

Lines

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She leaned against the refrigerator, watching him as he shucked off his coat and laid it on the table. It had taken several months, but he had convinced her that he could massage her body, mostly naked, with oils, without ever going any further. He desired to touch her, to see her, to feel her, but didn't want to betray his wife. It was the same for her. She wanted him, but didn't want to ruin what she already had.

"Do you really expect me to believe that you could not succumb to temptation when I'll be lying down naked, covered in the oils that you've placed on my body?"

"Yes. It's a matter of trust."

"Trust. Right. Like I believe that." She humored him, enjoying the way he moved, how he looked at her, how he made her feel when they flirted. Now that flirtation had moved to an actual confrontation between their bodies and minds. She believed that he couldn't, he believed that he could. It was an interesting situation, but marred by the fact that both were married.

"Gonna have to trust me."

He approached her slowly, stepping right up to her. She could smell his cologne, the tart musky scent creeping into her senses and tantalizing her. A nonexistent finger traced its way down to her groin, awakening it. He reached up, taking her chin and drawing her close to his lips. "Trust is all we will have between us. You want the intimacy, the feeling of joy, but you don't want the memories of regret or betrayal. This is a way we both can enjoy each other, but without any thoughts of betrayal. It is the line that we won't cross."

Leaning in, he kissed her lips, her mouth opening to accept him. This was a close as they would ever be. A long moment passed as they slid into the embrace. She drew him closer, wanting him more and more.

He broke the kiss, pulling away and looking at her in a chastising manner. "I only wanted to prove a point with that kiss."

"That you can hold the line, even if I can't?"

"No, if you continue like that, I won't be able to," he replied, his smile wide. "But I can keep my word to you that I won't give in on my own. I won't misplace your trust."

“Men always say such things.”

He turned away, placing the bottle of oil he had into the sink. “Yeah, maybe, but I’m probably the only one who actually can do it. Oh, many times I had the opportunity to engage in sexual congress when all I had to do was coerce the young woman, even if ever so slightly.” He looked her straight in the eyes. “But I didn’t. And I won’t. Naive, you might say, but I am not a typical man.”

“I think you’re full of shit.”

“Feel free to think that, but take the risk. At least then you can say that I’m a liar. Or I’m being truthful.” He turned on the hot water, warming the bottle. “Either way, you’re in the clear.”

“I don’t know...”

“Then tell me to leave.”

She paused, considering. Should she tell him to leave? She wanted him to stay - she wanted the excitement he provided. He made her feel wanted, desired in a way that she hadn’t felt in a very long time. Children, coupled with a husband who was self-possessed and possessive of her, had long since drawn out all of her passion.

He had kindled that within her, stoked a fire that burned fiercely, if briefly whenever they spoke. They both had ruled out sex - he wanted her, but she couldn’t allow herself to endure the possible thoughts that she had betrayed her husband. Her husband had certain restrictions on their marriage that she didn’t agree with, but she chose to love and honor and obey. She wanted openness, she wanted to explore and feel and most of all – live! She wanted to experience flesh and bodies, with the knowledge that her husband still loved her unconditionally. Her husband couldn’t allow it, being too self-conscious and jealous.

So instead, she found other outlets, flirting shamelessly with a friend of the family, someone who was outside their normal circle of acquaintances. Someone her husband wouldn’t expect or even run into accidentally. Someone that could remain a friend to her and maybe a lover in some form or fashion.

He had persuaded her to allow him to massage her, to bathe her body with scented oils. She wanted the touch, wanted the closeness, the intimacy that her mind and body desired. He wanted to touch her body, to feel the curves of her body, to examine her in exquisite detail. An odd request, but she felt compelled to agree.

Now, as he stood in her kitchen with the water steaming up around the bottle in the sink, the decision tore at her. Would she trust him to touch her, trust that he could maintain his self control when she knew she couldn’t? Could she trust him when she couldn’t trust herself? The kiss had made her exquisitely aware how much she wanted to experience him. It had left her trembling and shaking – the anticipation, the sheer volume of desire had shaken her to the core. Could she handle his touch without forcing herself on him? Could she... She met his eyes.

“I think that’s hot enough.”

He turned off the water as he reached for a hand towel. Drying off the bottle, he walked towards her, tossing the towel over his shoulder. “Lead the way.”

She took his hand, leading him up the stairs to the bedroom. As she passed the linen closet, she considered pulling out a thick heavy sheet, knowing that any excess oils would be drawn into the sheets. If any soaked through, she’d have to change the sheets anyway. Stopping just inside the doorway, she stared at their bed, wondering what sort of joys she

would experience on it today. Would it be an innocent massage like he promised? Or would it turn deliciously sordid like she secretly desired it would?

He sat the oil down on the dresser, freeing up both his hands. His arms slid around her waist, unbuttoning the blouse she wore. His breath, hot on her neck, aroused her. Her blouse was open to her waist and he slid it off her shoulders. He ran the back of his hand up and down the length of her arms before settling on her hips. She allowed him to unbuckle her pants, allowing them to fall to the floor. Juices flooded her pussy, and she took a quick gasp. His hands moved up her front, cupping her breasts as his fingers found the clasp on the front. Then her breasts were free to the air. She closed her eyes and stepped forward, out of her pants and onto the bed. She lay down on the sheets, naked save for her thong. He did not join her.

After several moments, she looked back over her shoulder, watching him remove his shirt and place them carefully on the dresser. He wore absolutely nothing and she remembered that he never wore underwear. His cock hung limp between his legs. A rush of desire, to see it rise, to feel it inside her, pummeled her.

