

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO

AMBER
SKYZE

Just Another
Rainy Day

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies®

Just Another Rainy Day

Amber Skyze

Tired of their ho-hum sex life, Jack decides to spice things up by planning a surprise for his wife. After sending the children off for an overnight with their aunt, Jack handcuffs Beth to their bed.

Beth awakes naked, blindfolded and at the mercy of her husband. The day starts off with being fed by Jack and quickly turns into hot and heavy sex. She soon learns that a slip of the tongue can lead to stinging ass cheeks.

This rainy day will be spent pushing their sexual limits. Whether in bed or out, Jack will leave Beth begging for more – until she says something unforgiveable.

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JUST ANOTHER RAINY DAY

Amber Skyze

Dedication

To my husband. I love you for taking this journey with me again. Hopefully we'll be successful this time. I'm looking forward to our Rainy Days after the baby is born.

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Chapter One

"Rise and shine, sleepyhead."

Beth opened her eyes to total darkness. She attempted to move, but found her arms were pulled above her head. Around her wrists was soft fur. She tugged and the rattling sound of chains filled her ears. She was restrained. Fear spread throughout her body and into her throat.

"Why am I handcuffed?" As she tried to sit up she realized she was also blindfolded. Never in their fifteen years of marriage had she woken to find herself trussed like a slave or prisoner.

The smell of bacon wafted closer, assaulting her nostrils.

"I'm going to fuck that pussy all day long."

Beth moved her head to the left where Jack's voice echoed through the room. She shivered. The thought of him fucking her all day sent chills down her spine, until reality came crashing back.

"What about the kids? Surely they'll want Mom to cook them breakfast and drive them all over God's creation."

"All taken care of. I just sent them packing with Auntie. They'll be home tomorrow bright and early."

How long had she'd slept? She knew she was exhausted when she fell into bed the night before, but to sleep through the kids waking and Jack shackling her to the bed wasn't like her.

"Did you spike my drink last night, Jack?"

A full belly laugh filled the room. "I'd hardly do something so sinister."

He had a point. In all their marriage he'd never even spoken an ill word against her. Why should she accuse him of something so hideous?

"How did you manage to handcuff me to the bed?"

"You were snoring peacefully. I moved your arms without getting a peep out of you. You barely stirred."

Beth racked her brains trying to remember any feeling of being moved around, but nothing came to mind.

"Clever, Jack, now uncuff me please."

"No can do."

"Huh? Please, Jack. My arms can only take so much of being stretched like this. I'd like you to release me, now."

"Remember your prisoner fantasy?"

How could she forget? She'd told him about the fantasy eons ago. They'd been enjoying a glass of white wine on a cold winter's night. They'd nestled all cozy in front of the fireplace. As they gazed into the glowing embers, she had shared her deepest darkest desires. Beth had told him how she wanted to feel as if she'd been kidnapped, taken away and tortured in every delicious way imaginable. Jack had listened quietly and nodded at the appropriate times. She'd explained that she pictured herself in the shower after a long day. A stranger would appear and pull her soaking wet from the streaming water. He'd carry her to her bedroom where he'd take what he wanted. He'd ignore her pleas for him to stop. He'd fuck her until they were both sated.

She'd thought he'd forgotten by now. Obviously he had been biding his time.

"Is this what is happening today? You're living out my fantasy?" A slight shiver passed through her body. Jack had listened. He'd taken her seriously and decided to give her what she needed.

"We are and I'm in control. You will do as I say or suffer the consequences."

Beth shook as a chill of delight filled her. Jack's voice was deep and demanding. He was using his dominant tone.

"Got it." A secret smile filled her soul.

"I've made you breakfast and I'm going to feed it to you. You'll need your strength for what I have planned."

"What *do* you have planned?" The curiosity was killing her. She was blindfolded and handcuffed, left only with her imagination. Would he tease her with the electrical voltage toy they'd purchased online? The idea of him zapping her clit had her ready to explode into an orgasm. Luckily for her she slept in the buff. She was halfway to sheer bliss.

Jack had left her with use of her legs, but that was about it. Her sense of smell had intensified as she continued enjoying the scent of breakfast.

Her stomach growled. "I'm starved."

"Good because I've made all your favorites."

"Did you feed the kids?" She pictured Jack Jr. and Rose leaving with grumbling bellies. Though she knew Patty would fill their tummies to the brim all day long.

"Of course I did. You don't think I'd send them off to your sister's without breakfast, do you?"

"No," she said, ashamed for asking. He was a terrific father who adored his kids. The sound of rain pelting the glass pane caught her attention. "Is it raining outside?"

"Yes, it's coming down in buckets. The kids are dressed properly for the weather."

Relief washed over her. She'd hate to see them catch a cold. "Sorry Jack. I'm a mother. It's my job to worry."

"Not today. Today it's my turn to do the worrying. You just lay back and relax. I'm going to do all the work."

She settled as best she could into her pillow. "Will you feed me now?"

"Open wide and I'll give you some eggs."

Beth obliged and Jack forked some fluffy scrambled eggs into her mouth. They melted against her tongue. The taste of bell peppers and cheese lingered.

"Mmmm, these are delicious. You know you're a fabulous cook, right?"

He chuckled. She knew he must be blushing from the compliment. Jack took pride in everything he did, but when it came to being recognized he often shied away.

"Open again."

She accepted another scoop of the eggs. He then offered her some bacon along with a bite of toast. "Here have some juice."

She sipped the orange juice. "Freshly squeezed? You've really gone to a lot of trouble to make this a perfect meal."

"That's because I love you. You know I'd do anything for you, right?"

"I do." And today proved it even more.

She heard the sound of glass tapping against wood. Had he put the food aside? "So what are we doing today?" She was anxious to know what his plans were.

"We are taking advantage of a rainy Saturday, with no kids."

"I got that, but how?"

"No more questions. You'll find out as time goes by."

She pressed her lips together. The urge to demand he tell her lingered on the tip of her tongue.

"Don't sit there looking all spoiled. You'll enjoy yourself. Trust me."

She did trust him, but she wanted to know what was going to happen. It was impossible to see through the blindfold. She'd have to go by her sense of smell and her hearing to determine what he was doing, but she didn't trust either sense to be accurate.

"What's going to happen first?"

"Do I need to cover your mouth so you can't speak anymore?"

She bit the inside of her cheek. The last thing she wanted was for her mouth to be covered. She needed to speak. She had to express her feelings and thoughts. "No."

"Very well. No more questions or I'll have to stuff the ball gag into your mouth. Maybe I will just for fun."

She shook her head in disagreement.

"I'm going to give you a few more bites of food and then we'll begin. I suggest you be on your best behavior or you're going to find yourself with a sore butt."

Beth didn't mind a sore butt, because it was usually followed by the most delicious tongue licking. Jack knew how to please her clit just so, after a spanking. He'd circle her swollen nub with the tip of his warm tongue and tug ever so slightly with his lips. He'd send her skyrocketing into an orgasm that would leave her breathless and filled with a satisfaction she thought couldn't be topped. Yet he managed to outdo himself every time.

