

SHORTS COLLECTION #1

A 70-page collection of short alpha male
and BDSM erotica

Best Kept Secret



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Disclaimer: Please be advised, this is an erotica compilation and some scenes are highly adult in nature. This material should only be viewed by those of at least 18 years of age and access to this kind of content may be restricted or forbidden in certain territories.

Your Best Kept Secret

Shorts Collection #1

The below is a collection of our short pieces and short scenarios we wrote in July and early August 2020. Most will be on our Patreon, but we wanted to provide it in a PDF format for patrons as well so you can browse and view it at any time at your own discretion on mobile, desktop or tablet.

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The innocent ones have the most to hide

All fours in Tokyo skylines



She never came into this so willing. It was the innocent ones who had the most to hide and so it went with that first evening of sake and sushi in the financial district. We had laughs, we had giggles, we talked college, we talked life but her eyes betrayed her. The first caresses of my head as I whispered my intentions in her ears told me everything. Its those subtle cues that get me going, the nail digs, the change in her tone, the breathy requests in my ear.

I had to guide her, train her and bring out all the animalistic instincts. It never came naturally to her, from a conservative culture where such things were kept hushed for fear of letting the genie out of the bottle.

The little sessions in the Tokyo skyline were what she looked forward to most week in and week out after her shifts at the Mitsubishi bank, shimmers of blue cascading across our moody room and her on all fours waiting to receive her due punishments. We'd book the room for the night. 'Do not interrupt' hung outside.

I'd strip her down, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, it was my pleasure, I'd do what the fuck I wanted to. Peeling her panties first, dragging them down to her ankles and letting her step out of them as I wrapped the silk scarf around her eyes. There was never a time she wasn't even a little moist, a trickle of excitement spilling onto my fingers which I teased into her mouth, letting her tongue wrap around my fingers like a coiled python.

Pure bliss, her shallow breaths trailing through the air, as I'd stand with my belt by my side. The first smack would always catch her off guard, just as she had unclenched her cheeks thinking I was distracted. A taut ripple across her toned backside, the first rips and spreading of a beautiful pink across her, a warm up for the rigorous touches I was going to give her. Of course, came the wiggling, the little pants as another little drip of pleasure fell onto the bed, the meek struggle as she tried to protest her Master doing what needed to be done.

"Count with me or I'm getting the belt early."

Another crack, just inches from her delicate flower, she was so easily bruised, so easily turned on down there, her bottom left red raw so quickly. A sharp cry leaves her. These were her sexiest moments, basking in submission, begging to be washed in my ways, what I loved doing to her backside. Leaving them bruised and marked with my thick palms, looking in the mirror days afterwards and remembering just how good she was for me, on my lap and on my bed.

Brisk heat of the Summer

Remembering the mid-afternoon sessions of Milan



I sit on the balcony, feet up, the smooth texture of the wood grazing along my heels as the last gasps of my cigarette plume through the air. The day is roasting, singeing the surface of the tiles as I try to catch my breath. My legs are bronzed from weeks

of sunbathing out here, relaxing and recovering from exhaustive sessions with him. We'd met completely by accident, not far from the Duomo with an aperol spritz each on the balcony. I was on my first trip out here with the company, trying to win business for the Autumn accounts. But of course, business quickly led to pleasure.

It wasn't going to be easy taking my mind off the passionate throes of the past few weeks, the mid-afternoon sessions in the sweltering Milanese heat. The banging of the walls as Alessandro taught me my most advanced lessons in lovemaking, legs wrapped around him, clenched to his powerful glutes as he pinned my arms to the wall and pumped inside me till my eyes rolled inside my head, there was no gym routine quite like those workouts.

Business trip. He had to make a last minute flight to NYC with a new deal going down. He was going to be there for a week and I had no intention of going home yet either. So we were at a stalemate and what was worse, even after 24 hours I was missing him, catching powerful feelings that I couldn't escape.

He's there in front of me, in just his jeans, the luscious long locks of his black hair draping down to the top of his well-muscled chest, his hand under my chin as he ushers deep instructions to me, little teases across my body. I'm unbuttoning and unzipping him, unsheathing him and gripping him tightly in my hands, running my fingers across the throbbing veins.

My teeth dig into my bottom lip playfully. Fuck, I miss him too much. He warned me sharply not to touch myself whilst he was away. Naughty thoughts are consuming me, my desire swilling around the wine glass below my chair as I look to the opposite balcony. The glass empties as I take one last swig and go back inside, closing the blinds and leaving the windows open. I had to be alone with just him in my head.



First loves and all, even in Quarantine

It was never going to be sweet with him

Idaho is quiet. Too quiet sometimes, where suburban boredom met my need to explore myself a little more deeply. Fortunately, opportunity came knocking.

At the sleepy end of our road, the old neighbours were moving out.

I caught sight of him, moving chairs and a few guitars into the lounge from the porch.

'Hey I'm Jay.'

'Cassie. Nice to meet you.'

'It's just me staying here, bought another house away from LA, wanted the peace and quiet.'

He had a Latin vibe to him, dark hair, dark eyebrows, dreamy in the way his eyes tore into me every time he spoke. He was tall, ripped in his henley top, open buttons revealing the top lines to his chest. Not a normal boy of our neighbourhood. He had an attitude that made him seem ten years older than he actually was.

'You should come over tomorrow. I'm doing drinks.'

'What about quarantine?' My dad would freak if he knew I was out like that. And yet, I was more than a little intrigued.

'Does it look like I follow rules Cassie?' There was something in the way he said it, his voice was a cooling syrup, it flowed effortlessly. The seconds linger in the air between us a little smile leaves me, my eyes meeting his.

'I'd like that, ping me. Here's my number.'

I came over. We got along better than I had ever thought, he was in a metal band and even produced his own music for movies, games, TikTok, it was fucking cool to be honest. Best of all, he was way too self-confident and charming, the perfect mix of asshole and stud. Resisting him was like trying not to fall over a waterfall. He knew when to push me and when to pull.

His friends were there but bounced in the early morning after a few too many tequilas. He was in his muscle tee, Metallica logo inscribed over it, hair all dishevelled and veins standing out in his forearms as he leant on the kitchen doorway. It was too delicious and I had to have him.

Of course, he took the lead. 'Here's what is going to happen, I'm going to carry you into that room, strip you down very quickly and gag you with your panties whilst I fuck the life out of you.'

'Jay, that's quite forward.' *Who was I kidding.* He could do anything to me. My nipples turned hard as he cornered me, one hand reaching around to tug on my hair as he towered over me. Lifting me onto his shoulder and running to the bedroom with my giggles resounding through the house, we fumbled around on the soft sheets for a short while but he was clearly in the mood for no bullshit. My white top went flying across the room, my bra was ripped away from me and my jeans were pulled to my ankles. With brute strength he flipped me onto my front and ripped my

panties away from my toes, shoving them into my mouth. He wasn't lying about that part.

'It's okay Cass, relax for me, you look so good.' I clenched his hand hard as he curled inside me slowly, filling me up right to the hilt, my excitement glistening his thick member as he drove inside me even deeper, a little gagged whimper leaving me involuntarily as he slapped my pert bottom, leaving a quick mark for his visual pleasure. He was so big, it was difficult to focus on anything else except spilling my arousal all over his length. He held my hands behind my back and began to pump me vigorously as my makeup smeared across the pillow and my moans grew louder and louder.

'Don't wake up the neighbours now.' What followed was a symphony of the sweet and the merciless as he rotated between thrusting furiously into my sticky core and making out with me till I couldn't breathe. Our sweaty bodies clamped in the early morning as I hung onto his headboard and rode him till my legs quivered, with his big length sliding inside me faster and faster and his right hand administering fierce slaps to my face when I wasn't performing to his standards.

I should have known then, it was never going to be sweet with him, he wanted to take me somewhere deeper, to confront my filthiest desires. That first night was the tip of the iceberg. Even in quarantine we made it work, it sucked my first love had to happen under such circumstances. But Jay taught me a lot about myself, how much I could love degradation, how blurred the lines between pain and pleasure were and how much I could crave one man.

My obedience is rewarded in the bath

Bliss amongst the trails of steam



I stand up in the bath, rinsing the warm water all over my thirsty body. Suds of soap drip into the tub as the late evening sun pounds through the window. I'd just got back from his office, squeezing in a quick workout as he finished the Tate Case. The bath was to try and get all the sweat and aches out of me but I am feeling a little more adventurous than just the usual wash, a little more risqué than the usual shower head over my breasts.

Through the steam I hear the handle on the door creaking, the slow turning motion drawing my ears to the sound as I hear his loafers on the floor. The door closes and he clears his throat.

"I liked what you did with the papers today, I've never seen them neater on my desk."

My body shivers a little with his deep baritone voice as he steps closer to me, I know he's fully clothed, I won't be able to touch him properly until he has my hands flailing over the edge of the bath tub, my nails digging into the ceramic with several orgasms flushed out of me. He made the rules, I followed them. That's the way it is.

The steps grow louder as I hear him come to a stop just in front of me, shrouded by the steam, a handsome enigma trapped in a cloud of my burgeoning seduction. He's six foot five, I know he's wearing that dark blue suit with the red tie, I bet the steam is doing wonders for the veins in his forearms and hands, perfect for taking control of his little girl.

"You weren't wearing any panties today were you? Expecting me to bend you over my desk were we? How cute of you."

His wet hand slithers across my throat as his other trails down my breasts, massaging me and bringing my nipples to a taut erection. *It feels so good already*, the tension of the past few weeks dissipating from me. He's gentler today, more sensual with his touches as my nipples rub against his talented fingers. I still can't see him fully as he grips my neck harder and strokes my belly, circling on my stomach gently before he slicks his finger against my aching flower.

In a slow motion, he strokes me through the steam, my vulva wetting his fingertips as my breath grows a little faster and he inserts his index finger inside me, letting my hips move onto his hand and his other hand grips the base of my hair, roughing me around exactly as he likes. Kissing my belly and pubic bone, my head rolls back with his tongue lapping against the top of my pubic hair. Carefully, he moves down on me, my eyes closing and my hands reaching for his hair, anything to grip onto before the sensation begins. Very slowly he traces his tongue against my clit before moving to my opening, inserting and pulling my moist excitement out of me with his tongue and index finger as I muffle a loud moan, my hips grinding hard against his face. *Fuck, I want you to taste me so badly sir.*

"You know how I reward you when you're an obedient little girl. Sit back in the tub, get comfortable, your mine for the evening."

"Yes sir."

I want to fall in love with a killer

It felt right, trading assassination for bondage



The thin crimson filter of the late evening flowed through the window as I unwrapped my ankle holster, three knives in total and handed over my gun to his goons. I'm ordered to strip down to my lingerie and blindfolded.

My mission had been simple enough, fly into the Bahamas and take down the notorious drug baron, Sandor Machek. I'd seen pictures and footage of him on the debrief, he was a very young 40 year old man, chiselled jawline and an athletic build, notoriously ruthless, he'd killed his own father to attain power in the region. I admit I'd always had a thing for dangerous men, even the most extreme ones.

What had seemed so simple quickly got complicated as I slipped up within a few days of arriving in the country.

Sandor got to me first, intercepting me in my hotel room after his men suspected me in the lobby. The following 24 hours had been a blur as I was snook back to his compound and kept in a tight concrete cell. But, inevitably the time came for questioning and answers, little did I know I was going to face a few more disturbing questions about what I really wanted from the trip.

I sit in the chair, completely naked with the tightly bound rope rubbing against the tips of my nipples. There is no bottom to the chair, its completely cut out, perfect for drug lords who want to torture their captives or for tormenting submissive girls who wander into their lairs. Sweat drips into my cleavage as I try and settle my breathing and my hands struggle in the handcuff knot behind my back. Metal clings loudly in the corner as the heavy door swings shut and someone steps through before it shuts again. I can sense it is him.

A few moments pass as leather shoes meet the floor, little echoes reverberating around the huge interrogation cell.

"Miss Walters, I believe we haven't met. Sandor Machek, the Bahamas' finest." His voice is deep, rumbly, just the right note to keep any woman's attention he wanted to. Coming into the mission, I wasn't altogether clueless about his exploits with other women, a little bit more drama only seemed to sweeten the deal for me.

I spit on the ground but it doesn't have anywhere near enough aggression to it. I am this man's captive and the best I can do is react with a meek spit barely a few feet in front of me.

"Feisty one hey? We'll see how feisty you are after a session with me."

The tables were turned, I'd interrogated countless men in chairs to extract information, it felt so strange to be on the other side, so vulnerable, so powerless to do anything.

“You were supposed to kill me weren’t you? You could have done so today in that lobby, non one would have even known.”

I stay quiet, feeling him circling me like a shark waiting for the first hint of blood in the ocean.

“But you hesitated with your trigger. I suspect for the only time in your life.”

“I’m not going to talk Machek, so you can do whatever you want with me.” My voice feels weak as it barely registers an echo in his dungeon. My words spilling out the first signs of my subconscious desires, the first traces of the pooling desire within myself.

He sniggers. “Oh don’t worry, I have a few lessons you can learn.”

Lessons. What kind of lessons? My curious side perks up from her sleep.

“Stockholm Syndrome? Seems too convenient to me.”