“What are you doing?” she said weakly, unsure if her trust was misplaced.

“Surely you don’t believe that I can properly massage you without getting covered in oil?”

“No... But I didn’t think...”

“Relax and trust me.” He crawled onto the bed with her, kneeling at her waist. The bottle of oil was in his hands. She closed her eyes, allowing her body to enjoy the touch of his hands on her body.

He touched her calves first, which at first seemed to be an odd choice. The oil caressed her skin, warm and smooth. She had shaved earlier in the morning, masturbating twice while in the stream of water. Long hot showers were the norm for her and the pulsating showerhead brought her to orgasm twice in as many minutes. His hands were gentle, moving up and down the length of her legs, pausing to rub the tension from her feet.

Innocent, that’s all this was. He was a masseur who enjoyed touching her fertile body. His hands moved up, taking her right arm and oiling it as he massaged the flesh.

“Should I concentrate anywhere in particular?”

She couldn’t concentrate to begin with. “Shoulders,” she eventually said.

He straddled her, resting a leg on either side of her waist. His cock was pressed into her lower back, but it remained soft and pliant. More oil joined her flesh as his hands plied the tension of fear out of her body. Down his fingers went, never losing contact with her skin, down to her lower back where his cock rested. Up her spine he danced, causing her to moan with the release. Wonderful. She could enjoy this for days.

The oil soaked into her skin, leaving it feeling supple and rejuvenated. He slid off of her butt, and she genuinely regretting his departure. His weight had pressed her clit into the mattress, and every movement rubbed it against the soaked material of her thong.

He concentrated on her buttocks, swirling his hands around them. Not once did he go beneath the material, not once did he touch her where she so wanted to be touched.

For a long time, he stroked her body, examining every crevice - every pore - every curve. He kissed her body, one centimeter at a time, drawing her into him, giving her the intimacy of a lover, yet not.

He leaned close to her ear. “Roll over,” he whispered.

She did so, meeting his eyes. It didn't even occur to her that she was naked, her breasts exposed. His hands touched her belly, smoothing the oils out over it, curving down around her waist, over her thong and down her legs. He worked patiently, without eagerness, like a master craftsman fawning over a sculpture. His hands worked independently of each other, each examining and oiling a leg of their own.

She watched him work, his concentration complete and total. It was inspiring.

He moved up to her chest, moving to straddle her again. Their eyes met and locked, but he looked away after a moment, moving on to focus on her forearms and hands. He rolled his fingers around every joint, every iota of skin and muscle. Her pussy dripped, his movement pressing the material of the thong against her clitoris, arousing her further and further. He pushed back against her, the pressure rubbing the thong harder. Harder. The friction...

She came.

A long gasp escaped her lips and she closed her eyes, allowing the pleasure to roll over and over her. When she came back to herself, she realized he hadn't noticed her little death, hadn't paused on whit. Each of his movements increased her desire, her longing to take him. To come. With his cock inside her.

He moved onto her neck and chest, swirling around her breasts, but not touching them. It frustrated her that he wasn't touching them in any way, but he left them alone, sliding down instead to her belly. He pushed back, scooting off her waist. His cock rested at the top of her thong, no longer limp, but struggling upward. She watched it, the length of it increasing as it slid in the oils that covered her belly. He leaned forward, kissing her nipples with his lips, licking at them with his tongue. Her arms reached up touching the side of his waist. He pressed forward, leaning deep to kiss the juncture of her neck and chest. He rested both arms on either side of her head, and his closeness was intolerable to her. She wanted nothing more than to feel him inside her.

He sat back and she marveled at his self control. His hands returned to touching her, moving around her breasts, this time covering them with the scented oil. Her hands joined his, feeling her body as he felt her. Then she reached down, clasping his erect cock in her hands. Slippery with oil, she stroked it, urging it higher and higher.

"No," he responded to her touch, drawing back away from her.

"Yes," she breathed, not letting go of him. Both of them knew this would happen. She expected it. He may not have, he might have believed that he could hold his line. But it didn't matter.

She couldn't.

All this talk of being able to walk away, to not cross a line was bullshit. When the body was aroused, the body takes over and no amount of promises could ever stop the sheer need that two bodies become one. In one hand, she held his cock, the other pulled the thin material of her thong to one side.

In one motion – his - she noticed, they were one. His cock burned hard and deep into her and she felt the satisfaction that can only be achieved by fulfillment.

"I tried," he whispered, as he lay forward onto her.

"I know," she replied. "It was inevitable." She kissed him, drawing his tongue into her mouth. The kiss blossomed, filling them both. He rocked his cock inside her, beginning to thrust as she wrapped her legs around his waist. Her heels dug into his buttocks, urging him deeper and deeper.

Their bodies slid together like the well-oiled machines they were. She rode him for everything he was worth, his cock like iron in her belly. With each movement, the thong brushed her clitoris, and the rod within her pressed with opposite force. She hoped she would come again before he came...

Her orgasm beat his by mere seconds. His cock swelled within her, pressing her clit tightly against the sliding material, sending her orgasm bursting out with a guttural groan of sheer desirous liberation. Her vagina clamped down hard on his expanding manhood, sending his hot cum deep within her body. It burned deep and she relished his release with every spurt.

Their bodies stilled, each enjoying the warmth and intimacy of two bodies that were joined. His eyes closed and his head resting against hers, he whispered into her ear again: "I tried."

"I know," she whispered back. "We were just kidding ourselves."

End