

“**I** WANT to hear you come.”

“Not now. Not on the phone. I hate phone sex,” I tell her. “Besides, Julie will be home soon, and she’d have my ass.”

“Screw Tinkerbell. You could have my ass.”

“Wha...?”

“My ass. We haven’t done that yet. And you know I want you there.”

***That’s Amy for you. She says what she feels,
and she feels a lot.***

That’s Amy for you. She says what she feels, and she feels a lot. We feed off each other. I started seeing her almost a year ago, and we’ve fed a lot.

“Tell me what you would do to my ass, Jonathan.” I know I’m in trouble when her voice changes. She practically hums through my cell when she starts talking dirty. “I’m bending over your workbench. The rough edge digging into my hands. My bare bottom is just inviting you.”

Oh, boy, my dick tells me. Here we go.

“I’d step up behind you and spread your ass checks. I’d spit in my hand and rub it into you. I’d put the head of my dick to your hole and start to press in. Just a little.”

“Be easy with me, baby.”

“You’d stretch around my dick and I would push in another inch.”

I hear her hum just a little louder. “You would feel so good.”

“I’d slide in nice and slow until my whole dick was buried in your ass.” I walk out the back door of my house and talk to Amy as I make my way to my workshop.

“How does it feel, baby?”

“Tight. So tight. And hot.”

Amy sighs.

Inside my shop, I open my pants and pull out my hard dick. I start stroking it as I tell Amy what I’d do to her next.

“I start moving my dick in and out of you. All the way out to my head and then ease back in. I go slowly like that, getting a rhythm, until you move your hips back against me and I know you want it hard. I pull back and slam my dick into you.”

“Oh, yeah.” Amy starts making little whimpering sounds inside her humming.

“I fuck your ass like that until I decide to tease you. I pull back and hold my dick just inside you. I can see the ring of my head stretching you. I take it out completely and tease you by just giving you an inch and then leaving you empty.”

“God. Give it all to me, Jon. Fuck me hard.”

“Not yet.” I tighten my fist and pump my dick harder. “Tell me what you’re doing.”

“I’m parked here in the cemetery. I have my left hand in my slacks and I’m rubbing myself. I’m so very wet.”

“Now, do you want it hard?”

“Yes!”

“I grab your hips, dig my fingers in and slam into you. You gasp and moan as I pound you.”

“Come for me, baby.”

“Finish me off,” I tell her.

“You’re fucking my ass and filling me all the way with your cock. I reach down between my legs and start rubbing my clit. I’m so wet.”

She could make me come any second. I sit back on a stool and rub the pre-come into my cock-head.

She’s breathing harder and her words are coming out less distinctly.

She’s breathing harder and her words are coming out less distinctly. “I ... I slip two fingers into my pussy and start fucking it while you fuck my ass. I can feel you pumping inside me.”

Fuck, she’s good at this. I must be making sounds for her because she tells me, “That’s it, let me hear you come.”

I want to come. I want to come inside her. I’ve never gotten to. I always pull out.

“I want to feel you come inside me. I pull my fingers out of my pussy and grab your hand on my hip. My fingers are wet with my juices.”

God! That does it. I jerk myself and imagine I’m in her. I’m buried in her and coming and filling her up. I groan and cry out.

“Fuck! God! Fuck, Amy.” It’s the longest orgasm I’ve had in a while. Since the last time I got to fuck her anyway. I hear her moaning along with me, encouraging me, and telling me how hot it is. She’s breathing hard.

“That was incredible, Jon.”

“Yes. I ... I’m shaking.”

Amy laughs her throaty laugh. “You’d better go before Tinkerbell gets home.”

“Yeah, and I don’t want her coming out here. I’d have to explain the come-stain on the concrete.”

“At least if you’re ever missing, the detectives will be able to collect DNA.”

“Smartass.” I laugh.

“Speaking of asses...”

“Don’t get me started again.”

We hang up laughing. Just like we always do.

I FIRST MET Amy at Sullivan’s Steakhouse.

I was entertaining four out-of-town clients—bigwigs with too much money. They had decided, just that day, to invest their company’s money with my firm. A great steak dinner was in order.

