

“On second thought” (V. 2)

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.

He observed the ‘one cooks, the other does the dishes’ rule. But he let plates, glasses, pots, and pans pile up in the sink for days before washing them.

In the middle of a movie they were watching, 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.

She insisted on putting red wine in the refrigerator, despite his many requests not to. Since he worked in the wine department of their local liquor store, it drove him up the wall.

The easy camaraderie of hanging out as friends had been replaced by a tense atmosphere defined by nit-picking, frustration, frequent arguments—and bland sex.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 quarantine 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, but she was exhausted by their fighting. Hopefully, they could make it through just one more day without a blowout.

When their pizza arrived, she went to the refrigerator and got the wine—the chilled red wine. He looked at her and shook his head. “How many times do I have to explain this? You don’t chill reds! It ruins the taste! If you have to be a barbarian and drink red cold, you could at least leave the bottle out and chill yours with ice cubes!”

She waved her hand dismissively and shot back. “Or you could warm yours in the microwave, you pretentious jerk!”

He gritted his teeth and glared at her across the table. “I’ve had it.” He stood up so quickly his chair fell over. Grabbing her, he threw her over his shoulder.

“Hey! Put me down!”

As he strode into the bedroom, he pulled down her running shorts and spanked her repeatedly. Each slap sent an electric charge to her pussy. She groaned loudly.

Tossing her on the bed, he yanked off her t-shirt. 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 tied it around her wrists and knotted it to the headboard.

Furious at being treated like a piece of meat, she struggled hard against him. “Get the fuck off me!” At the same time, being thrown around and restrained felt exquisite.

Kneeling before her, he pushed her legs apart. But each time he tried to get closer, she put her foot on his chest and pushed him away hard with an angry grunt. “I don’t think so, you bastard. You don’t deserve this pussy anymore. Come at me one more time and I’ll snap that dick off.”

He was bigger and stronger, however, and eventually bested her. He dove between her legs and feasted on her pussy.

Squirming against his enthusiastic mouth, she cursed that her body enjoyed him taking her like this. She never got this aroused so quickly. A moment later, she came, screaming 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 kissed back passionately.

Without warning, he flipped her over so she was on all fours. “And now you get what you deserve, bitch! 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.

Against her will, passion melted her anger. “Give it to me! Give it to me, you motherfucker! Fuck my pussy!”

Both moaned loudly as their sweaty bodies slapped together.

“Take that cock, you greedy tart. 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 sex. She exploded in ecstasy.

When their bodies calmed down, he untied her.

Red-faced, he looked away. “Sorry. I got carried away.”

“I hate to say this,” she said. “That was the best sex of my life.”

His eyes went wide. “Really? Me too.”

Turning on her side, she eyed him with a mix of puzzlement and admiration. “So where has that Neanderthal 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.’ ‘Remember, it’s making love, not fucking.’ When we started having sex, I figured that’s what you wanted. But 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 you said, ‘Never treat a girl like a piece of ass.’”

She frowned. “I guess I did say all of that, didn’t I?”

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

She laughed. “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. Still, neither of us is going to change. There’s too much water under the bridge for us to try again.”

“Yeah. I suppose you’re right.” She lay quietly for a minute. “On second thought, maybe not.” She gave him a sexy smile and got up.

“What do you mean? Where are you going?”

“To put the red back in the refrigerator.”