

Never Again

Keith J. Bowers

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He touched the softness of the back of her neck with his fingertips, her warm skin supple to his touch. Her hair was drawn back into a ponytail, exposing the nape of her neck. She turned around, smiling at his touch.

“What are you doing?” she asked, her wide smile blissfully infectious.

“Touching you.”

“You shouldn’t.”

“I can’t help it.” His fingers slid down her shoulder, onto her arm, his fingers opening to grasp her wrist. His hand moved, merging with hers, their fingers intertwining. “Do you feel it?”

She looked fearful for a moment, her lips trembling. “Yes. No.” Releasing his hand, she took a step away. “There might be something there, but neither of us can act upon it.”

“Why not?”

“We both belong to others. I love him and you love her. There can’t be anything between us. Not now.” His arm snaked around her waist, drawing her close to him. It was the closest he had ever been to her. Her perfume, her scent, drifted up into his nose as he bent in and kissed her neck. Her fingers were tight on his hand around her waist. “You shouldn’t,” she whispered.

“This is only what might have been if we had found each other first. That’s all it will be. It will not break what we have, but will provide us with memories to sustain us in each other’s presence.” His lips kissed her ear, his other arm circled around to fully embrace her. In one moment, their souls became one. Their bodies would soon follow.

She turned to face him, her eyes worried. “I shouldn’t...”

He responded by drawing her in, his hand sliding beneath her shirt, feeling the hot skin beneath. Their mouths met, their tongues joining together in a deep kiss. Her fingers gripped his neck while the other touched lower. Her hand gripped his hot cock in his pants, wrapping around it like a handlebar on a bike.

His free hand gripped her ass, smoothly massaging it in time to her stroking of his cock. He pulled her shirt up, over her head and he stared at her glorious body. Taut firm breasts lay ensconced within the bra and he helped them gently from their restraints. His shirt was next, followed by her jeans, then his. Nakedness suited them well.

They stood apart, both desiring to join, but unwilling to destroy this moment. There would be no going back once the step was taken. Everything changed at this point. Her hand reached for him and he fell to his knees in front of her, his hands pulling her buttocks to him, presenting her wetness to his lips and tongue.

She gasped out, grabbing onto his head for balance, as his tongue swirled between her feminine lips. Her scent was maddening to him; her pussy drenched in anticipation of his penetration, but instead it endured cunnilingus. Her cries echoed in his ears, her legs spread wide, one was thrown over his shoulder to give him greater access.

It didn't take her long until her juices flooded into his mouth and her gasping became an ever-present sound within his ears. He didn't want to stop, he wanted to eat her alive, to taste her to the expanse of her soul, but she pushed him away. His cock was hard and dripping, a puddle forming between his legs. His desire for her was all consuming.

“Stop.”

”Why?”

“I can't handle any more...” she whispered. “Right now.” Her hands went to his shoulders, pushing him down onto his back. She straddle his waist, his cock still outside, pressed against her clitoris. Rising up, she engulfed him with one motion, taking him completely within her body. His back arched as he groaned with satisfaction, finally receiving what they had both longed for.

A long moment passed and all that could be heard with their panting. His heart beat mercilessly in his chest as her muscles clenched around his cock. Lifting up, he kissed her breasts, slithering up her neck as he drew her to him. Their lips touched again and the fire was reborn anew. They consumed each other, their naked bodies slicking with the exertion and passion. It was lust, nothing more. Two friends tasting the fruit of each other.

She rocked her hips upon him as they kissed. Their bodies became wet with sex and perspiration as they coupled furiously on the floor. “Give it to me,” she hissed in his ear. “Fill me! I want to feel it splash within me! Burn me with your cum!” His hips rose up to meet her downward thrust, the sound of their flesh slapping together became like an drum, beating louder and louder. He didn’t want to come, he wanted to enjoy this moment, but his body and her would not be denied. His groin tensed as his cock swelled larger. She buried her head in his neck as her moans became louder and louder. “Fuck me, fuck me!” she cried out. “Yes! Fuck me! Oh, god, I’m coming!” Her teeth bit into his neck as she came, the convulsing of her pussy sending him over the edge.

The sensation of completion overcame him as his cock detonated within her. He shouted loudly, his arms drawing her tightly to him as the pleasure of the orgasm washed over him. His cock spewed hard unlike it had in a very long time. The result of the strange. Their bodies were slippery with sweat and for a long time they lay on the carpet entwined, trying to catch their breath. His cock stayed hard within her, wanting her again.

Rolling onto her, he extricated himself from her body, feeling the cool air upon his chest. Sweat rolled off his face and he wiped his hand across his forehead, coming away with a puddle in his hand. She looked up at him, then at his cock. Without a word, she rolled onto her knees, presenting him with her curving petite ass. He touched the sweeping curvature with the tips of his fingers as he crept forward. His cock throbbed at the sight and desire filled him once again. He slid within her, his juices sliding out from her and down her thighs. His hands gripped her waist, beginning with deep thrusts. Each plunge made her gasp inwardly and wriggle her ass against him when he was completely within her.

“Faster,” she told him. “Fuck hard!” He tried to comply. “Harder!” His breath was dry in his throat, his eyes closed tight, feeling the subtle nuances of her body. She was thinner than any other woman he had ever had, and it reaction and moved with him in different ways than he was used to. He wanted to please her, make her want to come to him, make it a casual thing amongst them. His hand went to her hair, grasping the ponytail and pulling it back, stretching her scalp. She moaned beneath him, submitting to

the control he exerted. “Yes!” she mumbled, her mouth remaining open in a perpetual gasp.

His second orgasm was on its way, and so he released her and returned to pounding away upon her. The carpet was tearing into his knees, but he was oblivious to it. Bending forward, he wrapped his arms around her waist, relying on her to support them while he fucked her with utter abandon.

His cock exploded a second time, sweat flying from his body. Sliding to a stop, she collapsed forward and he fell atop her, merging their flesh against. Slowly, he slid his cock from her and rolled onto his back. Her thin hands gripped his still erect cock and massaged its length with the juices that still oozed from it.

“You must have really wanted me.”

“Absolutely. Always have.” She smiled and straddled him, resting her head on his chest.

“This can’t continue,” she told him.

“Why?”

“Because it’ll get in the way. We both enjoyed it. It’s done. It’s over.” His kissed her sweated hair. He didn’t believe a word of it.

End