I try to block it out of my mind. But *was he right?* How could I have been so careless otherwise. I was usually meticulous on my missions, the model MI5 girl, always a perfect score to report back to HQ and here I was literally submitting myself to a drug lord. And the worse part is, I think I like it, I want to be his. I feel his hot gaze all over my naked body and I feel the blood start to rush to my cheeks as tingles erupt all over me, goosebumps flaring up along my arms.

“When was the last time you got properly punished Miss Walters?”

My heart jumps on the question but I try to hold my tongue, my top teeth running lightly against the tip of my bottom lip as a little saliva gathers in my mouth, it was boiling in here and only getting hotter as my face was flushed with embarrassment and arousal. *It had been a while*, I’d only ever had my slice of vanilla relationships. My work as an assassin left very few men able to tame me or match me in that department.

He kicks the chair over and I gasp involuntarily as my head starts to spin, little lights flashing in my darkened state as my legs stay bound together and my hands stay constricted in the rope behind my back.

I hear his belt leave his trousers, the buckle dragging across the concrete floor. Suddenly, he steps over to me, I can smell him, he is wearing a heady musk, I can feel it dripping from his chest hair, I can sense him getting hard at the thought of

what he has in front of him. I can tell he wants my toned body, he wants to claim me, to have me saying his name till I'm sore.

"Fuck the blindfold, I want you to see what I'm going to do to you." Ripping it off me, I am blinded by the harsh light from the bulb overhead before he comes into view. He's even more stunning in person, with a scar running across his neck and a complete menace in his gaze. His shirt is off and I can make out the outline of his rigid girth in his pants, protruding against the seams. He bends down to me, his breath lining my neck as he whispers in my ear, the full extent of his power becoming evident to me.

"If you cry, I'm going to punish you more, do you understand?"

Something told me I wasn't going to cry. I nod and give a little lick of my lips as a bead of sweat trickles down my throat and between my breasts. The belt drapes against the underside of my legs, slithering towards my lips and a little stream of excitement squirts out of me onto the floor below as I whimper his name under my breath.

"Please, Sandor, please, make me yours, I'll be your girl, I'll be yours. Please, please..."

The belt runs over my bare slit and against my soaked thighs before he retracts it and gives me the first lash against my firm backside. I buckled in the bondage, wriggling my hands and toes to try to lessen the pain but the knots are expertly done, I was his for the taking. The little submissive assassin slut ready to do his bidding, Everything was moving so fast but I have to make a confession, part of me wanted to fall in love with a killer.

You're a good student, but you can be bad too

My professor primes me for more decadent studies



Part 1

The classroom is sweltering as the clock hits 4:57pm. Only a few minutes of detention left.

My first ever, completely unexpected, I had whispered to my friend MacKenzie in his class and that was that, I was told to stay behind.

Of course, I didn't necessarily mind, I got to take in the full spectacle of Mr. Laurent, a French whirlwind of gorgeousness. Tanned, long-flowing black locks contouring his face, shaping the piercing hazel eyes that would leave your heart beating more than a little faster each time. He was my most interesting teacher by far, English literature, he made the pages come alive, he made learning fun. It was more than a bonus that he was the crush of every girl in my year too. It was almost a shame I was only going to be able to take him in in my final year of high school, after the next few months he was gone out of my life forever.

I sit with my hands folded on the desk. He moves on the platform waiting for the clock to hit five. He's almost impatient, tapping his foot in a slow rhythm and furtively looking back to the time on the wall. Taking off his glasses he folds his arms and stares at me momentarily, *fuck I wish he wouldn't*. My stomach takes little leaps as I manage a smile in response. He doesn't react but I know he knows how he's making me feel with these glances. Feeling myself go red I rest my chin on my hand and try to stare out of the window, anything to make it less intimidating. Involuntarily, I unfold my legs and let them stretch out under the desk.

4:59pm. Seconds ache away but the world feels like it has slowed to a crawl. Mr. Laurent feels it as well, he's tapping more nervously with his foot, arms folded, his thick biceps bulging out from under his formal wear, I think I can make out a vein underneath the white.

There's something bugging me though. There are only three of us here. Two other boys who had been caught skipping homework. They sit much nearer the front. It wasn't so much that though, it was a numbers game. MacKenzie had always told me that detention was at least 10 people or so most weeks, it was the whole year not just the whole class. Something was up with just us three here. Something stirs

inside me, the seed of a naughty desire, I could be about to be very alone with Mr. Laurent.

Three...two....one. The school bell rings out with a deafening screech. He sighs, folding his glasses on his shirt and motions to the two boys sat up front.

“Colton...Sean, you’re free to go. Miss Summers, stay behind though please, I’d like an extra word.”

Gulp. An extra word? What the hell was going on? Had I done something completely wrong on the fiction project?

The two other boys get up and move like lightning, obviously keen to be anywhere else but here. Chattering away, they get to the door and fling it open.

“Just do the work so we don’t have to do this every week guys. It gets boring.” Meagre nods from both of them as they go charging out and their footsteps carry through the corridor. The door swings close and a horrible silence falls over the classroom. I feel paralyzed, unable to move from my seat, like a prey on the Savannah, hunted by a lion, watched continuously by him.

He doesn’t say anything, keeping his arms folded on the stage, looking directly at me. Me, in my tight little skirt and modest white shirt, top few buttons undone.

“Professor, I don’t fully understand why I’m here. I just explained part of question six to MacKenzie.” My voice feels so weak, like I was guilty of something in any case. It wasn’t so much guilt but nerves. I had no idea what was going on.

He flicks his black locks out of his eye before uncuffing his shirt and rolling his sleeves up. If his intention was to get my full attention, it is working wonders, the visual treat of his thick and veiny forearms, more than an ample attraction, more than a stimulant for my vivid imagination.

“You’re one of my best students Tiffany, you do all of your assignments on time, you think outside the box and you challenge my assumptions...”

His voice rumbles at a low frequency, its just the right pitch where it raises the little pinprick goosebumps on my arms. He slowly walks down from the platform, with a completely confident walk, his pants wrapped tightly around his huge quads and thighs. Even this man’s legs are delicious, it was frustrating almost. There had to be some physical flaw somewhere, no one was all perfection.

“Don’t worry I’m not mad about the whispering.” He continues to move closer to me, black hair swinging behind him. He slicks it back with his hand and shuffles forward.

If it’s not the whispering, what is it then? I really wish he wouldn’t get so close to me. Fidgeting in my seat, I clear my throat and try to make sense of everything. .

“I...I still don’t quite understand. What is this about?” My brown hair is draped over my right eyelid and I flick it, whilst quickly running my hands through.

He’s a few feet away from me. A sweet scent, it smells like Davidoff’s Cool Water, drifts from his shirt all over me. I instinctively move my hands from the desk and put them in my lap. *Why am I so submissive all of a sudden?* He could tell me to do anything right now and I don’t think I could resist. The tension between us could be sliced with a butter knife. I’ve never had so much time to admire him up close before and his presence like this is stealing all reason from me, replacing it with a burning sensation, a deep-rooted desire

“Tiffany, you are always the good girl. Have you never tried being bad, even for one day?” The words mixed with his French accent have me all gooey, I want to pinch myself, this is like a beautiful dream. This happens in the movies, not in Park Range High School. He’s towering over me, my face nearly at his waist level. I’m tempted to catch a quick glimpse down there but I don’t dare look.

“Sir?” *Sir, jeez Tiffany.*

“I think you need someone to teach you to embrace your wild side a little bit”

End of Part 1

Part 2

The heat is unbearable, it is only 80 fahrenheit or so, but it feels more like 110, especially in a classroom, all alone after school with Mr. Laurent, a man who seemed to effortlessly capture all of my schoolgirl fantasies in one irresistible package.

“My wild side?” I was playing dumb to try and give myself some breathing room.

“I want to expand your curriculum a little bit. It should broaden your understanding.”

I laugh. There was no way this was real at this point, it was all a big joke and I had to diffuse the tension somehow. This was a cruel prank someone was playing on me, maybe MacKenzie had corresponded with Mr. Laurent just to get me back for being too much of a nerd.

“What’s so funny Tiffany?”

I stop laughing almost instantly and redness covers all of my cheeks, *damn I’m embarrassed*. His facial expression darkens and I choke up again, words failing me. With a hooded glare, he inspects me up and down and makes me stiffen in my chair again.

“Do I look like a man who treats seduction as a joke?”

My body is completely rigid, my heart and my head battling each other in a furious contest of will. Everything about this was wrong, he was a crush, not a serious interest, just a fantasy I had built up in my head and there was nothing socially acceptable about what was happening. I had to put a stop to it. This has to end here.

“Professor, this is so wrong, this is so risky. What if someone finds us. I don’t think I can do this. I think you’re a very attractive man but I can’t do this.”

He plants his hands down slowly on the desk, looking me square in the eye, my gaze dropping to his lips .

“Those are words Tiffany, not how you really feel. Don’t play me with bullshit.”

“How do you know that? How can you know?”

“Your legs under the desk, your breathing, I’ve seen the way you look at me, there’s too many signs Tiffany.”

My rational side is kneeling, hands behind her back, eyes up and looking at her instructor.

“What if...if we get caught? What on earth would happen to us?”

The last remnants of sanity escape my lips but it feels feeble to both of us and he knows it, I’m powerless to resist this, my heart pounding in my ears as his face is mere inches from mine, his dark gaze undressing me.

“It’s going to be our secret. We’re going to be careful. Wouldn’t you like to carry a secret for a while Miss Summers?” *That accent.* He was going to have me however he wanted, whatever he deemed pleasurable.

I’m trembling, I want this too much. Nodding, I stay silent and search for the next steps in his eyes, scanning them like a hawk. I want him to stop talking and kiss me or tell me what to do next. Sensing my compliance he smiles and holds my chin, his touch sending jolts of electricity through my body, leaving me in my pooling lust.

“Good girl.”

He quickly marches over to the window and draws the blinds down. *No turning back now.* His eyes are ablaze as he strides back to me, a menace to him, he’s as mesmerising as ever, impossibly hot with the locks flicking through the wind.

“Put your hands on the desk. Bend over for me.” *Yes sir.*

Sweating, I lean over, presenting myself for him, my short skirt hiking over the top of my hamstrings, he can see everything he wants to, he can do anything he wants to. His busy hands peel away my soaked panties, dragging them slowly down my legs as my anticipation slides down the inside of my thighs. My stomach muscles are tensing with the thought of him exploring me down there, doing exactly as he pleases with me.

“You’re not going to need those.” Completely masculine, completely feral. *Yes sir.* He slides my panties all the way down to my ankles and with his foot, spreads my legs a bit wider.

I blush deeper thinking of the visual he must have of me in this position, pantyless and bent over for him, breathing harder than I ever have in my life.

“That’s my girl. Tell me you’ve never wanted to make out with your professor before?”

He crushes my lips with his, his tongue coaxing mine into a wet dance as he starts pinning my hips against his thick groin, murmuring his approval in my ears. I feel his rigid outline through his pants against my exposed flower, wetting the seam of his pants with a little trail of my desire. I can feel how big he is as he runs his hands over my backside and lets me grind against it, fantasising about how it might be used.

“Stay still.” I hear the zipper to his pants winding down, ever so slowly, teasing me just a little bit longer. I sense him protruding through his underwear,

“Tell me how much you want me inside you.”

“Please sir, please, I want you, I want you.” Moans and gasps leave me as he caresses my plump posterior, running his hands down my curvy waist and dragging his tip against my sticky slit. I feel his own pre-arousal against my wetness, dripping against my delicate flower.

“Beg for me.”

“I need you, I need this, I want this. Please, please.”

He’s gentle with me for a moment as he slides his head inside me. My hands grip onto the desk as hard as possible, he’s even bigger than I thought, his taut tip spreading inside my opening with complete ease. With a sensual whisper into my ear he slides the rest of his huge girth inside me, filling me up as far as I can handle it. My eyes roll back in my head and I shudder with a grimace of pain as I try to steady my breathing, blowing big breaths out of my mouth quickly.

“Sir, you’re so big, I can’t hold it.”

“It’s okay, we start slow Tiffany.” *Fuck.*

The first stroke is heavenly, the sloppy sliding sound turns him on even more as I feel him grow another inch inside me. It was going to be an ordeal not to cum too quickly like this and he knew it with me so aroused and moist for him.

I feel a fistful of my hair quickly grabbed and yanked back. *Umm that feels good.* His thrusts speed up every so slightly and my hips bounce backwards against his firm lower stomach and muscular groin. My eyes close and my moans become a lot louder but he covers my mouth with his other hand tugging me with all of his might in the other hand.

“Shhh. Now, now, you’re going to have to be fucked a lot harder than this I think Tiffany.”

I lean my head back as far as I can to meet his eyes and he buries his aggression into me, his tongue exploring my mouth before he bites my bottom lip, smiling with his handiwork and just how enamoured I am with him. I’m going cross-eyed and my backside is going in concentric circles with each thrust. My legs stiffen as he keeps

up a tortuous rhythm, I'm immobile against this desk, no power to change my destiny, shuddering uncontrollably under my controlling Adonis.

"See how good it feels to be bad Tiffany?" He slaps my exposed backside with the force of a thousand hands. I yelp but he muffles me with his left hand, continuing his vigorous attack. His hips are so powerful, plunging into me and making my backside ripple with each strike. I smile with the rippling and cracking sound that hits the air with every stroke. *Jeez, he's teaching me so well.*

"What if your parents found out? What if the headmaster found out what a dirty girl you can be? You know his office is just down the corridor. Guess we'll have to be quick, don't want the head to see you full to the hilt with me do we now?"