"Hurry up. I want to finish that food so I can get what's coming to me."

"Oh you're going to get what's coming to you. Open wide."

Beth felt the mattress indent and her body sank to the left. Jack's musky scent assaulted her nostrils. He was closer.

"Wider," he instructed.

His voice seemed to echo from above. She opened her mouth wider. Soft velvety skin caressed her lips, as Jack glided his hard cock inside.

She went to speak, but Jack beat her to the punch and moved the rest of his penis into her mouth.

"No more talking. I'm dying to feel your lips massaging my cock."

Beth wished she could wrap her hand around his shaft and hold his sac in her palm. She could do neither in this position.

Instead she accepted his wide girth and licked along the sturdy vein. As he drew back she was treated to the salty taste of his glistening dew. She loved the taste of her husband. She longed to bring him pleasure with her mouth. There was something exciting about watching his hips rock and the muscles in his thighs stiffen as he drew

nearer to climax. The thrill she got when he shot hot jets of cum into her mouth and the way his toes curled was undeniable. Beth loved Jack and bringing him gratification was her pleasure.

“Fuck, the heat from your mouth is more than I can stand. I didn’t plan on getting off this early, but shit.”

Beth fought the smile that threatened to form on her lips. She concentrated on Jack’s cock filling her mouth. He moved in and out slowly. She closed her eyes behind the mask and pictured him standing over her, his hands planted firmly against the deep red wall. The whites of his knuckles would pale in comparison to the rich color. He was watching her and she could envision his brown, wavy hair hanging loosely around his face. His dark, chocolaty eyes would be intense. She sensed his gaze on her while she toyed with the slit of his cap.

He sucked in a deep breath.

Were his lips silently moving as he prayed for the strength to resist her tongue?

He was getting close. The skin around his shaft tightened. Beth wrapped her lips firmly around his penis, clasp him. He rocked back and forth, never fully leaving her mouth.

She squeezed her legs together hoping to keep her own juices from spilling from her pussy. She wanted him inside her, but she couldn’t ask or demand anything. She could only pray that when she finished with him, he’d give her some satisfaction too.

Jack grunted. He was trying to resist the urge to explode, but she controlled him with her lips. He was going to orgasm.

With the tip of her tongue she traced the length of him as he continued rocking. His pace quickened and Beth felt the stirrings as his seed moved quickly to his slit, spurting hot streams of cum into her waiting mouth. She sucked, milking him for every last drop.

Jack shuddered as Beth lapped him clean.

He removed his cock and Beth felt the bed move. The sound of his feet hitting the floor disappointed her.

"Where are you going?"

"Really, Beth? You're already talking?"

Beth slid her body down so she was practically lying against the pillow. She'd earned herself a punishment. Her release wasn't coming anytime soon. Her head wanted to scream at him, but she knew better. She'd already said enough.

When will you learn to keep your mouth shut?

Wood sliding against a metal track carried to her ears. She knew the familiar sound. Jack was opening his closet door.

He was rustling through his clothes, looking for something, but what? It didn't take long to realize what he had in mind. She heard metal against metal, as he plucked a belt from its holder. She was about to be spanked for talking too much.

"I wish I didn't have to do this. I don't like punishing you, but it's really for your own good."

Ha! He loved every minute of turning her cheeks crimson. He always got so hard while spanking her. Beth couldn't complain. She enjoyed the way her ass burned and her pussy swelled with her juices after a good paddling. The belt was a different story. The leather bit to the core.

Begging him to use something different wasn't worth the time. She'd only wind up with more than she bargained for if she argued.

"Lift your legs up in the air and over your shoulders so I can give you your spanking."

"How am I supposed to keep my legs in the air?"

"Not my problem. You'll figure it out if you want me to stop at ten."

Sonofafuckingbitch. She wanted to scream at him, but it was a waste of time. It would only aid in her getting cracked harder or longer.

Beth adjusted her body so she was flatter on the bed. She lifted her legs upright, exposing her ass for his perusal.

"Very nice. Do you know how much that ass turns me on? I want to slip my hard penis inside that pink rim and feel it clenching me." He sucked in a deep breath.

Beth thought she'd climax all over herself. The urge to let her legs fall open and beg him to do exactly what he wanted started to overpower her. She clamped her teeth together and squeezed her eyes tight.

There would be a happy ending for her if she remained quiet. She could do that. It was only a matter of minutes.

"Do you want my cock inside you, Beth?"

She didn't answer.

He chuckled.

"You're catching on quickly."

She felt Jack kneel on the bed. His hot breath blew across her clit.

Oh dear God. Was he going to lick her pussy? Would he give her release before he spanked her? It seemed unlikely, but one could hope.

She waited holding her breath for what seemed an eternity. Nothing. She opened her mouth to ask him what he was doing and snapped it closed again.

He moved.

He wasn't going to pleasure her.

The torture of being cuffed to the bed, blindfolded and hornier than a dog in heat drove her mad. Trying to keep her legs up in the air was almost impossible. She wished he just get it over with, and now.

The muscles in her thighs started to burn, she thought for sure she'd drop them. It didn't matter how much she exercised, this position was not an easy one to keep.

What was he doing? Was he secretly laughing at her?

"For cryin' out loud Jack when are you going to start?"

As soon as she said it, she realized it was the moment he'd been waiting for.

Snap!

The belt cracked against her ass. Razor-like pain shot across her skin.

Crack!

Another hit.

Beth bent her knees to her chest to rest her aching legs.

"Beth!"

She'd screwed up. She quickly returned them to the upward position. Offering up an apology would do no good. The only thing Jack wanted was her legs pointing toward the wall and her ass on display.

Beth felt the welts starting to appear on her cheeks. She'd be sore later, possibly unable to sit comfortably for a few days. The one thing she did know was her pussy would be constantly soaked and she'd be aching for Jack to fuck her. She always felt that way after a good spanking.

"That's my good little wife. Now keep this position for a few more minutes and I'll make you a very happy woman."

Yes! She had to do it. She must keep her legs this way. She clenched her stomach and tightened her thighs together. For an orgasm Beth would do just about anything.

The belt whipped through the air. Leather slicing against skin. The nerves in her ass were burning, on high alert for the next meeting with the strap.

Jack was relentless with his spanking, but he promised her a happy ending. Butterflies danced joyfully in her stomach as she waited for the punishment to stop and the climax to begin.

"You may relax your legs now."

She'd been so lost in thought she hadn't realized he'd finished. Her knees dropped to her chest and she let out a sigh of relief. It was over. At least for now. She'd have to

be extremely careful of what she did and said from this point on or she could be in for a boat-load of trouble.

Her ass screamed from the blinding pain piercing her skin. Jack was on the bed again. This time he blew cool air against her cheeks.

"Are you okay?"

