



NAUGHTY RENDEZVOUS

VICTORIA
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a novella of erotic romance by

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ALSO BY VICTORIA BLISSE

Proving Santa Exists
Getting Physical
Masquerading Hearts

I am nervous. No, scratch that. I am more nervous than I have ever been before. More nervous than when I went into labour or when I brought my newborn daughter home for the first time. More nervous than when I had my first fumbling fuck, even. If it weren't for the underlying excitement of anticipation, I'd be so scared I wouldn't be here.

You see, today I am meeting Joe. It won't be the first time we've met. We catch up from time to time in this little café off the beaten track because it's quiet and friendly and cozy. I've met him at the café a few times but always I've had little Lucy in tow. Lucy is my daughter. She's now six months old and she is my life. Also in this instance, she is my safety barrier, the barrier that means meeting up for coffee is just that. Not that Joe is a raving sexual beast, but we did meet online and I know exactly what you know about meeting people online in real life. You've got to be bloody careful.

We met on a, well...an adult site. Yes, I have needs, wants, and not all of them are sexual. This community provided me with so much more than just masturbation material. Joe was so much more than a sexual fantasy. Heck, he still is.

You know how it is. You cross paths with a person on various message boards and posts and you get to chatting and hijacking threads with little asides. Then you take the plunge into Private Messages and find hundreds of PM's flying back and forth between your boxes. So you go on to an instant messenger, photos, web cams and maybe even more.

We'd done it all but take it into real life. We cammed with our clothes on—okay, so I was wearing a particularly brief top over my large breasts that night, but still I was clothed. It was all very civil and sweet and oh so damned erotic.

He is just that kind of guy. He is sensual sexuality but he doesn't have to push it, force it or make it crude. Everything he says and does is sexy, and my body reacts to him fiercely every time we met, in life or in the computer realm.

Anyway I am waffling on, boring you no doubt. I told you I was nervous. My mind is flicking back and forward, left and right, thinking on memories and fantasies and pondering the possibilities.

This is the first time I am to meet him on my own. No child to

excuse me, no barrier, no safety. Today I am here and he knows I have the whole weekend to myself. I told him so. I worked up to it. I do love meeting him, sitting with him and being with him. I love looking at him, into him, and seeing the twinkle in his eye, the excitement in his low, soft, purring voice. I love how he reaches out a hand and places it softly upon my thigh, lightly resting it there. It's such a small, simple touch but one that speaks volumes and sets off fireworks in my stomach. There has always been a distance, though.

My baby is good; she is usually asleep when Joe and I meet. We talk and talk until she awakes and then I am hers. Joe subsides into the background and I go into mum mode. He sits patiently and watches me, gently holding her for me as I fiff and faff with bags and wipes and bottles and baby food. He is there, yet he is not. My baby becomes my focus and Joe understands that and respects it and that only makes me want him more.

Okay, where was I? Oh, yes. Well, I am waiting here at the café now and he is expected at any minute. Joe doesn't do precise times, he shows when he shows. But I've not been kept waiting long up till now. He would like to be precise but, as a work-a-holic, he can never be a hundred percent sure when he'll be able to get away from the office.

I begin to wonder as the clock ticks on and I sip more of my hot chocolate whether today may be the day he doesn't show. Maybe the idea of meeting with no barriers scares him as much as it scares me. Maybe he's been playing me as a fool, maybe...but no. Not Joe. No. He'd tell me straight.

He doesn't mess about. He told me straight out that he was a dominant, that he was the masterly type. Not fully into the "BDSM as a lifestyle" scene, but always the dominant one in sexual matters. He told me how he thinks pain enhances the pleasure of an experience, how inflicting a spanking on soft feminine buttocks gets him so hard. Thinking about that strong, warm hand slapping down onto my bare buttock makes me bite my lip to suppress a moan of pleasure.

Adult pleasure is something I need now. I have not been intimate with a man since Lucy's conception. My boyfriend was not a man for all seasons, he was hot and horny and a damn good fuck, but not a father. My pregnancy was a technical glitch from his point of view and one that should be deleted post haste. I refused and so he never spoke to me again. I don't need sympathy. I knew the risks and weighed up my options. I chose to become a young mum, living her own life and

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bringing life to such a small being.

I'm not sorry for myself. I love all my time with Lucy. Okay, so I do not have pretty things or holidays or a car, but I have her and she is worth the monotonous hours I spend sitting behind a supermarket till to earn the money we need to survive.

My mum is a star. She loves her granddaughter and watches her at all opportunities. I know she is in good hands with mum. Each month she gives me a weekend of freedom, taking Lucy and giving me my space. This is the first time I have told Joe that mum is looking after Lucy and he is now half an hour later than he approximated he would arrive.

I take another sip of hot-chocolaty goodness and re-cross my legs, the knee length black skirt pulling taut over my knees. I had agonized over what to wear for days, casual, smart or casual/smart? I went for comfortable sexy in the end. My trusty skirt and little black heels (which make my legs look long and luscious) and a simple V-necked red top to pull out the green of my eyes and the pink flush of my cheeks. Oh, and under all that of course, I am wearing my sexiest magenta-red lacy bra and matching knickers. Well, what little there is of them is red. I'm not one for wearing thongs, but today I feel daring. It's so sexy and a little naughty to be going bare cheeked under a skirt and a fairly short skirt at that. The idea of him catching a glimpse of buttock as I bend over in front of him flames my desire.

Well, it would if he ever bloody turns up. I'm on my second cup of hot chocolate and I'm getting restless now. I'll give him ten more minutes—well, maybe fifteen or twenty. I am sure he must have been held up. I can't bear to think I've actually been stood up. I've been building up to this for weeks, ever since I told him about this weekend. We've talked about it and fantasized about it, too.

Sometimes our typing gets sexy. It just happens. We'll be chatting about our day or a film we've watched or a book we've read or something like that and then suddenly we'll be saying how much we long to rip the clothes from each other's bodies. How we want to kiss long, hard, and without limit. He tells me he wants to taste me, smell my feminine musk up close, lick me there, at the core of my womanliness. I tell him how hungry I am for him. How I want to explore every last crevice, nook, and cranny of his body. I type with fervour, spelling mistakes flying left, right and centre, until we reach the climax. Then we go back to chatting again, content and warm and snuggled up to each other even though there are a good few miles between us.

I look up from my chocolate and my reverie as the bell on the window filled door tinkles. When I see an imposing male outline and realize it's him, my body shudders a sigh of relief as my tummy tightens with the excitement.

The cold early winter air blows in with him and he swiftly shuts the door. Joe smiles over at Kathy, the café owner.

"Usual, Joe?" she asks.

"Cheers, Kathy, you're a star." He grins and a girlish smile cracks across the weathered face of the elderly matron. Noticing me in the back corner, his slightly squiffy smile is aimed at me now and my body goes as liquid as the chocolate I sip.

