**The Bet**

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**The Bet Ch. 01**

(Michael)

"You're kidding me, right? There is no way she's going to win."

"Keep thinking that, I'm telling you Michael, she's going to knock Ronda out."

"Oh my god, I'm not sure I can watch this fight in the presence of someone who is so obviously mentally defective."

"It's like that is it?"

"Well, you seem normal and the six months I've known you I thought you were smart, but after that statement I realize you've been fooling all of us."

"Watch it buddy, I'll kick your ass the way Zing is going to do to Rousey."

"Stop, you're killing me."

"Hundred dollars to put your money where your mouth is," she said thrusting out her hand.

I straightened up, "A hundred bucks? You sure you want to bet this?" I eyed her hand, waiting for her to pull it back.

I mean, she was hot and everything, but a hundred bucks is a hundred bucks. If she wanted to give money away so freely, who was I to stop her?

"Put up or shut up bittttttch!"

The room filled with ooh's and aah's from our friends as she called me out. Shaking my head, I glanced around, we were watching the fight at a friend's house with a dozen or so other people equally mixed with guys and girls. As an active duty Marine Corps Gunnery Sergeant, I'd met most everyone after I'd been stationed here almost a year ago. Most of the males were Marines with their girls and a few were part of the local Marine Corps motorcycle club. The first time I'd seen Eva I'd been stricken, she was a dark-haired Mexican beauty. Apparently, she'd dated a member months back and when he left the club, they'd kind of adopted her. Word had gotten to me that she was untouchable, not that guys hadn't tried and a few girls from what I heard, but so far nobody had managed to catch her interest. I thought maybe it was because she was a bitch or something, but every time I talked to her, she was nice, and nobody ever had anything bad to say about her. One of the girlfriends of another member had confided that her last relationship was pretty bad, so she thought it was more that she didn't want to make the same mistakes again versus she wasn't interested in anybody.

"Good enough," I said and grabbed her hand to shake and seal the bet.

"I am going to so love buying a steak dinner with your money, I can't wait," she said.

"That's funny, I was thinking the same thing."

"Keep dreaming pretty boy, the only thing going down harder than you is Ronda."

"I take it back, you're not mentally defective, you can't be to have that good an imagination."

"I have a great imagination, I'm imaging how I'm going to spend your money right now. I think I may go clothes shopping after my steak dinner."

"That's cute, I'll tell you what, I need a new battery for my motorcycle, I'll take a pic of it and send it to you so you can feel better about paying for it. You'll feel like you chipped in on my bike."

The next couple hours passed quickly as we kept talking trash to each other. We relaxed and joked, each giving as good as we got and constantly teasing each other while drinking with our friends. Finally, the title match was getting ready to play, I was sipping a Blue Moon beer and had taken a seat on the corner of the couch. She plopped down next to me, her leg touching mine. I looked at her as she pressed against me trying to think of something to say, then more people came in the room and the moment passed.

Clearing my throat, I looked at her, "You know your girl is getting knocked out in the first minute, right?"

"Keep dreaming."

"I guarantee it."

Looking at me she took a sip of her beer, "What do you want to bet?"

"Wh..what?" I stuttered.

"You heard me, if you're so confident what else you got to bet?"

The noise of everybody else talking was covering our conversation, I looked around and everybody was doing their own thing and nobody was paying the slightest attention to us.

Her tone was playful and a little suggestive but I didn't know her well enough to know where she was trying to lead me. I didn't want to go over the top and have her think I was a jerk, but I also didn't want to let this opportunity slip away so I decided to test her out a little.

"What did you have in mind?"

She looked at the television then said, "I want your bike for a week next month, the Bikes, Blues and Barbeque motorcycle rally is going on and I want to go and I don't want to ride bitch with anyone."

I choked on my beer while she talked and barely recovered when she looked at me, trying to clear my throat with tears in my eyes, "You do realize what you're asking right? You do know motorcycle riders consider their bikes their most prized possession?"

"Duh, I only hang around you guys all the time, of course I know. Most of you have an obsession bordering from unhealthy to downright perverted."

"I won't argue with that, but you've seen my bike, it's a custom job. I've spent almost as much money on aftermarket as I did on the bike itself."

"I know, that's why I want to ride it."

"Yeah, that's not going to happen, that bike means more to me than anything."

"There's nothing you want from me that's worth that?" she asked brazenly taking a sip of her beer.

I deliberately looked at her body, "Oh, I can think of something but I'm pretty sure you won't like it."

She rolled her eyes as I pointedly stared at her chest.

"Why do guys always go there?" she asked.

"Hey, you brought up betting, not me and you're the one insinuating."

"Yeah, well, that's off the table, so think of something else if you want to bet."

"So how crazy are you talking here?" I asked.

She shifted to face me better causing her leg to move from mine, I immediately felt the loss of warmth from her leg, looking down I frowned.

"Think low R rating, not X."

"That's a good rating," I said.

Realizing that I couldn't be too blatant but she might be willing to do something a little bit crazy I quickly came up with an idea.

"Ok, how about you be my maid for the weekend, complete with outfit," I whispered.

She glanced back at me and mulled it over for a second while looking around to make sure nobody was paying attention to us, "That's possible. By weekend you mean..."

"Friday night to Sunday."

"You have to feed me the entire time."

"Done."

"What do I have to do?"

"Cook, clean, whatever I want, but you have to wear the maid outfit all weekend."

"Who buys it?"

"I will."

"I get to pick it."

Even though we were whispering I made sure to emphasize my next words, "HEEEELLLLLLL NO! I'm telling you right now I'm going to find the smallest outfit I can, if I can find one that's sheer I will, and it won't have a back! It'll damn near be a lacy black apron."

"WHAT?!" she whined.

"Hey, I'm putting up my bike! Not to mention she has to win in 60 seconds or I lose. You're getting damn good odds to make this bet. Even if you do lose, what, you have to show me your butt for the weekend? Ohhhh big deal," I whispered sarcastically.

Her eyes narrowed and she seemed a little offended as she said, "Hey, I don't show my butt to just anybody."

