think of pretending to decline.

“Sure, can you give me a hint of what you want to do when you come back?” I asked while tickling his sides as he squirmed to get out of my reach while he dressed in his earlier discarded clothes.

“I will bring back a couple outfits and we can nail down a plan, is that ok?” he shouted to me as he was going out the door.

He did not even wait for a response before he left; he was so hyped up about whatever his mind was planning.

I hurried to clean up the living room and kitchen while he was gone. I had just enough time to set out a pair of denim capris and a plain pink top with pink socks and camel colored short boots. Then, I opted to change into a spring sundress with sandals and coordinating sweater.

I was finishing up wiping the spaghetti sauce off the stove when he returned, knocking as he let himself in.

“I am back, if you are not decent I will be right there to gawk at you!” he bellowed while calling down the hall.

I wound up the dishtowel and a loud “SNAP” rang out through the house. Dave jumped and rubbed his ass. “Nice shot, Missy,” he expressed in a surprised voice, “My revenge shall come slowly and unexpectedly!”

As he turned to face me, his expression changed. “Wow, you look really nice! Do I really have to share you with the world today?” he questioned with a smirk.

“Yes, we have been cooped up in here too long and the day is too nice to waste it,” I twirled around once making my dress fly up and out. “Now, what would you like to do outdoors on this day filled with possibilities?”

“We could go to the flea market,” he suggested. “I like to roam the botanical side to pick up different things for my mom.”

I couldn’t help but grin, “Your mom, really, you expect me to believe that you buy things for your mommy,” I teased as I tweaked his left nipple.

“Yes! My mom, not my mommy, but my mom! I visit her every Sunday even if it is just for short time,” he proudly corrected me while tweaking both my nipples.

I felt bad for teasing him; he obviously was a bit offended by my callous remarks.

Hoping to smooth things over quickly, I spouted, “I would love to go to the flea market. I have been meaning to buy a new Aloe plant. Mine was used up when an elderly neighbor lady down the street took a bad fall. I went over every day to reapply it on the scrapes.”

“Flea market it is!” he announced giddily while holding open the front door for us to exit. “Let’s go get some stuff that makes ol’ ladies feel better!” he laughed at his joke and I grabbed my purse, sweater and locked the door.

“What kind of music do you like?” he asked as I climbed into his slightly raised truck while he held the door. Before I could answer, “I am a country boy through and through! So if you like that hard rock junk, you might want to drive in your car,” he motioned to the still open door. He flashed a smile that melted my heart, as I climbed up and he fastened my seatbelt.

“I like a lot of different genre, and country is one of them,” I said sweetly while nestling in the seat.

It took four songs to get to the flea market, all of which he belted out the words to. Whenever we stopped at a traffic light, he used the dashboard as his

own drum set. I kept thinking how care free he is, no inhibitions. He is such an open book. How did I not see this before?

Once we arrived at the botanical side, he moved a cooler from the truck bed to the backseat. Then we headed to find the treasures disguised as themselves. "First stop, Healing Plants," he declared. "Can't have you disappointing your neighbors when they get a boo boo," he chuckled.

"I will take these three plants please," I announced while handing the money to the merchant as she put them in a box.

"They are huge!" he exclaimed. "I will run them back to the truck so we are not trying to carry this big box as we search for more items to buy," he put his hand on my arm to get my attention, "Stay right here, I will be right back, I don't want lose you."

I remained at the Healing Plants sign for what seemed to be ten minutes. I was just starting to think that I should go look for him when I saw his head jumping up higher than the crowds. The foot traffic in the area had thickened considerably since he left.

I waved so he could see me. When he arrived, he had two snow cones, both rainbow flavored. "I didn't know what you drink besides wine and chocolate milk so I took a chance on snow cones!" he gleamed like a small child.

"I do love snow cones, thank you," I said appreciatively while sucking the melting juice out of the cone shaped cup.

He kissed my forehead and said, "Thank you for not moving on, I did not expect to be gone so long, the lines were pretty full."

I smiled and ate my ice as we walked towards the blooming area. He was explaining his mother's flower garden and how he noticed that she has no orange colored foliage.

He was moving a little faster than me so I hooked a finger thru his belt loop as I followed behind him. He suddenly stopped and I almost dumped my thawing icy treat down his back.

“Look, orange and black tiger lilies’, they are perfect for my mom!” he shouted above the crowd noise.

Picking out two pots, he paid for them and turned to me. He handed one to me and got close to my ear like he was going to tell me a secret. He stood back up looked around and watched my eyes as he said, “This one is for the tiger I found out that you are! I was thinking we could plant it by the Aloe plants, a symbol of our great weekend,” he said excitedly.