He strides over. He moves between the chairs and tables effortlessly, his dark-grey overcoat swishing and swirling around his strong legs as he moves.

"Oh, darlin', I am so sorry I'm late!" He smiles at me as he sits down, his grey eyes full of apology and regret. "I do hate to keep you waiting!"

"Ah, you're worth it, Joe," I answer. "And besides, I do love Kathy's hot chocolate."

He looks down and notices I'm on my second cup. "Oh, you've been waiting ages. Now I feel awful." He moves his cold hand to my thigh and squeezes. "I'll make it worth your while, Leanna."

"Mmm, I know you will." My voice is huskier than I expect, the effect of his hand upon me, no doubt. "So what are we going to do with my precious hours of freedom?"

"Well, honey, it is your call but please be gentle with me. It's been a long day." He takes a long sip of his hot coffee and I watch his light-pink lips darken with the heat as he sips.

"Well, this is going to sound like a come on..." I chuckle as I meet his eye, my cheeks flaring and my heart thudding for fear of rejection "...but why don't you just come back to my place? We can watch a film, I can throw us together a meal and we can just chill out for a bit."

"That sounds perfect to me." Joe smiles. He knows what I am thinking. He knows and he agrees to it. My heart does a pentathlon of actions as I hear myself saying, "Cool."

We sit and chat for a while. He asks about Lucy, I ask about his day. We talk about the football, the traffic, and the sudden coldness of this late winter day. Joe drains the last of his coffee. His cheeks are more of an even pink now, having lost the harsh wind-whipped look. His lips are

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deep, fleshy pink and plump. I look at the bottom lip as it curves under the coffee cup and wonder what it would be like between my own lips, gripped gently between my teeth.

"Come on then." I shake myself from my seedy fantasy and pull myself up straight in my chair. "Or we'll end up sitting here all day."

"Okay." Joe replies, giving me a hand as I slip into my dark-chocolate brown coat. I watch him button up his own as I pull on my gloves.

"It's not far," I say as he holds the café door open for me. "So you won't be out in the cold too long."

He smiles as I pass him and his hand rests gently on my bottom for a moment before it is moved again.

Oh, he is a tease.

* * * *

The conversation flowed as we walked over to my home. Conversation has always been easy with Joe. From PM number one, we just kept on chatting. After a few paces. I slip my arm into the crook of his as his hand is buried deep in his pocket. I shiver as I think about our bodies joining and get a very vivid flash of our naked bodies thrusting against each other, our lips locked, our arms entangled.

I love walking like this, so close to him. I love the way he rubs against me, the way I can feel his body heat. I love the feel of his arm as I grasp it and again I think of grasping hold of Joe and bracing myself as he plunges inside me with that throbbing cock.

Damn, I'm horny, so fucking horny I want to just push him up against the door and fuck him here on my doorstep.

"Are you alright?" Joe's voice breaks into my daydream and I look up and blush.

"Oh yes, sorry, I was just thinking." I duck my head down and look for my keys. Then he moves closer, his mouth beside to my ear.

"Thinking what?" I feel, as well as hear, his whisper. I look up from my search and move my head to the side. Our eyes meet and suddenly I am leaning in and placing a kiss upon his lips.

"Nice," he whispers, "but I still want to know what you were thinking. I bet it was naughty."

I blush once again and put the key in the door. Then his hand comes down on top of mine, his body just behind me, his mouth by my ear.

"It was, wasn't it? What were you thinking, Leanna, please tell me."

I feel butterflies in my stomach. I am not sure if I'm scared or

excited or embarrassed or even a mix of all three but I speak. Haltingly I stutter, "I was thinking about holding onto your arms as you slide your...your...yourself into me."

His hand lifts from mine and I hear him softly moan. I finish turning the key and walk into my hallway. I am aware that Joe is still right behind me and he's helping me as I shrug off my coat.

I can sense the *thump, thump, thump* of my heart echoing inside my head. My blood must be whizzing around at hyper speed as I feel all my extremities tingle, all from that moan, that tiny little moan of pleasure. I don't care about my embarrassment now. I play that soft exhalation of air over and over again in my mind. Taking a breath, I turn round to face him.

"Would you like a drink?" I keep my voice level although I feel less than level inside.

"Yeah, sure." Joe smiles at me, his cheeks flushed. From the cold, I wonder, or maybe the kiss?

"Okay, the living room is on your left," I call over my shoulder as I walk straight to my kitchen. "I'll see you in there in a minute."

I take my time as I put on the kettle, find the coffee granules and grab a mug. I've got to calm down, but oh, am I desperate for some action. What is it now? Well, over a year since I last had sex. No wonder I'm gagging for it. I've got to halt these rampaging hormones, I'm a respectable mother now, not a horny teenager.

Suddenly large hands are upon my hips and I feel breath on my ear. I jump a little, startled and horny once more. His lips brush against my ear lobe and I tilt my head, throwing my hazel curls to the side. The lips slip down and press against my throat. I gulp and they kiss my flesh again, harder this time. A moan escapes from betwixt my own parted lips.

"Is that my coffee?" Joe's lips are no longer upon my throat and his hand has reached around and picked up his drink. Without waiting for a reply, he picks it up and strides off into the living room.

Left stunned, a spark of remembered conversation about teasing pops into my mind. We'd talked about flirting, anticipation and making the moment last. So that's what he's doing. I had told him how much I love to be teased. I told him I wanted to be turned on until I was a raging cacophony of lust and screaming for release. My cheeks redden. Joe knows all my wants and desires. I've told them all to him.

But equally as obvious: I know Joe. Two can play at his game!

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He's snuggled into the corner of my sofa as I walk in. I deliberately walk to where he is sitting and then crab walk sideways, squeezing myself through the small space between the coffee table and his knees. I lean towards him, giving him a very large eyeful of my cleavage and I smile as I notice his gaze focused right in the centre of my chest.

I sit down close to him, my thigh barely touching his. "So what do you want to watch?" I ask as I look up at the clock on the wall. "Oh actually, the Man United match will be starting soon if you're interested."

"Yeah, why not?" he answers. "You can teach me the ins and outs of the game."

I pretend to ignore the sexual inflection in that last comment and get up to switch on the TV. Instead of stretching my arm down to the button as I usually would, I bend my body in half at the waist, my bottom aimed at Joe. I know that doing this means he'll just be able to see the barest hint of the under-curve of my buttocks. I press the button and linger a moment before straightening up and going back to my seat.

As the pundits do their bit, I wander off to the kitchen again and nuke some popcorn in the microwave, empty some crisps in to a bowl and grab a big bottle of fizzy pop.