I looked at the television, the fight was getting ready to start, they were entering the ring and beginning introductions. So I needed to speed the negotiation up a little.

Not wanting her to get mad I quickly told her, "I don't think you do but I'm hoping you'll show it to me. Mostly because I think it's perfect and would pretty much kill to see it."

I wasn't lying or exaggerating when I said this. She had a lean body and one of the best asses I'd ever seen in my life. She was wearing a tight black tank top with the words "Talk shit, get hit" emblazoned across the chest, with a short denim miniskirt that showed off her tanned muscular legs. I knew from her Facebook page she was a workout fanatic and constantly eating egg whites and avocados and healthy crap like that, but despite this obvious character flaw I thought she was awesome.

My comment mollified her because she grinned and a moment later said, "All right, just for you I'll take the chance. One minute! If your girl wins, I'll be your maid for the weekend but if she doesn't, I get your bike from a Sunday to Sunday on the week of the motorcycle rally. Deal?"

"Deal," I said as I shook her hand again. We turn back to the television as the bell rings for the first round.

Fourteen seconds later...

"You've got to be kidding me..."

Eva stared at the television open mouthed and with a look of utter disbelief. I tried to be nonchalant as they replayed the fight, but inwardly I was doing a victory dance.

Admittedly, I didn't really expect Ronda to win that fast but I sure as hell wasn't complaining.

Eva looked at me, I avoided her gaze and sipped my beer.

"Wipe that stupid smile off your face or so help me god I'll crack my beer bottle over your head!"

"What? I didn't say anything," I told her innocently. No matter how hard I tried though I couldn't stop smiling. I leaned away as she growled at me.

"I can practically see you gloating and it makes me want to beat you senseless."

Leaning towards me, I watched as her nostrils flared and her eyes took on a mock hateful glare, (at least I hoped it was mock). I saw her knuckles turn white as she gripped her beer.

Trying to lighten her mood, "Wow, somebody's a sore loser, don't blame me your girl sucks."

"Jesus freaking Christ, 14 seconds? I could've last longer than that, 14 FUCKING SECONDS! Arghhhhh!"

Everybody around us was now talking about the fight and how quickly it went.

Suddenly one of her friends laughed and called out, "Hey Eva, did you just lose a hundred dollars to Michael? Damn girl, that sucks!"

Thank god nobody overheard us talking about the second bet or everyone would be making a lot more fun of her.

She turned and glared, "Thanks, I hadn't realized how bad it sucked till you mentioned it. Any other dumb ass comments?" she said sarcastically.

Everybody laughed so I decided to leave her alone, I stood up to stretch, Eva noticed and looked up at me.

"Where are you going?" she growled.

"Nowhere, I'm getting ready to run in case you try to hit me," I grinned.

"So I was wondering if you'd go get me another beer, this one's pretty empty," I held it up and shook it so she saw the bottle was empty.

She arched her eyebrow and asked, "Why would I do that?"

I leaned in close to her ear and whispered, "Call it practice."

Looking down, her face and chest were flushed bright red and her nipples were hard through her tank top. I wasn't sure if I hit a nerve with the comment, the bet, or if it was the alcohol affecting her.

She saw my glance and looked down at her chest, glancing back up at me, "That doesn't mean anything," she said.

"What?" I said innocently.

"You know what I'm talking about."

"Maybe you like the idea of being my maid?" I suggested.

She laughed, "Shut the hell up, sit down and let me vent."

Noticing that she hadn't denied my insinuation I looked at her very seriously, "You know I think you're the most beautiful girl I've ever met, right?"

She paused and looked at me, clearing her throat she asked, "Really?"

"Without a doubt," I said. I moved to go get another beer and her hand reached to my leg and put gentle pressure on it.

"Stay," she said, she stood and walked into the kitchen, a few seconds later she was back with two fresh bottles of Blue Moon. I sat down as she handed me one and she sat on the coffee table across from me and whispered so nobody else could hear, "Don't get used to this."

Taking a sip of her beer, "So you're going to have me wear a maid outfit and panties huh?"

I nodded, "With the cute ruffled ones, or maybe a thong, we'll see what I can find."

She stared at me for a few seconds then looked around making sure the coast was clear, turning back to me she locked my eyes with hers then moved her legs slightly apart. I noticed the movement and looked down, keeping my composure was hard since I saw the red silk of her panties, she stayed that way for a while before she closed her legs again.

"Consider that a down payment," she said sipping her beer.

Swallowing, I nodded, it was hard to concentrate with that fresh in my mind. I looked into her dark brown eyes for a moment and as our eyes locked it seemed as if time stopped, the background noise faded away and for a brief moment an unspoken communication passed between us.

The moment passed and I glanced down, noticing the swell of her breasts straining her tanktop. Looking back up she had a predatory smile, like even though she lost the bet she knew she had the upper hand.

I took another swig of beer.

"14 freaking seconds..." I heard her mumble.

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I was reading in my living room when I heard the knock at the door.

The moment of truth was here. I looked at my iPhone, 5:30 pm. I'd been anticipating this moment all week and had mixed feelings of elation and dread. I knew Eva was at the door ready to honor our bet. I'd gotten off work early this afternoon and had been home for a few hours already. I walked toward the front door; passing by my hallway mirror I paused to make sure I was presentable. My reflection showed my short black hair and lean military physique, I was barefoot and dressed in jeans and a black shirt with the yellow batman logo stenciled across the front.

For some reason I felt like a kid on a first date, and wasn't sure how to act. Why the hell was I so nervous? It wasn't a date, she had lost a bet and was paying me back. Simple really, why should I be nervous? I mean, it's not like I'm shy or anything, the biggest reason I hadn't asked her out yet was because I hadn't really been sure what I wanted in a relationship myself. I didn't know if I did or didn't want something, but I finally realized it didn't matter. After this weekend I'd ask her out and worry about a relationship later, either we'd work or not, who knows.

Shaking my head, I walked to the front door and opened it.

My heart dropped!

For the love of god!

She was gorgeous!