His sincerity touched her soul. He wasn't asking to be a smart ass. He wanted to make sure she wasn't in too much pain.

"I'm good." She prayed he wouldn't punish her for speaking out. He hadn't given her permission to speak, but she felt it was appropriate.

"Good. You're drenched," he said, swiping a finger along the folds of her pussy. Her legs quivered and she thought she'd go through the roof surging into oblivion from his touch.

His finger moved from her juices gliding down the distance between her opening and the rim of her ass. He covered her with her own liquids. He moved back up and plunged a different finger deep into her channel.

"I'm going to fuck this pussy."

Please. Do it now. What are you waiting for?

"It's going to be so slick when I stick my hard cock inside you. I'll be slip-sliding from your hot, molten lava."

She groaned.

Enough talking.

"When I'm done with you you're going to sleep for days."

Not an issue as far as she was concerned.

"Are you dying for me to fill you with my cock?"

She clamped her mouth shut. She wouldn't fall for his bait. He was daring her to speak, challenging her to beg for mercy so he could spank her again. Not this time. Beth was too sore to speak.

"Sweetie, don't you wish I'd stuff you full of my hardness?"

Beth shook her head back and forth. She wasn't going to answer him.

"No? I'm offended."

Fuck! Now what was she going to do. She'd said no, meaning she wasn't going to talk, not that she didn't want him to fuck her. Did she try to explain or let it go?

"To think I was going to fill my buttercup to the rim. Oh well." The bed shifted and she knew he'd moved off it.

Defeated she dropped her legs so they lay flat on the bed. So much for her orgasm. He'd make her wait yet again.

The only question that remained was, what would he do to her in the meantime?

Chapter Two

Jack fought the urge to slam into his wife's pussy. She was soaked. Her juices pooled at her opening. She was primed for the taking. He wrapped his hand around his shaft and squeezed, hoping to ease some of the pain.

It didn't work. His cock needed release, but it would have to wait a little longer. Maybe he should have her suck him again. Nah. He needed to do something to relieve the pain from this throbbing cock.

Those crimson cheeks looked inviting. He never grew tired from seeing her ass that shade of red.

Sending the kids off to his sister-in-law's had been a perfect idea. An entire day of having his wife in bed. He couldn't have asked for anything sweeter. The rain outside made it that much more perfect. Neither would want to venture out into the dampness, so playing was the best alternative.

Beth's sister had agreed readily. She enjoyed having her niece and nephew for sleepovers and they had lots of fun too. It was a win-win situation.

Now if he could resist the urge to plunge into his wife's cunt and fuck her until sunset he'd be great. He wanted to drag out the torture for as long as possible so that when they both climaxed together from fucking it would be overwhelming.

Maybe it was time to see how long Beth could last with a little charge to that tight ass. Yes, she needed some stimulation down there.

A smile formed on his face. God, he loved his wife.

He rummaged through the drawer that housed all their toys. It was a drawer they kept locked, so if the kids were playing in their room they wouldn't happen upon their stuff and ask a million questions. That would be extremely uncomfortable for both of them.

Jack glanced over his shoulder to see what Beth was doing. She rubbed her legs together as if she were trying to build enough friction to climax. He laughed. She was being driven mad with the need to orgasm. Exactly what he'd hope to achieve.

He returned to sifting through the array of toys until he found the perfect bullet-sized plug. The golden egg would be the right amount to fill her ass until he fucked that tight hole himself.

"Are you okay, Beth? You may speak to answer me."

"Yes, Jack."

"Good. Are you dying for some relief?"

"Uh-huh."

"Soon Beth. Very soon."

She didn't respond.

"I'm going to fill this precious hole with the golden plug you love so much."

She bent her legs at the knees and opened them, offering up her ass to him.

Nothing like full service.

Maybe he should remove the blindfold and let her watch what was happening.

He caught her biting her lower lip. She would explode if he didn't give her some relief soon. It was good practice to bring her to the edge and pull her back. It showed her she could control her orgasms. That's what it was all about right? Control and waiting so the end result was unbelievable.

He decided to wait on the blindfold. He'd show her the light of day when he was ready to fuck her. He loved staring into her light blue eyes when they made love. She always had an intense look of desire that rattled him to the core. He knew she adored him more than any other man and that filled him with admiration.

He rolled the device round in her juices, slicking it for easy entry. Once it was fully coated he spoke softly to Beth.

"I'm going to slide this in now. Relax for me."

She did and Jack gave the plug a gentle push through her barrier.

Beth didn't make a peep. He knew how much she loved her battery operated friend. She enjoyed it more when his cock was nestled inside the walls of her pussy. It wouldn't be long. Jack knew if he didn't fuck her soon this would all be over.

"Is it comfortable, Beth?"

"Yes," she whimpered. "I need to come."

"Shame on you. You were only to answer the question. You are not to ask for your climax. You know I control when you come and when you don't."

She nodded.

Jack pressed on the on button on the plug. A soft humming filled his ears as it charged to life.

He watched as Beth's face turned to pure delight. She was on the edge of ecstasy. The orgasm was likely filling her swollen clit, ready to erupt.

He pressed the off button.

"Jack!"

"Beth. You know the rules. You seem to be hell-bent on breaking them today. This will require more disciplinary action."

She thrashed her head back and forth showing her disagreement with his decision.

But he was in control. She was at his mercy, lying there tied and blindfolded.

He waited another moment and charged the egg to life. She wriggled against the buzzing. She tugged at the restraints holding her hands. Her hips bucked as she fucked the air. Her legs squeezed together.

Jack turned it off again.

She pinched her lips together.

He smiled. This was killing her, but in the end it would be worth the wait. When he slid home she would thank him for the torture he gave her.

"Maybe it's time to clamp some clothespins on you."

Her mouth formed a growl, but she didn't allow it to escape. Instead she sucked in a deep breath and exhaled slowly. She repeated this three times as Jack went looking for the tiny clothespins he had specifically for this purpose.

They were housed in a Ziploc bag. They looked more like they'd be used for doll clothing than anything else. He knew it drove Beth mad when he covered her stomach and breasts with them.

He zapped her with the egg quickly and shut it off before she had a chance to get aroused.

She groaned loudly.

Their sex life hadn't once grown boring in the fifteen years they'd been married. They were always looking for new ways to do things. They enjoyed exploration and the unknown. While most of his friends were complaining they weren't getting any at home, Jack had to smile because his wife was a sex fiend.

Her willingness to try almost anything amazed him.

He sat on the bed next to his beautiful wife. Her skin was golden from days in the sun. She liked to spend lazy days at the beach or in their pool with the kids. He didn't begrudge them their time. He only wished he could spend more of his with them. His job as an advertising executive was demanding and sometimes he had to spend long days in the office. Those days he hated his job for making him miss the family dinners. Beth insisted on dinner every night and while Jack made every effort to be there, sometimes it was just impossible.

His hand roamed over her soft, silky skin.