We walked back to the truck in silence, with me grinning like a school girl who just won the spelling bee. He put the plants in the back seat. Reality set in and I tried not to look too serious when I asked, “What happens if this ends badly tomorrow?”

He took my face in his hands and lifted so that my eyes met his, “I will be crushed if this ends badly or otherwise tomorrow. It will mean we didn’t give each other a chance. I have had two relationships end quickly. One didn’t tell me she was married and the other forgot to mention she was also dating a friend of mine,” he said with a frown.

“What about badly,” I hesitantly asked, not really sure I wanted the answer.

“The one that was married, she was trying to make her husband jealous. She arranged for him to see us together. I was leaving her house as he waited next door after seeing my truck in her drive,” Dave became quite melancholy.

“After I left, he hit her and she called the cops. He went to jail. She later told me what happened and how she did it so we could be together. I told her I never wanted to see her again. Our relationship was a lie. I went to the police station, they put me in contact with his lawyer and I ended up testifying on his behalf,” he looked so hurt. “It took several months to get her to grasp the fact

that I was serious,” he shivered as he relived some of the feelings that the story brought back.

His eyes flickered back and forth between both my eyes. “I want an honest relationship, not one covered in schemes and power plays. I love to have fun. Mind games though, I don’t need them,” he made his case while his forehead pressed to mine, never losing my gaze.

I started to give him my thoughts on a healthy relationship when he put his finger to my lips. “Hold that thought, let’s go somewhere quieter where we can talk,” he said as he moved his finger to kiss me.

He took me in his arms for what felt like a caring, protective hug and kissed the top of my head. Letting out a loud sigh, he opened the truck door to help me in. Once I was done getting comfy, he pulled the buckle across my abdomen, leaving his fingers dangle and drag across my crotch.

“If it is ok, I would like to show you my favorite place that I like to go and think. I brought some fish and duck food from home. There is a bench and rarely do I see more than a couple of people around,” he seemed awkwardly shy all of the sudden.

“I think that sound nice,” I smiled and held out my left hand to him so we can hold hands as he drove us to his mystery spot.

During the ride he sang the songs he likes. Never dropping my hand but moving both of our arms to hit the air drums. He finds so much joy in music. I have never seen anyone so consumed by a tune, all his cares seem to float away.

Dave rolled down the windows as he parked the truck and turned it off, while leaving the music going. He kissed the back of my hand as he reached for his door handle. “Wait here, I want to show you something!” he said with so much energy and excitement.

He got out of the truck just after he unbuckled my seat buckle and kissed me on the cheek. The whole truck shook moments later when he jumped into the bed and began whistling.

It wasn't a musical tune, more of a summoning one. When I looked out towards the small lake I was astonished by the sights. Ducks, birds and even turtles were making their way towards my side of the truck.

Giggle; that really is all a girl can do! There must have been fifty or more assorted critters that knew what the Pied Piper expected of them.

He jumped down and opened the driver's door. "Slide over here," he directed me as he took a huge bag of breads and popcorn out of the backseat.

He showed me how to climb up the wheel well so that I was above the adoring loud gathering. They were all clamoring for lunch. "Just grab a handful and slowly sprinkle it on the ground. Throw some as far as you can, also" he instructed. "I am going to circle around to the backside so the weaker ones aren't left out," he shouted over the crowd.

After five songs of him dancing thru the critters, the crowd began to disperse on its own, going back to the water. He put the tailgate down and helped me to the ground. "You throw like a girl," he teased. "We will have to work on that if you're going to be my little helper," he laughed as he turned the music off and took his keys.

He went into the cooler and took out two waters. "Peanut butter and jelly or bologna and cheese, which would the lady prefer?" he asked as he bowed.

He carried a small blanket, his rations and with his hand on the small of my back, guided me to the park bench. "The birds like to sit on the back of the bench when no one is around, so if you can hold the food and drinks," he paused as he shook out the blanket, "I will cover it."

The blanket covered just enough that we needed to sit with our thighs touching. The giant shade tree above us waved in the breeze, sending a leaf towards us every now and then.

We sat in silence, finishing out lunch and enjoying the view. I was so relaxed I thought I might lean into him and fall asleep. Suddenly, he jumped up

and plopped down on the ground at my feet. “Tell me about your past and your future loves,” he adorably encouraged.

“My future is easiest, I guess. I want someone who makes me happy to be who I am. He would challenge me to be the best, me; that I can be. I don’t want someone who is a carbon copy of me; we’d need interests of our own so we have things to talk about. My dream man is a best friend with benefits,” I laughed in an attempt to cover up the corniness.