"Do you need a hand?" He stands in the doorway, hips cocked and arm stretched up the inner jamb of my doorframe.

"Cheers, love." I pass him the popcorn and pick up the other bits myself. I move to walk past him into the living room but he doesn't budge. So I dip beneath his arm and brush past his slanted hips, my whole body presses up tight against him. I barely withhold a gasp when my crotch rubs against his hardness beneath the soft fabric of his suit trousers. I lift my head and my gaze upwards, meeting his intense stare.

I am hypnotized, my limbs heavy, and I can barely force myself to move. I notice the distance between our faces closing and then his lips are upon mine.

It is not a soft kiss. It is hard and passionate and demanding. His hand drops down the jamb and cups the side of my head as his lips sear and slide across mine, his tongue pressing against my own. I taste the harsh bitterness of coffee as our tongues dance and I feel his erection bob with excitement as he presses himself harder against me.

He abruptly pulls his lips from mine with a pop. "The game's started."

"Cool!" I manage to reply and I continue on my way to the sofa, my legs wobbling, my breath coming in pants and my brain reeling. I hope

he doesn't keep this up for much longer. I think I might come if he blows on me right now.

Snuggled up on the sofa against him, his arm lazily draped over my shoulders, I sit comfortably with my knees tucked up beneath me and the popcorn balanced on his lap. Every now and then I knock a piece of popcorn out of the bowl and dip my hand down to his crotch in search of it. Every time I do, he answers with a cheeky squeeze of my breast.

I love my football, but Giggs, Ronaldo and Rooney are all but ignored as I concentrate on the sexual tension building between Joe and me. I just wonder what will break it, what will push us over the flirting line?

A goal is scored and I raise my hands in the air. "Gooooooooaaaaalllllll!" I yell and then turn to plant a kiss upon Joe's cheek. (Any excuse, right?) However, his face is pointing directly at me and so the kiss lands upon his plump, pink, sexy lips instead.

It's the first pebble of a rock slide, the impact of lip to lip shakes our bodies and throws them together and causes them to bump and writhe against each other. I nibble that lower lip. He runs his hand down over my shoulders, down my spine to the hollow just before the curve down to my bottom. A hand of mine strays onto his chest and wiggles its way between buttons before roaming across warm flesh.

My legs uncurl and I am propelled onto my back. His heavy body is on top of me, my hand is trapped between us, his crotch is in my crotch, his legs are between my own and I am trapped, deliciously trapped. Held down and held still, I savour the moment, the sensation of being controlled, knowing that I am not in charge right now, That I am not the responsible one here. I am the controlled not the controller.

God, it feels good.

"What do you want?" The heavy breathing fades into the background and there are concrete words.

"I...I..." I stumble, my cheeks flare and I look up into his eyes.

"Tell me, Leanna, What do *you* want, right now, right at this moment. Tell me, tell me in detail."

I can't look away from those eyes. Those darkening grey eyes. I wait for a flash of lightening to slash through them, as they look so much like gathering storm clouds. I know what he wants to hear, I know his every turn on and kink. He wants to hear me say it. He wants me to plead for it.

"I...I..." The words are there but they stick in my constricted throat. My cheeks feel as if they are burning under his gaze. "I want

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you...inside me." It's weak, I know, but I am building up, gaining my footing. "I want you to touch me, to kiss me, to ravish me."

A low moaning growl escapes his throat as he ducks his head and kisses and bites at my oh-so-sensitive and bared throat. I gurgle and moan my surprised pleasure and continue. I know he wants to hear more.

"I want you, Joe, I desire you, I need you, Joe. I need you to fuck me."

His lips graze my collarbone, down into the crevice of my cleavage. His hips press down, his cock hard and luscious through my panties. It is only now I realize that my skirt is up around my hips.

In response, I press my hips up against his bulge, curving my back and grinding my aching breasts against his chest. I move my hand to it and, as I do, I hear the "snap" of the button as it pops off. The movement from above me freezes. The lips still in their path and I let out a gasp.

"Oh, I am sorry." My cheeks flush with a little guilt and a lot of frustration.

"Look." He sits up as he pulls on the middle part of his shirt where his button once was.

"I'm so sorry. Let me find it and I'll sew it back on later."

"Leanna, you have been very naughty."

I look up from my half hearted button search. "Yes, I have, sorry." My head droops, I'm feeling ashamed.

"Yes, what?"

I can see it burning in his eyes, he's not really angry, this is a game. A game I want to play, a game we have played regularly in the safety of the typed word. It's a whole new ball game in reality though. My body is zinging and tingling with arousal but can I really let him...?

"Leanna. I am waiting." The loud, angry voice snaps me out of my quandary and makes me start.

"Yes, Sir, Sorry, Sir." The words come out of my mouth automatically.

"Good." He nods his head and I see just the smallest slip of a wink before his face turns back to concrete lust. "Stand up."

I stand before him, back of my legs knocking the small coffee table, hands hanging at my sides, my eyes directed to the floor.

"Now take off that skirt."

My heart is banging so hard, I could swear someone was playing techno in my chest. I slip down my skirt and step out of it. I am very aware of the brief nature of my, erm, briefs.

"Turn around slowly."

I pivot, highly aware of his eyes upon my bared buttocks as I go round.

"My, what erotic panties."

I blush yet more and bite my lip.

"Over my knee." It is a simple command but one which makes me go all a-flutter.

Joe stands up and walks to the dining table in the corner. He pulls out one of my well-worn, straight-backed chairs and sits down upon it. The button missing in his shirt gives me a wonderfully teasing view of his hair-dappled chest.

I walk over to him, my breath ragged. I try to calm down, forcing myself to take small breaths. I walk close to the side of the chair before I bend over at the waist and lower myself until I am resting in his lap. He's so hard, so potent, so *there*, right in the centre of my stomach.

"Okay, Leanna. Now this is your punishment for being so naughty."

I know he is using that word to turn me on. He knows from our on-line chat I love the way his voice curls around the word and makes it sound so sexy.

"Yes, Sir." Suddenly the hard palm of his hand impacts on my right buttock. I yelp out in shock more than pain. A brief whoosh of cold air and SMACK! His hard palm strikes my soft yielding buttock flesh with a "whap." I feel the heat of the imprint as his hand rises again.

The next smack is a little harder and causes a small amount of sharp pain. I really yelp out this time as I realize that he really means business. My pussy contracts as his hand strikes my reddened and sensitive flesh yet again. I want to cry out, yelling for mercy but I know that will only get me more spanks and as good and arousing as they are, I want to get to the goods hidden within Joe's trousers. My buttocks smart and zing as he finishes my punishment.