She stood in my doorway wearing a grey pencil skirt and a white work blouse with a pair of black heels completing the outfit. She was wearing dark sunglasses and her raven hair flowed free around her face and perfect white smile.

"Are you going to invite me in or stand there gawking at me with your mouth open all night?" she asked.

Apparently, I was staring a bit too long.

"Huh, ... Oh, uh, sorry, yeah, come on in."

Great start, I felt like an idiot. No matter how cool I tried to play it this girl kept throwing me for a loop.

I caught a faint whiff of lavender as she walked past me into my living room.

Walking behind her I noticed her looking around my house, finally she turned to me, put a hand on her hip and said, "Well?"

"Yeah... Well, here we are. Can I get you a drink or anything?"

"I'm fine."

We stood there awkwardly for a few moments.

Sighing, she took off her glasses and cleared her throat, "I have to be honest, I'm nervous as hell."

"You know, if I'm completely honest, so am I."

We stare at each other for a second before we laugh, easing the tension out of the room.

"You're nervous?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Why, what do you have to be nervous about?"

I looked her in the eyes, "Let's say I don't want to screw up a chance."

For a moment she stared back then nodded understanding, "Fair enough."

"Guess I don't need to ask what you're nervous about."

She chuckled, "No, I guess you don't."

"Have you eaten yet?" I asked.

"No, not yet."

"Tell you what, why don't we have a nice dinner and we'll ease into the situation. I'll show you my place and then we'll eat. If after dinner you decide you can't go through with it, I'm not going to push it."

"That sounds great, and for the record, you're not."

I looked at her quizzically.

Turning away from me, "Screwing up your chance."

I gave her the tour of my three-bedroom townhouse, I used a light grey and dark wood motif on all my furniture and draping's, and kept everything meticulously neat and orderly. Halfway through the tour I noticed a curious expression begin to develop on her face, and after I showed her my room and the kitchen she paused.

"Did you clean this house today?"

"No, why?"

"It's spotless," she said.

"I'm a Gunnery Sergeant in the Marine Corps, what did you expect?" I replied.

"Not this, I've been to the houses of other Marines and they don't look like this."

"I may have a touch of OCD and keep my house spotless, but I promise I didn't clean it or do anything special beyond what I normally do."

"I was about to ask 'what the hell do you need a maid for?' What could I possibly clean in this house?"

Laughing, "Yeah, not much and to be honest if you moved things to clean or change the position of anything, you're liable to give me a heart attack. I know where everything is and I'd have a stroke if you messed up my system."

She opened a cupboard and peered inside, "Oh my god, you're a freak of nature. Please tell me these food cans aren't alphabetized?"

"Uh... yeah... uh... maybe a little."

She laughed again, "This is too funny, were you always like this or is it a Marine thing?"

"I've always been like this. I came into boot camp and was amazed that not everybody in the Marines is the same. Hell, it's part of the reason I joined, I like the structure."

"You're hilarious."

I showed her the rest of the house and we ended at the spare bedroom. As soon as we walked in her eyes were drawn to the maid outfit hanging from a hook on the closet door.

She walked over to stand in front without touching it as she examined it.

Looking back at me, "Well, it's certainly small."

I shrugged.

Like most maid's outfit, it was black with white lace trim and a matching white lace headpiece with a black satin ribbon choker. When she looked at me again, I pointed to the pair of black fishnet thigh high stockings in a package on the end table next to the bed.

She nodded and went back to her inspection, pulling one side away from the closet she looked at the back, "Oh wow," she breathed.

As I'd promised, it was backless.

"You weren't kidding, were you?"

I shook my head, "Nope."

"Just this huh, no ruffled panties?"

"I not going to force you, but no, I decided no panties," I said.

She rolled her eyes with a sigh, "So what now?"

"Dinner?"

"Okay."

"Where would you like to eat?"

She paused to think, biting her lip.

God she was beautiful, it was hard to not stare at her full sensual lips, and did she practice that pose for god's sake? One eyebrow arched, hand on her hip, one leg bent... it practically oozed sex appeal. She had to do that on purpose, nobody was this damn sexy on accident.

Arghhhhhh!

Resisting the urge to cross the room, grab her and kiss her I settled for clearing my throat, "Well?"

"Hmmmm, how bout Italian?"

"Sounds great, I know a little place not too far from here. Let me change really quick and we'll go."

"Great, while you change, I'll grab my bag from the car."

"Sounds good," I said as I ran to my room and changed to a pair of black slacks with a dark red collared shirt.

We hopped in my black crew cab truck and I drove to the restaurant, we chatted about inconsequential things and quickly arrived. After we sat, she ordered a bottle of wine and I decided on shrimp scampi while she ordered chicken alfredo. We talked and ate and had a nice time, and for dessert we ordered a crème brule to share. By this end she'd had a few glasses of wine and seemed to be feeling good.

"It's not that I don't want to have fun or that I'm a spoiler, but how about we hold off on any more wine?" I said.

She arched her eyebrow in a question, I swear she practiced that move.

Speaking quickly, "I don't want anything to ruin tonight, and too much alcohol will make me feel awkward, like I'm taking advantage. Plus, I don't want to blow any chance with you."

She nodded, "So, let's be honest, this chance you're talking about. What do you mean by it?"

"If you mean, do I want a one-night stand, then that's a no."

"Really? That's a little surprising," she stated.

"What am I, 18, 20? One-night stands are for college frat boys. Will I sleep with you if given a chance? Hell yes! Is that all I'm looking for? Nope. As for what more than that," I shrugged. "Who knows, I'm not running away from anything and if I end up in a relationship, that's fine. If not, so be it. I hate trying to define what I'm supposed to be looking for at the beginning, it's kind of retarded if you think about it."

"I like that and I agree, I'm not looking for anything specific, and I think too many people make that mistake." she clasped her hands together, rolled her eyes and used a mocking tone as she said. "I want a boyfriend."

Switching back to a normal voice, "Then they jump into a relationship that's bad for both of them. Better to not expect anything and whatever happens is what works."

"Cool, so we'd be on the same page if I got a date."

