

## **Chapter 2**

### **F/M**

#### **Beth recalled:**

A full seven months had flown by since my one and only fling in my very organized and planned out life. I did not regret a thing about it, it was better than I ever dreamt it could have been. Brett had been so intune with the internal struggle he knew had a hold of me. We have spent hours and hours talking and texting our feelings and eventually future dreams about other fantasies.

I sent a text to Brett this time to say that I had the whole day to myself, alone at home and very needy on one of his rare days off. I knew my chances were still slim that he was available since it was a holiday, July 4<sup>th</sup> but I figured I would try anyway. Although we text almost every day and talked on the phone, we hadn't seen each other in six months, slightly longer since our first time together.

I had been working hard at the gym to improve my ability to keep up; Brett has the stamina of a man half our age. I am not even close to my goal weight, but he makes me feel desirable. It makes things that much more intense, the feeling that someone, not your spouse wants to pleasure you and be pleased by you. Creating a longing for each other that can't be lessened by our steady sexual partners.

It was going to be the first time for sex with us, on my turf with my terms. I told Brett to be over in one hour or I would take care of my needs myself. He knows I have a lot of toys and have no problem getting what I need. In our past of almost a year, I have sent him many photos of my toys in action.

Brett sent me a text back, asking if an hour and a half was ok. I knew he was just trying to challenge my plan to be in control. I let him know that in 54 minutes the fresh batteries in the vibrators along with the ready to use dildos would begin their delightful treatment of my body and I would be too busy to

answer my door. I also sent back that I found the nipple clamps I had lost so I was excited to play with those later on.

Another text came that said he would arrive within my time limit. I made him text me his defeat, "On your turf, with your plan," then Brett sent a second message quickly, "Damned Fucking Stars!" I did not even reply, I just laughed as I lit candles in the living room. We talk all the time about wishing the stars would align right so we can be together.

Due to years of phone conversations mixing business with pleasure, we know all about each other's preferences, quirks and fantasies. Brett likes to be able to share with me his previous knowledge he has from his experiences. I, however, have very limited past and am constantly questioning him about things I have heard or read.

Our first time was his home and his rules. He planned out each detail, each move. He was completely in charge. I didn't mind because I was so terrified that I would fail him after such a buildup, that I might have changed my mind, if he hadn't kept guiding me.

We were overdue for another round. However, I knew he was apprehensive at letting me run the show. Not because he is a control freak, he is not, but due to the fantasy I wanted and Brett knew it.

Brett knows I want him to share with me the load of his cum in my mouth. Like a kiss with no passion, but he has assured me that would not make him happy. Just knowing he thinks I might try is enough of a distraction for my other needs to get met.

He has told me that he is wary of how much I like ass play. Brett said he had a woman in his past try but it didn't go well. Fingernails, really, what was she thinking? Ruin it for the rest of us. My goal is to make him cum like never before, while I give him my years of enjoyable experience doing it right, no fingernails, and lots of tongue and fingers though!

I get to indulge about once every two weeks with my steady lover, my husband. I don't do it until I have him begging me for it. It is quite a high to have someone need something so badly that they cannot do for themselves.

I dressed in a black bra with purple lace, along with black lace panties. They really stand out on my very white skin. I decided to wear my long hair down but have hair tie close by, just in case. I have a sheer pink satiny bathrobe to wear so he has something to take off of me when he is ready.

Brett arrived five minutes early. A part of me wanted to leave him outside with his hard on raging in his shorts, but I have neighbors so I decided to be cautious. When I opened the door, he looked me up and down. He is one of those guys who are expressionless, so I didn't know what he was thinking; it drives me insane, not in a sexy way!

He leaned forward, put his hands on my ample hips and whispered, "Nice," in my ear.

I should take a moment to explain, Brett has two rules tied together tight. No emotional attachments. No kissing on the lips, which he feels will lead to the first rule being shattered. While I crave the kissing, I have abided by his request. The lack of emotions from him is sometimes harder still. It was ultimately responsible for us walking away from each other numerous times. He eventually shares a little part of his feelings and we reunite. The way he pushes me away so frequently really bothers me, I get scared which he sees as emotional attachment. It is a cycle that can never be broken because like he says, we are who we are. We seem to go through it once a month or two.

He kissed my neck while he pulled away, as I motioned for him to sit on the couch. I immediately straddled his clothed thighs and said I wouldn't wait any longer for his mouth on my nipples. Brett untied my bathrobe and let it fall open as his hands gripped my bra cups and squeezed. One at a time, he pulled each breast up and out of its snug confinement. When they were both out, he groaned, and I felt his cock move. I rose up just enough that his dick had to work

hard to stretch up and wiggle against my panties. This put my nipples at the right height for his lips.