Goosebumps covered her belly.

"I'm going to clip these pins on you now. Remember they'll hurt a bit at first but once your body adjusts you'll be able to relax and enjoy the feeling."

She nodded.

He could only imagine the thoughts running through her mind. Likely she was calling him a rotten bastard for leaving her hanging for so long without an orgasm. But she'd thank him later when he had her exploding.

Jack bent and licked a plump nipple. It tightened against his touch. He relished the feel of her puckered nipples in his mouth.

He blew lightly on it before squeezing it between his fingers and closing the clamp around it.

Beth let out a howl.

To ease the pain Jack licked the side of the bud. When he felt she could handle a second one, he did the same to her other nipple.

She continued panting until the blood filled the tiny peak. Next he moved to her waist. Because she had a flat stomach it made it more difficult to attach them, but he would give it his best shot.

"Are you ready for more?"

"Sure."

He couldn't distinguish if she was being honest or sarcastic.

"Beth?"

"I'm good, Jack. I promise. Now please, the quicker you get these attached the quicker I'll have an orgasm."

She was growing testy with him. He'd have to allow her an orgasm soon or risk her wanting to end the game.

"Sweetie, when you climax you'll be on adrenaline overload."

"I wish."

He allowed her back talk to slide—for now. Jack continued placing the tiny clips on her skin. He added three to each side of her stomach. He glanced down at her clit and wondered if she'd be able to handle one there.

They'd discussed it before but never got as far as actually doing it, yet he had the perfect opportunity to do it now.

"Beth, remember when we talked about clamping your clit?"

"Yes."

"I'm thinking I'd like to try it now. Are you okay with that?"

"With those pesky little things? They'll be torture."

"How about I get one of your nipple clamps then? You know, the twisty kind."

"We could try that if you're willing to make me come even a little bit."

He chuckled. With Beth there was no such thing as coming a tiny bit.

"Soon, darling. Very soon."

He left her struggling against the restraints. She'd probably punch him if her hands were free.

At the drawer he rubbed his aching cock. He'd need to release before long. Teasing her was torture for him too.

When he found what he was looking for he nestled between her thighs. The scent of her arousal lingered in the air. The smell of her nectar always sent him reeling. He needed a taste of her, so he licked along her labia. She shuddered from his touch.

"Jack, please."

He ignored her pleas and licked one last time. He sucked her nub between his lips and pulled on it. He released it and it sprang back into place. He gently gripped it and wrapped the screw clamp around it. Slowly he tightened it. He looked for a grimace on her face and found none. He turned the lock again. Still no reaction.

He didn't want to hurt her, but if she could handle it he'd turn the knob once again. When he did she dug her heels into the bed.

Okay, so he found her breaking point.

"Is this too tight?"

"A tad."

He loosened it slightly and she eased her feet down.

"Better?"

"Yes, thanks."

"God you look so fucking sexy with all the clamps covering your body. I have a mind to fuck you."

"What are you waiting for?"

He tapped the on button on the plug. As it charged to life she screamed.

"Holy shit, Jack. Every sense is on overload. I'm tingling from my head to my toes. I'm going to commme."

He shut it off.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? Are you sadistic?"

"No, I'm one horny man who wants my wife to experience the ultimate pleasure when she finally has an orgasm."

"It better be soon or you might be a divorced man!"

Jack inched off the bed, shocked by his wife's words. He stood there for a few minutes absorbing what she said. Finally when he felt he could speak he asked.

"Are you serious?"

Chapter Three

"No," she said softly. She regretted the words the moment they left her lips. She'd never divorce Jack. They'd loved each other for more than half their lives. There could never be another man who'd compare to him. He was the father of her children. He adored them all and cherished them every second he was with them.

Beth wasn't one to threaten, especially something as severe as divorce, but she needed something to get her point across. He was dragging this game out much too long for her liking. She wanted to come and she wanted it now. She didn't want to wait until he was ready. She was ready right this very second.

"I never meant to use such a bold statement, Jack. I'm truly sorry."

She sensed him next to her. He removed the blindfold and it took a moment for her eyes to adjust to the light. When they did she wished he'd left her in the dark. His deep brown eyes were filled with sadness.

"You've never used the word divorce for as long as I've known you."

She wanted to reach out and touch him. She wanted to hold him and reassure him it was honestly all just a stupid sentence, but the handcuffs prevented her from doing so.

"Jack. I love you with all my heart. You're the only man I have ever, or will ever, love. It was a dumb thing to say and I promise with every ounce of me, I'll never say anything like that again."

He nodded.

"Release me and let me hold you."

"I'm going to uncuff your wrists, but you're not done here, missy. You're going to be punished for being so bold. I'm going to show you there's no room for the word divorce in our relationship. You're my wife and you'll always be mine."

A shiver of anticipation coursed through her veins. He was showing his possessive side. He wasn't angry any longer. He would show her who was boss. Relief washed over her. It was going to be all right.

Once her hands were free she rubbed her wrists to get the blood flowing through her arms again. She scanned the room and was surprised to see he had set it up with torture in mind.

One of the stools from their bar sat in the room. She wondered what he had in store for her with that. The riding crop they'd ordered online the month before lay on the soft, red leather padding on the stool.

Obviously he intended to spank her again. The drawer housing all their toys lay open for easy access. She noticed the tray of food he'd fed her earlier sat on the floor by the door.

She smiled, thinking about him making her breakfast in bed. He'd gone to a lot of trouble to make today perfect and she was acting like a spoiled brat. So what if he wanted her to hold off before having an orgasm? Was that such a crime?

No.

"Jack, thank you."

"For?"

"All of this. This is incredible and you did it all for me."

"For us, Beth. I did all this for us. We needed a day to ourselves. When was the last time we were alone so I could tie you up and tease you? Yes, we have a healthy sex life and I wouldn't change it for the world, but these times are harder and harder to find with the kids growing up so fast."

He was right. They didn't get enough one-on-one time for drawn-out excitement. She'd almost ruined it with her selfishness, but that was going to change.

"Go ahead and tie me up again. I promise I'll cooperate."

"Oh you'll cooperate, trust me."

She looked at him questioningly.

"You said you'd cooperate and I expect you to keep your word."

"I always keep my promises. You know that." Yet she hadn't. When she'd used the word divorce she'd gone back on a promise.

"Very well. I'm going to remove the pins from your stomach and then I want you to get up and go over to the bar stool. I want you draped over it with your bum sticking up in the air. I'm going to teach you to never use the word divorce with me again."

Oh she was screwed. He was going to punish her and rightfully so. They'd sworn never to use that word unless they truly meant it and she had, though she hadn't meant it.

She lay patiently as Jack removed the clothespins from her stomach. The blood circulation returned and suddenly she found herself highly aroused. She'd ruined the moment briefly, but now she was back to craving an orgasm, but first she had to accept her fate – the riding crop.

She scooted off the bed and over to the stool. She lifted the leather crop in her hand and slid it along her palm. This would pack a wallop.