"Thank you, Sir!" I say as his hand begins to softly stroke my well-warmed arse. A low throaty moan lets itself out of my mouth before I can stop it. I hold my breath as his fingers grasp at the thin bar of slinky material that holds up my knickers. I let out a gasp of delight as he rolls the material down over my buttocks, causing them to sting delightfully. I wiggle as he moves them down lower over my warmed backside and moan in sheer naughty delight as the wet material is prized away from my sticky pussy.

Another wave of heat spreads across my facial cheeks as I realise I

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am now naked from the bottom down and open for his sensual pleasure. His fingers are rubbing and swirling and dancing over my rounded bottom and then gently and oh so delightfully, they slip down the crack of my buttocks and sweep across the sensitive flesh of my pussy. I feel his hand cupping my mound, the palm of his hand grinding against my lips before his finger slips down and encounters my slippery bud.

"Yes." The sibilant hiss falls from my lips as he gently rubs my clit. I am drowning his hand with my musky feminine fluids.

"Oh, baby. You do like that, don't you?" I hear the raw lust in his voice

"Yes Joe, yes Sir."

"Oh, you sweet, sexy thing," he groans as he slips a finger inside me. "You are so hot, so fucking wet."

I buck against the invasive finger, wanting more, needing something to fill my aching empty pussy. The fingers are pulled away.

"Stand up."

I obey and stand before him, trembling with need and thwarted desire.

"Take off your top. I want to see you naked."

I rip myself out of my clothes as quickly as I can, eager to please, moaning with the pleasure of releasing my arching breasts from the tight confinements of my bra.

I watch as he disrobes himself. First, his shoes and socks are removed whilst he is seated. Standing he removes his shirt allowing me to feast my eyes on his ogle-worthy chest. Next, his trousers and boxers are slipped down and I watch as his powerful cock springs into sight, long and hard and drooling. I feel an instant desire to have that cock inside of me, to feel its thickness stretching my cunt wide open.

He seats himself and I stand naked before him awaiting his next words, waiting for permission to ravish him. His eyes rove across my body; I see his cock bobbing with pleasure as he obviously enjoys what he sees. My cheeks flush even though I cannot see how I can manage to blush any redder than I am already. My face stings like it is as pink and as warm as my backside.

"Turn around."

I do so and I feel his eyes resting upon my bottom. It is such a deliciously sexy moment, naked with a man I am so comfortable with, a guy who I can happily give over control to, knowing he is aroused by me as much as I am by him. I will remember this. This moment, this

snapshot. This is pure sexual yearning at its peak.

"Come here."

I feel the words tugging at me, drawing me to him, making my whole being tingle and fizz with anticipation. As I stand before him, he parts his legs.

"Kneel."

I drop to my knees and feel the shock of lust zinging through my cunt. I look up into his eyes and I see a hunger filled smile there.

"Here is your reward for taking your punishment like a good girl."

I feel the emphasis of the words as I look into those storm cloud eyes. I pull myself forward on my knees and rest a hand on his inner thigh. My other hand wraps itself reverently around his hard on, and boy, is it hard. I had forgotten just how good it feels to have a cock in my hand. The experience of power as my fingers grip around it and move slowly up and down is energizing. I cannot just touch, I need to taste so my lips suddenly join the fray. They press against the tip of him and taste his eagerness. It's not exactly sweet but not bitter, either. Rough, masculine and addictive, I know I will not be able to get enough of this cock, no matter how often I handle it.

I slip my lips down and around him, feel his fingers in my hair, holding me as I thrash my head up and down his length. Oh fuck, this feels good, so damn good. I love cock, I become completely wanton when a cock becomes involved, one taste and I am crazy until I make that dick explode. I can't get enough of it. I am a naughty, naughty girl.

I can hear him moaning and panting and hissing with pleasure, his buttocks and thighs tensed as his hips work up and down in unison with my lips. I force my eyes to look up and I see his strong jaw as his head is thrown back in pleasure. I am happy. I am horny. I just want to keep doing this forever.

But then again, maybe not. I have an ache, a need, an urge lodged deep inside my wet and plump pussy. This cock is so good in my mouth, how amazing will it be when it's inside me? His fingers pull my hair taut, sending little pain waves through my scalp. I stop sucking and let him pull my head away from his throbbing and bobbing member.

"Stand up." He pants his command, breathless and wanting. "Straddle me."

He pulls his legs together and I place my legs outside of his own. I thank God that I have long legs and stand on tippy-toe for a moment, holding onto his shoulders for support, feeling open and vulnerable

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before him.

Gently he grabs my hips and eases them down. I feel his cock nudging at my pussy. One hand moves from my hips and delves between us, nudging my aching clit. His fingers part my heavy, juicy lips, making me groan and press my hips down more until the tip of him slips inside me. Letting my weight ease Joe's cock deeper inside of me, a long, shuddering, gasping groan flows from my mouth.

I brace my feet upon the supporting bar of the chair to keep myself steady and to give me a surface to move off. It takes a moment to get into our rhythm, then we move sinuously, entwined together. I am floating on air, riding the storm, looking deep into Joe's soul-filled eyes. He looks at me, into me. He can see everything I feel for him on display in my eyes, just like goods in a shop window. I moan and whimper and sigh and groan, unable to contain myself. With each noise, I see a flicker of returned lust in his eyes. I hear his breath heavy and laboured, with grunts and moans and "Oh, Fuck." of his own thrown in. His hands are all over my back, my shoulders and in my hair. My hands grip the chair back and each time I move up and down, my breasts rub up and down his hard chest. My nipples scream in pleasure with every stroke.

My body shudders and shakes, my pussy clenching each time Joe's cock fills me to the full. Mini-orgasms roll through me on each move, rolling up together into a massive ball. With another thrust, that ball is released and plunges into the very depths of my womanhood, making skittles of pleasure explode when it hits.

"Oh, Leanna, my lover, my precious, my sweet, sweet fuck," Joe moans as he builds up the tempo.

"Joe, oh fuck, Joe." I bite my lip as another shuddering peak is reached and rolled over. "Oh fuck, you feel so good, so fucking good." Words, moans, groans and squeals of delight fall from my lips. "Oh yes, fuck Joe, I'm coming close. I'm going to come. I'm going to come all over your rock-fucking-hard cock."

His own incoherent moan drives me on until I explode. I hold still in a tableau of ecstatic pleasure as he continues to lift his arse up off the chair and into me. He is fucking himself in my spasming cunt until, with an almighty lion-like roar, his cock contracts and releases inside of me, making me shatter into tinier, more intense shards of orgasmic bliss.

My body slumps forward and his arms slide around me, holding me, squeezing me tight. We sit like that for what seems an age whilst we regain our breath. There is something about the post-orgasmic moment

which is almost as good as the shattering explosion of moments before even though it is a quiet and still opposite. It's the moment where I feel most relaxed, most calm, most safe and satiated and most of all cared for.