We waited in the lounge for our table. The scotch flowed and off-color jokes were shared. It was Michael, the youngest of our group, who was the first to spot the girl at the bar. To me, she looked all-business. Her briefcase sat by her high-heeled feet. Her long hair was twisted into a knot with a pen through it. She watched CNN on the flat screen as she sipped her white wine.

“I’ll be right back,” Michael announced. David, the eldest of us suits, slapped him on the back and then went back to a joke about a car wreck and a dwarf.

I tried to listen and laugh at the appropriate moments, but I was mainly interested in the interaction between Michael and the brunette.

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Michael led with the typical buying of another drink and she accepted. He leaned in on the bar and began to invade her personal space, and he smiled and talked. Michael paused and then laughed at something she obviously said.

They became more animated. She twisted on her barstool and re-crossed her legs. Her head tilted back in a laugh, and I caught her profile.

“Interested, Jonathan?” David nudged me hard.

I wiggled my wedding ring in front of his face. “Married. Remember?”

“Never stopped me from looking.” David let out a low laugh and said, “And don’t look now...” His hand clamped down on my shoulder and twisted me around.

“Fellows, this is Miss Amy Patrick,” announced Michael, “and she’ll be joining us for dinner.”

I watched her as she was introduced around. Her bright blue eyes made contact with each of us as she shared a firm handshake and answered a barrage of questions from the guys.

“What do you do, my dear?”

“Marketing for a high-end jewelry store.”

“Are you from Indianapolis?”

“Chicago, actually.”

“All that jewelry and no ring for you?”

“None required, as of yet.”

I looked at her left hand and noticed a pale band of skin around her ring finger. There had been something there. Recently. I was distracted as she laughed at something one of the men said.

She laughed easily as she walked with us from the lounge to the dining room. I couldn't help but wonder what possessed her to join five strange men for dinner. But, for some reason I wasn't willing to explore, I was glad.

Michael made sure to sit to one side of her and I ended up to her left. David sat next to me and seemed to be amused. “If you're cheering anyone on, David, it should be Michael.”

“That little pain-in-the-ass?” David whispered. “She's smarter than him by a long shot. Just watch how she acts with him.”

David was right. She was merely being entertained, but was not reaching out to Michael.

Another round of drinks was offered and accepted as we placed our orders. I ordered mushrooms with my steak.

“Oh, how can you eat those?” The voice came from my right. I looked into Amy's sharp eyes and swallowed a little harder than I intended to. She giggled.

“They're actually very good if prepared well. Maybe you'd like to try one?”

She sucked her lower lip between her teeth and chewed on it in thought. “All right, Jonathan, I'll try. But you owe me if it's awful.”

I had a sudden vision of my head buried between her thighs.

Owe her. Thoughts rolled through my mind quickly with that statement. I had a sudden vision of my head buried between her thighs. My cock twitched in my trousers and brought me back to reality.

Our table was soon covered in dishes of food and the small bowl of mushrooms taunted Amy from its place between us. She eyed them warily, looked straight at me and stabbed one with her fork. Without hesitation, she placed it in her mouth and chewed. One eyebrow raised and she smiled. “My apologies, Jonathan. I should have taken your word for it.” She rested her hand on my forearm. “Is there anything else I should try?”

After that, Michael tried to regain her attention, but, much to my amazement, she seemed to only be interested in me.

“How long have you been married?”

“Seven years. I’ve known her for nine though.”

“Her?”

“Oh. Julie. My wife’s name is Julie.”

“Does she eat mushrooms?” Amy teased.

“She wouldn’t even consider it.”

“Not the adventurous type?”

“No, I wouldn’t call Julie adventurous.”

“Do you have children?”

“One. A boy, five. He’s quite the character.”

She laughed. "I'll bet he is."

THE EVENING, unfortunately, came to an end as dining room closed.

Amy took my hand in both of hers. "I enjoyed myself tonight, Jon. Maybe we could do it again sometime."

"I probably shouldn't, I..."

"I understand. But I've got to tell you. If you weren't married, I'd pursue you with a vengeance." She paused just long enough to take in my expression and then laughed. "Take care, Jonathan."

I watched her walk out the glass doors into the night.

Then, against my better judgment, I followed.