"I'll take that."

Jack extended his hand expectantly.

Beth cautiously gave him the tool to whip her ass. She was going to be sore tomorrow.

"Bend over please."

She nodded. There was no arguing. She deserved what was coming no matter how much she dreaded it. She turned her body so she was facing the window. Outside, the

rain was coming down in buckets. The sky was gray and she thought she heard the low rumble of thunder in the distance.

Her heart fluttered as she got comfortable on the leather padding. She wondered if Jack would use great force to show her erroneous ways.

She stole a glance to see if she could tell what he was feeling. She thought for sure he'd hug her once her hands were free, but he hadn't. Instead he'd insisted she place her body over the chair and accept her punishment.

"Jack?"

"Hmmm."

"I love you."

"I love you too, Beth."

"Diamonds and Feathers forever."

"This will hurt me just as much as you, Beth, but it's really for your own good."

She turned away from his stern look. He was more than angry. He was disappointed. Usually "diamonds and feathers forever" was the one thing she could say and any argument would fall by the wayside. Not this time.

She braced herself for the whipping that was now her fate.

As she waited with her eyes closed and holding her breath she remembered the first time they'd experimented with spankings. Jack had been tickling her and suddenly he tossed her over his knee and starting smacking her ass. Oh how she'd wiggled and fought against his hard hand.

Luckily she'd had jeans on because they took some of the sting out. When he'd finished his hand was beet red. That day his hand hurt just as much as her ass. Over the years they tried various items, like spatulas, wooden spoons, and ping pong paddles. The end result was always the same, rosy cheeks and a drenched pussy. It was all in the name of fun.

Today was a different story. Today her cheeks would sting like a motherfucker, but she was willing to accept that for the price of love.

Like a sword whizzing through the air, she heard the crop before feeling it. As it snapped across her ass, her skin lit on fire, as if someone burned a match under her butt.

She swallowed the cry that threatened to escape. She deserved this. God, how she deserved this.

Jack didn't speak as he cracked her ass. He remained too quiet for her liking. Normally he'd speak and ask her questions, like *Who's a naughty girl? Who likes her butt spanked?*. Not this time. The only sound in the room was the crop as it zipped through the air.

After what felt like an eternity he stopped. Beth let out a breath and opened her eyes. She didn't move from her position afraid he'd demand her to stay put for more.

"Get up, please."

His booming voice stunned her. She scrambled to her feet and stole a peek. His face gave away nothing. She wasn't sure if this was over or if it was just the beginning.

There were a million questions she wanted to ask and just as many things she wanted to say, but she kept quiet. She'd wait for him to determine what happened next.

"In the corner." Jack pointed to the corner between their closet and bedroom window.

"Huh?" She knew it was stupid to question, but she did.

"Just do as I ask, Beth."

Hurt filled his baritone. Beth slinked off to the corner, feeling every bit like a child in trouble. What would happen once she was in the corner?

"Nose pressed against the wall and spread your legs."

Humiliation. Jack wanted her to feel humiliated. Well he was succeeding in that department.

Beth complied. With her head pressed firmly in the corner she spread her legs. Standing there felt like a naughty schoolgirl caught talking. Naked and vulnerable, she feared what he planned.

"You've been a very bad girl, Beth." Jack pressed his naked body against hers. She felt his hard cock throbbing on the small of her back. "Are you sorry for what you said?"

"Yes," she whimpered. Tears threatened to fall.

"Are you ever going to say something so horrible again?"

"Never. I promise. I never want this marriage to end, Jack. You should know that."

"I thought I did." His words echoed softly in her ear.

"You do. I swear."

His hand moved between her legs. A finger caressed her pussy lips.

"You've taken your share of beatings today. Some more deserved than others. I didn't like having to spank you with the crop. I don't like to know that your ass is in so much pain."

"I'm fine, really. It hurts, but like you said, I deserved it."

"Are you ready to make amends for your wrong doings?"

"Yes." *Please, please fuck me Jack. Make love to me and show me how much our love means to you.*

"I need to get something, don't move."

She wouldn't dream of stepping away now. Not when she was so close to getting what she wanted.

He returned and once again she felt his hardness pressing against her. He kissed her shoulder. Tingling sensations shot down her body straight to her core. He trailed his lips across her shoulder blades to the other side. He moved her hair out of his way and kissed her neck.

She leaned back out of habit, offering more of herself to him.

"Nose back in the corner."

For a moment she thought he'd given up with the dominance, but he hadn't.

"Stick that ass out."

Beth adjusted her position so her butt stuck out.

His lips left her. Next thing she knew he was placing tiny kisses on her hot ass cheeks.

He slid a finger into her channel coating it with her juices. He dragged it out, covering her with slickness.

She groaned. If ever she needed his hard cock inside her, it was now.

"Tell me how much of a naughty girl you are, Beth." Jack teased the outer rim of her ass.

"A very, very naughty girl." Her breathing grew labored as he drove his finger inside her pussy again. She teetered on the edge of orgasm.

"And naughty girls are punished, correct?"

"Mmmm."

"What happens after naughty girls are punished?"

They're fucked? She didn't dare speak the words out loud. He continued gliding in and out of her channel. Her body wanted to crumple to the ground from his touch.

"They're put away to bed wet and needy."

No, no, no. He wouldn't deny her the orgasm her body craved. Would he?

Beth rocked her hips gently in sync with his movements. A steady, slow rocking sure to have her reeling into orbit when her walls clenched around his fingers from the climax that built.

"Now, now, now. I never said you could come." Jack quickly removed his fingers from her and backed away.

"Jack!"

"You're in no position to be demanding Beth. I'll decide if and when you climax."

Oh, she wanted to strangle him right about now. This game had gone on too long. She'd paid her dues with the whipping from the riding crop. She accepted the torture of the clothespins, the handcuffs and being blindfolded. She'd been spanked not once, but twice. She'd earned an orgasm. She'd more than earned one.

Jack was the master of dragging things out. He'd wait until he was good and ready and only then would she be allowed to come. Oh how she wanted to reach down and rub her clit until she exploded. It wouldn't take much. A few strokes against her finger and boom, she'd light up like the fourth of July.

Jack wasn't having any of it, though. It was his rules and his time.

Where was he and what was he doing? He'd grown quiet. Please don't let him be getting a belt or something else to spank her with. She knew her ass couldn't handle another beating, no matter what he thought.

The plug she'd forgotten about charged to life inside her ass. Heat filled her. The sting from the crop brought a pleasure-pain to her aching pussy.

Jack was there again. His hand came around and cupped her breast.

"I love your breasts. They're so big and firm. They feel so good when I slid my cock between them. Just like your cunt."

She leaned in to the wall and silently prayed. The plug hummed away ready to send her into oblivion. The only thing left was for him to fill her pussy with his cock.