All too soon my legs cramp and I must move away from the heat and warmth of his body. Joe takes me by the hand and walks with me over to the sofa, where we flop down together, snuggling back up close, enjoying this new intimacy we've created.

After a few moments of silence, only broken by the thumpity-thumps of our hearts, I find the energy to say, "Wow."

"Oh, yeah," Joe adds, "And I'll raise you an Oh my God!"

We chuckle and look at each other fondly.

"You are one hell of a horny little madam." He smiles, brushing a strand of curliness from my face.

"And you are a harsh but fair Master," I respond.

"Oh I've got many more punishments and delights for you to sample." Joe lifts my chin with the tip of his finger and plants a kiss upon my kiss-sore lips. "My naughty, sweet, sexy girl."

* * * *

"I'm just too tired to make it home," he said, just after we'd finished eating dinner. "Can I stay here?"

"Sure," I replied. "I'll sort out the guest bed for you."

"No," he said. "I'll sleep in your bed."

I was a bit affronted by his arrogance, but I said nothing as the idea of having a hot body in bed with me appealed. I was also a bit flattered by the fact he did want to share a bed with me.

Now as I'm brushing my teeth and thinking about my nightwear, I'm a bit more nervous about it. Should I go with the little sexy nightdress or the pajamas? He did say he was tired, so maybe I should go with something not too sexy? I'd better choose soon, he said he'd be up in ten minutes oh, ten minutes ago.

As I slip out of my clothes, the door opens.

"I was hoping you slept in the nude." He smiled and I blush in response.

"I spent so long trying to work out what to wear and all along I'd have been best of just staying nude. Typical." I laughed to cover my embarrassment, then leapt into bed and under the duvet.

"Hey, I was enjoying the view." He frowned, then unbuttoned his shirt.

"Sorry, I was getting cold." It's a feeble excuse and he looks down

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his nose at me. He drops his shirt and undoes his belt buckle.

"It's okay, darlin'. I'll soon warm you up." His trousers and boxers drop into a pile on my floor and I admire his long, firm legs as he strides to the bed. He slips under the duvet and wraps his arms around me, holding me tightly to his chest.

"That's better." I sigh, the contentment of such a hug overwhelming me. I enjoy the sensation of my breasts being crushed against his warm, hard chest and snuggle closer, throwing an arm over his waist, too.

He gently strokes my back and my body instantly heats up. I lift my head and our lips press hard against each other. His kiss is like rum blazing across my lips, slipping down my throat and heating my whole body with its flames. Our bodies rub together and my nakedness becomes a plus, not an embarrassing minus.

He pushes me over onto my back. He is above me, smiling at me between passionate kisses. My hands pull him close, crushing his chest down on mine. I can feel his hardness nudging between my thighs and his hips undulating, tickling my crotch and making me long for more than a fleeting touch.

"So damn hot," he groans, nipping at my ear and down my neck into my cleavage. As he nibbles on my breasts, my arms loosen and fall down to the bed beside me. My body flows like hot butter and I surrender to the melting heat of his kisses.

He must have been waiting for my arms to slacken. As soon as they hit the bed, he shifts his weight and grasps one, pulling it above my head. Swaying the other way, he captures that arm, pulling it above my head also.

"Leave these hands here," he orders, looking down on me with the most delightfully lustful gaze. "Or will I have to tie them there?"

"Yes, Sir," I reply, once more playing the game, the nervous excitement screwing up inside my stomach, the anticipation making me light-headed.

His lips return to my neck, my cleavage and lower down onto my stomach. I'm so exposed as he rolls the duvet down behind him. With my arms stretched above my head, I am displaying every curve of my body to his sight.

"Gorgeous," he growls as his nose nudges the curls at my crotch, then lower, trailing through the dew-covered down until he reaches the soft, ample folds of my eager pussy. He nudges my thighs wider with his shoulders, and I happily spread them for him. My arms above my head

makes me feel as if I am surrendering to him, giving over everything I have for his pleasure.

I groan my frustration as his lips leave their promising trail and he sits back on his heels. I sense his eyes tracing over every inch of me. Feeling shame, I can't help but drop my arms across my chest even though his caressing gaze is exciting me.

"I warned you," he tuts as he slips off the bed and pulls the belt from his pants. All kinds of images flash before my mind's eye as he strides across to me, his hard cock straining between his thighs. Relief floods me as he pulls my arms above my head and tightens his belt around them, just till the leather bites slightly into my skin, but not tight enough to cause me any real discomfort.

"Now, naughty girl, if those hands get in the way of my viewing pleasure again, I will be forced to take stronger action, do you hear me?"

"Yes, Sir," I reply, my heart thumping in my chest.

"Good. I want to see you, to drink you in. I've imagined your body naked so many times and now I have the opportunity to see it, I don't want to miss a single detail."

His words soothe and arouse me. A little burn of embarrassment remains in me as he climbs between my thighs and views my body once again but mostly I feel lust. I long for more than just his gaze on my body, and as if he heard my unspoken plea, his hands reach down and stroke down the outside of my thighs, sweeping down to my knees. He raises my legs, with both hands at first, then as he moves to the side, he slides both knees over one arm and folds them back towards my chest.

I begin to panic as I picture my large arse on display, everything between my thighs displayed lewdly before him.

"Joe!" I yell, and he turns his head to look me straight in the eye. All protests melt away as I see the lust, the want and the burning desire imprinted in those eyes. There's no disgust, no disappointment or any other negative emotion that I had feared.

"Do you want me to stop?" he asks.

"No," I whisper.

"Pardon?"

"No, Sir," I reply, again giving him permission to continue the game.

"This," he said as his other hand flowed down and landed harshly on my exposed buttocks, "is for not addressing me correctly." Another smack follows and I squirm against his grip. But he is strong enough to

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hold me still and slaps his hand down hard again making my bottom vibrate and my body hum with sexual need. "And those were for making me stop and for doubting your own beauty." He slaps again, harder still, once, twice and then three times making my whole arse flame with pleasurable pain. "And those were for being so damn sexy, having a gorgeous butt and for making me want you so badly."

He moves again, his cock prods at my open and very wet slit. With one sharp push and slippery slide, he is in me to the hilt. His balls are pressing against the pink flesh of my arse, his cock throbbing inside of me.

"Yes," I hiss, raising my hips up to pull him deeper inside of me. I feel so alive, more on fire than the burning flesh of my spanked bottom and I need him to fuck me, oh how I need to feel him move.

Pulling his cock from me slowly, he plunges back in with a groan that matches my own. His slow rhythm is driving me wild. His cock caresses every part of my pussy, filling me and making me ache. I can feel every throb of him inside of me, and he moans as my pussy contracts with each pleasurable thrust.