I love looking in Brett's eyes when he is turned on. The normally brown eyes turn to a deep sultry brown that seem to see into my soul. They find right where all the passion stays hidden, freeing it to escape and live out its destiny. "Look at my eyes," I beckoned as he had them tightly shut when his lips were around both nipples pushed together.

As soon as the connection was made, I felt the change from deep inside me. I let out a moan and threw my head back. The movement caused him to bite the tips of my breasts to avoid losing his grip. I muffled a scream as my first orgasm came over me. Brett replaced his teeth with his fingers and ran his tongue up and down my throat.

While I calmed down, I laid my head on his shoulder with my lips against his neck. His fingers were still manipulating my nipples, which was keeping the lust creeping up inside of me.

I felt my bathrobe sliding down my arms. Brett unhooked my bra and tossed it to the floor behind me. He brought the bathrobe back up both my arms to where it had been. I smiled and kissed his neck, we both knew the see-thru bathrobe was silly, but I have an issue with being naked. It seems like such a little thing, but it really made a difference in my comfort level.

His hands were rubbing up and down my back, stopping at my shoulders and squeezing firmly. Then Brett increased the pace along with pushing down on my shoulders. I moved my head up to his ear. I seductively asked if that was sign language for; "please wrap your lips around my dick." He nodded his head that he was ready.

I slipped my hand between us and began rubbing his swollen cock. I asked if "this" was what he intended to use to fuck my ass before he leaves. He groaned as his dick twitched in my hand. I asked what he was willing to do to get my mouth on his cock and balls before he fucks my ass hard.

A tiny whisper came out when Brett said, "Anything." I asked him if that was what he said and he groaned out louder, "Anything," as I squeezed his shorts covered pole with my left hand.

I lifted the middle finger of my right hand to my lips. I stuck my tongue out and licked the digit on all sides. Then I pushed it past his lips, looked him right in the eyes and demanded, "Suck it." I felt the pressure of his tongue push my finger to the roof of his mouth as he began sucking, hard. "Are you almost ready to beg for this finger to twirl around inside of your ass? Hmmm? Right after you feel my tongue slide all around and inside that little hole of yours?" I teased as I licked his chin, up to his cheek and over his ear.

Brett couldn't speak because he was immobilizing my finger so nicely. "I really want your cock in my mouth. I want you to fuck my face like last time. When I was on my back and you claimed my throat as yours, only this time you know what I want don't you," I whispered while licking his ear.

Releasing my finger slowly he whimpered, "You want me to cum in your mouth so you can kiss me."

I put a hand on either side of his face and asked if he was willing to do that for me.

He in turn matched his hands to my face, and said, "If it is that important to your fantasy, I will. I am not excited to taste my own cum, but I am excited to make you happy."

What a sweet guy, he may hide his emotions really well, but I could read his face this time, dread.

"You have just made me very happy, we can do it in baby steps," then I paused for dramatic effect. "The fact that you were willing, just for me, has fulfilled my fantasy enough," I smiled as I saw all the tension drain from his shoulders.

"Now let's get your shorts off, so I can worship your cock. Would you like to fuck my pussy with a dildo while my mouth is full," I said while swinging a

double dick dildo. I thought he would cum in his pants when I took the big one in my mouth as I said, "One is for my pussy." I switched to the small one in my mouth and stuck it way down my throat and teased, "And one is for my ass."

I climbed off of him to allow him to get up and get naked while I removed my panties. I enjoy that he is not self-conscious like I am. He has sent me oodles of pictures of his hard cock over our time together. I have a favorite photo that he captioned, thinking of your lips on this.

Eventually, he surprised me with a video of him masturbating. I can't count the number of times I came watching that. I haven't watched it very often since he sent the most recent video. Not only did he masturbate for me, but asked me by name if I wanted his cock, if I wanted his cum, and then came for me. He even ended it the same way, which I had told him, was beyond hot as he used his thumb to rub his cum in the head of his cock. It is amazing and even better knowing for sure he was thinking of me.

I was snapped back to reality when his hard cock was pushing on my leg as he slapped my tits with the dildo that I had handed him.

Brett sat back down on the couch and I kneeled out to the right of him so I could use my right hand to play with his balls.

Before I could lean down and put my mouth over his ready cock, he pushed me down across his lap. Suddenly, I was no longer in control, "Spread them," he growled. He slapped my ass twice before I could move. With my crotch and ass cheeks open to him he began taking my juices and rubbing them all over my ass cheeks and down the crack of it. He swatted me several times with the dildo on the wet surface causing it to sting just a bit.