"Doesn't this count as a date?" she asked.

"I don't know, you tell me."

"I would think so."

"I usually end my dates with a kiss."

"Oh really?" she said drily.

"Really."

"Even bad dates?"

"Especially bad dates."

"How does that work?"

"Think of it like this, no matter how good the date, if there's no chemistry then what's the point of a second date? And as for a bad first date, I figure you can't judge a book by the first chapter. So maybe if there's chemistry then you try and see if the next chapters are better."

"Interesting outlook... so how's the chapters so far?"

"I say it's a must read."

She smiled.

After I paid the check we walked to the car, reaching down I took her hand and held it, it felt natural as we walked across the parking lot hand-in-hand.

Right before the car I paused and turned her to face me, I let go of her hand and cupped her face and she closed her eyes as I drew her in for a kiss.

Her lips were soft and tasted like wine, her hands held my waist as she met my kiss with equal passion. As her lips pressed against mine, her small pink tongue darted between my lips, seeking, teasing, exploring my mouth. She pressed against me, her chest softly yet firmly crushed to me, I felt the beat of her heart against my chest. Time stopped as we stood there, embracing, lost in the moment. After an eternity she nibbled my lower lip and pulled away, letting my lip slide between her teeth and opened her eyes to look at me.

I was powerless for a moment, then I pressed my forehead against hers and muttered, "Ok, that's a positive on the chemistry thing."

"Definitely," she breathed. "But now we have to talk, so let's get into the car."

"Uh oh, a 'talk' already?"

She laughed and after a few seconds we sat in the car facing each other.

"Ok, let's hear it," I said.

She straightened and took on a very businesslike tone, "Ground rules. I'm going to do this..."

"You really don't have t..." I protested.

Quickly she said, "Interrupt me again and I'll slap you," raising her hand to hold in front of me.

I eyed her a little nervously, "Yes ma'am."

Her change in attitude was a little alarming and she glared at me a second to see if I was going to say anything so I kept my mouth shut.

"Ok, ground rules, the dates over ...wait," reaching over she grabbed my face, pulled me forward and kissed me.

Stunned I kissed her back. Once again, our tongues met and discovered each other. She ran her tongue across my lip and I let her take control of the kiss. Her tongue kept darting forward, teasingly, playing with my tongue and lips and her breathing deepened as her fingers ran through my hair. Shivers were running up and down my spine from the combination of her tongue and hands. I reached up and grabbed her shirt and pulled her tight, she squeaked but continued to kiss me. I felt her boobs, heavy and firm as I kept hold of her shirt and after a minute she broke and pushed me away.

I was speechless as she stared at me.

"Ok, now our date is officially over."

Still seeing stars, I nodded.

"We're going to go back to your place and I'm going to be your maid for the weekend, but no more kissy face for you."

My heart slumped.

"Don't give me that look, you got way more than most first dates get and you're about to get way more of an eyeful than most ever get. So just like you don't want to screw up your 'chance,'" she said raising her hands and making air quotes. "Neither do I so I'm not going to let you screw it up. Any kissy stuff will be done by me. No touchy," she said as she flashed her hands in a mock wall around her. "You break that rule and I leave and I'll sleep in the spare room, got it?"

"Yes ma'am," I said.

She giggled, "Your next date is number two and just because you get to see whatever you get to see this weekend does not mean you've earned the privilege to see or touch it next time."

Her demeanor had changed to that of a parent explaining to a child, so I sat there and nodded and kept repeating, "Yes ma'am."

"Now drive us home."

"Yes Ma'am."

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When we entered the house, I asked if she wanted a drink.

"What do you have?"

"Most everything," I replied.

"Crown?"

"Yes."

"I'll take a crown and coke then."

"K, I'm going to change back to my house clothes and I'll wait in the living room with our drinks."

She nodded and walked toward her room. Hurriedly I went and changed into a pair of black workout shorts and my batman t-shirt and then made us drinks. I dimmed the lights to about half and waited on the couch.

A minute later I heard her voice.

"Are you ready?"

"As I'll ever be," I replied.

Boldly she walked into the room and stood in front of me putting one hand on her hip and bending one leg behind the other.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"Marry me," I blurted.

Laughing, "No, but I'll take that as an approval."

The outfit was low cut, showing an ample amount of tanned cleavage. She looked between a C or D cup and her nipples poked at the thin material. The front skirt reached below what would best be described as indecent since it barely covered the juncture of her legs. She'd kept her high heels on and the fishnets showcased her smooth muscled legs. The choker made her look submissive, but the smile she wore was definitely predatory, reminding me of a tiger, sleek, beautiful and above all, dangerous.

She stood still, enjoying my reaction and blatant staring.

Pausing, I looked up into her eyes, "And the back..." I questioned.

Smirking, she slowly turned around.

"I'm not sure why you're so interested in the back, there's nothing there," she joked over her shoulder.

Once again, my heart stopped, I hadn't lied, the outfit I had bought her was basically a sexy apron. It had shoulder straps and a back tie that kept her front 'endowments' in place and a waist tie to keep the front of the apron from shifting but that was all. The rest of her back was completely showing. She had a small, tight butt with a visible cleft between her legs and cheeks and her back had the muscle definition of someone who visits the gym regularly and lifts weights. She had the physique of someone who cared about her body and didn't just do cardio to keep in shape.

"No panties?"

"You said it wasn't part of the outfit and I was already committed so..."

"Wow, and I do mean wow, on so many levels you're very impressive. You honored the bet, and your confidence while wearing that and definitely your body."

Blushing, "Thank you... Are we finished with the display? Can I have my drink now?"

"Yes, here you go."

She took the drink and sat down on the couch next to me keeping her legs tight and back straight.

"So what now?" she asked taking a sip of her drink.

"Let's keep it simple, want to watch a movie?"

"Sure, what do you have in mind?"

"Boondock Saints?"

"Sounds good."

I got up to put the movie in the player and she took the moment to get comfortable, scooting to one side of my gray suede couch she took off her heels and brought her feet up beside her. She smoothed out her outfit as she relaxed.

