

PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



TOUCH ME,
BABY

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I was lying face down on the bed, exhausted and aching from head to toe as a result of the long days of preparation that I put into our New Year's party. Other than the gathering at Caleb's parents' house on Christmas Day, it was the first major event that we celebrated as a couple. For that reason, I wanted everything to be perfect.

We invited some of Caleb's friends from the fire station as well as some of my colleagues from the office for drinks and to watch the ball drop on television. Everything went well, but soon after midnight I began to feel the strain and had to retreat to the bedroom to toss back a couple of aspirin and rest my weary bones.

I heard the swish of coats being fastened and keys jingling in the other room as Caleb said goodbye to our guests.

"Thanks for coming over, guys. Yeah, Vivian will be fine. I'll make sure of that. See you on Monday. Drive carefully."

The evening was finally over. I breathed a sigh of relief that quickly turned into a groan of pain when my head resumed its pounding. "Ohhh..."

Caleb entered the room, and I made the mistake of lifting my head to look at him. I cried out again and put my head back down. He sat beside me on the bed, and I felt his warm hand rubbing the small of my back, trying to comfort me.

His voice was as smooth as melted honey in my ear. "How bad is it, babe?"

I turned my head slowly, and he could see the tears in my eyes.

"I hurt all over. Please Caleb, make it go away. It hurts so much."

I saw his golden eyes darken with pain. "I will, I promise. I'll be right back."

He rose from the bed and I heard him stride into the connecting bathroom. Even through the pain, I smiled as I imagined the movement of his firm, gorgeous ass and the way it looked as he walked. In the week since we got together over Christmas, I'd grown accustomed to the sight. I don't think I'll ever get tired of it.

I heard the sound of running water and splashing, and I knew that he was preparing a bath for me. I shouted so he could hear me over the sound of the streaming water.

"I can't believe this! How do you always know exactly what I need when I need it?"

Caleb's laughter rumbled as he switched off the water and returned to the bedroom. He sat beside me again and gently turned me over so he

could meet my eyes.

"It's simple. Because I know you, Viv. Even though it's only been a week, I feel like we've been together for ages. I love you. This year's Christmas and New Year's have been the best holidays of my life because you're spending them with me."

I thought my heart would burst, and my eyes were moist again.

"I love you, too."

Caleb smiled and wiped away my tears.

"All right, honey. Let's get you into the tub. I have the water nice and hot, just the way you like it, so you can soothe your aching muscles."

He gently picked me up from the bed and carried me into the bathroom. The tub was filled almost to the brim with steaming water, and the smell of jasmine in the air let me know that he'd also poured in some of my favorite bath oil.

I buried my face in the crook of his neck. "Aren't you going to join me?"

He looked at the tub, judging its measurements.

"It's not big enough for two. Besides, you really don't need me getting in the way of your relaxation. Just lie back and let me take care of you."

Who was I to argue? I felt the familiar, special tingling in my belly as he lowered me to sit at the edge of the tub and slowly undressed me. I felt warm all over as I watched him kneel on the floor before me, his face a picture of concentration as he slipped off my shoes and lifted my skirt to reveal the tops of my black thigh high stockings.

Caleb's breath picked up slightly at the sight, and I continued to watch him from beneath my lowered lashes as he leaned down and kissed the insides of my thighs. I shivered from the feel of his soft lips, and the part of me that wasn't in pain, the part that was aching and horny, wanted him to pull my panties to the side and lick me.

But he had other ideas, and he moved away from his worship there. I trembled from wanting him so much, but I knew that I wouldn't enjoy it if I let him fuck me before I was good and ready. So I waited as he removed my blouse and skirt to reveal the new bra and panty set that I'd bought a few days before for the occasion.

He licked his lips as his hands cradled my breasts, his fingertips tracing patterns on the red lace and making my nipples stand at attention beneath it.

"Oh, sweetheart. You really did think of everything."

Torn between pain and lust, I managed a sheepish grin.

"Sorry that I couldn't follow up on it, baby. I..."