I so want to reach my hand between my thighs, but both are still tied above my head and the desperate ache in my clit heightens with every bump of his pelvis against mine. I think of every possible way of relieving the ache, but each time I picture moving my bound hands from their current position I see myself hitting Joe either in the face or in his pounding pelvis. I have to leave them where they are, despite my frustrations. His speed quickens and he forces my knees further back till they are crushed on top of my chest. The constriction is arousing and I watch as he bangs deep into me, over and over again. His eyes are tightly closed and his mouth is poised in a pre-orgasmic grimace.

His eyes flick open and our gazes meet. With a smile, he drives into me deeper, making me groan and shut my own eyes, throwing my head back hard against the pillow.

"You're so hot, so beautiful, so sexy," he gasps as he thrusts into me. I can hear the desperation in his voice, he is close to coming. I open my eyes, forcing them wide despite the pleasure bursting and whizzing through my cunt and my body. I want to see him as he explodes inside me. I want to see his pleasure and feel it.

"Fuck, Leanna, I love you," he screams. His thrusting pauses, his cock expands and he is coming inside of me. I watch his face as bliss overtakes it and I lean up to kiss his lips.

"I love you, too," I reply and his eyes flick open. We share a moment of vulnerability as we realise what is involved in those words but we'll address that later. Right now, I am happy to revel in the contentment of knowing that Joe feels for me as strongly as I feel for him.

Joe rolls off me and I stretch out my legs. I'm tingling all over still, sensitized and painfully aware of my hands trapped together above my head. He reaches out his hand and strokes over mine. I expect him to untie me but no, he keeps one hand round my wrists as his other hand disappears between my thighs.

"How do you feel?" he asks as his fingers sink into my wet hole and his thumb caresses my clit.

"I feel alive," I pant. "I feel, so, so, dirty."

"That's because you're a deliciously dirty girl," he hisses.

Another orgasm is building, spurred on by his words and my chest is heaving as my breathing becomes all the more laboured.

I feel exposed, I feel manipulated and I love it. I love the way my body reacts to his fingers, I love that I am so close to coming after so few strokes.

"Come for me," he bids, and I approach the edge. "Come for me." He stroking my slick clit once more and I teeter on the precipice. "Come for me," he orders and I fall, exploding then as if I have wings that open and I glide in ecstasy to the blissful land beyond.

His lips gently press against mine as my body shakes with post-orgasmic bliss. He unties me and we lay happily in each other's arms. I'm no longer afraid, no longer unfulfilled. I smile as I think of all the naughtiness we'll get up to in the future together, then snuggle into his body as absolute contentment overwhelms me and I drift off to sleep.

* * * *

What in Heaven's name is that noise? It's not Lucy crying because she's at her Nanna's and Joe's here...well, he was. Why isn't he in bed?

I open my eyes. I'm not the world's biggest morning person so this simple maneuver takes time. As I struggle to sit up, my ears start to properly work.

"It's so damn simple," Joe snaps, "a trained chimp could do it."

He's sitting on the end of the bed with his mobile phone in hand, his face like thunder. I really feel sorry for the poor bugger on the other end.

"Fine, I'll be there in twenty minutes." He slams the phone shut and shakes his head, then looks round at me.

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"Sorry, Leanna, I didn't mean to wake you."

"It's okay." I smile, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. "What's up?"

"Oh, my damn assistant can't do the simple task I'm paying him double time to do. I'm going to have to go into the office I'm afraid."

"Oh." My face drops. "But I thought you were going to stay here today..."

"I know, darlin', I know. I'll get back as soon as I can." He slides up the bed and kisses my lips.

"So you will come back?" The question comes out a lot harsher than I mean it too. I'm grumpy in the morning.

"Yes, yes of course I will." He ruffles my hair, then jumps off the bed. "Now where are my pants?"

I enjoy watching him dressing, even though it means he is hiding his delicious flesh. I get to see him bending and stretching and the sight of him really helps me to wake up.

"When will you be back?" I ask.

He shrugs. "I really can't say, baby. I shouldn't be too long, though."

I shrug in return. "Oh, right. I'll just hang about here till you come back then."

"You do that." He smiles, a lustful light in his eyes as he leans in to lay a possessive kiss on my lips. "And I'll get back to you as soon as I can. I have plans for you, young lady."

Young lady, that sounds promising. My mind wanders back to the events of the night before and I find myself running my fingers down my body under the duvet. I can't believe how horny I am after having sex twice in one day—more sex than I've had in months. However, they say that it's one of those things that once you start, you can't stop. Slipping my fingers between my slick lips, I can certainly believe that.

As I close my eyes, I picture him, sitting on the chair. I picture myself over his knee and remember the sweet sting of his hand on my butt cheeks. My finger flutters gently over my clit and I recall the feel of his cock as I rose off it, then sank back down onto it. I imagine his hardness as I slide two digits inside my cunt, making myself moan. I close my eyes tightly and think about lying naked in front of him, bound and open—completely on display and at his mercy. I stroke my clit viciously and remember his fingers urging me along. I hear those words: "Come for me," in his silken, sexy tone.

I explode, panting and sighing with satisfaction. I can't wait till he gets back. I can already feel the desire building again and I've just come.

Freezing cold shower time for me, I think.

* * * *

Are you finished yet?

Joe left for work four hours ago and I'm getting antsy. I've washed pots, Hoovered, dusted, made the beds, read the newspaper and baked a cake. I think a short text message is warranted, I just hope he gets time to reply. It's almost lunchtime and Mum will be back with Lucy in, ooh five or six hours. The tinkle-tinkle of my house phone makes me jump.

"Hello." I smile, expecting it to be mum giving me a full report on Lucy's behavior for the past day or so.

"I'm just leaving the office now." It's Joe, what a relief.

"Oh, great, I'll get some lunch ready."

"No," he commands, his voice taking on a hard edge. "I have other things planned for you."

"Like what?" I ask, my heart thudding, my knickers damp.

"Punishment for being so bratty, young lady."

"I haven't been bratty," I exclaim, genuinely shocked by his accusation.

"Yes, you have. I told you I'd be as quick as I could but you questioned me at least twice."

I can hear the smile in his voice and finally let go of my indignation and allow my anticipation to take over.

"Sorry, Sir." I almost whisper it, my head hanging low.

"It's a bit late for that now, young lady," he growls, "but it is appreciated. I'm on my way home now. When I get there, I expect you to be wearing your correct uniform."

"Uniform? What..." But before I can ask, the phone goes dead.

I drop the phone back to its holster and think for a moment, and then I race upstairs. I've got to find a uniform in the fifteen minutes it'll take him to get back from the office. Well, I can make a start with part of my work uniform. The plain black skirt is knee length and the white cotton knickers underneath are another work staple. I can wear my sensible work shoes, too, but black socks don't seem right with the ensemble, so I search through my underwear drawer for an old pair of white casual socks.

