

“On second thought” (V. 1)

Amanda felt guilty she was using the ‘shelter in place’ order to end her relationship with Craig. For the last two months, they’d tried to move from friends to lovers, but failed. They’d been best friends for years, and she was thrilled when he confessed he’d had a crush on her. They were sure their friendship would carry them through any rough patches. It didn’t. What didn’t matter as friends did as housemates--the million day-to-day differences that now drove both of them crazy. While he observed the ‘one cooks, the other does the dishes’ rule, he let the dishes piled up in the sink for days before washing them. In the middle of a movie, usually at a critical point in the story, she’d hit pause because she wanted a cup of tea and a snack. She could take half an hour. Meanwhile, he was chomping at the bit. When she finished in the bathroom, it was clean and tidy. When he finished, there was water everywhere. The easy camaraderie of hanging out as friends had been replaced by a tense atmosphere defined by nit-picking, frustration, frequent arguments—and bland sex. After they watched the Governor announce the order on television, Craig simply said, “I think we both know it’s better if I stay with my brother. I’ll leave in the morning.” She nodded and didn’t argue. She felt terrible at how relieved she felt.

When their pizza arrived, they sat on the couch in front of the television. She poured the wine, held up her glass and frowned. “I’m stumped for an appropriate toast.”

“How about, ‘To loving someone and not being able to stand them’?”

She slumped in her chair. “Sad, but true.”

Sorrow filled their faces, and they wiped away the tears inching down their cheeks. Craig got up and returned with a dusty bottle of tequila and shot glasses. “I’m sorry. I need something stronger.”

“Me too,” she sniffed.

He filled the glasses and they immediately downed them.

The comforting warmth felt so much better than the cold sense of failure and regret, she refilled them. But she couldn't get past the grief and guilt until the third shot—when, looking at Craig's crystal blue eyes and tousled blond hair, she was reminded how handsome he was. Very buzzed and feeling uncharacteristically daring, she heard herself suggest something that wasn't at all like her. "I want our last night together to be special, so I think we should have breakup sex."

He chuckled. "Are you a glutton for punishment?" he asked wryly. "Two months of bad sex wasn't enough for you?"

She flinched at the memories. "I mean breakup sex with a twist. We both say something we always wanted to do but never had the nerve to ask. No judging. We promise to do whatever it is. It can't be any worse than what we've been doing," she laughed.

"Ladies first."

She did another shot, let the heat permeate her body, and screwed up her courage. "Just once, I want to fuck like a really bad girl," she said firmly. "None of this sensitive—and boring—'making love' we've been doing."

His eyes darkened to the point they were black with hunger. He leaned back and eyed her as though she were his prey. "Your friend who introduced us said you're a sweet 'girl next door.' Cute ponytail tied with a pink bow. Big blue eyes. Freckles. I bet you even tell your mother you're still a virgin. I don't buy it." He laughed mocking her.

('Role playing! That's an unexpected surprise!') She moaned silently and pressed her thighs together.

"Maybe I am. Maybe I'm not," she said coyly. "But you'll never know."

He leaned forward and looked directly into her eyes. Every part of her body felt warm. The combination of lust and tequila made her shudder. He slid his hand under her jersey and squeezed her breast, her nipple hardening. Then he moved it under the waistband of her running

shorts and caressed her wet pussy. He licked his lips. “Good girl? Virgin? Bullshit! I know just what you need,” he said menacingly.

Her heart raced and breath deepened at how confident and aggressive he was .

He stood up so quickly his chair fell over. Grabbing her, he threw her over his shoulder. As he strode into the bedroom, he pulled off her shorts and spanked her repeatedly. Each slap sent an electric charge to her pussy. She groaned loudly. (‘Oh my God!’)

Tossing her on the bed, he yanked her t-shirt off. In a flash, he was naked as well—his thick, veined dick fully erect. Pulling the belt from his robe hanging on the bedpost, he knotted it around her wrists and tied it to the headboard.

Being thrown around and restrained felt exquisite. She’d never seen this side of him before. It was incredibly exciting.

Kneeling before her, he pushed her legs apart and grabbed hold of his cock. She was desperate for him to bury it deep inside her, but this would be on her terms. She put her foot on his chest and held it there. “Not so fast, cowboy! You don’t get to fuck me until you eat me! Let’s see if that mouth of yours is good for anything.”

Diving between her legs, he feasted on her pussy.

Squirming against his enthusiastic mouth, she was amazed she was about to come so quickly. “Oh fuck, Craig! Keep doing that!” A moment later, her body bucked, and she groaned loudly in relief. Barely giving her any time to recover, he kissed her hard on the mouth. It was the first time he’d ever done that and the first time she’d ever tasted herself on a man’s mouth. His not holding back in any way was intoxicating. She sucked his tongue and explored his mouth.

Without warning, he flipped her over so she was on all fours. “And now you get what you deserve. A good fuck.” He spanked her again and entered her forcefully. “Oh shit! You’re so fucking tight! So fucking wet!” Gripping her hips tightly, he pounded repeatedly.

“Give it to me, Craig! Give it to me, baby! Fuck my pussy!”

Both grunted loudly as their sweaty bodies slapped together.

“Take my cock, bitch. Take it all! Squeeze my dick with your pussy then come all over it.”

She couldn't stop herself. She clenched as hard as she could, felt him swell and explode.

“Oh shit! Oh fuck Amanda! Come with me!”

It was as though he was in total control of her body. She exploded in ecstasy.

When their bodies calmed down, he untied her.

Turning on her side, she eyed him with admiration. “So where has that stud been hiding?”

He laughed. “You remember all those lectures you gave me about treating the women I dated with respect? ‘Always ask first if something is OK with her.’ ‘Focus on her pleasure.’ Don't treat women like sex objects.’ When we started having sex, I figured that's what you wanted.”

“I guess I did say all of that, didn't I?”

“You're so hot, I wanted to fuck your brains out the first time I saw you. Those great tits and awesome ass? It was agony holding back when we started having sex. But the message I'd gotten from you was never treat a girl like a piece of ass.”

She grimaced.

“Same question. How come I never saw—and I mean this only in the most respectful way—that sexy slut I just fucked?”

She laughed. “Similar answer. Your fault. From the day we first met, you called me ‘Sweet Southern Belle.’ You always said how much you loved my being a ‘genteel, refined lady’ and that I never swore or told dirty jokes. Saying ‘Hey Babe, let’s fuck’ doesn’t exactly go with that, does it?”

He sighed. “Too bad we didn’t realize this before. But I guess there’s so much water under the bridge.”

“Yeah. All we do now is fight.” She said glumly. Then a sexy smirk gradually blossomed on her face. “Still, on second thought. Constant fighting? Angry sex?”