He placed a finger against my lips, silencing me. I couldn't resist taking it into my mouth and letting my hot tongue swirl around its thickness, demonstrating how much I wished to have his cock there. I could tell from the look in his sexy eyes that he wanted it too, and that he was having a hard time doing the right thing.

Caleb's voice was hoarse with passion. "Vivian, stop teasing me."

I reluctantly let go of his finger, watching the telltale flush creep from his neck to the roots of his red hair as I reached for the front fastenings of my bra. I peeled it away and watched as his gaze dropped to my erect nipples, sensitive and eager for his touch. He groaned and captured one in his mouth, sucking hard as his hands cupped and squeezed my breasts. He drove me crazy, switching from one straining peak to the other, his tongue flicking and his teeth gently biting. I arched mindlessly toward him.

"Caleb, please fuck me. I don't care anymore about the bath - OW!"

Damn it, just when I had forgotten about the soreness of my body, bam! There it was.

I winced, and he immediately stopped what he was doing and hurried to pull off my stockings and panties, leaving me naked beside the tub. His eyes were full of concern as he stood and gently lowered me into the blessedly hot bath water. Closing my eyes in pleasure, I laid back and allowed it to wash over me, sighing as I felt it already working to loosen the knots of tension that had gathered over the last few days.

I felt something brush against me, and I opened my eyes to see Caleb sitting at the edge of the porcelain tub, holding my sea sponge in his large hands. He smiled at me. "Feel good?"

"Mmmm," was the only thing I could say for a long time as he proceeded to wash me from head to toe, leisurely stroking my body with the sponge as if he had all the time in the world. I felt cherished as his eyes frequently met mine, and I saw the melding of love and desire in their depths. My pain quickly faded away, and my body burned for him.

Several minutes after he'd cleaned me up, his hand still moved between my legs, keeping up the charade of washing me. I closed my thighs, trapping him there as I tossed the sponge away. He laughed, but I was dead serious as I arched up to his hand.

"Touch me, baby."

Caleb's face quickly lost its humor as he realized how hot I was for

him.

"Are you better now? You're not too sore?"

I took his hand and guided it to my aching pussy. "Only here. She needs you."

He raised an eyebrow, his breath coming faster as he grew more excited.

"Does she, now? Well, I guess I'd better do something..."

Under the water, I felt his fingers rub against my labia, gently opening them to expose my pulsing clit to his loving fingertips. I shuddered as he touched me, moaning as he teased my wet folds mercilessly before removing his hand and backing away.

I stared at him in confusion, wondering why he stopped.

"Honey, what are you doing?"

Caleb stood up and grabbed a large towel from the cabinet, saying "You'll see" before he disappeared into the bedroom. He was back a few seconds later, and he bent to lift me out of the tub and into his arms. Not caring that I was dripping all over his clothes, he carried me into the bedroom and I saw that he'd placed the towel on top of the bedsheets.

I opened my mouth to ask what was going on when he kissed me hard, his tongue making me tingle and erasing the questions from my head. He broke the kiss, whispering against my love-bruised lips.

"Trust me. I want to make you feel good."

He lowered me to the bed and left me there as he pulled his t-shirt out of his jeans and took it off, exposing his beautiful chest and abdomen before tossing it to the floor. I couldn't take my eyes off of him; I still couldn't believe that this magnificent man was mine. Sitting on the edge of the bed, I held out my arms to him and he returned to me.

Without warning, he knelt before me and spread my legs, exposing my flower to his eyes, his fingers, his tongue. He licked me tenderly yet relentlessly, his tongue traveling slowly along my inner lips like he was savoring an ice cream cone. The very tip of his tongue flicked over my clit, and my hand came up to grab his hair, anchoring him to me.

Caleb's hand came up to press against my stomach, and I laid back on the soft bath towel. Grabbing my thighs, he swirled his tongue endlessly around my clit and I felt like I was floating weightless in space. I shook with pleasure, my moans growing louder as he quickened the tempo, bringing me closer to the edge. I clutched the towel beneath me as I rocked my hips against his face and trapped his head between my thighs, whimpering as I exploded into orgasm.

