

Day two

I am awake before the sun has made its way towards the sky. The moon is still casting soft glow into my bedroom as I lay mesmerized by this incredible man.

I am amazed that he is here, in my bed, sleeping with the appearance of not a care in the world. I kiss his shoulder and slip out of bed. I go to the kitchen to put on water for hot cocoa.

My plan is to lure him into the backyard to watch the sunrise from the back porch swing. Sunrises are almost the most romantic scenery to me, second only to starlight. Just because I do not live on a river or beach doesn't mean the sun doesn't rise beautifully.

I poured two oversized mugs of hot chocolate and set them on the dining room table by the sliding door that leads outside.

I tiptoed back to the bedroom and got out my lotion. After warming a big glob in my hands, I reach under the blanket to grab what I was looking for, his left foot.

Slowly, I start rubbing the lotion on the underside of his foot and push my slick fingers between his toes. It isn't enough to wake his mind, but it is enough to awaken his cock. I watch as the blanket begins to rise; I love that I am making him hard before the traditional morning wood sets in.

I climb up on the bed, slide under the covers and wrap my hand around his hardening shaft. He begins moaning in his sleep, I can tell because he is snoring in between.

I warm up a handful of lotion again and start to rub his balls. As soon as they are coated, I moved my mouth over the head of his dick. Pre-cum is already pooling on top. I cautiously begin sucking his cock slow and hard, not letting up on the pressure while tossing his well lubed balls every direction.

My right hand is covered in a thick layer of flower scented cream as I slide it down his ass crack. As he wakes up and pushes my head further on his cock, I continue my assault on his throbbing rod. My tongue is circling under his mushroom head when he whispers out that he is going to cum.

At the same time, I slam my face down to deep throat him and tighten my teeth slightly to distract him from my finger thrusting into his ass. He comes with such a force that I can't move my finger until he stops convulsing. I swallow what I can before spraying his cum all over my face, hair, and breasts.

I lie back onto the pillow watching him come back to earth. He looks over at me, grinning, "That has to be the most beautiful sight ever, my woman covered in cum that she stole from me," he laughs.

"Stole?" I gasp, "What do you mean stole," I smirk while tweaking his nipples.

"I didn't give you permission to take my cum, you took advantage of me in my sleep!" Richard was trying to look stern but couldn't hold it together.

I moved my face to his hair and begin rubbing the cold cum all over his face and chest. "Here, you can have it back," I giggle and flop around.

He grabs my arms and twists me so my back is against his chest. He holds me snugly as he whispers in my ear, "I really do love you, this has been amazing, spending so much time together."

I shift my head so I can kiss his chin, "It ain't over babe, come on, get out of bed and follow me."

We wrap up in blankets and head for the dining room. I pop the mugs in the microwave for thirty seconds and we head outside. We sit sipping the hot cocoa as the sun comes up over the wooden privacy fence.

"Isn't the new sun incredible, such beauty, it always leaves me breathless," I announce in wonderment while finishing my drink.

"I know exactly how you feel," he says while moving hair off of my face to behind my ear.

We head inside once the sun is up and heating up the day. I offer to make breakfast while he takes a shower.

The biscuits and gravy, along with hash browns and scrambled eggs are ready as he shows up in a deep blue towel and wet hair. "Your turn," he announces while taking over browning the sausage patties.

I hurry to the bathroom so I can get done fast and return to eat. I stop dead in my tracks by the mirror. No, it isn't seeing my matted hair with dried spunk. He had written in the steam, "My luv, U complete me!"

I put on the music in the bathroom, start singing along as I wash up. The joy I feel in my heart is deep, true joy that comes from pure love with no hidden agendas and to be honest, no baggage.

As I turned off the water, one of my current favorite songs was playing. I am singing and swaying as I dry off before opening the shower door.

There he is standing there; grinning at me, "I never figured you for a sing in the shower gal."

I counter with, "I never figured you for a snore like chainsaws in a wood chipper, kinda guy," as I slide past him carrying my robe and drop my wet towel on his feet.

We sit eating breakfast in an easy silence. We are both hungry and already in need of sleep due to waking so early.

We decide a relaxing nap will be beneficial to both of us. We climb back in bed, naked with the stereo on low and drifted off to sleep.