He speeds up into a furious aggression, holding both of my hips and letting my moisture spill out onto my thighs and the floor. Sweat is turning into vapour on my lower back from the heat between us, the A/C in the classroom nowhere to be found. He leans over me a little bit further and hikes his own leg up onto the desk with great flexibility finding the perfect angle to tip me just that bit further over the edge. I lose all control of my voice trying to get words out but the sensation is too good, I'm in too much ecstasy to care.

He's finding the perfect pace now, not too fast and not too slow, his leg up on the table, our bodies meeting each other in a furious dance of erotic power. His hips move in a circular motion and his glutes provide the horsepower, leaving me breathless and building to a strenuous orgasm.

"Oh fuck, oh my god. I'm going to cum. Sir, please, please." My words escape me at a hundred miles per hour, my lungs on fire and my heart beating with every circular thrust as I feel it coming. He slaps me on my left cheek, leaving a red imprint as he doesn't let up. His big erection graces my g spot over and over again with his deep penetration becoming far too much for me.

"Sir, sir, I'm going to, I'm going to." My voice raises in pitch with each phrase and my hands sprawl across the desk to reach the edges. My bambi legs give way, the only thing holding me up is the pulverising force of his hips smashing my quivering core from below. I'm a viscous mess down there as I flood all over him, squirting against his rock hard abs and leaving a building pool on the classroom floor.

He slows down noticing my body is flushed out and stilled with the effort. The sensation doesn't stop and I wince harder, a deep moan leaving my mouth as I try and stifle it to keep quiet but it doesn't help much, it wheezes out of me like air escaping a balloon.

“Oh fuck. Oh my god, fuck. Wow.” I feel like crying and I tremble on the desk, my stomach against the cool surface with my heart hammering away. That wasn’t just sex, that was something else, that was an out-of-body experience. He still feels so big inside me but he withdraws from my hot mess, stretching me open as his swollen head struggles to leave me before finally spilling out in an agonising tease. He doesn’t want to cum this time.

Whimpers leave me as he carefully pulls my skirt back down and lets me turn around and look at him in all of his glory. I’m shuddering with the aftershock, small tears streaming down my face as I kiss him as hard as I can, reciprocating his hungry affection for me. He meets me with the same level of need and cups my face with his big hands, applying gentle letting me explore his tousled hair, it’s like a soft silk sheet flowing through my fingers one wave after the next.

“You might be my favourite student Tiffany and so much more.”

My hands reach for his face, trying to stroke his jawline but he stops me after a few seconds.

“Not yet Tiff, not yet. Later.” He has pulled his shaft back into his pants but he is still rock hard, pressing against the zipper. I instinctively reach for him and try to stroke him through the cotton but he stops me again, this time a little more assertively.

“Next time.” I nod, we had made enough noise. Instead I nestle my hands against his chest and lean my head into his breastbone. He lets me keep it there and strokes my hair tenderly. My breathing is steady but I’m left with all manner of emotions bounding inside me, how was I supposed to continue studying after *that*?

“Sir I don’t quite know how to feel about all of this.”

“Shh. Tiff, it’s okay, you did well, I know it can be quite overwhelming.” Pulling me into him closer, he looks like he has barely broken a sweat, like an athlete just after a warm up. He smells divine still, his cologne still all across his shirt and his breath, like strawberries and mint all wrapped in one. Maybe he was right, I was overthinking it, there was no denying how my body had reacted to him, there was no changing what I had felt in the moment when he took me further than any man probably ever could. I knew he felt something more than just the sex too.

“This was just the foundation. You have a lot more to learn from me. You know that right?” *Just the foundation? Holy shit, what else does this man have?*

I look up at him, nodding through my once-teary expression and try to settle my voice.

He withdraws from me and strolls back to the blinds quickly drawing them up, letting rays of sunshine splash through onto the classroom floor before stepping back up onto the platform with his desk.

“I’ll make arrangements for our next few private lessons at my residence downtown. Keep doing your normal assignments and we’ll work on your technique, a bit more thoroughly next week. Somewhere you can learn for a bit longer. I have your number.” *The class WhatsApp chat.*

“I’d like that.” I smile and stare at him and a smirk emerges on his face, a sexy uptick at the edge of his mouth as his broad shoulders slump down, relaxing with me. We lock eyes for another few moments, the chemistry completely charged in the air between us, before he puts his fingers to his lips.

“Remember Tiff, our little secret. Leave your panties, I’ll buy you some new ones. And don’t worry about the floor, I’ll sort it.” He sits down at his desk and turns over some papers, licking his finger and dabbing his pen as he glasses fall back into place. I make for the door clutching my backpack, head all over the place and try to think of something to say. There was nothing to say. I want this. I had to be his. I swing the door open and go to step out into the corridor but there is one last thing.

“Bye professor.”

“Bye Tiffany.” He stops writing and smiles at me again, with a look I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of.

And with that, detention was over.

Don't worry, the rest of the plane won't hear you through that mask

My husband and I join the mile high club on the red-eye flight



My eyes flicker open with the plane in near darkness and the soft tones of the captain dispersing through the speakers.

“We’re just crossing over Texas. Local time is 3am, temperature is 100 Fahrenheit. We’re on time and we have another three hours approximately to go to LAX.” I lose focus as his words trail into meaningless chatter about the weather.

Looking back, I see almost the whole of first class asleep, the cabin crew, idly chatting at one end of the aircraft and a couple of reading lights left on. But apart from that, it’s quiet. Just the sound of the air conditioning and the plane making its way to California.

Mike is waking up too, one eyelid lifts open as he lifts his stubbled cheeks against my shoulder and nuzzles my face. He had to catch as many hours as he could before the big meeting tomorrow with the Hollywood execs but it was proving difficult for both of us.

He’s in his casual suit, black shirt, crisp black pants, a beautiful silver watch, a Patek strapped to his wrist. He’s honestly delicious and it’s making it difficult to think of anything else. My husband looks very sexy, as much as it pains me to concede it, when he wanted to he knew how to sharpen up, he knew exactly how to keep a girl on her toes.

“Hey baby.” He muffles through the face mask.

“Hey you.” I muffle back, taking him all in. I want to kiss him but just looking at him with his effortlessly hot mannerisms was more than sufficient.

“What time is it?”

“Three apparently.” He tries to yawn through the mask and throws his big arms in the air, stretching behind his hair and extending his triceps before puffing his chest out. He has that heady fresh water scent that I’ve become addicted to and its having an intoxicating effect on my body, stirring something primal in me.

He notices my apparent obsession with his current look and my eyes take a quick peek between his legs noticing his growing member straining against the front of the pants, just begging to be released.

“Who said you could keep checking me out so casually?” He raises one eyebrow and scolds me, slapping me on the leg quickly before I get a chance to cover myself.

I laugh and try to conceal my schoolgirl blush behind the mask as he widens his legs a little bit more, revealing the full extent of his bulging shape spreading down his thigh. My laughs quickly turn to exotic curiosity as he stays rock hard under my touch. He keeps his hand between my legs and lets a gentle finger trail down the inside of my leg, caressing me tenderly, before whispering through the mask into my ear.

“Go wait for me in the toilet.”

“Mike! Are you kidding? No way!” I feign indignation but my inner wants cry their approval.

“This isn’t a negotiation, young lady. I’ll give four knocks.” I stroke his pants and furtively look up and down the aisle, the coast was clear, nearly everyone was asleep bar a few late readers. An elderly couple were having an animated conversation further back but there was no way they would spot anything amiss.

Unfastening the seatbelt, I jiggle loose from the seat and squeeze past him, trying to avoid eye contact with the stewardess wandering around a few seats back from us. My heels feel heavy, I’m like a plodding elephant as I try to get to the toilet without too much attention.

Reaching the toilet I slide in carefully and lock the door waiting for the four taps.

Four taps. One, two, three...four. The last one takes a while to come and I’m cautious with the door, but he wedges his way in and quickly locks it behind him dragging his delicious scent in with him. It’s these moments that remind me I’m a lucky wife.

His smouldering gaze pins me to the toilet walls. He has that look in him, like he wants to ravage me all night. I swim in his eyes for a second and feel the weight of the world disappear just as quickly. He presses himself against me, his stomach muscles feeling like steel against my heaving belly as he grabs my neck and moves to my ear.

“Forget the foreplay.”

Running his hands over my breasts to my stomach, he quickly hikes my skirt down, making me step out of it and his hands go to my taut nipples, letting his fingers grace them gently before squeezing a little harder and moving south. He pulls my dripping panties to one side, teasing the lace for a moment and plunges his index finger

inside me, eyes never leaving mine, one hand still on my neck as I grip onto his back for support.

Whispering in my ear, I leave my head against his shoulder and relax into the movement. With two fingers he beckons my hips towards him using a 'come hither' motion, its quite seductive seeing him in just the mask, like we could be two strangers fucking anonymously for the first time. My body bows towards his as he strokes his fingers inside me, against my walls and against all the most sensual points. He looks down on me, a few inches taller than I am in my heels as I let him take the reins, dominating me with his usual fervour, making me pant as he turns me around to face the mirror, his other palm pressing against my clit as his fingers soothe me one at a time.

"You feel so good on my fingers Rose, what if the stewardess caught us right now, you with your little wet cunt dripping all over my hands, being a bad girl like this."

His words inject me with another overwhelming dose of arousal as I feel the beginnings of an orgasm building. It was ridiculously hot knowing we could get caught at any moment, that and his talented fingers were accelerating me to the perfect fantasy.

He takes his mask off, flinging me around to turn to face him and he brushes his lips and tongue down my stomach. I know where he's headed and I can't hold him back. In one swift motion he lifts me onto the counter to make the angle easier and spreads my thighs with his hands, gently rubbing his thumb against my clit in a diagonal motion. It's enough to have me rolling my stomach and hips towards his face to grind his big hands just a little bit harder. I look back at our mess of bodies in the mirror, sweat beginning to drip down my forehead and lower back with my thick afro shaking with each surge of his attack on my damp vulva.

Pinning my legs back he keeps his eye contact, those blue eyes piercing mine like never before. With his eyes burning holes in me, he licks me slowly, a little trail of my lust lining the underside of his tongue as he laps through my bush, pulling my arousal all the way out of me. He knows we don't have much time but there's no initial rush as he moistens his tongue inside me again, going deeper and directing the tip towards my pulsating clit. He alternates between a couple of slow strokes and some quicker ones, keeping his eyes locked on mine the whole time.

Fuck, it feels too good. I try to control my breathing under the mask, but looking down at my sexy husband viciously cleaning me like this with just his tongue is tipping me over the edge far too quickly. He knows what he can do to me and how fast he can build me up to giddy levels of ecstasy.

He keeps his rhythm, his deep voice vibrating me down there, as I feel more drops of arousal come spilling out of my soaked flower. I tighten my muscles around his long and winding tongue as he spreads my wetness over my clit.

“Baby, your tongue feels too good, don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t...” Words are leaving me carelessly now, my mask just about containing my excitement.

“I want you inside me so bad.” There was no way we could without making too much noise but just the fantasy was driving me wild, even whispering it was getting me far too hot and bothered.

Speeding up, he starts to work his fingers in and out of me, in and out, in and out, whilst keeping the pressure of his tongue firmly against my opening. The sensation is building and building, overcoming every tip of my body. I’m going to beg for relief in any second, relief from his tongue stretching my lips and pulling at me.

“Baby, I’m gonna, I’m gonna, oh god, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh...FUCK.” Thankfully my mask keeps the decibels low but I wouldn’t be surprised if the stewardesses were all listening in by now, getting their little thrills from how well he is working me.

He laps my warm slit vigorously, thrusting his tongue directly on my clit as my hands grab his thick hair to try and control what’s about to happen. But it’s useless, all that leaves me are desperate gasps as I hold one hand over the mask to try and contain the loud moans.

My jaw drops under the mask as my eyes squeeze together ready for the endless eruption. I gush all over his mouth slowly, as he keeps his fingers going with a pumping motion. I moan more aggressively through the mask as I squirt even harder, covering his face in my juices and rip my pink fingernails through his brown strands, trying hard to hold onto him. He holds my legs in place to reduce the noise as I flail mindlessly against the taps and sit there, helpless, quivering, unable to do anything else but bask in pleasure as his talented tongue tastes my remaining excitement, burying deep inside me. My clit pulses hard against his mouth, growing extra sensitive as I let him massage my sopping vulva with slower flicks of his tongue before he gives me a break.

I shake with his grip on my ankles on the top of the sink but he holds me still preventing my legs from hitting the door too loudly. Finally, reluctantly, I come down from my climax, panting under the mask, like an athlete at the end of a workout, I’m drenched in my own fluids and sweat. I run my hands down his triceps and drag my fingernails across his chest, getting my own little touches of affection in as his rigid

body relaxes back into mine. I have to take him in my mouth but there's a rapping on the door, as I stand up to unsheath him from his trousers. Three loud knocks and an impatient voice to go along with it.

"Excuse me, people are waiting for the bathroom, could you hurry up please."

He puts his fingers to his lips and signals for me to create a diversion with the woman outside. A moment of panic besets me as I shrug. We were caught...after all of that and someone needed the toilet. Mike urges me to calm down as he

"Just one second. I'll be done in a couple of minutes."

