

My heart leapt onto a rollercoaster and circled until nauseous as I lay in bed wondering if he would ever return home. Even the strongest sleeping pills had no power to knock out my physically exhausting mind shifting from distant memories to the harsh reality of no Tom. When I heard the front door creak, I ignored his slurred words and pulled the covers over my face.

*Now comes the apology. When will he believe that I'm not like the other girls.*

The bedroom door stirred me, and the weight of Tom sat on the edge of the bed made me feel so tense I held my breath for fear of his anger.

Tom pulled the covers off my face and caressed my cheek. "Jill are you awake," he whispered close enough to bring inner joy to my parched pussy.

In a groan, I said, "It's over. What do you want?"

"You don't mean that angel. I over reacted in the restaurant. Forgive me baby."

I ignored him, but it was hard to ignore his naked body snuggling beside mine, his hands cupping my now aching nipples. "You wanted to push a chocolate fudge cake in my face."

"Yeah well I was pissed off," whispered Tom, "but I could sit on your face and rub my dick into the sticky fudge."

His natural scent was overbearing. I felt like a weak slave oblivious to his overbearing cynicism, yet the moment his hands touched me, my mind dashed back to our first meet when sexual tension got us thrown out of the airport.

I shoved him away in an attempt to cool my anguish. "I told you to sleep on the sofa, Tom. If you think you can sweet talk me after flirting with that slut in the restaurant, you can think again!"

He caressed my hips again and held me close. "Oh her," he whispered, "I had no interest in her. You are so easy to wind up."

"You're a liar," I snapped. "I don't want you sleeping beside me tonight, I'm too angry."

"If you so wish, but I've got a surprise for you."

"What can be more surprising than your 3 am hard on which you're trying to prize my thighs apart with right now?"

“Shh, you have to wait for the surprise, but first tell me how much you love me.”

My rollercoaster heart stopped at its destination, and I turned to face him, his warm beer breath sweet and enticing. After hours of physical separation, my heart wanted to give up the fight, but my head told me to push him away. Immediately, I craved his tongue melting into mine like ice cream, his bristly beard charging my face with slight pain. “Do you want me,” he muttered, “cos I’m dying to feel you in my arms again.”

“And what about my sleep talking fantasy. Do you forgive me?”

“Sure I do, I’m sorry I lashed out at you in public. Will you forgive...”

Before he had a chance to say the final word, my possessed lips sank onto the prized target. Love swirled through every pore pulling away my jealousy and pain, while the hunger and lust for him mended my heart.

A thump at the door threw me. “Who the hell is that at this time?”

“Ignore it, it’s Friday night and it’s probably kids,” whispered Tom flooding my neck with wet kisses.

Thump thump. I sat up in surprise. “It doesn’t sound like kids baby, who is it Tom?”

“Wait here, I’ll go find out.”

Tom pulled on his jeans and ran out of the room and down the stairs. I heard only faint whispers and yelled, “I’m getting cold please hurry up.

“I’ll gladly warm you,” the dark haired waiter from the restaurant mumbled, his dark eyes danced from my stiff peaks to my taut tummy.

I pulled the covers over my breasts and smiled, unsure of what to think. “I’m not sure I—

“—It is not you he has come to pleasure Jill, but me,” confessed an excited Tom, a damp patch growing in his jeans that clearly caused a damp patch beneath my thighs.

“Are you two swingers,” the handsome waiter joked and put out his hand. “I’m Jake. Nice to meet you.” Tom threw his hand away and danced against Jake’s tight bulge.

Several months after we met, he described his fantasy of being fucked by a man, which turned me loopy with desire and gave my pussy a clear thirst for cock. Watching my man fulfilling his fantasy gave me no option but to fuck myself and rub the creamy fingers over my engorged

clit as Tom ran his fingers through the stranger's long curly locks and moaned, "My cock is aching, take me now."

I soaked my clit in juices, every stroke drawing me closer to boiling point. I watched Tom clawing at his trousers, Jake unbuttoning his waistcoat and revealing an Adonis physique. "This is all new to me," whispered Jake. "I've watched gay porn but never been physically intimate with a man."

"And are you ready to become my slave tonight," snarled my dominant boyfriend who I desired more than winning the lottery. During masturbation, I visualised Tom shy and slightly terrified before a firm dick slips into his tight ass, but he was the total opposite. Fear filled Jake's face as he murmured, "Are you serious?"

Tom grabbed his hair and replied, "Look at my face, do you think I'm joking?"