I don't know how long I was asleep when I feel my legs being gently pulled apart. I shift to allow him to climb between my legs and heard him groan. He sounds so loud yet far from my ears.

I lift my head at the same time I opened my eyes, but darkness remained. I reached towards my face but my hands are secured to the bedframe above my head. I feel my legs now in the same predicament. Holy Crap, he brought silk ties and a blindfold.

I heard him laugh when he saw my face as the realization set in. The music was turned up louder and I could no longer hear him. I feel a blanket being placed over my legs and up to my shoulders. His breath is warm in my ear, "Rest comfortably, my luv."

Several songs have passed before I feel his touch on my cheek. I turn my head towards the sensation. He put his finger in my mouth and I suck hard until he adds two more fingers. With three fingers pushing in and out of my mouth, I struggled to suck but can't.

I feel the blanket move and leave my nipples to feel the sudden cold air. Both nipples harden while my breasts swelled in anticipation.

He grabs one tit from the side and squeezed; forcing the nipple to protrude even more. I feel a heavy pressure on the nipple, "clamps!" I heard myself whisper as he moved to the other nipple.

I can hear a laugh and I know he is watching my face as I am trying to figure out what he was doing with my breasts. His hands seem to be hovering over them and there is light tickling several times. He leans over to my ear, "Ready, set, go!"

My breasts are being calf roped and he is tightening down by the point I have figured out what he is doing. The feeling is strong and mixed with pleasure and pain. I feel him tie the knot under my breasts. I can feel by the pressure, they were strapped closely together.

He quickly unclips the clamps and I call out as the blood pours into the nipples once again. My thrill continued as he sucked on one nipple and begins pinching the other tit, never the same place twice. I feel my body take over and explode from my core, not for long but hard and fast.

He makes me rest a few minutes while my breathing slows, then slaps the second nipple to warn me he is coming back. My tits received the same treatment on the opposite side this time. I am unable to stop

my squirming, it hurt so good! I need to cum so badly again, so very badly but this is his show, his plan so I am lying here suffering in not much silence.

As he stops, I feel him sit on the bed near my hip. I am lost in thought, remembering our talk maybe three years ago about how much I would love to have my breasts tortured for long periods of time. Until this week, we have never had "long periods of time."

My stomach contracted and a loud moan escaped as he slapped both points repeatedly. They are so stimulated it took quite a while to notice the clips are secured again. I was so close; I know I cannot hold off begging much longer.

The blanket moves off of me completely and for the first time, I realized how wet I am. I can feel all the very cold juices on and around my crotch.

He turns the music down so it is barely audible. "My lady does like it rough; I wish I would have removed the blanket earlier. I might have been treated to seeing you squirt, another thing I didn't know about you," he teases while rubbing my thighs with my fluids. "Do you squirt often?" Richard questions, "What is the criteria to make you squirt? I would like a chance to see and taste it as it happens."

In a shaky voice, I explain, "Prolonged attention to my breasts makes me squirt, it has only happened a few times in my life. It doesn't have to be painful, just inconsistent, you know, random."

He pulls the mask off my eyes. Kisses me while I adjust to the sunlight. "That is so hot honey, it really is."

"So, if I do this," he yanks the silk bindings off my breasts and blood rushes back in creating indescribable fullness and pain.

I wiggle and scream, "Yes!" As my body expels my cum several inches from my body while his face lay buried to lap it all up.

"I want more," he yells as he slaps my right tit and pinches the left one as the clamps bit down harder due to the jiggling.

With my legs still strapped to the sides of the bed, I can do nothing to hide as my pussy squirts over and over until I am exhausted.

I can hear the slurping sound he is making and although I am thoroughly embarrassed, it seems pretty clear, he is happy.

He shifts up from the bed after freeing my ankles, then slowly removes the clamps and slackened breast ties. As he unties my hands, he asks if I am alright and begins kneading my arm muscles before I move them.

He climbs back in bed with me and holds me. We lay, cuddling together until the silence is broken by my stomach growling. He tickles my abdomen, "Let's get you fed before we take care of me," as his erect penis stabs my crotch.