"Have to be careful with this thing, I'd end up flashing you if I turn wrong."

"Yeah, that would be a total shame!" I said sarcastically.

She giggled and took another sip of her drink while I respectfully sat down on the other side of the couch and started the movie. For a while we watched the movie in silence.

Glancing at her from the side I had a great view of most of her ass, eventually she noticed my peeks.

"What made you come up with this bet?" she asked. "Do you have a thing for maids?"

"I do now," I laughed. "No, I don't have a thing for maids, it was a spur of the moment thing. Mostly I didn't want to lose my bike for a week so I thought if I came up with something ridiculous, you'd back out. To be blunt I'm surprised you took the bet."

"Yeah, me too, but I really did expect to win."

"You really want to ride my bike, don't you?"

"Mostly I don't want to ride bitch at the rally. I love bikes and I've had a blast in the past when I go, but I don't want to go with anybody. I want to be on my own, with my own bike."

"Not even with me?" I joke.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but no, not even with you."

"Ouch."

"Don't take it personal, even if we were dating, I don't want to be on somebody else's bike."

"Fair enough, so why not get your own bike?"

"I plan to. I'm just saving my money because I want a custom job and it's not cheap. I'm not going to spend less to get something that isn't perfect just to ride to one rally."

"You know I have three bikes, right? The Harley, a CBR and a Hayabusa," I said.

She looked up quickly, "What? No, I didn't know that, all I've ever seen you ride is a CBR and the Harley!"

I grabbed the remote and hit pause.

"Follow me," I said walking through the house to my garage. I opened the door and turned on the lights, inside were my three babies.

I had a fully custom Honda CBR1000 with lightning paint job. A red Harley Street Glide with candy coated custom paint, and finally a black Hayabusa with minimal chroming.

"Oh my god, why have I never seen these other bikes?"

"I've rode them, I just don't think you've been around when I have."

She walked around admiring each of the bikes. I sipped my drink and tried not to stare at her butt every time her back was to me. To be fair I succeeded almost half the time.

She kept circling the Busa.

"You like that one?" I asked.

"I do, I really really do," she answered never taking her eyes of the bike.

"I'm sure you'd look good riding it too."

She looked up at me, "Don't tease me like that."

"I'm not," I said seriously.

Our eyes locked, putting on a serious face I told her bluntly.

"Look, all this fun stuff and dating aside I'd consider letting you use it for the rally that's coming up."

"Really?"

"Actually, yes, I think I can make both of us very happy."

She didn't say anything but I saw the doubt on her face.

"As it happens, I have to do some studying for a few weeks for my degree. I'll be extremely busy for three weeks, I need somebody to take care of me and my house."

"By take care..."

"I want my house cleaned, dinner ready and I don't want to be bothered with anything. I finished law school and I'm studying to take the bar exam."

"I thought you were active duty."

"I am but I've been doing coursework in my free time. I can't stay a Marine forever you know."

"Wow, I'm impressed."

"Thanks... so is it a deal?"

"I get to ride the Busa?"

"From one Sunday to the next, you don't have to hang out with me or see me that week."

"And it won't be awkward for you?"

"Again, all having fun or whatever this weekend aside, I'm going to be super busy these next few weeks so I can't take you on a date anytime soon anyway. By then the rally time will be here, but if it'll make you feel better, I'll include a date in the deal after the rally's over."

"No, no dates in this deal."

I shrugged, "Fair enough, just make sure I'm taken care of over the next few weeks and I'll consider it a good deal."

"No more maid uniform?"

"Not unless you want to wear it."

"What if I wreck it or drop it?"

"I'm insured if you wreck it and if you drop it, well, it was the next project bike for me anyway. So if it's going to be dropped, now's the time to drop it, before I start the paint job and complete chroming."

"So three more weeks of maid duty versus one week of owning your bike?"

"That about sums it up."

"You got a deal," she said walking over to me and thrusting out her hand.

I looked at her hand and then back in her eyes, "So we're clear, this is not a fun sexy maid thing, you'll be my employee for three weeks. Dress how you want, but you cook one meal a day and you keep my house clean and you don't bother me or let me be bothered."

"Agreed."

I took her hand, "Agreed."

"Let's go finish the movie," I said.

"Sounds good."

I moved out of the way, "Ladies first."

Following her back to the living room I noticed a little extra sway in her hips.

"Enjoying the view?" she asked when she sat back down.

"How could I not?" I said.

We played the movie and sat in silence for a while before eventually she looked over at me.

"So..."

I glanced at her, "Sooooo?"

"I'm going to get comfortable."

"Annnnnnddddd..." shaking my head back and forth in a question.

She rolled her eyes, "You better behave."

With that comment she carefully stretched out on the couch face down with her feet in my lap.

"And if I don't want these here?" I asked while touching her feet.

"Gee, you're right, I should've asked," she said sarcastically. "I guess I'll roll back over and sit on the couch and you won't get to stare at my ass the rest of the movie." She put one foot down in order to change position.

Hastily I grabbed her foot and put it back in my lap, "No, no, I was just kidding, never mind, you can leave your feet in my lap all you want."

"That's what I thought."

We stayed quiet the rest of the movie, it was a good thing I'd seen it about a hundred times because I stared at her bare butt most of the night. Her tanned legs seem darker under the soft light and I had to fight the urge to reach out and caress her.

Thinking to test her so I grabbed a foot and massaged it, immediately she let out a moan.

Encouraged by the sound I began to massage her feet in earnest. She made little happy noises as I dug into the bottoms of her feet with my thumbs. I was enjoying giving her a massage almost as much as she seemed to enjoy receiving.

I worked my way from the soles of her feet to the ankles, then moved to her calves, always taking my time and giving her plenty of attention. She made little happy noises the entire time I rubbed her and before I knew it an hour had gone by and the movie was over.

She looked over her shoulder at me with heavy lidded eyes, "You found my weakness, I love massages," she purred.

"Well, if you come dressed like that, I'll give them to you whenever you want."

"Mmmmmmm, I like that."