As if reading her mind, he pushed her leg farther apart with his. He guided his penis to her opening. Once the tip entered he moved his hands to her hips and pushed until he was fully engulfed inside her.

"Yes," she cried.

Jack rammed into her.

"Do you love me, Beth?"

"Yes. Fuck me Jack."

"Are you going to come for me?"

"Yes, I'm going to cover your cock with my pussy juices."

"Say it, Beth. Tell me who is coming in the corner."

Beth felt silly speaking the words, but for Jack she'd do just about anything.

"I'm coming in the corner, Jack. I'm coming." As she spoke the words her pussy tightened around his cock, clenching for dear life. It matched his pulsing cock, throb for throb. Her puckered nipples strained against the clips, her swollen bud filled with blood as the clamp hugged her clit. Her ass spasmed around the plug. She was on a sensory high as she careened into the most dramatic orgasm she'd ever felt.

She flattened her hands against the wall to keep her balance. Jack pumped wildly emptying his seed inside her.

"Fuck, yes."

His sweaty chest heaved up and down on her back. "I love you Beth."

"I love you too Jack."

He slipped out and within seconds the buzzing ended inside her ass. His arms gently pulled her away from the wall and he scooped her off the floor and carried her to the bed. He placed her in the center and climbed next to her.

"You mean the world to me. You, the kids, the house and even the dog. I'd be lost without all this." Jack's finger trailed a circle around her stomach.

"I'd never give you up. I only said what I did out of desperation. I needed to come and you were withholding. It was wrong and it'll never happen again."

"I know."

He removed the clit clamp and the clothes pins. "Lift your legs and I'll remove the plug."

Beth lifted her leg giving him access. Jack carefully took it out and gathered her in his arms. He held her close. "Get some rest. This day isn't close to being over."

Chapter Four

Jack woke before Beth. He eased out of her embrace and headed to the kitchen. It was time to brew some coffee. She hadn't had any earlier and he knew she could be a bear without her morning caffeine.

He busied himself making her favorite French vanilla brew. He made himself a cup of tea. While the coffee percolated he cleaned the breakfast dishes. He wondered how long she'd sleep.

His thoughts turned to Beth's earlier statement. Her threat of divorce had pained him more than he'd realized. He loved his wife and kids. Some men thought about straying, not Jack. He was faithful to a fault. When he'd said his vows, he'd meant them. His parents had taught him well. They had a fabulous relationship. They rarely fought and there were always public displays of affection when he was growing up and that's how he wanted his marriage to be.

Beth never complained about his affection. She didn't mind being kissed in public or holding hands like teenagers. He couldn't help himself, he loved touching her.

"Jack?" Beth stumbled through the kitchen door. Her face flushed on the right side. The side that'd been lying against the pillow. Her golden locks were in disarray. It was her smile that warmed his heart.

"I thought I smelled coffee."

He wiped his hands on the dishcloth and gathered her in his arms. "I know you can't function without your coffee and I have a lot more in store for you today."

"The house seems so quiet."

"You're not complaining are you?" He couldn't imagine her not enjoying the silence.

"Not at all. We need a break from the kids once in awhile. She even took Sport?"

Jack laughed. He'd forgotten to tell her the kids insisted the dog go too.

"Yup. Rose wouldn't leave unless Sport could go too. She said she was afraid he'd get lonely without them home."

"She's probably right."

"Probably," he agreed. Beth felt right nestled in his arms. They were back to their old rapport and for the first time in a few hours he could breathe a sigh of relief.

"Did you sleep well?" He stepped back to look at her.

"Yes. Right up until the aroma burst into the room, beckoning me."

He laughed. "I hadn't meant to wake you. I wanted you to rest. We have more playtime today."

She pulled him closer and pressed her face into his chest. "I love you, Jack. Thanks for making this day possible."

"How about some coffee and then it's back to the bedroom for you."

"Sounds like a plan."

She released him and walked over to the coffee pot. She poured a large cup. Jack joined her and fixed his tea.

"The rain is really coming down out there."

"Mmmm. It's relaxing though. Perfect for our time together." She stirred the creamer into the coffee.

"I was thinking about a trip to Disney for the family."

"Really?" She looked up at him surprised.

He shrugged.

"I know it's expensive and things are tight since you lost your job, but it's doable. The kids will love it and I think it'll be what you need to recharge yourself."

He could tell she was mulling the idea around. He'd bet ten bucks she was thinking of every reason to pooh-pooh his idea. Since she'd been out of work their financial situation had become tighter, but she also knew how to budget very well. She grew creative in the kitchen using ingredients from the pantry, like she'd learned on some of those cooking shows. She shopped smart and only when it was necessary.

They saved more money now that she was out of work than when she was in. It was a great way to celebrate and relax all at the same time.

"Can't think of any reason to shoot me down can you?"

Her head tilted as she spoke. "None."

"Great. I'll make the arrangements for spring break. It'll be so much fun."

Jack went to the kitchen table and sat on one of the hard chairs. It was another step forward for them, this family vacation.

Beth joined him at the table. "You spoil us, you know that, right?"

"When I can."

"Are we okay?"

He reached out his hand for hers. "If you're talking about earlier, yes. We're fine. I'll admit it took me by surprise, but I'm okay now."

"I honestly didn't mean it. It just blurted out."

He nodded. It still smarted a bit, but that was his issue. He didn't need to make a bigger deal out of it. He wanted the rest of the day to be spectacular. "How're those cheeks feeling?"

"Uncomfortable, yet the cool wood gives them some relief."

His cock stiffened at the thought of her sore cheeks. He adored her butt being pink. It caused an instant reaction. "You have such an effect on me." He slid the chair back and pointed to his raging hard on.

"Does someone need a little attention?"

"I believe so."

Jack leaned back and relaxed his body. He put his arms behind his head.

Beth grinned and swiftly moved from her chair. He wasn't sure what she had in mind, but it didn't matter. He wanted his wife and he needed her now.

"What shall I ever do with that cock begging to come?" She walked around his chair, her hand grazing his shoulder.

Oh he had lots of ideas. He could see her spread eagle on the table and him ramming his penis deep inside her or she could be on his lap riding him.

She came around to the front of him and leaned over. Her mouth covered the tip of his throbbing, purple head.

He groaned. Her mouth felt so fucking hot and glorious. He'd never grow tired of the feeling.

Her hair tickled his leg as she moved down his shaft. His balls tightened. She had a killer mouth.

She moved back up, dragging her tongue along him seductively. She knew all the right spots to lick, like the little indent under his mushroom cap.

"Sweet Jesus." She teased the spot mercifully.

"You like?" Beth removed her mouth long enough to make sure he was enjoying it.

"You'll never hear me complain."

Her mouth covered him again and he moved his hand to her hair. His fingers intertwined with her mane. He rocked his hips up filling her warmth with his manhood.

She steadied herself by resting her hands on his thigh.

If she continued with this rhythm he'd explode in no time at all.

Her fingers sought his balls and she cupped them massaging ever so slightly.