Now, what do I wear on the top? I've got a plain white bra, it's lacy and less than utilitarian, but it will have to do. Now for the shirt, damn. I don't have any white shirts. I have a very sheer, white blouse that I use in the summer over vest tops but he'll be able to see my bra through it. The

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phone rings and cuts into my mental debate. I grab the sheer shirt off the hanger and dart downstairs to answer it.

"Hello? Oh, Mum, I thought it'd be you."

"Have I disturbed you, love? You sound puffed out," Mum asks and I smile wryly as I work an arm into the shirt.

"No, I was just upstairs, mum, making the bed."

"Oh, right. Well, just letting you know that Lucy has been a little angel. She's having her nap now and then we're taking her over to your Aunty Sharon's. We'll be there for tea, so I'll be dropping her off a bit later than usual—is that okay?"

I'm holding the phone between my shoulder and mouth, struggling to get my other arm into the shirt as I answer. "Of course that's fine, Mum."

"Well, I'll ring you when we're leaving Sharon's then, okay?"

"Okay, Mum, but I've got to go. I've got something on the stove."

"Oh okay then, bye love."

"Bye, Mum."

I slam the phone down and start work on my buttons. My fingers are shaking and I have to do the job twice before I fasten them up in the correct order. I stand in front of the mirror, criticizing my thrown together costume and a last idea strikes. I'm just pulling the second pigtail into place as my doorbell rings.

"Please, God, let this be Joe," I pray as I rush to answer the door, and thank God, it is.

"Come on in, Sir." I beckon him through as he just stands there, looking at me. My cheeks flushed red, aware that anyone walking past would be able to see me in this get up.

"Certainly, Leanna." Joe smiles, no, *leers* at me as he steps across the threshold, allowing me the relief of slamming the front door in place. Joe strides confidently into the living room and sits down, not on the sofa as I expect, but on a dining room chair that he pulls out and turns to face me.

"Stand there," he commands. I do so, my heart thumping, my nipples standing on edge, maybe from the cold breeze I let in with him. But more likely, they're responding to the arousal rushing through my system as I watch him take off his coat and hang it over the back of his chair.

"Well, the shoes, the socks and the skirt look like regulation, but Leanna, that is not a regulation shirt, is it?"

"No, Sir, I'm sorry, Sir, I couldn't find any other shirt, Sir."

"A likely story," he smirks, then tuts. "I think you just wanted to show off your beautiful body—I can see your nipples clearly, you naughty girl."

"Can you?" I cross my arms instinctively over my chest.

"What have I told you about that? Arms at your side, now." His tone of voice is not to be argued with and I drop my arms to my sides, aware of my nipples tingling under his stare.

"Now then, young lady. You know what's coming, don't you?"

I nod timidly.

"You can't speak to me like that, Leanna, it's rude and before you say anything, I know you'd only just woken up but that's no excuse for rudeness."

"Sorry, Sir." I nervously toe the carpet, biting my bottom lip.

"Apology accepted." He smiles and winks and I smile back. I'm enjoying this game. It's something completely new to me. The only sex I've had up until last night had been, well, what could only be termed as vanilla. I'm looking forward to discovering all kinds of new flavours with Joe.

"Wipe that smirk off your face, young lady—no, better still, let me do it for you." That grin, oh, that grin. I wish I could preserve it and sell it, I'd make millions. It just embodies everything a woman wants to see in a man: humour, lust, love, mischief and sex. It shakes me up every time he flashes it my way. I am a lucky lass, that's for sure.

"Turn round," he bids, and I spin quickly round and find myself facing the back of the sofa. I flick my tongue out to slick my dry lips as the blood bangs through my veins. What is he doing? What will he do next? His hand presses at the small of my back and I bend forward. He pushes harder and I bend over till my midriff balances across the back of the sofa, my breasts hanging over the front, my bottom sticking out in Joe's direction.

The hand that was pressing into my back slips sensually down and my skirt is flipped up.

"Ah, regulation underwear, I'm glad to see that, young lady."

I just want to wiggle or scream or beg him to do me as he slowly rolls down my knickers. My whole being seems to be tingling with sexual tension. I bite my lip because I know that good things come to those who wait.

His hand slips over my buttocks, making the flesh tingle warmly.

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The urge to yell out becomes all the more urgent as the silence and the tension build. My body stiffens as his hand leaves my flesh and I wait for the first delicious slap. I wait and I wait some more. Just as I open my mouth to ask what's going on, I sense his hand descending, then feel the sexual explosion as flesh meets flesh. I moan out in appreciation and pain.

He gives me no chance to enjoy the sting as his hand falls again, the pain more intense and the yelp that leaves my lips more distressed than the last. He must like it, as his hand falls again quickly. Automatically, I lift my body to straighten up and move away from the pain (although part of my brain is screaming for me to stay put, the kinky bit of my brain, obviously) so when he moves to lean over me, a strong arm pinning me down, I actually feel a zing of excitement.

"Stay there, naughty girl. I'm not finished with you yet." Joe growls as his hand lifts and falls rapidly, one buttock, then the other. I can feel them reddening. It hurts but it's so good. The vibrations seem to make my pussy swell. I can feel the moistness between my thighs. I'm moaning and cursing and begging him to stop, but I don't really register what is falling from my lips as the desire to be fucked takes over.

"Oh, so now the truth comes out." Joe's hand stops spanking and strokes and soothes my stinging flesh. "You want me to fuck this soft, wet pussy, don't you?"

He slides his fingers down between my buttocks and runs them down my damp slit. I spread my legs a little wider and feel his fingertip skimming over my clit. My body tenses and releases in a mini-orgasm. After one touch, my clit is desperate for deeper release.

"Don't you?" he whispers, forcefully pressing two fingers inside me, stretching me in just the way I want.

"Yes!" I hiss. "Yes, Sir."

I'm rewarded by his fingers sinking deeper, probing further before being pulled out, then forced back in. Once and twice and my knees are giving way as my pussy clutches and tingles. My whole body is filled with pops and whizzes as I'm flooded with pleasure.

"I was going to tease and taunt you till you begged me to fuck you," he gasps, his fingers slipping and sliding up and down my wet slit again, softly seducing my clutching clit and holding me on the very edge of release. "But I'm so fucking hard and your cunt is so wet and inviting, I'm just going to fuck you now."

His words thrill me as his hand and body move away from mine,

leaving me trembling and open, ready for him. I hear his zip, then the thump as he discards his trousers. I hold my breath until his hands grasp my hips and he presses his cock between my buttocks. His cock slips and slides up and down my moistened lips, tickling my clit over and over. He's not even fucking me and I feel as if I'm on the brink of orgasm. As if he realizes, his hands roll down my hips and to my buttocks. He pulls them apart. I know he can see me open before him in the most lewd way and I blush—with excitement tinged with anxiety. But my fears subside as he groans his pleasure at the sight of me and maneuvers his dick into my waiting hole.