"You have a beautiful body," I said still caressing her calves.

"Really? How beautiful?"

"Well, you have cute ankles," I said kissing them.

She giggled.

"And you have very cute calves," I said while tracing kisses down the back of her legs.

"Is that all?" she whispered.

I paused and looked at her, our eyes locked, I continued kissing up the back of her legs, alternating each leg with a kiss.

"No, that isn't all," I whispered between pecks. I reached the top of her legs and my face was inches from her butt, I slowly breathed on her cheeks and saw goosebumps raise, breath caught and she turned her head forward to face the couch.

"You also have the nicest ass I have ever seen."

I kissed one cheek, then the other softly, she went still and the room froze, when she didn't object, I continued kissing her cheeks. The next few minutes I spent slowly kissing her butt, alternating my technique I gave her playful bites and small licks. She sucked in her breath as I traced my tongue on the cleft between her legs and cheek. I grazed her skin with my lips so softly I felt the flesh tingle then I dragged my lips across her lower back sending shivers up her spine. Her breathing became ragged as I gave her butt caressing licks. At last I picked a spot on her right cheek and I latched on to it with my mouth and gave her a hickie. She let out a soft "O" but never resisted. After a few seconds I released her and leaned back to look at the dark purple spot I'd left on her butt.

Looking back at me, "Did you just mark me?"

Meeting her gaze, "Yeah, I did."

Neither of us spoke as we looked into each other's eyes.

I broke eye contact first and leaned down and kissed her left cheek, then I gave it a slight bite, once again I heard a soft "O," as I kissed her butt and her hands clenched into fists while a low growl escaped her as I marked her again. Abruptly she shook her ass and dislodged me. Quickly she flipped over and put a hand on my chest and gently but firmly pushed me away from her.

"Enough," she said breathing heavily. "No more of that."

"You didn't like?" I asked innocently.

"I'm not answering that question," she said but her panting let me know the truth.

She closed her eyes and took a moment to compose herself.

Standing up she eyed me, "I'm going to bed now and I'm locking my door," she emphasized holding up her finger toward me like a parent scolding a child. "No more shenanigans from you tonight."

I grinned.

Shaking her head at me, "Why do I feel like you're going to become a weakness for me?"

I shrugged.

Turning away from me she walked toward her room, "G'nite," she said without ever looking back.

I admired her backside, obscenely proud of the two purple marks I'd left on her.

"G'nite," I said.

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Sleepy eyed I woke up around seven in the morning, yawning and stretching I got out of bed and got ready for the day.

I dressed in black running shorts and a red athletic tank top, slapped on my Nike's, grabbed my iPod and headed out for a morning run.

After a brief stretch, I jogged, it was a beautiful morning and the air was still crisp from the transition of winter to spring.

I normally run for 45 minutes and try to beat my distance each time, but today I was feeling good and ran an extra 20 minutes for more than eight miles. Soaked in sweat I pulled off my shirt as I returned and entered my house.

I heard rustling in the kitchen as soon as I entered and rounded the corner to see Eva straining to reach the top shelf where I stored my cereal.

She was barefoot with her dark hair wild and tousled, she was wearing one of my nerd t-shirt's as I call them, this one was red with a Flash logo and her stretching had caused it to come all the way up and expose her bare ass.

"All I see is healthy shit in this house," she disgustingly, grabbing a box of Wheaties.

"What the fuck is this?" she muttered and pushed the box away and reached for the next one.

"Ughhh, you've got to be kidding me," she growled as she noticed it was Cheerio's and pushed it away before turning to glare at me.

She caught me looking at her butt and shook her head in disgust.

"No," she said.

"No what?" I asked.

"Just no."

"Somebody is not a morning person," I joked.

She glared at me, "And where the hell have you been? Are you sweating? Have you been running?"

"Uhm, yeah, I went for a morning jog about an hour ago."

"Oh dear god," she said turning away and opening more cupboards. She kept mumbling and I thought I heard the words "fucking idiot" as she rummaged through my kitchen.

"Where's the coffeemaker?" she asked. "I can't find it."

"I don't have one."

She froze while bent over looking inside another shelf, I tried not to stare at her ass again, but from the position she was in it was practically the only thing visible. I noticed her knuckles had turned white as she held onto the cabinet door.

I was getting a little concerned.

"Are you fucking kidding me right now?" gritting her teeth and slowly straightening.

"Uhhhhmmmm..."

Turning to face me "SERIOUSLY, ARE YOU FREAKING KIDDING ME?" she said as her eyes took on a dangerous glint.

I was torn, she looked really mad but the affect was ruined by her hair in such wild disarray. Still I sensed that if I laughed the results would not be good for me.

"What kind of happy horseshit is this? You don't have coffee, you don't have any good breakfast stuff, not a single muffin or donut or anything."

She was ranting and her voice had raised to dangerous levels, halfway through her tirade my eyes accidentally flicked toward legs.

"And you... Oh hell no," she said.

"Huh?"

She grabbed a loaf of bread from the counter and threw it at me, I ducked and it hit the wall behind me.

"You have the nerve to stare at my legs and ass and you don't have anything in this house that a sane person would eat. You freaking health loving, bark eating idiot," she screeched. "GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE AND DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU HAVE COFFE AND A FREAKING BLUEBERRY MUFFIN!"

She looked down searching for other things to throw so I backed away, grabbed my keys and wallet off the counter, and ran for the front door while hastily throwing my shirt back on.

"GOD DAMN IDIOT, WHEN YOU INVITE SOMEBODY OVER HOW ABO..."

Her voice cut out as I closed the front door and ten seconds later, I was in my car driving away.

Driving to the nearest Krispy Kreme I bought her two jumbo coffee's and two blueberry muffins and a couple of donuts to boot.

I drove back home and made a mental note to get some supplies for her later that day.

"Should probably find out what she wants for lunch and dinner, so she doesn't kill me," I muttered to myself as I pulled in the driveway.

Easing the front door open I peeked in and called out, "Hello."

"In here," I heard.