His eyebrows pressed together in a look of concern and asked, “Have you found anyone close to that,” then brought out that trademark grin, “before me, I mean!”

I had to giggle, I think it is a coping device for me, “No, sadly, I don’t make the best choices in men. For some reason, everyone sets me up with serious guys who can’t relax and have fun. My friends mean well, I just seem to pick the wrong ones to try having a relationship with.”

He took off my right sandal and while focusing on my face, gave me a foot massage as we talked about past horrible dates. By the time he took off the left sandal, I was opening up about the so called sex life I have had.

He shifted up to kneel and pushed my knees apart so he could be very close to me while I sat on the bench. He started rubbing his hands up and down my parted thighs with his thumbs wandering to the inside of my legs.

I leaned over to kiss him just as he gripped as high on my thighs as he could get. He pressed his thumbs hard on my mound which caused my clit to become enlarged due to the pressure. I began moaning in his mouth as he started swirling his thumbs slightly without losing the force at which he pushed.

“Ah, ah, oh my gosh; I am going to cum. What are you doing to me?” I questioned in a highly aroused state.

He withdrew his hands and put them up in the air while exclaiming with a grin, “What me? I am not doing anything. It wouldn’t be proper to touch you in your private place while in a public place ma’am!”

Oh, that boyish grin is such a turn on. I sat stunned between the sudden loss of manipulation and his coyness.

As he stood up he kissed me hard on the lips, pushing my body against the back of the bench. His tongue delicately moving around in my mouth while his lips mashed mine was such a contradiction.

My body responded by my nipples hardening like marbles. My pussy was so moist I became concerned I would leak onto my dress.

He slowly backed up while looking down at me and smiling. Oh, that smile, it goes all the way up to wrinkle in his eyes. I could tell he was talking but I was so dazed, I could not make out what he was saying.

He squatted down in front of me and took both of my hands into his. He was drawing something on my palms over and over.

When he put my right palm to his chin, he licked my wrist. He stretched to reach the inside of my elbow, licking back and forth giving a tickling sensation.

“What do you want to do now? You look like you could fall asleep,” he wrinkled his eyebrows to show sorrow, “do you want me to take you home?”

“I think a nap with you would be very nice, I have a hammock in my backyard, are you interested?” I asked, returning the coy smile he had been using on me.

“I have never made out in a hammock before, that sounds tempting!” he grabbed my waist to help me get up. “You are tempting,” he said as he wiggled my nose with his finger.

As I stood up his hands ran up my sides and his thumbs rubbed the undersides of my breasts. “What does one wear for hammock time? Clothing optional per chance?” he questioned.

“If you are really good, minimal clothing under a blanket,” I whispered in his ear as I moved his hands to squeeze both of my breasts. I backed away and started towards the truck. Suddenly, I wanted to get home, quick.

He didn't sing on the way back to the house, I don't know if I was reading too much into it or he was just distracted. After three songs with no interacting from him, I reached over and turned off the music.

He didn't even flinch in the silence. "What is wrong, your mood changed and I don't know what to do to bring you back to me." I tried to remain calm, meanwhile I was freaking out inside.

He pulled the truck over into the next shopping plaza that we were passing.

Dave remained very quiet for a couple of minutes. "I don't want to be one of those wrong men that you had relationships with in the past. I am concerned that I am moving too fast and every time I try to slow down, you do something that ramps me back up again. I am just sorting out my thoughts on what to do," he explained with a strain in his voice.

"Look at me, please," I tried hard not to squeak as I shook. "I don't want you to change who you want to be when you are with me. You said yourself, you want honesty. That needs to include being honest to ourselves. I know you feel the need to hold back, I am not afraid of you or your passion."

I needed to break the silence once again. "I am looking forward to being ravished by you for however long this lasts. I plan on being an even better person and lover for what I experience when I am with you," I began to laugh, "and I plan on enjoying myself, big time!"

He leaned over to pull me closer and kissed me at the same time that he turned the music back on. The air drums started up but this time, I had my own set. We sat in the parking lot for the remainder of the song, singing like no one could hear us. What a sight we must have been for the passing motorists.

As we continued towards my house, we sang and danced in our seats. I think our talks today got a lot out in the open. That's not to say one of us isn't going to become disillusioned again, but for now, life's fun, we are having fun.

When we arrived at my house, we unloaded the truck. I had to laugh when he took out the handheld vacuum from under the seat. He quickly swept up the dirt left behind from the plants as I carried the box of aloe plants to the backyard.

I was looking around the yard to see where I should plant them. I found a spot where they would be visible with the lovely Tiger Lilly from both the bedroom and the hammock.