We moan in unison as he slips in, his shaft filling me out as it slides all the way till his pubes press up against my arse. I can feel him inside me and tears prick at my eyes, not because it's painful or that I feel at all bad but because my heart is filled with joy—this feels so right.

"I know," Joe gasps. I must have spoken my thoughts out loud. He pulls back and I feel the lack of him inside, then the rush of him filling me again. The sofa digs into me, my breasts bang against it hard as he gets into his rhythm but it just adds to the excitement, the roughness, the pain heightening the sheer bliss of this encounter, this fuck.

"So good," he hisses, as he thrusts harder and harder, making the sofa slip forward till it comes to a stop against the coffee table. It barely breaks his stride as he steps forward, driving himself harder into me. We collide and gasp together. I can sense the orgasm just there, literally within reach, and so I take a hand from the sofa and slip it down between my thighs, slipping a finger onto my clit which throbs in appreciation.

"Yes, that's it, Leanna, play with that cunt, play with it and come all over me."

"Yes, oh yes, Joe," I groan as I roughly moving my finger up and down, frantically frigging as his thrusting increases, his cock swelling within me.

"Gonna come," I gasp and he growls back, "Come for me, oh Leanna, come for me now."

And I do. I explode, a hiss leaving my lips as my whole lower body shudders and shakes with the intensity of release. As the pleasure floods me, I feel him tighten, straighten and come. He growls and digs his nails into my hips as he empties himself inside of me. We stay like that, gasping and panting. Joe rubs his hand up and down my back, soothing me. He pulls back and I straighten up with a slight moan as my muscles protest at being moved from the position they'd been resting in.

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"Ooh, my old bones." I laugh as I tumble down onto the sofa.

"They just need a bit more exercise, that's all." Joe chuckles as he flops down beside me, wrapping an arm around me and pulling me close.

"Oh, and I guess you'll be the man who'll give them all the exercise they need, right?"

"Yep, you guessed it." He smirks. "How'd you guess?"

"Oh, I'm not as daft as I look," I reply, winking, then leaned up to plant a kiss on his ever so inviting lips. "I'm kinda looking forward to the exercise, too."

We sit in companionable silence for a while. I feel my eyelids drooping as I snuggle into his body heat. However, I find my mind too occupied to drift into sleep. Some heavy questions need to be asked but I'm afraid to voice them.

"What's on your mind?" Joe asks.

I look up at him, surprised. "How did you know?"

"Intuition." He smiles. "And you nibble your bottom lip when you're nervous—it's a dead give away."

"Well, I was just thinking." I pull myself up and turn so I'm facing him. "Which is always a dangerous thing." I chuckle, then take a deep breath. "Joe, this weekend has been amazing, completely amazing but, Joe—do you know what you're letting yourself in for?"

"Well." He sighs, running his fingers through his hair. "I do realize you're a terribly naughty girl and you're going to need plenty of spankings..." He looks up and chuckles I smile and punch him in the arm.

"Behave. I'm trying to be serious—which is difficult when you're blushing bright red from sexual innuendo."

"Okay." Joe laughs, stroking my arm gently. "I'm going to be serious now, I promise. I do know what I'm getting into, Leanna, and I don't see any problem in it at all."

"Really?" I ask, genuinely amazed or afraid he's not thought this through with the brain in his head instead of his dick. "I'm an unmarried single mum, Joe. If you want me, I come with a tiny, dependant baby, a baby who's not yours—a baby, Joe." I sigh. I want him so much but I don't want to have this conversation much further down the road when my daughter's heart might be broken as well as my own.

"I know, Leanna. I've known this all along. At every step I've been aware of Lucy." He grips my arms and looks me directly in the eye. "I don't know where this is going, but I will never do anything to hurt you

or Lucy—I promise."

I look back, tears glazing my eyes, but I know what he says is true.

"Thanks," I sniff, "I'm sorry I doubted you."

"Oh, it's okay. I'll spank you for it later." He grins and then leans in to kiss me. Our lips meet and all fears melt away as our giggles spill between our kissing lips.

"You're incorrigible," I tut, jokingly.

"Yes, and *encourageable*." He chuckles and we kiss again, our arms wrapping firmly around each other. The phone ringing breaks through our haze of happiness,

"Oh, shit—that'll be Mum," I curse, as I leap up and run to the phone.

"Hello, Mum." I feel Joe's hands on my hips, his body pressing against me. "Half an hour? Okay then."

His hands reach round me and cup my breasts. I hold back a moan as his hardness presses against my bottom. "I'll see you in thirty minutes then, Mum. Bye."

As I put the phone down, he spins me round and kisses me firmly.

"Joe," I fight to gasp out. "My mum will be here in half an hour—I've got to change."

"Okay, I'll give you a hand."

He slips off my skirt and moves his hands up to the front of my blouse, undoing the buttons.

"Joe," I gasp as he slips the material off my arms and reaches round me to pop open my bra. "I have to change, like, now." Off comes the bra and the words freeze in my mouth as his lips latch on to my breast, sucking and nibbling on my excited nipple.

"Joe!" Once more, I try and get over to him the urgency of this matter but his lips have dipped lower and I find myself leaning back against the wall to keep from falling backwards. He forcefully splits my thighs and kneels before me. He looks up, his nose literally brushing the curls covering my pussy.

"Shall I stop?"

"No," I gasp, "but, please, be quick."

He doesn't waste time on words as his fingers split my moist lips wide, his tongue lapping up and down my slit. I gasp and run my fingers through his hair, pulling him in close, his tongue driving me wild, pushing me closer and closer to orgasm,

"Joe," I pant. "Oh, Joe." I pull on his hair, tugging it as he wiggles

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his tongue inside me, then tickles and flicks over my clit, establishing a rhythm that proves too much. I yell his name as I come, clutching him to me, as he licks and sucks till the vibrations stop.

"Okay, now you can go and get dressed." He grins. "I'll tidy up down here."

"Ah, no wonder I love you," I quip, pressing my lips to his as he stands, savouring the taste of my femininity there.

"I love you, too," he replies as I run off upstairs to get dressed. "You naughty minx."

I laugh from sheer joy, my heart light and full of happiness, my mind full of mischief and my pussy planning for yet more naughtiness. I was right, two can definitely play this game and it's so much more fun that way.

VICTORIA BLISSE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Victoria Blisse is a mother, wife, Christian, Manchester United fan and erotica writer. She was born near Manchester, England and her northern English quirkiness shows through in all of her stories. Passion, love and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her life. For more information on Victoria, visit her site at <http://www.victoriablisse.co.uk/>.

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