I can see he is throbbing down there, his big erection almost in my hands, through the zipper of his pants. It was taking every ounce of willpower to deny myself, but we couldn't get caught.

"If you don't come out soon, I'm going to complain, you're hogging it!"

My eyes roll in a cartoonish fashion as I raise my voice a little louder to the gatecrasher outside.

"Okay m'am, I'm nearly done, you can keep your hat on. Everyone is gonna get their toilet time."

My index finger rolls across his pulsing girth as I bite into my lips, imagining what it could be like somewhere else. He holds my finger and kisses my hand quietly before whispering.

"Next time baby. It can be all my fun next time." Nodding, I kiss him on the lips, as he sucks and nips me back in reciprocation.

"I love you." I smile back at him and quickly adjust my panties in the mirror. The face mask goes back on and I tidy my skirt down as he washes his own face and wipes the top down trying to remove any evidence of our exuberant activities. Quickly, I flush the toilet and pretend to wash my hands before the deafening noise of the dryers blocks out the woman's complaining. Mike stands behind me ready to dart out as I slowly unlock the door and fling it open.

I burst out and turn to the left where she is standing, denying her a view. It is an older woman, early 70s maybe, the woman from the arguing elderly couple I saw earlier when making my way to the bathroom. Her hands are on her hips and her glasses protrude to the end of her nose. She almost looks like a cross between a

disgruntled owl and a Gringott's goblin, a lifelong miser. The mask was doing her no favours.

"So sorry about that, bad meal before take-off, you know how it is." Mike skips past me with her distracted and heads back to his seat. Thankfully she doesn't seem to notice but it doesn't look like she buys the excuse.

"I don't think you were even on the toilet." *A real busybody this one.* She peers into the toilet with a flash of disgust across her face and slowly takes her hands from her hips rudely barging past me.

"Honestly, the state of some people today, defies belief. When I was twenty you could get a plane and..." Her cranky voice trails off as she slams the door to the toilet and bolts it shut.

I close my eyes and rest against the wall to the toilet, letting my legs slide down. They feel like jelly, I feel emptied of all cares and worries and hopelessly addicted to him. Through a lazy eye I look to our seats and see him looking back at me, a lop-sided grin smeared across his face, with the mask down temporarily as he winks at me.

The usual session at the gym turned into something far steamier



“I’ve just got two more sets. Hitting triceps and then that’s me I think, I’m pooped already. Going to hit the pool after for a quick dip.” The gym stirs at every corner with activity as the post-lockdown frustrations are vented. Conversation is buzzing and everyone is aggressively hitting the weights after weeks of calisthenics and boredom. I check my arms out in the mirror, trying to ignore some of the creepy looks from the meatheads nearby. The light shining off my dark bronzed skin and creating a nice angle for admiring my tired muscles. My friend Rachel is working out alongside me, her hair neatly done up in a bun and her face straining red as she tries to finish her dumbbell curls with a huge last effort. The weights come flying out of her hands onto the floor as she stands up and catches her breath. It had been a long session, almost an hour. Lots of reps.

She looks at her watch and furrows her brow.

“Damn, lost track of time, I need to get going. Travis is cooking something.”

I roll my eyes, boring boyfriend Travis striking again. I couldn't see what she saw in him. It was like dating a damp old sponge.

"You're going straight home? Rach, c'mon, come for a swim, it'll relax you, look at you, you're all tense and worked up, you need some way to properly settle down."

Balancing the weights on my legs I try to pump myself up for the next set. Deep breaths, deep breaths, one, two, three. Hauling them in the air I lean back and stare up at the ceiling, taking a lot of effort to curl my triceps on my last set. They were on fire. I didn't have much left in the tank. I continue to grunt and moan with each rep, the lactic acid building up to unbearable levels. My hair gets matted under the bench as I struggle to get the eighth rep up. One last push, one, two, three, with a huge strain I get the weights halfway up and Rachel spots me the rest of the way giving me the final psychological boost to get there.

I drop the weights besides the bench and hurl myself up to face her, hands on my hips and blowing wind through my nostrils as I smile and try to move the blood out of my arms.

"I do not miss this, give me yoga and zumba any day of the week. At least there I'm not in those classes snorting like a rhino in heat." Rachel laughs and hugs me quickly.

"Babe you'll get it back, few more weeks your strength will be back...guaranteed."

I check my arms out in the mirror again, still weedy, still far too weak for my liking but there was some definition happening again after the months of trying and failing to do more bodyweight workouts. I go to turn to Rachel to show her the tricep but her attention is elsewhere completely.

"Don't be too obvious but look over there."

"What's that? What?" I'm completely taken back by the question.

"Check out the far squat rack in the corner. Hunk alert, look at that guy. Wowee"

"No such thing exists in this gym. Over by the squat rack?" It's probably a mirage, this gym was just meatheads and try-hard college bros with a bunch of Karens in the group classes. I look to the squat rack and catch my first sight of him. He's darker skinned,, maybe a final year, it's difficult to tell, huge sexy legs and a beautifully symmetrical back punching through his tank top. He's not overly muscled though, he has that swimmer's look, long and fit but definitely not skinny either, Just the right

point in-between. Damn, he is hot. He goes down for one last squat and aggressively jerks the weight back up without the female spot standing next to him.

“Okay Rach, you might actually have a point this time. I’ve never seen him before around here, is he new?”

“No idea.” She hurls back after re-racking my dumbbells. “I hope so.”

He re-racks the weight and leans over the bar for a second stretching his shoulders and shaking his legs.

“Who’s the girl he is chatting to? They look close. Look.. she’s stroking his arm. Don’t look straight at them, she’s looking around. Damn, she nearly caught us.” Rach giggles as I pretend to look at the mirror,

He talks to the girl for a second and waves goodbye as her hand lingers on his shoulder and she swoops around to the girl’s changing room.

“Okay, she’s leaving, maybe they just know each other.” My heart leaps a little bit as she leaves him alone.

“I gotta get going babe. Are you going to marry him or what?” Rach has her hands on her hips as she raises her eyebrow to me, rearing all her sassy moods into full effect.

“Jeez, he is just my type, he’s a giant, look how toned he is, look at the size of his legs, I love his definition. Are you sure you don’t want to stick around?” I was a kid in a candy shop with him around.

“Yes he’s hot. How old are you fourteen?”

“Will you relax...please! It’s just an innocent schoolgirl crush, just admiring from a distance, didn’t realise that was illegal. You should try it sometime, might shake Travis out of that thick skull of yours.” I return her sassiness with a nuclear bomb and she smirks a little, playfully shoving me. We tussle with each other’s arms as she tries to nip me.

“Oh hush.” As she tells me to be quiet, I feel his gaze come over me. I catch a look in his direction and watch him move. He has the most brooding look, like a man who could be very violent if he wanted to be but just about keeps it in check. It is unsettling in the best way possible. Eyes ablaze with determination and lust.

“He’s looking at me, do I look okay?” I turn to the mirror and adjust my messy hair, moving the sweat soaked strands pushed against the side of my face.

“He’s stopped looking, relax Cinderella.” I turn back

“Will you stop? Nothing’s going to happen. Just a few flirty glances here and there.”

“I gotta go. You work this crush out in your own time okay.”

“Okay, if you have to go, go, jeez, you’re so lame. I’ll catch you back at the flat baby girl, okay?” I blow her a kiss and wave goodbye as she kisses me on the cheek and picks her training bag up onto her shoulders, quickly veering into the crowded mess of bodybuilders and college students working out on treadmills.

Damn, I need to relax, I feel claustrophobic with him around here. It was time to go for a swim and cool down.

AT THE SWIMMING POOL - NEW SCENE

Try as I might, I just can’t concentrate on the laps. My front crawl is everywhere today, totally sloppy. My breathing is off, my wall turns equally as hopeless. He’s got way too much real estate in my mind. Look, I’m even wearing my skimpiest little swimsuit. He could tear these bikini bottoms off me so easily and just insert himself in wherever he likes. I’ll just do these last few laps and get out of here, go home, bring the wine and cookies for Rach and just have a sensible all girls night-in. Men like him are far too bad for me. I can’t get stung, not right now.

I settle into a gentle breaststroke pattern, fanning the water away from me, just to get back into a rhythm. Slowly does it. Technique over flash. My legs kick out with each stroke and I make my way down the pool, bobbing my head up and down through the water and fogging my goggles up.

But there’s one problem.

The doors at the far end of the pool swing open and he walks in, all six foot five of him. Of course, he looks amazing without a shirt on, beautiful lines cutting across his stomach, forming a perfect V down his happy trail, outlining naughtier things for my eyes to appreciate. There’s all manner of things my imagination wants right now. I just want my hands all over him. He looks like he could manhandle me, pin me down on the bed however he wants and claim me, his helpless little crush.

Fuck, the butterflies start doing somersaults in my stomach as I take deep breaths to try and calm down.

He dives into the far end of the pool travelling several metres under the water and surfaces into a breaststroke pattern, in the far lane just over from me.

Don't swim towards me. Please don't. No. It's too much.

I can't take it, I have to go somewhere else.

The place is almost empty, just me, him and an older woman swimming the shallow lane, just doing gentle strokes with a bemused look on her face. In a mad dash I climb out the pool and walk into the sauna across the wet tiles, my feet flipping and flopping on the floor as I try to not make eye contact with him. But I feel him on me, his gaze burrowing far into me, passed the veneer of impartiality.

The sauna door shuts as I collapse on the nearest bench, steam fogging up the door and boiling heat overcoming me. I have to close my eyes and empty my thoughts, I'm lost in an erotic fantasy that I need to escape from before it goes too far. This isn't me at all, I can indulge a crush but this is outrageous levels of turned on. I have to bring myself down, stop the torment.

Meditation. That's the key. Channelling my breaths down into my belly, I try to relax and clear my mind from him. Breathe in and out, in...and out. It's useless. I still feel like I want to start shaking and fidgeting, what the hell is wrong with me?

Creaking. The sauna doors bend open as I peer out of my right eye. It's him, what am I going to do? I can't escape this, I have to talk to him, say something, anything, just break the ice, nothing flashy.

"Hey. How are you? I've...never seen you around here. I saw you working out just a little bit earlier." My voice is surprisingly steady, reverberating through the air, no nervousness yet.

"Oh hey, thanks, yeah I joined last week. Nice to meet you." Scrap that, nervousness just came back. His voice rumbles at a beautiful frequency, every little word giving me a couple of shivers and pricking my attention up. I shuffle in the seat, loosening my bikini top a little from digging into my traps, hoping I'm staying subtle.

"You look really strong out there, really masculine, hope you don't mind the compliment."

Oh lord. I'm losing it already.

He smiles as his arms splay out along the bench, the rippling muscles and tendons pushing the veins of his arms to the surface, a tribal tattoo smeared across his chest. His swimming lycras are not leaving a lot to the imagination, I try to peer past his giant legs but don't feel confident enough to take my first peek.

"Compliment taken."

"Sorry, that probably sounded sooo stupid, me and my big mouth." I'm giggling and blushing like I'm in 10th Grade again attending the rave and getting the boys' attention. His legs are even wider on the bench and I steal a quick glimpse, a firm and more than sizable bulge resting against his leg, distracting me for a good few seconds.

"Don't sweat it. I bet you use that line on all the guys." Good sense of humour.

"That girl you were talking to? Is she..." My voice trails off as I try to delve out more details.

"She's a friend, philosophy class. I'm single at the moment." Check.

"Class, you're at college? Wow, you look so much older than that. I thought you were in your late 20s."

He looks about ten years older than he actually is, in the best possible way, far more mature and world-weary than a man in the later phases of college. Far more experienced, far more exciting than the average college douche that awaited me. Flashing eyes of amber pierce me as he tenses his arms on the seat to stretch his thighs and swivel his neck, the tattoo shifting across his chest like a sandstorm. It takes a while for me to find my voice again.

"I'm just out of school, starting in September. I'm eighteen, it feels amazing." Everything I'm saying sounds stupid. Incredibly stupid. I see him suppress a little smile.

"Enjoy it. Explore as many different things as you can. You'll have a blast." The word 'explore' sends little thunderbolts of tingling to my stomach and my core. I think I would enjoy it a lot more wrapped up underneath you.

"I've not really had a chance to explore the city yet, guess I don't meet the right people."

“I think I’m ‘the right people.’” Fuck, this can’t be happening. Is he actually into me? What was that?

“Wow, you’re so forward. I love it.” I laugh, all too willing to play along with Mister Smooth.

“Life’s short, I’ll show you around sometime. Why the hell not?”

Tension simmers like a fine mist between us, our chemistry playing with the tendrils of the stream, burning electric hot. I can feel his rampant sexual energy undoing me one strand at a time, making the words spill out of me completely carefree.

“I’m a good girl, I can follow instructions, let’s do it, let’s explore sometime.” It’s official I’ve stopped caring, I just want him to make me submit under his big frame, to make me behave like a good girl for his pleasure. I can’t deny what my heart really wants in the moment. My words sound innocuous enough on the surface but they are laced with all of my most wanton thoughts.

He stands up to stretch, grabbing his leg behind his bum and massaging his quads and hamstrings. He pulls his arms up to the ceiling flexing his rock hard stomach, perfect right angles jutting out from each muscle down there. My hands turn slightly white, gripping onto the bench harder as my fingernails try to tear into the wood. Trying to cut the tension I chuckle and address the elephant in the room.