He couldn't take much more. He wanted to unleash his love into her waiting mouth. He wanted her to take all of him.

When she released him he thought he'd die.

“What?”

She hushed him with a finger against his lips and straddled him so her back faced him.

She positioned her body perfectly over his shaft and slid down the length, engulfing him in the confines of her pussy.

Her body leaned across the table, exposing her reddened cheeks. Jack smiled and his cock twitched at the sight. She was fucking hot.

He gripped her hips and pulled her ass tighter to him. He filled her completely.

“Oh yeah, Jack. Give me that hard cock.”

He loved when she talked dirty to him. She wasn’t afraid of what he thought. All her inhibitions went out the window when it came to sex between them. She was very vocal.

He ground his hips. “Is this what you want?”

“Yes. I want it hard and fast. Don’t be easy on me Jack. Fuck that pussy.”

He smiled.

“Lean back,” he demanded.

She obliged and his hand moved around to her clit. He cupped her mound in his hand, his finger rubbed against her swollen nub.

“That’s it, Jack. That feels so good. I’m going to come all over your hard cock. I’m going to coat you with all my juices.”

He moaned and rubbed harder. She moved up and down riding him as if her life depended on it. He barely had to move from the constant motion she created. He used his free hand to pinch her nipple.

“Come for me Beth. Come for me.”

“Oh. My. God.” Her cries filled the kitchen as the walls of her pussy contracted against his penis. He marveled at the feel of her orgasm pulling tightly around his cock. He wasn’t ready to release, not yet. He still had more for his lovely wife in the kitchen.

Beth attempted to catch her breath. Jack managed to knock the wind out of her with that climax. She couldn't believe how her body still reacted to him after all these years of marriage. They definitely knew how to live it up in the bedroom.

Her breathing resumed to normal and she found her voice.

"Didn't you have fun?" He didn't come and she wasn't sure why.

"I did. We're not done. Not by a long shot."

He lifted her off him and moved the chair farther away.

If they weren't done why was he leaving her? She watched and waited trying to figure out what he was doing. He rummaged through her utensil drawer. She prayed he wasn't looking for the spatula or wooden spoon to spank her. Her ass stung from the earlier two spankings.

He pulled out the brush she used for barbeque sauce and liquid seasoning. What could he possibly want with that?

"Jack?"

He ignored her and went to the cabinet. He dug in the back searching for something to go with the brush. It didn't take long for him to retrieve a jar.

"Ah, there it is. I knew it was in there somewhere."

He held up the jar of chocolate paint they'd bought a few months ago. They'd never opened it but saved it for a rainy day. How poetic today was a rainy day.

"Lie on the table, milady."

Beth shivered as she climbed atop the table. The idea of Jack covering her with the chocolate and licking it off sent her body into high alert. Her pulse quickened and her stomach twisted.

Lying on the kitchen table was nerve racking. What if someone were to stop by? They could see her from the back door. They'd see all her private parts on display.

Who would stop by though? Likely, no one. Worrying was just her nature.

She placed her body so she was flat on her back. Her feet dangled off the edge of the oblong table. The cool wood brought continued relief to her hot ass cheeks.

"Like this?" she asked.

"Perfect."

Jack stepped closer and stared down at her.

"You're beautiful."

She smiled. He always complemented her. Always made her feel special.

"What would you like me to do?" She wasn't sure what he expected.

"Just lay there. I'll do all the work."

"Okay." She could manage that. How hard would it be to relax on the table while he covered her in body paint?

Jack dipped the brush into the chocolate and covered it with a generous amount. He held it over her breast and let the excess drip off onto her nipple.

She squirmed as the cold liquid splattered on her skin. He dragged the bristles over her taut nipple and circled around covering the plum-colored skin with the edible paint.

"That's cold."

"It'll warm up once I put my mouth on it."

She bet it would. His tongue set her skin on fire every time it touched her. This would be no different.

The liquid hardened on her skin. It tightened the already taut bud.

Once Jack finished with her nipples he drew a trail down the center of her breasts. He outlined her navel and ran the brush over her skin, stopping short of her hair line.

"Spread your legs."

"Jack?"

"No need to ask questions. Just do as I ask."

Beth lifted her legs so her feet rested on the table. She let her limbs fall to their sides exposing her pussy to him.

Cold assaulted her clit and her outer lips.

She shivered.

"Chocolate mixed with your tangy nectar will be a decadent treat, my love."

Suddenly Beth wanted to cover him with the gooey treat and clean it off with her tongue. "Do I get a turn?"

"We'll see. I told you today is all about you."

"Giving you pleasure makes me very happy."

"Relax and enjoy what I have planned."

Beth closed her eyes and tried to focus on the feelings taking over her body. She had to admit it did feel good as it pulled against her skin. Her pussy dripped with her juices, anticipating Jack's mouth licking away at the chocolate.

Her toes tingled and butterflies danced playfully in her stomach. She resisted the urge to cover her stomach with her hands. She'd only succeed in messing with the hardening chocolate.

Dinners at the table would never be the same after this day.

She giggled when he applied the liquid on the inside of her thigh.

"Does it tickle?"

"No, I'm just thinking how when we sit down for dinner in the future I'll be picturing myself on the table covered in chocolate. How will we ever eat knowing what we did here?"

"Yes, I'll always be imagining you sprawled out and me licking every inch of you."

"Fuck me, Jack." The words slipped from her mouth. She knew he wanted to take things at his pace, but she couldn't resist the overwhelming desire to have his cock filling her weeping pussy. She craved the feel of their bodies intertwining, becoming one.

"You'll have your fill, honey. Believe me."

The emptiness was quickly replaced by the pressure and warmth of his tongue gliding over her pussy lips.

"Ahh." She sighed.

Now that was heaven.

"Delicious," Jack said in between lapping up the chocolate coating her clit.

Jolts of electricity soared through her. An orgasm was near. She rolled her hips. His tongue caressed as it stretched up and down the length of her lips. Jack inserted a finger into her soaked channel.

Beth squeezed the walls of her pussy, causing a viselike grip on his digit. She clutched the sides of the table and continued rocking her hips to the tempo he created with his tongue and finger.

Jack slipped another finger in. He opened and closed the digits creating a scissor effect. It was all she could stand when he latched his mouth on her clit and sucked the bud. Flashes of lightning flickered behind her eyelids. Her body shook and shuddered as the climax steamrolled over her body.

She returned her ass to the table as she began to settle down from the overpowering feelings radiating over her. Jack never ceased to amaze her. He continuously brought her to new and exciting heights in their sex life.

"Stunning, Jack. Simply marvelous."

Her fingers loosened their death-hold on the table and she stretched her arms.

"Are you okay on the table? Do you want to go somewhere more comfortable?"

"If you don't mind. The hard wood is a bit much on my back."

He offered his hand and helped her to a sitting position.

"I don't want you uncomfortable."