We pull out all the sandwich fixings from the frig. He opens a couple of beers; we fix our lunches as we head to the living room to watch another movie from his collection.

As the credits run thru, I glance over at my man, sitting with his feet up, head back and, oops, asleep. I left the movie going for sound and slip out of the room.

Before he awoke, I am back seated next to him in a sexy nightie; my hair is up and dramatic make up completing the look. I think the combination of smelling the cherry blossom & peach lotion covering my body and the end of the movie woke him up.

"Hey sexy, wow, you look and smell incredible. That body spray or whatever it is that you put on is making me want to climb inside that hooker outfit with you," he giggles while running his hands all over my body.

"I have something I want," I announced as my eyebrows dance and I climb up to straddle his lap.

"Damned near anything baby, what is it?" he asks, looking concerned.

"I want to watch our first porn movie together and then I want you to fuck my ass," I say it with as much confidence as I can.

"That sounds amazing to me, and the fact that my gal is the one asking, no she is demanding it, is very hot!" he slaps my thigh and shakes my leg.

I climb off and brought up the internet on the sixty inch television in the living room. I log into my porn account and hand him the remote. "You choose what category you want, I am up for anything," I say biting my finger hoping I am not being too forceful.

I have to laugh as he carefully researches each topic, some he simply makes a face and moves on, others he works the debate aloud. "Lesbian Lovers, hot but I don't plan to share you, so that is a

no. Men loving men, I don't plan on you ever sharing me, so that is a no," he sighs, "Looks like I am down to bondage or anal."

I am just about to suggest we skip the bondage as earlier was far enough for me when he says, "Can't go bondage or you my young lady might get the idea that what the goose enjoyed, the gander would too. So, anal it is!"

He gets comfy on the sofa with a pillow behind his head and stretched out along the couch. I curl up between his legs with a pillow on his belly for my head. I rub his thigh as we watch all the sexually charged action on the screen. Within the first ten minutes we saw four different women take it up the backside.

He has been playing with my hair for the last five minutes and the last eight minutes I have spent trying not to squish his man part as it expanded and hardened.

I can't take being this close to his cock anymore, I have to touch it. I start rubbing my hand up and down the shaft, creating a warm friction that he is enjoying.

I climb off the couch and help him lift his shorts over his hardon and under his ass cheeks and off his sexy body.

I climb back in my space and begin sucking his balls. I can feel how tight they are already. I hear the voice of a woman on the tv say she is going to suck the man dry while his partner fucks her ass. I start sucking my man's delicious dick at the same speed as the tv. My tongue roams up and down the shaft; I nip here and there causing him a little panic. He is so ready to come that he suddenly puts his hands between my face and his cock.

"No more, I need to fuck your ass," he manages to say as he grabs the tv remote and rewinds the scene. "You sucked me at her rhythm, now I will fuck you at his!"

He leads me over to the armchair and pushes me over the arm so my ass sticks out. He runs his hand, fast, back and forth along my cloth covered crotch creating heat, just as I had done to him. He pushes play for the movie and watches for a minute or so while keeping the heat building.

He suddenly pulls the snaps apart and stuffs his meat in my pussy. He pounds me several times before withdrawing fast and entering my ass at lightning speed. He pulls back and hovers just inside the entrance to my ass. I don't know if it is to let me become accustomed to him again or because the scene had not really started.

I watched the woman's face as the thick cock broke through the barriers of her tender hole and knew my face looked the same. Thrust by thrust I see myself on that screen as my lover takes me to the same heights that she is reaching.

I close my eyes and moan continually at the feel of his body pushing and pulling my body closer to orgasm. The woman on the tv was reaching a climax just as Richard started fucking me with wild abandon.

He explodes inside my ass right after I lose it and have juices dripping down my legs. I soon found out, my hot juices splashing on his legs is what sent him over the edge.

We collapsed on the couch, too exhausted to even watch the erotica, so I shut it down.

As tired as we are, we need showers and dinner. Good grief, I thought, how can it only be four o'clock in the afternoon.

We are like a very old married couple. Separate showers, microwave hot dogs, and bed by seven p.m. As I lay cuddled in his arms, I drift off to sleep; I am perfectly fine with being a very old married couple.