“You make me kind of nervous, in a good way, you’re really hot, I don’t see guys like you around much. All the other guys, well, I often wonder if there are any real college guys out there. You totally upend my expectations. When should we explore?”

“How about right now?” His stunning frame stands in front of me, like Zeus astride Olympus, the huge spear in his lycra protruding further out to where I can nearly touch his bursting hardness. He leans down and caresses my lips with his, sucking on me gently as the first beads of sweaty anticipation drip down my forehead and onto my cheek, the sauna’s unbearable heat weighing down on my hair.

“Wow, you really don’t ask for permission do you? Can I at least get your name?”

“After.” There’s no question to it, no discussion. Fuck, it’s such a tease.

He tugs on my bottoms, teasing the elastic with his fingers as he continues his assault on my lips, lashing his tongue against mine as my hand instinctively reaches for his arms, running the tips of my fingers up and down against his big biceps. Blood

courses through me, the sweet movement of desire clenching inside me as he slides my bikini to one side.

The outside world is closing off to me more and more rapidly, as he glides his finger tenderly against my aching flower, the moisture from the steam and my slick arousal allowing his hands to move effortlessly down there. There could be ten thousand people staring through the window. I wouldn't care, pure bliss as he .

“Shit, what if we get caught?” He muffles my mouth with a big paw, as he plunges his fingers inside me, making me exert a quick moan. He has no intention of stopping as he starts pulling and tugging his fingers inside me, letting quick spurts of wetness leave me. He's clearly no amateur at this, his power and speed on quick display as he folds my legs behind my head and continues to

“We're going to have to make sure about that aren't we.”

I'm clawing at the wood and the steamy residue to stop the sensation building up too quickly. Droplets of sweat and hot moisture glistening my breasts and upper chest.

“You really know how to use your fingers don't you? Keep stroking me like that.” I murmur into his ear, latching my lips onto his again, letting them slide across him as he pins me down with his hulking frame. My legs flail out at his lycra trying to drag them down his legs but he gives me a quick slap and plunges his fingers deeper as retribution. Eyes squinting, I look at the scorching hot blaze in his hooded expression as he propels his fingers inside me a dizzying speed. My breathing is out of my control, gasps turning into hyperventilation as the pressure rises to impossible levels within me, my chest and heart burning with agonising desire.

“Fuck, keep doing that. Can you feel me writhing on your hands? I can't stop myself.” I feel everything swelling inside myself, my delicate spot enlarging, covering all of his hand as he keeps his delicious rhythm going.

“Can this be our little secret? I can't be sharing you with the other girls, they can't know how good you are.”

He works me down there expertly

“Thrust me, you're so strong, you move my entire body when you do that. Harder. Harder. That's it. Ooh, fuck, ooh, that's going to drive me over the edge if you keep rubbing my clit with your thumb like that.” I slam my palms down on the sauna bench to steady the impending explosion. He snatches a glance outside quickly checking

the coast is still clear, at this point I didn't care if we got caught, there was no going back. I was my own worst exhibitionist.

"Faster. I need you to be brutal with me." He pins me back even further and slaps me hard across my face and my ass until I put up a little protest. He's treating me like his little fuck toy right now. I need it. God, I've craved it for so long. His fingers are like pistons in an engine. There's no way I can stop myself now, on the brink just waiting for him to tip me over.

Don't stop. Please, don't, never stop with me. I clench for impact, tightening my core and my sore skin as I moan quite loudly and squirt a steady stream all over his rapid fingers. He stays unrelenting as the sounds of my sticky wetness bounce off the sauna walls.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck...I can't, I can't." I flail around on the sauna bench, yelling through his hand I lose all control over my legs and try to grip onto his back, tearing into his thick layers of flesh, my nipples completely on fire through the bikini and sweat pouring down my stomach. My body becomes rigid as the orgasm shudders through me, ricocheting against the bench and my fingernails rip into his back leaving my mark on my Adonis.

Loud moaning turns to heavy breathing as I gradually catch my breath. My clit is so sensitive, as I urge him to go slower, needing a second to come down from the heights of ecstasy.

"Woah, that feels so good [kiss]. I think I get why that girl was paying you so much attention in the gym. That was amazing, I can't believe no one saw that, this sauna is usually so busy. That was so naughty." My eyes readjust to the winding typhoons of steam and I look through the glass back out at the pool. My heart freezes, we aren't alone. There's someone here.

"Wait, wait a second, there's a guy in the pool at the far end, we should stop, we should stop. This is bad. Oh my god, what if he sees us? Please, what if we get caught, I don't know if I can keep going." Reaching for my panties, I stagger to try and hide the evidence of our dirty deeds but he stops me, choking me hard with his vice-like grip, my teeth gnashing down into my lower lip. Unsheathing his length from the lycra, I hear his pants hit the floor through the tendrils of steam as he uninhibits himself.

"Shut the fuck up, you're going nowhere. I want you." His voice is vicious, gone is the charm, it's him in charge right now and there's going to be no back chat with exactly how he wants to finish me off.

“Oh my god, what if we get caught? Oh my god, okay, okay. Look how hard you are. Please. I want you inside me, let me be a good girl for you and take care of that throbbing cock.”

I close my eyes and let him hold my ankles as he pushes himself inside me at an agonising speed. He is exquisitely slow with his entry, sifting back my wet folds as he fills himself all the way up inside of my pulsing core. He balances his weight with his strong abs as he kneels on the bench below and teases me extra slowly, his eyes locked on mine as he pins my legs back with his mountainous chest. I know you could pound me at any time you want, but you choose to tease me.

Gulping and panting hard, I express my satisfaction and nod with my eyes wide as I try and acclimatise to the pace. He eases back and piles into me once again, driving deeper this time as he admires the full extent of his length pressing against my walls.

“So big, I love how you fill me up. I’ve never been so full before. Start slow, please, please not too fast, you’re going to make me explode. I’m dripping everywhere.” I plead with him

He continues to ease in and out of me slowly with quick checks to the swimming pool as our unsuspecting guest swims up and down in the far lane, away from an immediate view of the sauna. I close my eyes and let my ears attune to the erotic noises of my sticky slit being worked with his superb technique.

“Can you take more?” He runs his hand along the side of my face and hooks his finger into my cheek as I gag momentarily on his finger, before he strokes me down across my chest, wiping the building residue from my shaking body.

“Oh yes, oh my god, yes, oh, that feels so good, keep doing that. I want to take all of you.” He holds my hips and slides in faster letting me take him all the way to the hilt. I’m so wet

“You feel so good, wow

“Fuck me, yes, just like that, oh, you’re so good, you go so deep. Use me, please, yes that’s it, choke me again, nice and hard.” There’s a whimper in my voice, I’m submitting completely, no fight left in me, just pleading to be fucked like a good little girl at this point. I’ve never had anyone as big as him before. Looking into his eyes when he has me like this, just makes me lose myself in him.

My eyes steal a quick glance at the stray swimmer, he's getting closer, doing laps, he's going to see us through the door. There's no way he can't at this point surely. Is the sauna soundproof? I look at my Greek God above me for support but he reads me like a book.

"Focus on me, ignore everything out there, you're in my world, you do as I say."

Louder moans and cries leave me as he hikes a leg up onto the bench and penetrates me deeper, pulling my hips tighter into him and moving his own in perfect unison with mine, a firm cracking sound splitting the air as the wet sound of our slapping skin and the pressure of the rising temperature sets off another fire within me. He grinds me harder and harder, letting the top of his pelvic bone slide across my throbbing clit. He's unrelenting, building up a thunderous pace as he leaves my flower in a frothy mess.

"Oh my God, I think you're going to make me cum very hard if you keep doing that. Can I be your girl? Can I be your little secret? Please. That's all I want right now, more than anything. Make me yours."

His hips slam into me faster and faster, smacking himself against my pulverised core. Holy shit. So deep. Sweat drips from the tribal tattoo on his chest onto my stomach as I struggle to hold him back, my legs quivering and my own whimpers straining to leave my body. I stare up at him, begging with every thrust as my voice gets more muffled and my breathing intensifies beyond anything I've ever felt in my life.

"Who taught you to be so good? You're better than I ever imagined." It's not fair. He's far surpassed my erotic fantasies at this point.

His body is a blur at this point, his hips like duelling machine guns as he splinters me in two, his pelvis grinding my clit into a complete state.

"That feels too good, I'm going to fucking cum, I'm going to fucking cum. Don't stop, don't stop, oh my gosh... oh my gosh..."

I explode onto the sauna bench and scream into his hand which acts as my muffler. My screams last for ten seconds at least as he keeps the momentum going. My body seizes up, my chest breaking out in red flares as the climax overwhelms me, attacking all of my nerve endings as I kick out at his firm body and slap the bench for some relief but he's not done yet.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck. I’m shaking, my clit, oh it feels so, don’t pull, please, fill me, fill me, don’t stop, I’m begging you, fill me to the brim. I want you. I’m so vulnerable with you.”

“Stay still, good girl, I’m going to fill you up.” He kisses me deeply, passionately, grabbing the base of my hair firmly and ripping my attention to his eyes pooling with desire for me. I see it and can’t unsee it, we’re inseparable in this glorious heat.

“Oh god, I’m cumming again. Cum with me, please, please, oh please, don’t stop, fuck this little girl, I need your release.”

He pumps me for countless more strokes, a perfect arc to his hips and groin drilling into my sex. I don’t think I can take much more of his stamina. Finally, he begins straining against the bench and convulsing as he unloads his seed far within me, huge ribbons of his vigour propelling inside me as I cup my hands around his neck and hold on wide-eyed, basking in the beauty of the moment. My heart thumps and my thoughts slosh around my head in no particular order, searching for something rational in the midst of all the chaos. But I let my emotions carry me through.

We kiss tenderly as I hold onto him and he cradles me. I bask in his smell, the potent mixture of the alluring cologne and the sauna moisture putting me in a dreamlike state.

“That was some pretty good exploring.” We both laugh as he lets me nestle into him, sinking into his searching eyes and tasting his full masculine power. I feel his warm breath against my hair and his low growls of approval as he strokes my strands from out of my face.

“Yeah, let’s do some more exploring at some point.”

But reality pulls me abruptly from the moment. The swimmer from outside has jumped out of the pool and stares directly at me. I recognise him, an old high school colleague. Really not who I wanted to see right now. Can he please not come over here?

“Oh no, I think the guy outside just saw me. Damn. I’ll pull my bottoms back on, good job you didn’t rip them off me.” I giggle and scramble to slide my bikini bottoms back into position as he grabs his lycra and slides them back up his gigantic legs.

“Oh shit, he’s coming in here.”

I can't believe it, It's a guy I used to know in high school, he always had a thing for me. Can't stand him. Darren Foreman, a real creep, complete freak, with the personality of a squid. He slings his towel up on the hook and takes his sliders off. As the door swings open, my Romeo positions himself back on the opposite bench and tries to act casual. Darren smiles as he sees me and reclines on the nearest bench to me, sticking his gross belly out.

"Darren! It's so good to see you, this is my friend from college..." *Shit, we never exchanged names.* C'mon brain it's time to think of something. Awkward silence permeates the air as Darren flicks his eyes from side to side.

"We...erm just met."

His aftercare is the best care

Feeling too vulnerable after a shibaru session



Strobing sunlight punctures through the blinds as my mind wanders in and out of delirium. The rope ties lie strewn across the bed and my head lolls over to one side of my body trying to recover from the heavy bondage session he had taken me through. We had been in a relationship for six months and this felt like a whole other level. My insecurity was pinching me all over, I'd never done such a thing with anybody in my life before. I didn't truly know what to think.

I look back to him on the bed, trying to swallow my anxiety, itching at my neck with nerves and letting my hair flop over my shoulder. He's sat upright, concern on his face, wrought from the hours of aggressive attack on my petite frame. I know he cares about me a lot, I know he wants to make things better. The tattoos on his neck flare up as he goes to speak.

"Come here baby girl. Put your head on my chest." I watch him warily, my guard raised all the way up. "I know that was a lot to take, we can go slower next time."

I put my hand in my face, something halfway between laughing and sobbing, still reeling from the aftershock of his punishing blows to my body, the friction of the box tie digging into my slender wrists. Crawling over to the bed I sink against his legs on the floor and he pulls me up quickly to stop me slouching, using his strength to get my head onto his lap.

Delicate kisses to my hair and gentle caresses with his hands all over my shoulders and upper back. His touch feels so good. The antidote to all the confusion raging inside me.

"On the bed." I comply and lean back onto his lap, hurdling my heavy legs onto the mattress. They feel like lead after the intensity of our session, burning with a sizzling pain.

He cradles me in his arms and applies soft kisses to my naked back, continuing to stroke my hair in a downward motion and settling my inner turmoil down. This felt better, so much aggression without the comedown wasn't me, I had my kinkier side but I needed to feel loved too, I needed to feel warm and fuzzy things with him and when he upended those expectations it shook me slightly. I knew he liked to unleash his dominant side with me but being completely helpless in those ropes made me succumb to emotions, good emotions, serotonin flowing through me, that I had never known before. It was taking me some time to process it. I stroke his cheeks and feel my way to his jawline, trying to keep my composure.