He thrust the dildo in my pussy and started fucking me with it while I moaned across his lap. His other hand was slapping my ass while he told me to cum on the dildo. It took a few more fucks and several hard slaps before I came so hard it pushed the dildo out. While my mouth was open trying to breathe, he shoved the dildo inside and ordered me to clean it off.

While he fucked my mouth with it, he was telling me what a good cocksucker I was, and that he loves that all my holes are open for him to use. He took the dildo out of my mouth and due to his comment I braced myself for an anal attack. Instead, I felt both rubber dicks shoved together, stretching my pussy. "How's that cunt, this will teach you to tease me with your need for me to suck down my own cum!" as he pounded away at my hole. "Lift yourself up and suck my dick like you mean it! If you slow down this double dick goes right in your ass, get moving," and with an ass reddening smack, I was up. Brett knows that I crave the roughness and the demanding talk and it was obvious to me he was ready to play my way.

I was deep throating Brett's cock and rubbing his balls as best I could but my concentration was being tested by the dildos fucking my pussy so very hard.

He withdrew them and slapped the hole that leads in my ass with it. Brett kept assaulting the tiny star with the wet rubber causing a tingling pain designed to bring me to orgasm.

"Get me those nipple clips," he snapped as he pushed the bigger dildo back in my pussy.

I jumped forward to escape the slap that I just knew was coming, but I was too weak kneed and he laid a loud one across both cheeks.

I stumbled to the table on the other side of the room. As I picked up the clamps on a chain, he told me to bring my favorite soft purple vibrator. I knew he meant the one featured in photos that I sent of my breasts being beaten by it until I came.

Brett told me to get his dick wet, so I bent over and sucked him until he lightly pulled my hair up.

He squeezed his thighs together and thrust his dick up. He told me to back up and get his dick up my ass. Brett held it for me as I struggled to lower myself. Once I was impaled, he told me to "stay like that." He told me to put my arms folded over my head. When he reached around with hands and twisted my

nipples, I winced. He bounced his cock in my ass and told me to be quiet. Brett clamped each clip to a nipple and flicked them to make sure they remained on. He turned on the purple vibrator that I just gave him and rubbed it on my already sore nubs.

Brett put the stimulator in his left hand and showed me his right hand. "Do you know what I am going to do with this hand?" He taunted me. He leaned forward a little which altered the direction of his cock stuck all the way up my ass. He bit down on my neck and grabbed my clit and pinched hard before he slapped it.

My lover began bucking like a bronco, slapping my clit and beating my breasts while he kept insisting I cum like the sex crazed bitch that I am. Brett slapped my tits really hard and the pain distracted me from him putting the purple vibrator on my clit then up my pussy. I fell apart more times than I can count when he changed it to where it was fucking my mouth, then his mouth and then back to my pussy with the vibrator.

Brett let go of the purple wonder and grabbed both breasts as he quickly unclamped them, dug his fingers in the flesh as he came inside my ass.

We sat for close to five minutes, panting and trying to speak but it was of no use. When we finally calmed enough to move, I pulled the bathrobe around the front of me and curled up on the couch. I rested my head on his knee.

He was moving my sweat filled hair off of my face. "In all the time I have known you, have I ever been good at baby steps and waiting?" he laughed.

I rolled onto my back, put my head on his thigh and managed to say, "Never," with a big smile on my face. "You're always full of surprises, that's for sure," as I began laughing. I forced myself to stop laughing since the sheer robe did nothing to hide my shaking belly.

He slid out from under my head and put his clothes on. Brett kissed my forehead and looked right in my eyes for a full minute before speaking. "I don't know when the stars will align again, but there is no doubt that for a very long



time, I will be thinking about then, and today, and 7 months ago. Next time, neutral turf and we both get what we want, ok? Maybe we can escape somewhere and treat ourselves?" he asked, no doubt trying to figure out if I was upset about his ass remaining untouched.

He continued looking back and forth between my eyes until I started to giggle. "There is the laughing that drew me to you all those years ago over the phone, that is; until we met and you seduced me!" he laughed and kissed my forehead again.

There was no sadness at Brett leaving, just satisfaction. I headed off to the shower to wash him off of me, just as he was headed home to do the same.

As I got in the shower, I calculated 4 months from now, I am thinking Halloween costumes, a bar out of town to be safe and a hotel overnight. We might need planets and stars to align to pull that off. But what a memory for the rocking chair time in our old age it would be.