I glanced in the dining room, she was sitting at the table with her arms crossed, glaring at me with murder in her eyes.

I set the coffee and muffins down in front of her and stepped back, without a word she popped the lid, added some cream and sugar, and took a huge gulp. Sighing she set the cup down, grabbed the bag, peered inside, sniffed, scowled at me and snatched a muffin and took a huge bite.

She frowned at me as she chewed and after a few seconds she picked up her coffee and alternated between drinks and bites. I carefully took a seat opposite from her.

Neither of us spoke as she ate her breakfast frowning at me the whole time.

"Don't ever do that again."

"No problem," I said.

I watched her eat for a minute, waiting for her to say something.

Nothing happened so finally I spoke, "Are you going to apologize?"

"For what?"

She was genuinely confused and as I looked at her, I realized in her mind I was the one who had done something wrong.

"Never mind," I said.

She frowned at me and shook her head, "Damn weirdo," she muttered.

"So how bout we make a small list and get what you're going to need the rest of the time you're here," I said.

"Fine," she said standing and walking toward her room.

"Where do you go shopping?" she called out.

I walked toward her room so we wouldn't have to scream at each other, "I usually hit the grocery store at the next corner.".

With her door wide open I walked up to it without a thought.

She was dressing with her back to me, she had thrown my shirt on the bed and pulled her hair into a ponytail, she was tugging on a pair of jeans over a black thong. I looked into the room's wall mirror and saw her boobs in the reflection, she looked up and our eye's met. She buttoned her jeans without any sense of embarrassment or shyness and grabbed her blouse off the dresser while looking in the mirror to talk to me.

"Do they have any non-vile food or is it all that healthy crap you eat?" she asked.

"They have regular food there," I replied. I was awestruck by her body, her nipples were small, dark, and hard and stood out from the smooth flesh of her tits. I saw the faint trace of a bikini top, with light triangles framing her chest. Pausing she looked me in the eyes and straightened her back, seemingly proud to show them to me.

"Good," she said, pulling a small black crop top over her head, the shirt was tight and left her toned stomach on display.

She adjusted it and straightened herself then looked at me in the mirror, "Let's go."

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I pushed the shopping cart through the aisles as she figured out what she would need for the weekend and next three weeks.

"I can't believe you don't have any decent cereal," she said. "Damn bark loving hippie."

I laughed as she teased me and we found the cereal aisle.

"I thought you loved healthy food, isn't that all you eat? I see your Instagram posts, you're like a fitness fanatic."

"NOT for breakfast," she emphasized. "I eat whatever I want for breakfast, the rest of the day I eat healthy."

"Yeah, because that makes perfect sense," I said.

"Breakfast gets you started, after that I can handle anything," she replied.

"So what do you want?"

"Hmmm, how about one box of cocoa puffs, and one of frosted flakes, that should last me a while."

"Cool, now let's go find you some coffee, I know nothing about it so you need to tell me what you want."

Walking down the aisle side by side she said, "I still can't believe you don't drink coffee. You realize that's pretty close to a deal breaker with me?"

"Really?"

She turned to face me, "Yeah, I'm pretty sure you're a communist sent here to spy on us. That's the only reason I may go out on a date with you, to see if I'm right."

"Lots of people don't drink coffee."

"Yeah, lots of sick weirdo people, who I'll never date."

"That big a deal huh?"

"Well, if you're not a communist you've got to be a serial killer."

"Soooooooo, you don't mind hanging out or dating a communist slash serial killer?" I asked.

"You give really good foot rubs," she deadpanned.

"As long as there's an upside."

"Yeah, that's what I figure too."

We reached the coffee aisle and she studied a few before selecting two bags.

"Wait, you have the nerve to call me a serial killer after this morning? You're the psycho who went crazy."

"Being unstable is part of the womanly mystique."

"Huh? Wait, what? Uhhhh, should I be worried?"

"You do see that I'm Hispanic right? That means I'll stab you, knock you out, throw a pot at your head and then have your dinner hot on the table by seven," she laughed.

"I'm not sure if you're joking or not but I am a little concerned."

"Hey, I'm warning you now, if you don't heed the crazy signs, not my problem."

"Well, one sign I can definitely read is you are not a morning person, psycho much?"

"A woman is not psycho," she said primly. "I was slightly upset about the lack of proper nutrition in your house."

"You scared the hell out of me, I wasn't sure what to think. That was a hell of a way to start my day. I had to run around getting you breakfast and I was still hot and sweaty from my exercise."

"Not my problem, if you know you're going to have a guest be prepared."

"Like I'd know to prepare for that."

"You prepared my outfit just fine, you had no problem thinking that far ahead," she said, tilting her head and looked at me sarcastically.

"Point," I said. "You still could've said thank you for breakfast."

"You were well rewarded for breakfast," she said drily. "Or should I have closed my door when I changed?"

I looked down at her chest, remembering the view in the mirror, apparently that was her way of apologizing.

"No, that was better than an apology but I still say out of the two of us you're the pyscho serial killer."

"Go ahead and keep talking smart ass, see what happens," she glowered.

Laughing at her, "What you going to do to me? You're like a buck twenty, I'm 190."

Straight faced, she arched a brow and looked at me and spoke in a heavy Spanish accent, "You got to fall asleep sooner or later cabron."

I thought we were joking but the seriousness of her voice actually scared me a little so I quit talking and pushed the cart.

"Hmph, that's what I thought," she said.

We got home without any incidents. I'd supplied her with enough "real food" as she put it to keep her satisfied for the next few weeks and we'd go shopping again as needed.

"What now?" she asked.

"I was going to watch the basketball game this afternoon."

"I guess I'll change over then."

"If you want, no pressure," I said. I was still a little concerned about our earlier conversation so I didn't want to push her. She seemed like a great person but she had a devil of a temper.

My emotions must have shown on my face because with the same heavy accent as earlier she said "Don't worry Papi," while reaching up to caress the side of my face. "It may be scary, but I promise, its one hell of a ride."

With that comment she walked away while I stood there wondering.