She slid off the table and he pulled her to the living room where he had a blanket set up in front of the fireplace. Two glasses and a bottle of wine awaited them.

"Is there anything you haven't thought of?" Tears sprang to her eyes. Jack truly had gone above and beyond the call of duty planning this day.

She knew they needed the time together—alone. She'd never imagined he'd plan such an incredible day.

"I'd do anything for you, Beth. You're my one and only. The love of my life. I want nothing more than to make you happy every single day of our marriage."

Pain tore through her when she thought about what she'd said earlier and she knew she'd cut to the core with her insensitive statement. She hadn't meant to hurt him. She'd never meant anything by the declaration. It was merely a slip of the tongue. Something someone said in jest. Jack hadn't taken it that way. He'd been hurt and his pain caused her pain.

She held out her hand.

"You know I love you more than the moon and sky, right?"

"Yes."

"Your pain is my pain. I'm sorry for earlier."

"It's behind us. Let's just enjoy our day. Before you know it the kids will be home and this will only be a memory."

"Until next time."

"There'll definitely be more days like today."

Her heart warmed. They'd gotten through the ugly statement she'd made. They'd be just fine. Beth decided to let go and cherish her husband. She was one lucky woman.

Jack wished she'd let go of the whole conversation regarding her use of the D word. It was water under the bridge. He definitely didn't want to think about it again. The idea of losing her would shatter his heart into a million pieces. They say everyone has a soulmate somewhere out there in the big world and he knew he had his.

They had to leave it behind and quit dwelling on it. Their alone time was short and he planned on utilizing every moment he had with her.

"Why don't you get settled on the blanket? I'm going to finish devouring that chocolate and then..."

"What?" He watched her lick her lips in anticipation.

"You'll see."

Beth relaxed onto the blanket and Jack poured them each a glass of the white wine. Embers crackled in the fireplace. Heat warmed their skin keeping a chill from taking over. It wouldn't matter in a few minutes. He planned to have her body hot and sweaty before long.

"Let's make a toast," he said handing her a glass.

"To a fabulous day with my brilliant husband."

"To many more days of cherishing each other." They clinked their flutes together and sipped from the Pinot.

"I'm not sure how this day could get any better."

Jack settled into a sitting position next to his beautiful wife.

"Don't you worry about the little things. There's always room for improvement."

She shrugged and took another sip of her wine.

"Do you remember when the kids were first born and we'd sit in front of the fire after they'd gone down for the night?"

"How could I forget?" Jack brushed a strand of her hair behind her shoulder. He leaned over and placed a kiss on her soft skin.

"All those nights we made love in front of a warm cozy fire. It seems like a lifetime ago."

"Oh honey, I'm going to bring you back in time and make you feel like that part of our lives is now."

"Please make love to me, Jack."

Her eyes pleaded with him and there was nothing he wanted to do more than cave. Shit, he needed to make love to her just as much, but she had chocolate that needed to be removed and he wanted to build the excitement so when he took her she'd be overcome with desire.

"Shhh." He covered her lips with his finger and extracted the glass from her hand. He placed the two glasses on the stone ledge.

"Relax," he said, easing her down.

She allowed him to lay her gently on her back. Jack straddled her and began the task of cleaning off the chocolate, one lick at time. He had a destination in mind. His cock filling her hot, wet pussy.

He started with her nipple and before long he cleaned every ounce off. He moved to her other one, where he lingered and teased the bud. She wiggled under him and moaned more than once.

Her eyes pleaded with him, begging to end the silliness of cleaning her and get down to business. He didn't stop until she was totally free of all the body paint.

"Not a drop left on you." He admired his cleaning abilities.

"Does that mean it's time to use this?" She wrapped her fingers around his penis and he sighed.

"Soon."

"Would soon become now, if I did this?" She sat up, bent forward and swiped her tongue along the slit of his bulging cock.

His sac tightened, threatening to explode if she did it again.

"Let me just get this little drop..."

Somehow she managed to wrap her lips around the crown of her penis and lick the pre-cum from him.

When she released her hold he moved off her.

"Roll over," he demanded. "And get up on all fours."

He'd waited long enough. He had to fuck her. He'd release this pent up lust that had built inside him all day. He planned to fuck her nice and hard. Making love could wait until later.

"I thought you'd never ask." Beth moved swiftly into a doggie-style position. She stuck her ass high in the air, offering herself to him. "Come on, Jack. Give me that hard cock."

Jack grabbed hold of her hips. He guided his cock to her opening. The tip of his penis was met with her juices, making his entrance easy.

He slid in slowly until he filled her completely.

"Yes," she cried.

He pulled back at a snail's pace.

She pushed against him, forcing his manhood to fill her again. That's when he decided to give them both what they wanted.

His hands tugged on her hips, slamming deeper into her channel. He moved back and forth. Her juice slicked his skin making his movements seem effortless. She lifted her ass up and down, rocking in steady rhythm with him.

He knew it wouldn't be long before he released his seed into her waiting cunt. He continued pounding, while she shouted his name over and over.

"I can't hold out any longer, Beth." Jack had waited as long as he possibly could. He slammed his body against hers, his sac swaying. The walls of her pussy contracted, milking his cock for every last drop.

They collapsed on the blanket, each trying to catch their breath.

"Oh, Jack. This has been such an incredible day. I'm going to hate to see it end."

He knew what she meant. They were able to have sex in any room in the house today, if they liked. Tomorrow when the children returned it would go back to sex late at night or early in the morning before either of the kids woke. He didn't love his life any less. He wouldn't trade it for the world.

A life of solitude would be a life of torture.

He leaned up on his elbow. Beth was gorgeous. Stunning really. He loved her beautiful blue eyes and the way they lit up the room. Her smile melted his heart and her body hadn't changed, even after carrying two children. Most women were jealous of her when they found out she'd carried two big babies and still had a skinny body.

"I'm promising you now, this will be something we do on a regular basis. Whether it's monthly, quarterly, I'm not sure. I do know it will happen more frequently. We can't lose sight of us. If there isn't an *us* there isn't a family."

"You're so right. We're the foundation holding the layers together. We can never forget that."

They grew silent as they considered each other's expressions of their relationship. They were words to live by as far as Jack was concerned.

"I love you, Beth." He bent over and placed a soft kiss on her lips.

"I love you too, Jack." She inched closer and settled onto his chest. Jack made himself comfortable on the blanket and cuddled his wife closer. He was where he wanted to be. No one else in the world made him feel this loved.

He couldn't wait for their next rainy day together.

About the Author

From a very young age, Amber Skyze began making up stories—the only child syndrome. Had anyone asked her back then if she would write when she grew up, she'd have laughed. It wasn't until raising children and reading all those romances that she decided, hey, I can write these. Then she discovered erotica and found her calling.

This New York transplant now resides in Rhode Island with her husband (the inspiration behind her stories), three children—who force her to work a day job—and three dogs. She's thrilled to join the authors of Ellora's Cave.

Amber welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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