"Thank you." A quiet and satisfied murmur leaves me. I look up at him in the comfort of his arms and strain my neck to meet his lips, sliding over him effortlessly, lingering on his bottom lip and tasting his control. A little smile leaves me as he soothes me with his big hands and rocks me carefully, letting my fingertips sink into him, soaking into my growing addiction to his ways.

You shouldn't tell your parents about this

I might have to keep this secret from my best friend...

Part 1



The sun beats down through the window onto the kitchen table as I try to focus on revision. It is a sweltering day. Probably 105 fahrenheit, maybe more. Impossible weather for focusing...on anything.

My parents are out for the day, down at the country club, dad is probably playing golf again, battling it out with Pete Tannerman, an age-old rivalry over contracts for the city. Mum, probably chatting with Fran Parker, the head hen, the boss of the little clique of super high net worth women she always wanted to penetrate but couldn't quite make it in. It all made me a bit ill, the shallowness of it all. I didn't want any part of that world.

I try to dive back into the books and scanning through the passages of academic text but my mind wanders every few seconds consumed by thoughts of what else I could be doing on such a blistering day.

3.50pm. I can't concentrate at all, my heart isn't in it. There has to be something else to do.

Thankfully, my best friend could provide some distraction. Kinsey Schwartz, All-American volleyball player, the quintessential American girl, bubbly, outgoing, just the opposite of me in every little way but it seemed to work. We got along from the moment we first met. She lives next door, just a stone's throw away.

I make one last effort to focus on the machine learning paper on hand but I can't. Life's too short, the weather is too good, I can't be cooped up in here.

I close the laptop, mark the page in the textbook and fold my papers up. I'd come back to them in the evening. My WhatsApp group from college could help crack the harder stuff. Tonight maybe, maybe not. I just couldn't be around it.

Grabbing my sunglasses, I straighten my red curls in the reflection of the oven and flatten my stomach out in the tropical green dress. Kinsey always made me feel self-conscious about my weight. She was shaped like a goddess. I feel fat after a few biscuits during revision. Calorie counting was driving me insane. I had to make a choice right now, insanity or happiness. Dammit, I do want Kinsey's body though.

Shooting through the door, I lock with a quick twist, tossing the key under the mat and making my way across our adjacent lawns. With a little leap I go hopping over the small hedge and cross over her gigantic porch. I'm reminded of just how big and immaculate her house is, it looks like it belongs in Beverly Hills somewhere, Bel Air maybe. It is beautiful, a ton of glass and gleaming decor.

I knock on the door three times, taking a step back and flattening my dress again. If only that was a viable strategy for slimming down.

The door opens slowly and as I go to speak, I'm met with someone completely different to who I had expected. It is Matthew Schwartz, Kinsey's dad. All six foot four of him in all of his beautiful glory.

"Kin...Mister Schwartz, sorry I didn't realise it was you." My voice croaks like a timid little mouse. I just hope it wasn't too obvious.

I'd never interacted with Kinsey's dad much. He had always been at work or travelling whenever I had gone over for sleepovers at hers in high school. Apparently he was a high flying VC. I had no idea really but all I knew from what Kinsey had said was that he was extremely successful. Made a killing in tech companies a while back. He looks like an Italian model, skin darkened from the sun and long flowing locks down to his neckline. Piercing green eyes meet mine as he holds my startled gaze. I lift my sunglasses to not seem too weird but it is difficult not to cover a little under that look.

He's wearing a grey henley top. Ryan Gosling vibes all over. Defined and veiny arms filling the shirt out more than adequately. I had never really seen the hype about older men, but this man was making me an immediate convert. He's not that far from my face, the intoxicating scent of rum, coffee and sandalwood from his fragrance melting over me giving birth to little stirrings of arousal inside me.

"Hey Rachel, good to see you. She has just nipped out to the store. Do you want to come in and wait for her, out of the heat?"

It was boiling hot and I was getting hotter by the second with this mass of hunk taking up the doorframe. He leans to one side, his left bicep flexing against the handle as he wipes his brow with the other hand. There's a way he looks at me under his hooded eyes that keeps me rooted to the spot. Damn. He just holds my gaze and waits for me to look away. It's sexy.

"Sure, can do. Can't focus on revision anyway." Revision was the reason I had come over but it was proving difficult to convince myself that it was the reason why I was staying. I wipe my Converse on the mat and try to distract myself with something new.

Immediately, as I follow him through the opening hallway we take a left into the kitchen. Adorned in marble all over with all manner of wine and champagne glasses in the far cabinets, it's my dream space for making food. A big kitchen island to bring a symmetry to the room and beautifully minimalist. It was so much nicer than the 80s throwback atmosphere of my home.

He swings round to the other side of the island and passes by the fridge. I follow him before coming to a stop a few feet away.

"How've you been over the holidays? You look like you've been getting out in the sun." He places his arms on the counter and pushes his muscles out in different directions, if he was trying to get me far more worked up than necessary, he was

doing an excellent job. Veins pop out like bursting tributaries on a river as he waits on my response. *I wish he could wait much longer.*

“Weather has been too good, I guess.” I giggle. Ridiculous, I’m a schoolgirl all over again, giggling with Kinsey about Derrick Johnson, the football heartthrob.

“You look all boiled up right now, think you need to cool off a bit.” *Really wish he wouldn’t say it like that.* It is the first time I really pay attention to his voice, no wonder he had been a successful investor, with a voice like that he could mesmerise anyone into a deal. It’s like a radio presenter, but deeper, more charismatic.

He oozes charm and confidence, like he is set in life and able to completely enjoy himself. It is better to listen to than any of the dumb frat boys me and Kinsey had had to deal with for the past few months.

“Is there anything I can get you at all? Coke maybe? Pepsi.”

“Coke would be great.” My eyes linger on his, for just a second too long. He grins a little and flings the fridge open. Even his ass looks great in the light denim jeans, accentuating every line of his powerful lower body.

He shovels some ice cubes into the nearest glass and rattles it along the counter to me before grabbing the opener. He flicks the top off the bottle with a crank of his wrist and hands me the freezing beverage, which I’m more than grateful for. My hand is shaking a little, as the coke goes drizzling into the glass, fizzing away with a million little pops.

I have a big crush on this guy, my best friend’s dad, it had been so long since we had last properly interacted I had forgotten all about him. But there was no hiding it. Gentle sips, gentle sips.

Silence descends on the room as I drink a gallon of the coke and try to settle myself down but it doesn’t seem to be working. My skin is on fire.

His phone bleeps. He takes a quick glance at it and shrugs.

“It’s Kinsey, she won’t be back for another hour. Getting her nails done apparently.” *An hour. Oh fuck.* He slips the phone away and loosens another button on his shirt before folding his arms and looking at me. Guess it was my move.

“Ah okay, I can come back later then I guess?” Regardless of anything, I had to get out of here. I can’t be around this man, he is doing things to my body that I am

absolutely terrified of. There are emotions fluttering around in my head and butterflies raging in my stomach that I really don't want to confront. I sip more of the coke and my throat gets drier.

"Jeez Rach, are you okay, you're burning up completely. You're really red" He moves closer to me, a brush against my shoulder with his palm. It was true, it feels like the Sun's rays are coursing through me right now. "I'm just going to touch your face. Don't freak out." He laughs. Touch away Mister Schwartz. He presses his palm against me, it is supposed to be medical but it feels anything but, it feels supremely intimate with him.

He notices me catching my breath with his touch and he leans back slightly removing his hand. But he's closer than ever before, barely inches from my face now. The dress is too stifling, I need to take it off.

"You don't mind if I take it off? I just feel like I'm completely overheating." I point to the dress and he nods.

It was true, my skin was on fire, not even the coke seemed to be work. The ice cubes melt on my tongue but my mouth gets hotter. I can't even tell if I am blushing at this point, my skin is so red all over.

"Knock yourself out. I won't look." He doesn't turn away but closes his eyes to give me some room.

I strain to remove my green dress, panting in the heat and making a huge deal out of getting it over my head.

"Mister Schwartz."

"Call me Matt, Rach."

"Matt. Can I get a hand?" The flirty tone in my voice is impossible to conceal at this point. I want his hands on me again, no matter where they touch.

I struggle to get the last part past my arms and he helps me untangle it to slip it onto the kitchen counter. Green folds billow out across the island, creases pressed into the marble as I try and regain some composure. Nearly naked, in front of my best friend's dad. Perfect. I'd barely been naked in front of anyone else in my life, not even in th

"Better?" He asks. There's genuine concern ringing through.

“I’m not sure, I was suffocating in that dress.” He doesn’t stop looking at me, admiring me, undressing me further.

I cover my lingerie with my hands as he continues to stare at me, eyes lingering across my breasts and down to my waist. The fine fragrance from our encounter on the porch drifts over me as the tension in the room becomes deafening. His gaze is a prison, he’s luring me into a seduction that can’t be anything but fatal. I keep my head down.

“You’ve got nothing to hide, you know that?” His tone changes noticeably. His voice is even deeper, controlling, looking for something to submit.

“Thanks. It’s not that impressive really.” Giggling I try to laugh it off as he steps closer to my trembling lips, putting his hand on my chin and raising my head back to his.

“You’ve got no one to hide from. You don’t have to run from everything Rach.” It’s happening. I’m powerless, caught up in the tide, ready to be washed away with him.

“Please. I can’t. Don’t.” My fingertip trails down the vein running from the crook of his elbow to his wrist.

“Relax Rach.”

His big hands cup my waist and tug me closer to him. I don’t resist, my lips meeting his, pulling against his bottom lip as he devours me. Our eyes stay firmly open, keeping the erotic intensity to a fever pitch. His tongue gently and playfully laps against mine as my heart pounds in my chest. It takes a few seconds but my brain kicks into defensive mode. Kinsey. My parents. My whole life was altered forever if this happened. I try to push back from him momentarily and conjure my best response.

“Mister Schwartz. Matt. I don’t know what’s going on right now but I don’t think I should be doing this.” He pulls back with my reluctance and keeps his eyes on mine.

“You don’t think?” *Yes. As much as it pains me to say it.*

“There’s no way I can be doing this. I just can’t, this is moving too fast. It is so wrong.”

“If that’s true Rachel. Tell me why you’ve soaked your panties?” He slides his fingers *down there*, unabashedly, his green eyes burying deep into mine, hungry to see me out of my lingerie too. Gasping I wrap my hands around his neck and try to rally another rational defence whispering into his ear.

“This is so wrong Mister Schwartz. Kinsey, my parents, what the hell would happen? What if anyone sees us? I’m betraying my best friend.”

“Rach, you’re an adult. You’re not betraying anyone.”

He plays with me through my panties, they seep with moisture from the heat and my pulsing arousal. His fingers tease against my outer folds and blood rushes to my flower, swelling me up further. Breathless little gasps leave me as I bite down on his shoulder to manage the gentle pressure on my core.

Everything proceeds at a lightning pace as the room becomes one big blur. His fingers don’t stop curling inside me. He alternates between a come hither motion and sliding his wet fingertips around my clit, preparing me for more vigorous movements with his hands. I clasp on as best as I can as he wipes my excitement across my stomach.

My hands flail around trying to grab his jean buttons. He unbuttons his jeans and jumps out of them, leaving them scattered on the kitchen floor. His boxers conceal his own bulging desire and I rub him down there, gliding my fingers against his thick girth. It’s large, throbbing with his pent up energy and my mind is racing with filthy thoughts of exactly where I want it.

He unclips my bra with a few nifty twists of his hand and lets it fall to the ground, immediately running his hands across my breasts, my nipples growing erect very quickly as the pads of his fingers massage me and delicately squeeze me, We make out some more before he moves back to my breasts and drags his tongue against my sensitive skin, letting my nipples interplay with his tongue, smoothing them with his caresses. Suddenly he comes back up to my face and wraps his grip around my throat. I was his now, my body captive to his needs.

“I want you naked on this counter.” His hot breath against mine causes a flood to break out between my thighs. My skin still feels prickly and too warm but I’m too distracted to care at this point.

Complying, I climb onto the island and pull my panties down, leaving them just below my feet. I’m completely naked, writhing against the cool surface of the marble and waiting for him to join me. He pulls his boxer shorts off to reveal his huge erection

and . His body is immaculate for his age, barely an ounce of fat on him, taut stomach muscles and a massive chest further complimenting the veiny arms.

He leaps onto the island and pulls me closer to him. I feel my own fragrance go wafting through the air, a light floral scent, pulling more wanton lust out of him as he growls his approval.

“You smell amazing Rachel. Relax for me.” He positions himself between my legs and strokes my clit lightly with his thumb, before grabbing his shaft in the other hand and edging it closer to me.

Sliding the tip against my quivering opening, he isn't too over-eager, letting me enjoy the tease. Our eyes are locked, the overbearing temperature from outside causing a trail of sweat to build on my chest.

“Mmm, fuck that's hot. You're getting my head so wet you naughty girl.” I bite my lips, gnashing my teeth hard as my hips roll towards his throbbing member. I want him deep inside me. Without much warning, he grants my wish. He plunges inside, filling me up beautifully. I lose my breath for two seconds before unleashing a big moan. An invitation for him to have me. I'm so full down there, I can barely move.

Gliding his hips, he moves back and forth slowly, easing me into the sensation. It's deliciously rhythmic as my hips buck to meet his, grinding my clit against his firm lower stomach. I pinch my fist in his hair and claw my other hand on his back, dragging his hard body into mine, our skin slapping with each contact.