He stayed with me, gingerly licking at my soaked pussy until I pushed him away. I needed him so much, and he knew it. I could see it in his face when he got up from the floor; he knew how badly I wanted to return the favor. I was face-to-face with his cock, which was rock hard and straining against the fly of his jeans.

I wanted him deep in my mouth, my throat. I wanted to taste his cock and swallow his come. I reached for the buttons of his fly but he moved to stop me, smiling at my groan of frustration. He kissed me again and again, muttering to me between kisses.

"Tonight...is for you. I want to... please you until you scream and beg for me to fuck you."

I captured his pouty lower lip between my teeth, my tongue soothing the bite before letting go. I didn't recognize my own voice, it was so throaty from desire.

"Caleb, I want you now. Fuck me, baby."

He smiled wickedly at me, his eyes flashing with mischief. "Not yet, you're still tense and I don't want to hurt you. Lie on your stomach for me."

I rolled over onto my stomach, curious about what he was going to do next. I heard a drawer opening close by, but I didn't look. I didn't want to spoil the surprise.

"Close your eyes, babe. No peeking."

I closed them, my heart pounding with anticipation as I felt the bed give under his weight. He was behind me, above me. I could hear his labored breathing as he fought to maintain control, to resist the urge to pound me right then and there. I could smell him, the intoxicating combination of sandalwood and man. I could feel his heat, taste his desire.

The next thing I felt was a warm cascade down my naked back, followed by his hands on my body. The scent of lilac filled the air as he massaged me, starting from the nape of my neck and working his way down my spine to rest on the curves of my ass. He rubbed out the kinks in my legs before removing his hands from me completely.

For a long moment, I lost awareness of Caleb and I was tempted to open my eyes to see what he was up to. But I didn't give in, and I was rewarded when he returned to me.

I felt his chest press against my back, loved the sensation of our oiled skin sliding together, then apart. He lowered himself onto me, careful not to crush me with his weight as he rubbed his entire front

against me. I could feel his hard cock bumping against my pussy, and I wanted to spread my legs for him to enter but they were trapped between his hairy ones.

He chuckled softly in my ear. "Not yet. We've got all night."

I didn't want to wait all night; I decided to turn things around and seduce him until he couldn't take any more, until he couldn't resist sinking deep into me.

I raised my ass to him, enjoying the slickness as I felt his cock settle into the groove between my ass cheeks. He groaned loudly at the sensation, just like I knew he would. I rotated my hips as I rocked back and forth against him, using my ass crack to pump his shaft.

Caleb's teasing attitude crashed and burned, his breath growing ragged in my ear as he leaned over me. "Jesus...Vivian, what...? What are you doing?"

I moved faster, pleased that I made him grunt with each thrust backward as I teased my clit with one hand. "I'm trying to take us both where we need to go. Fuck me, baby. Fuck my ass."

I felt his cock jerk against my asshole when I said the words, and I knew that I wouldn't have long to wait. His voice had become so husky that it was almost unrecognizable.

"Are you sure, sweetheart? I mean..."

"Fuck my ass, Caleb! Pound my ass with your cock until you shoot! Fill me to the brim!"

He swore softly, and I felt his cockhead rubbing against the oil covering my ass before spreading it onto my puckered asshole. He began to thrust gently, spreading and preparing me for the invasion, but I'd been on the edge for so long, so hot for him that I thrust against him hard and he slid right in. All the way in. I gasped in pleasure, tightening my ass around him as he began to pump me hard and fast.

He panted behind me, his sweat dripping onto my back.

"Fuck...you're so tight..."

I cheered him on, almost daring him to lose control as I felt myself come again.

"Harder, baby. Fuck me harder...ohh, Caleb! I'm coming! Fuck my ass..."

The last shreds of control fell away, and the beast was unleashed. He let go and thrust hard into me as he came along with me, releasing his come deep into my ass.

"Fuck yes! Ahh, God..."

Gasping for breath, we fell against the bed, still connected. When we finally got ourselves under control again, I looked over and saw Caleb with a silly grin on his face.

"What is it?"

He laughed and leaned over to kiss me.

"Hot damn! Let me know whenever you need me to help you unwind!"



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