She stood on the curb fishing through her purse. She had pulled the pen from her hair and her tresses hung heavily over her shoulder. "Amy!" She looked up and smiled. "I wanted to give you my card."

She began chewing on her lower lip again as she took my card. "Good."

WE BEGAN HAVING LUNCH together regularly. We talked about my work and her work, my boy and my wife. I never asked if she dated.

"What's she like?"

"Oh, she's a great mother. Soccer for my son. Keeps a beautiful house. But after all of these years..."

"She's predictable," Amy ventured.

"Yeah."

"That's no fun. I like to keep things unpredictable."

"That's no fun. I like to keep things unpredictable."

"And how do you do that?" I asked.

"Well, I figure I've been in Indy for quite a while now, and it's time to start thinking about getting back to Chicago."

"When?"

"In a couple of months. I want to work for a jeweler in the Diamond District. He's been a friend of my family for years. The money's good. And, well, it's Chicago."

It had been two months of lunches, when, one Friday afternoon, Amy showed up at my office. She was dressed fit to kill. A low-cut wrap-around black blouse and a knee-length black skirt. Her heels were almost inappropriate for the office, but they made her legs look even longer.

The building was sparsely populated, and I was able to direct her to my small office in the back without much notice. I quickly shut the .

She sat at my small round table and I pulled a chair around to join her. As I faced her, I knew I was in trouble. She was chewing her lower lip.

Amy stood up and crossed the small space between us. She hiked her skirt, straddled my legs and then lowered herself onto my lap. She rocked her hips ever so slightly and my cock began to stiffen.

And then she kissed me.

And I kissed her back.

"I find I can't stop thinking about you," she told me as she broke our kiss. "And I can't stop thinking about this."

Amy slipped from my lap and slid down to kneel in front of me. She looked up at me with a look of hallucination. As though she couldn't believe where she was. She watched my eyes as she unfastened my pants. I watched her as I lifted my hips to allow her to pull my pants and underwear down. My cock stood heavy and hard against my stomach.

I felt her breath on me just before her wet lips came down around my cock.

She shut her eyes, wrapped her hand around my dick and brought it to her mouth. I felt her breath on me just before her wet lips came down around my cock. My head dropped back and a low groan escaped me.

I tensed my hips, aching to drive myself between those lips. Amy rubbed my length with her hand as she opened her mouth further to take me in. She closed down, taking as much as she could of me. Her saliva made me wet.

She ran her mouth up and down on my shaft. She ran her tongue along the underside of my penis with her teeth lightly grating my skin. She fucked me with her mouth as I held her head.

Her hair tumbled into my lap. I could see nothing but feel everything. I pulled her hair back and she looked up at me and, stopping for a moment, chewed on her lip. Then she smiled and sucked me back into her mouth.

She sucked me ferociously and my muscles tightened. I knew I would come. I told her I was going to come. And she looked at me and a smile broke around my cock. She dipped down and buried me in her mouth, far back in her throat and massaged me with her tongue.

I grabbed her hair, holding on as the world began to spin and I came in her mouth. She swallowed and I could feel the back of her throat working my head. She swallowed me completely.

WE SAT IN MY OFFICE for over an hour, talking about what should happen next.

“I don’t regularly go around attempting to seduce married men,” Amy said. “There’s just something about you that I ... Oh, I don’t know.”

“I know. We just click. If I weren’t married, we would be the best couple.”

“Jonathan, I’m leaving for Chicago in just a couple of months. Can’t we be that couple for just a while? Just for fun. Nothing serious.”

I took a deep breath. I knew what she was proposing could happen. We could meet and no one would ever have to know.

“Yes.”

“Yes?” Her face brightened.

I laughed a nervous laugh and kissed her again.

THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY, we met at the first hotel room of many that we would share over the next several months. We were going to have fun. Just fun.

That day, sliding my dick into a woman who was not my wife, I felt free.

That day, sliding my dick into a woman who was not my wife, I felt free. Free to enjoy Amy and her, me. She wrapped her legs around my waist and pulled me into her in a fluid grinding motion as she enjoyed me.

It was when I flipped her over and fucked her from behind that we found our niche. My cock slipped into her exposed pussy in a smooth motion and Amy hummed through a groan. I rocked back and plunged forward,

grabbing her hips to get as deep as possible. I fucked her as she tossed her head back and shot me a feral look.

I grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled. She hummed a low “Fuck me.”

I used my other hand to pull her onto me, balance myself as I pounded into her. I looked down and was struck by the sight of my cock disappearing into her body and her juices coating me. I leaned low over her body and pulled her head within earshot. “I wish you could see this.”

I bit the back of her neck and she bucked underneath me.

“Come for me,” she told me.

I slammed into her, over and over, and my orgasm built. With a cry, I pulled out and came on her ass.

Amy collapsed onto the bed and pulled me down on top of her. We slipped on our sweat and my come and began laughing.

That’s what we did for several months. We fucked and we laughed.

WE WERE TANGLED TOGETHER on sweaty white cotton hotel sheets when she asked me, “Would you like to get a drink after we leave?”

Since we’d begun coming to hotels, that’s all we’d seen—afternoons stolen at a nearby Radisson. We hadn’t ventured into the daylight.

I looked at her and wiped a trickle of sweat from between her breasts. “Sure.”

JUST DOWN THE STREET was a dark bar with a pool table in the back. Beer for me, wine for her.

“Funny, seeing you dressed,” Amy said.

“I could take my pants off if it would help you recognize me,” I smiled.

“Could you? That would be a big help. I’ll take off my top, too.” She began unbuttoning her blouse.

“Shouldn’t we have stayed at the hotel?”

“Oh, rats! I suppose we’ll just have to talk.”

And that’s how our new habit started. Hotel for a bit of the afternoon and bar for the rest.

And that’s how our new habit started. Hotel for a bit of the afternoon and bar for the rest. We’d fuck and laugh and then talk and laugh. I came to appreciate the talking more than I expected.

“I’m not going back to Chicago right now,” she told me.

“Why?” I was secretly thrilled and terrified all at once.

“I decided to stay here for a while. Work is going well and…”

“And?”

“There’s you.”

“And I’m a good thing?”

“A very good thing.”

“We’re in trouble, you know.”

“I know,” she looked at me. “I know.”

I'D FALLEN IN LOVE with Amy long before she said anything.

I was deep inside her, sandwiched between her legs. She'd come twice already and was winding up for a third. I pushed up on my arms and looked down at the writhing woman beneath me. Sweat dripped from my forehead and splashed on her throat. Her arm was thrown over her eyes, and she reached blindly for me with the other hand.

Gripping my arm, she dug her nails in as she came. Her groans and gasps sent me into orgasmic overload. I pulled out and came across her belly, loving the way my come looked on her body.

Amy flung her arm from her eyes and purred, "God. I love you."

I crushed her with my body and kissed her. God forbid she'd say it again. I might've just said it back.

She started laughing through my continued kisses and smacked my arm. "Get off me. You're heavy!"

AFTERWARDS, we sat at our bar and shared our drinks. The bartender wanted to know how long we'd been married.

"Oh, we're not married," said Amy. "At least, not to each other. We're just having sex."

The two women laughed and began talking. I took the opportunity to contemplate what in the hell had happened back in the hotel.

I grabbed Amy's arm and spun her barstool towards me. "Hey! I was..." she started.

Leaning in, I whispered, "I love you, too."

I cut her off with a kiss. I reached up and pulled her hair away from her ear. Leaning in, I whispered, "I love you, too."

Amy sat up straighter and cocked her head.

AND THAT'S what brings us back to the anal sex phone call.

Amy. Had someone told me a year ago that I would be fucking an entirely different woman, I wouldn't have believed them.

I lay my cell down on the workbench and reach for a shop towel. I wipe off my hand and a bit on the front of my pants. I'm just putting my cock away when the workshop door opens. I freeze.

"Jon, what are you doing?" Julie asks.

"Me? Oh, I was..." I stumble around in my mind for an answer.

"Don't lie to me, Jon. I heard you talking to someone."

I lie. "I called a one-nine-hundred number." There, that's better than the alternative.

"Why would you do that?" Julie first looks dejected. Then she tilts her head and smiles as she bites her lower lip. She laughs her throaty laugh. "So who do you want bent over your workbench? Julie or Amy?"

God, I love my wife. "Come here, Amy."

END