“Mister Schwartz, you're so big. Oh my god.” I cry out as he flings my legs over his shoulders and crosses my feet to make me even tighter for him.

“You're so fucking tight. I'm going to fuck you so hard.”

Angling himself, he penetrates me viciously and pulls more wetness onto the counter below. His hips drive into me below and pick up more and more speed as he clasps his hands to my ankles, keeping his upper body still and swinging his hips into me, applying further pressure to my dampened clit.

“You're going to blow apart with me going in and out like this aren't you?” My nods are weak as I remain wordless with each long and slick stroke. There's nothing I can muster under his control.

Our bodies continue to smash together and he pins my hands above my head leaving my efforts to hold him back completely futile. Squatting on the top he

manages to get an even deeper angle on me and drives downwards, dragging me closer and closer towards eruption. I can't imagine the amazing view from behind, his huge glutes smacking into me with furious and sticky passion. He pins me down effortlessly, the veins bulging out of his forearms, the ab muscles glistening on his stomach.

"Yes. Oh my god. Yes..." Choked murmurs leave my lips as he takes one hand and pushes my neck down.

I whimper very loudly as a series of continuous moans blurt out of me, each in time with his strokes. He positions his legs wider outside of my body in the low squat and continues his athletic pounding. I close my eyes, unable to respond to each movement.

"Mister Schwartz. Oh my god, that feels so good, that's so good, you're going to make me, you're going to make..." Words fail me as my eyes roll back in my head.

"Good girl, don't hold back." I look up to catch one last glimpse of him before my impending eruption. A trail of sweat folds down his well-defined chest, cascading down to the top of his abs. He expands into me at a furious speed, his green eyes watching me carefully as I try to control the inevitable.

"Oh my gosh. Oh my. Wow. I'm gonna, I'm gonna. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh FUCK!..." Each expletive is louder than the last, more guttural.

I soak the kitchen counter, spraying a fine jet against his lower stomach as he keeps pumping, our bodies a slippery and grinding mess. The explosion comes in waves as my body flops on the island and I moan very loudly down his ear, holding on for dear life.

"Steady, good girl, good girl."

I'd never cum from sex before, the feeling was completely alien and completely sensational. I felt impossibly close to him. My nails dig into his back, leaving huge claw marks nearly all the way to his bum. Basking in the pleasure, I let my breaths come back to me slowly. The burning sensation in my body is replaced by one in my chest as he skates his hands up the inside of my thigh, rubbing the moisture into me.

"You're not going to tell your parents about our little arrangement are you?"

"Never." Cracks appear in my voice as he smiles and kisses me roughly on the lips, sinking his passion into me.

“Come here.” Bounding off the kitchen island, he lifts me down and stands me up against the mirror of the oven. I can see everything from here. It was good to be in the hands of such an experienced man, I couldn’t begin to imagine what the college version of this whole drama would have been.

“Hold on for me. You get to watch what I do to you this time.” Yes sir.

He spreads my legs just inside of his and slides his length inside me once more. My breasts start swinging in front of the mirror in circles as he starts a slow ascent on me, his width spreading me out. It is more controlled than the island top, but the pressure is already putting a fissure in me. My back springs back to meet his stomach and he pulls my face to his to taste me. Weight feels so much heavier on my legs after the brutal treatment on the counter top. I love the closeness between us in this position, the dominance he can wield over me.

“Your curves are so beautiful Rachel. Look at me, that’s it, pull that pretty face up for me.”

He continues his punishing assault as he makes me look at my reflection in the mirror. There is no respite for my burning body as he grabs my neck, ripping my attention away from managing my building explosion. Sweat pours down his own neck and onto my neck as the heat from outside dashes through the windows.

“Such a dirty girl aren’t you? Look at that running down your leg. Let’s go faster.”

There’s a river trickling down my left leg but I don’t care at this point. I’m too far gone to care how much needs to be mopped up from the floor.

“Take me.” I cry out, closing my eyes and pinning my head down as his hips blast me harder and faster, rapidly sliding in and out of me. He slaps me on my trembling backside very hard, leaving a big red patch and eliciting another long moan out of me.

“Oh gosh.” My voice is hoarse, throat left with no syllables.

He moves his hands to my shoulders to get more leverage and I move my hands to the oven handle to try and steady myself. But it’s no use, I’m done for with this man inside me.

“I’m getting close again. Please. Please. I’m yours.”

“Cum for me Rachel. Cum for me.”

He slaps me again and again down there as I start mustering any kind of scream I can to get the bubbling tension out. A viscous and huge volume spurts from his erection, completely filling me as my hips buckle and my legs quiver. He quickly pulls his hand under my stomach to support me and keep me from falling. I keep shuddering and smiling deeply as I bend down to the floor with him still there, suffocating an enormous moan of absolute ecstasy. He rips me back up to him and caresses my throat, leaving his lips against mine in a tight embrace. I could stay in these arms for the whole afternoon. I could stay in these arms all day, sleepily immersed in him.

After what seems like an eternity of our sweaty bodies pressed together, he swings me around and plants me on the kitchen island, grabbing my dress and planting it near me. There's no words for me to say, so I sit back and enjoy the moment, swimming in his eyes, going with the direction of my blossoming romance.

I sit on the counter silently and he runs his hands over my legs. Back up to my cheeks, cradling me with care and adorning my body with soft kisses.

“I won't tell if you don't tell.”

“Agreed.” I laugh and wrap my hands around his neck. “Thank you Mister Schwartz.”

“Matt. Call me Matt.”

I kiss him on the lips, a stray tear running down my cheek. It had been the hottest and most incredible moment of my life and I was struggling to process exactly what it meant in the moment. I was struggling to envision my friendship with Kinsey after this moment. Maybe it would still be the same, maybe it wouldn't, maybe she would never find, there were too many questions at this point. Too many what ifs, it made less and less sense to worry.

“Your bra and your panties.” Chuckling I sheepishly accept them and get myself changed, trying to avoid slipping on the ringing wetness of the floor. Matt does the same, gathering his boxers and jeans, whipping them back on swiftly and flinging his shirt on before running towards the mop in the corner and dabbing it in some water, throwing it across the puddle on the floor on his way back to me. I drag my green dress back over my aching body, the pain from earlier is gone, my skin feels nourished, I feel whole again, cooled off with

A car pulls up on the front drive. How long were we together!? It's her. Kinsey's back. Fortunately she can't see us from this angle, the windows are in our favour. My blood turns ice cold with fear. I was going to get caught after all of that. What the hell had I done?

"She's here. You should go. I need to clean the counter and floor quickly. Give me your number."

He rummages for the phone in his pocket, desperately scrambling through the apps to find his contacts before handing it to me. I punch it in, my eyes flitting to the window, a few minutes more and I think Kinsey would have definitely caught me. The key turns off in the ignition, the door swings shut and footsteps start moving down the path. Matt mops the floor and grabs a kitchen towel to try and pad down the island.

"Okay, please text me, please." I'm pleading. I can't do without this man in my life. I'm officially addicted after my first hit. It's better than a drug, it's more intoxicating than alcohol, I need it.

"Bye Rach. I will. Quickly, go!" The key turns in the door.

"Dad!" Kinsey's voice booms out down the corridor. The sound of shopping bags dragging along the wooden floor.

I brush myself off, sprinting through to the second lounge and lurching for the corridor to the exit. I'm trying to fix my hair up and straighten my dress before scampering towards the back door of their house and crashing into the garden. I look for the fence and scramble back across the lawn gate to my safe suburban life that was about to get a lot more interesting.

Part 2



A few days had passed. I'd barely spoken to Kinsey but worst of all I had heard nothing from Mister Schwartz. Aka Matt, my best friend's dad who had turned my world upside down on his kitchen counter. Apparently he had been out of town on business but he hadn't even bothered to text or call me. It hurt. A lot.

I slouch in an armchair watching some makeup tutorials on YouTube. The usual nonsense, I can't focus on anything.

Three knocks at the door. Stumbling up from the chair, I lurch towards the front door half asleep and pull several chains off it before opening reluctantly.

It's Kinsey. I know it seems stupid to say but after everything that transpired with her dad, she was honestly the last person I wanted to see.

"Rach. Let's go to the Lake House for the weekend. Jeremy and Wade and their crew are coming as well. C'mon it'll be fun." Jeremy and crew, yay, total airheads from high school, Jeremy who had never stopped hitting on me for two years. Great. But maybe the distraction would do me some good, away from all the craziness that had ensued over here. My mind hops around in circles before I nod slowly. I needed a break from the house.

So we jumped in the van and shot off to the Lake. There were eight of us maybe, Me, Kinsey, Jeremy, Wade and their buddies, three other girls and another guy.

The Friday and Saturday passed by so fast I barely noticed it. We went wakeboarding, did the barbecue, did some hiking, it was a good time. But I was in a blurry daze for most of it, barely registering everything that was going on, just going through the motions.

Saturday evening came around. It's late, 9pm maybe, the fire crackling and everyone gathered around playing pool and chatting. I'm watching, sipping on a seltzer but my mind is completely elsewhere. Wade hits a nice shot, striking the cue ball cleanly and potting his last colour before the black ball. Cheering and yelling he slaps Kinsey's hand with a quick high five. I knew Kinsey had a little crush on Wade but I couldn't honestly figure out why, he was your typical douche college bro, a resounding turn-off for me. Kinsey suddenly reaches into her jean pocket to pull out her phone and quickly swipes to the notification.

Kinsey looks up from her phone, disappointment wrought all across her face.

"My dad's coming over tonight, just for the night I think, he wants to do something on the boat in the morning or something stupid like that. He should be here in a few minutes."

My blood freezes. He's coming. *Here.*

"Oh that's cool I guess." I blurt out without too much thought.

"How's that cool? Total mood killer." Wade chimes in from the couch after nailing his last shot, chugging a Budweiser till his lips nearly permanently attach to the bottle. "Is he staying in the house?"

Kinsey sighs, clearly not thrilled by the prospect either. "I've no idea. Maybe he'll take his boat out and give us some peace."

"I'm going out for a bit babe, just need a walk. I shouldn't be too long."

"Rach, stay, the party is just getting started."

She's getting wasted. Barely coherent in her words. She'd forget I was gone in 10 minutes.

"Just go Rach, who knows maybe you can find Mister Schwartz out there and keep him away from the fun." Wade chimes in with a quick sarcastic jab and smiles a little, pleased with his teenage humour.

"Wade!" Kinsey playfully punches him on the arm as he tickles her back. Grade-A dick.

I smile wryly and grab my jacket, pushing through the big oak door. Kinsey could have Wade, I had to make peace with something else.

The evening is beautiful, glossy shimmers cascading across the lake, the lights from the house twinkling against the first stars as the very last of the fading sunlight falls beyond the horizon. Faint sounds of birds and insects can be heard, bustling in the grass and the nearby trees. I can't see his car anywhere, maybe he was coming down the path.

But my thoughts are interrupted as soon as they begin.

"Rach!!" I turn around to see him standing near the lake edge there in his manly glory next to the Bentley. He's wearing a tank top with chinos, his rippling muscles bulging in every direction, giving me my first visual pleasure of the trip. I'd forgotten what non-douchey actually looked like. His locks catch the reflection of the light, still resting above the start of his top and splaying around his neck. The vivid memories of the other day surge back into my head. But I couldn't get too distracted, I needed to get to the bottom of why he had ignored me.

"Matt. I don't think I want to talk to you right now."

"I know, I should have texted. I said I would and I didn't, I know you're hurting."

Damn straight. I stay silent, shuffling my feet on the ground. Was I not really good enough for him, were there other girls in the equation? A guy like this, how could

there not be? Was I just some prize he could collect, bragging rights with his VC buddies?

“I’ve texted Kinsey, I’m staying out on the boat tonight. Give the guys some space.” His voice hits me like a good wine, it was difficult to forget its effect on me. I’m being transported back to his words on that kitchen counter. The baritone notes ring out across the water and he takes a few steps towards me, locking the Bentley with a flick of his wrist.

“Why the fuck didn’t you text me Matt? After everything that happened?” I fold my arms, indignation running through me like never before as my blood boils a little and my face gets hotter.

“I’ve been busy. I know it’s not an excuse but the firm was in meltdown, I had to pull out all the stops. I was on constant call. I’ve barely had time to shower.”

“Not one minute to text me in all that time.” My arms stay folded trying to coax a satisfactory answer out of him.

“My head wasn’t in the right space.” He was pulling out all the cliched excuses.

“I don’t think you give a damn about me, I think I’m just a trophy for you. You got to fuck your daughter’s best friend, congratulations.”

He comes closer to me, his green eyes becoming more and more apparent, the fragrance from a few days ago, flooding back into my consciousness. It is the same rum and sandalwood. I’m reminded of exactly how tall he is as his figure blocks out the light from the house. The veins on his biceps protrude a mile out of his arms as the heat gives his definition an extra shimmer.

“Why do you think I came to the Lake House? When I heard Kinsey had brought you guys here, I knew I had to come along as well. Getting out on the boat? Please.”

“Oh is that really why you came?” I try not to betray it but my heart lifts on his words, a little excitement lacing my question. Maybe, just maybe, he did care, why come to the lake otherwise? Boating was a dumb excuse, he could do that anywhere he wanted to.