I grabbed a shovel, hose and gardening gloves and placed them in the box. I went inside to dress more appropriately. Earlier, when I put out a casual outfit, I had no idea how perfect it would be. In seconds flat, I looked the part of a very cute gardener.

I went outside and began digging holes for the four plants. "Can I sit back here and watch? You look amazing in that outfit, getting all sweaty and dirty," he flirted as he handed me the orange and black flower in the pot.

"You can grab a couple sodas from the frig if it isn't too much trouble. If, you can tear yourself away from staring at my ass," I teased.

"I am mostly interested to see what happens to the thin pink top you're wearing when the sweat soaks through. I can tell you have no bra on!" he said in an excited voice with his tongue hanging out.

I placed the plants in all the holes and began to trickle water into the loose soil to start compacting it. Suddenly, the water stopped, when I turned around he had the hose bent but the water turned up higher. I saw he was about to release the hose.

I turned around and pointed the hose end at him just as he thought he would be soaking my shirt. He was quickly drenched and very cold, "That is two for me!" I hollered.

He ran at me and wrapped me in a hug thereby soaking my clothes in the process. I didn't see that he had picked up the hose at the same time. He stuffed the end of the hose down my shirt and completely soaked me down. My clothes were so wet and cold that my teeth started chattering right away.

“Quick get out of your clothes,” he coaxed while he removed his own clothing. He ran to the hammock where the pillows and a blanket were waiting and climbed in. “Hurry, hurry, it is nice and warm in here!” he yelled as we both laughed uncontrollably and I climbed under the blanket, completely naked in my own backyard for the first time ever.

I snuggled up against him as he rubbed us dry with the blanket. He was kissing my hair and nibbling on my ear as he sang a soft ballet to relax me. I fell asleep wrapped in his arms, surrounded by warmth and peacefulness.

I awoke as the solar lights throughout the yard began to shine. As I opened my eyes, he was leaning over, moving my hair to behind my ear and kissing my shoulder.

“You sleep like an angel,” he sleepily whispered, “I have been watching you for a while now.”

“I slept very well, looks like we slept through dinner too,” I pointed out as he kissed my exposed neck.

His hand moved from my hip where he was drawing circles with his finger. He began tracing a line from one thigh across my crotch to the other thigh. “Someone woke up frisky,” I teased.

“Someone woke up wet,” he teased back as his fingers spread to my pussy lips and started roaming around. “You feel nice. All juicy for me,” he growled as he moved his fingers to his mouth. He sucked on his fingers as I watched his eyes roll back into his head.

He slid his fingers around and around again, making sure he rubbed every spot of my pussy. Diving deep inside to thrust his fingers fast and steady before taking them out again. This time he gently rubbed them on my lips and wiped them off on my tongue. He shifted so he could kiss me and suck the juices back again.

While he kissed me, his fingers flicked on a nipple, then the next. I suddenly was aware of his hard penis rubbing along my butt crack. The sensation of all three things combined to make a normally passive me, turn into a slut.

The juices flowing from my pussy were lubing up his dick very nicely as he moved his dick to slide from behind and between my thighs. I had my legs squeezing together, which created a tunnel for his back and forth rocking as he moaned in my mouth.

I really can't explain what came over me, except that I wanted to get laid in my hammock. I asked him to put his dick in my ass. I think even the crickets were stunned because we were suddenly surrounded by silence.

"Please put your very wet dick in my ass and fuck me. I need to be taken in my hammock right where I lay!" I assured him.

He kissed me very hard, wrapped his whole hand over my breast and pulled me tight against him as I felt the angle of his cock change.

The pressure of his penis trying to wedge its way into my ass was manageable. I could feel him stop as the head made it to hide inside. "Tell me when it feels ok for me to move," he groaned as if staying stationary was painful.

"I am alright if you go slowly, you may need some more lubricant though," I warned.

He reached his hand in my pussy and started pinching and flicking my clit. "Cum for me baby, cum for me, let your juices flow onto my dick while I fuck your ass, baby you feel so good wrapped around my dick." He kept working my clit to make me cum as he coaxed me with his wanton words.

I came with more flow than I have never cum before. I was so lost in the euphoria; I didn't feel him begin pounding his hips against my ass as his cock fucked me.

He was holding me so tight against his chest that at times I had trouble breathing. I started to cum again as he grunted in my ear, repeatedly saying he

was about to cum in my ass. He was barely moving as he snarled and huffed and lost his load in the most intimate of ways that two people can.

As I struggled to catch my breath, he buried his nose in my hair and was breathing deeply. I soon realized he had given so much of himself that he had fallen asleep.

I moved his hand a little to stop the crushing feeling in my chest and snuggled back in to go to sleep.