His eyes are locked on mine, his dark gaze burying far within me. He wasn’t lying. I could read it, there was no disguising his feelings. I could read people well, he was being honest, he wanted me. His expression lightens a little as he sees my emotions

subdue slightly, my breathing slow down from the raging tantrum I was building up to.

“I want to show you something.”

“What exactly?” My arms loosen from the rigid crossover hold,

“There’s a small island, on the other side of the lake. Always used to go diving off there.”

I laugh. “Late night diving, really?” He reaches out to my shoulder and steadies his hand there.

“Maybe not diving but I can show you some of the true beauty of this space.”

This was happening all over again. I couldn’t stay mad at this man, his words unlock me, they relax me, comfort me completely. I feel safe with him. Maybe it was weakness, maybe I was too inexperienced with men, I was only eighteen for goodness sakes, but my body is calling for it, I want to be tamed, I want to melt into him.

“Sure. I’d like that.”

We move across the water at rapid speed. The whole trip to the island passes in silence. I stand next to him looking up at him. He has a steely expression, a determined focus on his face as we rip quietly through the water on the boat. We pull up to a very small jetty with a couple of tying off points. He jumps out as the boat comes to a crawl and wraps

We sit on the beach and look up at the stars overhead. His hands planted firmly behind him as we talk. I was curious about the last few days, I wanted to know more about his work, about him, about everything he did. Kinsey had kept me in the dark for so many years. For his age he was a ball of so much energy, so many ideas and fascinating theories on the world. I could listen all day and all night.

The Lake House is a little shape in the distance, only the outdoor lights and some interior ones left visible. They were probably playing Ring of Fire or Cards Against Humanity. Kinsey was probably going to hook up with Wade. I didn’t care at this point. There’s an amazing serenity to everything out here. Peace, away from the

craziness of college and everything going on back home. It was only too ironic and certainly not lost on me that the best part of back home, Matt, had made it here.

“Let’s swim.” He grabs me by the hand and makes me stand up to face him.

“I don’t exactly have my bikini on me.”

“Never been a problem for me.” He flings his boat shoes off whilst tearing his chinos away from his ankles and flings his tank top on the sand, rushing into the water in just his boxer shorts. As he resurfaces, he fans his locks back, pushing his hands through his flattened hair. Water drips down his rock-hard stomach as he clears his eyes and shakes his head from side to side.

Nervously, I pull off my white string top and loosen my jeans. I had my stupid black lingerie on.

“Don’t look.” Covering my breasts, I cower a little as he stands up, his torso completely out of the water, completely distracting as usual.

“I’ve seen them before Rach.” I shake my head and roll my eyes. Here goes nothing.

I leave the bra in the sand. My breasts swaying to and fro as I walk, avoiding some of the more jagged rocks. He watches me all the way to the water, his eyes beaming brightly before diving back down under the gentle waves. I dip my toes in before throwing caution to the wind and sprinting in after him and throwing my body under.

The water is warmer than I expect but my nipples still grow firm as I push through to the surface, my hair slicking against my back as I keep my eyes closed and run my hands through to keep it pushed back.

Suddenly I hear his voice from behind me.

“Watch out, shark!” Terror grips me as something grabs my ankle in a vice grip and tugs downwards towards the rocky bottom. For a few seconds I flail under the water, gnashing my teeth and silently screaming before whatever it is that has me lets go.

I splutter, re-emerging on the surface as a tickling and giddy sensation overcomes me. It’s him. He flicks his fingers against my ribcage and armpits, driving me into hysterics.

“Goddammit Matt, what the hell!” Splashing water at him, I try to keep my composure whilst laughing my head off. Droplets of water run down his stomach as he stands there, his eyes starting to lock onto mine.

With deft speed he swims back to me and lifts me clean out of the water onto his shoulder, spinning me around. Dizziness sets in as he sets me back on my feet just in front of him, both of our nipples nearly touching as I steady my breathing. The lake slows to a fine blur as time seems to stop around us, this man has become my world again in less than a couple of hours, there was chemistry and then there was this. I didn't know what this was exactly but it was special.

“Matt. I feel deep down you do care for me. But I'm having a hard time knowing if this is still a good idea. This is so dangerous, Kinsey is right in that house.”

“Look at me. I want you, I want this. Forget what ifs for tonight.”

He's melting into Mister Dreamy all over again, the perfect amalgamation of sexy and caring. Aggressive Matt had been perfect back home but right now I was craving the soft little touches and delicate kisses, the warm embrace of his strong arms, like snuggling up next to the fireplace.

His lips plant on mine, sucking, teasing and rolling over them. I reciprocate with the same intensity, letting him guide me, his hands reaching to cradle my neck, pulling my desire into him amidst the shallow waters.

“Mmm, I'd forgotten just how sexy you are, these curves, this long curly hair, the way your body clings to me in the heat of the moment, it's fucking hot. I love having my hands on you, caressing every inch of you, watching your breathing grow harder and watching your writhing movements spill how you truly feel about me.”

My nipples are getting so firm under his fingers as he plays with me gently, maintaining eye contact with me the whole time, the deep green reflections bouncing off the water. I wonder if it's the words or the anticipation driving me crazier.

“Come to the towel with me.” He takes my hand leading me back out of the water to the little beach. Straightening the towel out, he falls on top of it, placing his hands above his head as I collapse on top of him. I'm latched onto his lips, ravenous and my own hands are busy with exploring his powerful definition.

Working my way down his body, I take in the full extent of his strength, the hardened lines and contours of his shoulders and broad chest stirring a deep arousal inside. My kisses reach his pubic bone and inner thighs as I try to keep my eye contact with

him, working my lips with each deep murmuring approval from him. Each time my lips meet firm muscle, I feel him grow ever bigger in his shorts.

Slowly I loosen his wet boxer shorts, struggling to drag them over his thick quads. My lips slide across the dense leg muscles as the shorts gradually come free near to his knees. His thick girth slaps against his thigh as it springs free. Oh God, I forgot how big he was, involuntarily, I bite down into my bottom lip, lustful excitement taking hold of me as I stroke him delicately, tracing my way to his bulbous head.

“Good girl Rach, you don’t have to rush. Put me in that cute little mouth.”

I take him very slowly, wrapping my right hand around his bursting length. As the momentum builds, I start applying even and rhythmic strokes feeling him get even harder with each sliding motion. In the distance the interior lights to the lake house all switch off. It was me and Matt, all alone, with no one to interrupt us. My hand travels up and down, up and down, completely effortlessly. There’s no way I can stop myself. I run my tongue up his length, eliciting deep rumbles of approval from him as my hand maintains the same pace.

He tastes so good, freshly showered almost.

I’m not prepared to stop but it’s clear he wants more of my body, he wants to watch me squirm and squeal for him and I’m more than a willing participant in the idea at this point.

“Climb on top of me, that’s it, I want to see all of you.”

I get into a low squat and wrap my hand around him down there, guiding his massive length inside me one inch at a time. I can only manage so much before I start panting.

“Can you take more of me little girl?”

I nod furiously, gradually adjusting to the feeling of him there and slide further onto him, his width rubbing nicely against me, drawing strands of moisture out. I’m far too wet and not from swimming. He’s divine, my own personal Adonis, crafted from the naughtiest corners of my imagination. One of the raw advantages of this position on top of him is taking in his stunning body.

I grind across him, rocking my hips back and forth across his sexy frame, my pubic hair matted against his lowest abs. Moans begin to leave me once again as the pressure on my beating bud grows. His fullness inside me has my head spinning. I’m

unfiltered, ungagged this time as my moans ring out like roars across the still water. I alternate my hands positioned on his quads and on his chest, changing his angle of intrusion into my damp opening.

“Fuck.” I muster a little grunt as my chest pounds harder and harder, my heart nearly beating out of my skin with anticipation for my building climax. I crash down on him, humping him quicker and quicker, my eyes closed with each strike of his insertion into me. Moving over him again, I let his stomach flick and push against my bud as waves of pleasure start crashing over me. There was no holding back.

“Don’t hold back Rachel. Look at me when you release.”

He takes my mouth, possessively gripping my neck as the sensation claims me. I gasp, hot and rapid breaths down his throat before a long and drawn-out moan as I buck my hips faster against his stomach, my eyes drowning in burning green embers. Prisoner to his hold, I scrape my body against him, a fever-pitch of release leaving me as my hips smash into him and a shuddering jolt animates me. Ten seconds pass before the sensation starts to subside. He sits up and lets me recover from my eruption, my boobs clamped against his wet chest as I kiss him fervently, more aggressively than ever before.

“Look at those legs shaking, so sexy, you really can’t hold back for long with me inside you can you? I’m going to have you completely and there’s nothing you can do about it, powerless to stop me doing whatever I want to this body.”

He thrusts one leg onto his shoulder, squatting deep between the other leg before impaling me with his girth. It feels heavenly. I’m more pinned down than ever before as he grabs and starts moving his hips back and forth driving deep inside me.

Hot liquid spills out of me onto the towel below as he thrusts into me at lightning speed. The power of his glutes putting every bit of pressure onto my clit in the best way possible as the angle gets more and more extreme allowing him the most intimate access to me, clamped between my legs.

“That’s it, Rach, you feel so good. Faster, faster, I’m going to grab those ankles so I can really drill into you.”

I know he could do this all day, just pounding me relentlessly, watching me try to wriggle on him. His fingers move to my bud as he flails them across me at a modest

pace, keeping his pushing motion going, his hips grinding me and forcing me to writhe in ecstasy.

“I’m going to stroke that clit, all you can do is watch me, so sensitive, so moist, my fingertips move so effortlessly across you down there. Faster, faster, you’re not getting off lightly with me though, don’t cum yet.”

So easy for him to say!

I scrunch my face trying to concentrate on holding back my overwhelming arousal. There had to be a tantric routine for making this easier. I hold back as much as I can, shaking a little and keeping my hands on his hip bones to stop him thrusting so firmly. It works as he eases up, allowing me to come down just before another delicious peak.

He moves onto this back again, motioning me to turn around and face the opposite direction.

“Turn your body around, that’s it, I want you to cum with me like this.”

Self-conscious about my smell, I gingerly move my hips over his face and wipe my hair back from my own face. But he ignores my shyness, grabbing me hard and pulling me to his mouth before unleashing his big tongue on my pulsing slit. He starts with just one or two licks, agonisingly slow as he looks up at me, the dark green burrowing into me again.

I’d only ever seen this in naughty movies. He laps me down there, hungrily, wanting to taste all of me, his tongue thrusts deeper inside me and pulls out thick strands of my moist excitement. He slides two fingers in me whilst his tongue goes back to my clit, long and slow strokes pushing my body into complete overdrive, frazzling my nerves. I try to focus on him, letting my tongue slide and flick against his sensitive head feeling him grow impossibly hard in my grip.

He’s relentless down there, his tongue smoothly caressing my clit as I feel the sensations building all over again. His fingers glide inside me like a finely-oiled machine, all I can hear is my wetness being parted each time he plunges inside me, curling back to hit my sensitive spots.

My throat slides up and down his shaft, taking every inch in, faster and faster, as I feel his head pulsating, starting to give in to my touches. The control is leaving my legs too, I was getting closer by the second.

After what seems like an eternity he comes up for air and breathlessly confesses how close he is.

“Oh my gosh, Rach, I’m going to explode, good girl, don’t stop.”

I move my hand faster and faster, Trying to stay on him, his tongue is far too distracting and I bring my mouth off him, just letting my hands do the work as I struggle to stop my impending eruption. My abs start flexing involuntarily and my stomach pumps back and forth trying to recycle whatever scraps of air it can find. I can’t hold back any longer.

“Yes Rach, yes, now, now!”

He spurts with several shots flying into the air. My legs quiver and shake uncontrollably as I grab onto the side of his face for support, trying not to crush him with my flailing thighs. The spasm continues for a good twenty seconds as all the colours of the rainbow pass through my vision and the blood rushes from my head.

“Oh god. Matt. Oh fuck! Oh my god! Fuck, that’s so good.”

I collapse next to him, my head finding a natural resting spot in the angle between his chest and shoulder. We lie on the towel, cuddling up and giving each other soft kisses to the forehead, cheeks and lips. Controlling my breathing, deep breaths, in and out, I taste my own pleasure on his mouth.

No words for two minutes at least. What could I say after that? We lie and stare up at the stars again, admiring the handiwork of the night. The moon beams down brightly striking me across the forehead and spilling onto his chest. The island is silent apart from our beating hearts, mingling as one as the cooling breeze moves through the cliff edges.

“You look beautiful under the moonlight by the way, a little goddess in my arms.”

Fuck, it’s official I am addicted to this man.

“Thank you. I appreciate that Matt. Even better hearing it from you.”

“I know there’s so many things I could teach you, so many submissive traits I could build in you, you can be all mine if you want to be, Just my kind of girl.”

“That sounds good to me. What’s my next lesson?” I bleat, happy in his arms, feeling safe for the first time in a while.

He looks at his watch. 3.57am. We had gone on far longer than I had expected. Maybe it was too late to get back to the Lake House at this point and slip in, I wasn't sure, I didn't care frankly. Sleep is beckoning me, my eyes fluttering as he closes his too, letting his body come down from the ecstatic highs of a few minutes ago.

As I start to drift I see a light in the Lake House turn on. Wade's room. A toilet break maybe?

Maybe it was inevitable Kinsey was going to find out about me and Matt. Maybe I was starting to not care.

But for now, I could keep our secret going.