Quickly I heard the shower running so I took care of a few chores while she got ready. Pretty soon she came out in the maid outfit again.

"So do I have to wear this the rest of the day?"

"Uhm, I don't know I haven't really thought about it."

"Don't you want to change it up or anything?"

"Considering I didn't think you'd go through with it I consider this pretty good," I laughed.

"You didn't think of anything else to wear?"

"Not really, no."

"Would you be open to other ideas?"

"I don't see why not."

"How about I wear my tank top and panties the rest of the day? Would that be a good substitute for the maid outfit?

Shrugging, "Sure."

"Because this thing is cute, but it's not very comfortable."

"That's fine," I said.

She turned around and walked back into her room and a few minutes later came out wearing a white spaghetti strap top and a white cotton thong.

"Don't we look all innocent," I said.

She wiggled her eyebrows at me and did a pirouette displaying her toned butt. She arched her feet to show of the musculature of her legs and making her ass more tantalizing.

"Does this look innocent?" she said smacking her ass. "I have a bod made for sin and an ass made for spanking."

I could tell she liked teasing me and I was pretty sure she liked me commenting on her body as long as I stayed respectful.

"Maybe not so much innocent as jaw dropping," I said. "I especially love those two little purple marks on your cheeks."

She blushed red and looked down, "Hmph," was all she said.

"I'm going to go clean up now. I'll be out in a few."

I showered and threw on some jeans and another nerd shirt, blue with superman logo, then came back out.

"What's the plan for the rest of the day?" she asked.

"The same thing we do every day Pinky, try and take over the world!"

She laughed, "I used to love that show."

The rest of the afternoon was spent around the house enjoying each other's company. We ate lunch, watched TV, and I studied my law books a little. In general, it was a relaxing Saturday afternoon.

She stayed in her panties and every so often would get up to do something, always making sure to turn around and display her butt to me, I got the distinct impression she wanted me to admire it. Obligingly whenever she walked out of the room, I paused whatever I was doing and watched her walk away.

Once I asked her to grab me a Coke from the fridge and when she came back, she bent low at the waist to set it on the table next to me. My eyes went to her boobs and I was treated to a beautiful show down the front of her shirt, her tight shirt allowed me to see the valley between her tits. When she stood up, I saw her nipples poking against the material of her shirt. Thinking back, I remembered that her nipples were hard every time she showed off to me, I realized she might be an exhibitionist.

When she turned to walk away, I reached out and gave her butt a gentle pinch.

She startled for a second and froze but after a moment walked back to her chair quietly and sat down facing me.

"Thank you," I said holding up the soda and tilting my head.

"You're welcome," she nodded.

I continued to read my books and she read a magazine, over the next hour I finished and as I took my last sip, I set it back on the table.

"Is that done?"

Looking up at her I didn't understand what she was talking about.

Tilting her chin toward me, "The Coke?"

"Oh yeah, I'm done."

Without another word she stood up and walked over to pick the can up, turning away from me and stood there.

I was staring at her butt when I realized she wasn't moving. After a couple of seconds, she gave a heavy breath and shifted her weight. Puzzled I realized I was missing something. Then it hit me and I reached over and lightly pinched her butt again.

She immediately straightened and quietly walked away.

After that, every time she passed by me, I touched her ass. If I didn't notice her, she would pause and stand there until I did. She never said anything and always waited for me to initiate contact.

Sometimes it was just a slight graze, sometimes it was a light pinch, sometimes it was a trailing of fingers across her skin, and sometimes it was a firm cupping. Neither of us said a word and we pretended like nothing was happening.

The day passed quickly and after dinner she came up with a plan.

"I have an idea, let's sit on the couch, drink some wine and talk."

"Ok, sounds good," I said. "But I'll drink crown and coke, you drink wine."

"Perfect."

"So what are we going to talk about?" I asked.

"Let's talk about sex baby, let's talk about you and me..." she laughed while mimicking the Salt-N-Pepa song.

"Sex?"

"Yes, I want to hear all the crazy stuff you've done or want to do."

"So it's just me?"

"No, for everything you tell me, I'll tell you something equal."

"I like this."

"Any rules?"

"None that I can think of."

"Let's do it," I said. "Who goes first?"

"You're a guy, you go first."

"True but my house, and you came up with it. Plus, let's face it, I want to know what level you're on. I might come out with some crazy fantasy and you'll get up and leave. If you talk first that will give me an idea."

"Hmmmm, okay, that's fair, I guess.

"Great, let's hear it," I said.

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(Eva)

"Great, let's hear it," he said.

"What to say first..." I said biting my lip.

For a moment I was lost in thought, how far should I take this? I'd already gone much farther with him than I'd ever planned. I wasn't a prude, and in fact I had a pretty wild side, but I also didn't want to push things or go too fast with him too soon.

I'd been eyeing Michael for months, when he first come around, I'd been impressed with his attitude. Not all bluster and show, he had a quiet confidence coupled with toned athletic body that I wanted to ravage.

I was surprised that none of the girls had tried to get with him, until I found out a few had tried. He took them on dates and they said they had fun but nobody scored anything more than a couple dates with him.

I'd heard he'd got out of a bad relationship so it seemed like he just wasn't rushing into things.

Which was perfect for me since my last relationship had been a disaster, maybe we'd both be ready at the same time?

I knew he'd asked my friends about me, so there was definitely an attraction and the date last night had unquestionably shown there was chemistry. Just thinking about it was getting me worked up, it'd been a long time since I had sex and I'd been feeling very frisky lately. Better clamp down on those thoughts right now or I'll end up naked on all fours.

I had a pleasant image of him taking me doggy style and pulling my hair, maybe I should say that? No, too much too fast. I want to shock him, not have him lose control or think I'm a slut.

Thinking quickly, I had to balance this. I liked his answers about a relationship last night, I was glad he wasn't shy but he wanted to make sure that he was ready for whatever this becomes and I can appreciate that. Also, his confidence was sexy, I enjoyed that fact that he gave as good as he got. Most men fawned over me, it's so annoying, especially when I can tell all they want to do is sleep with me.

For sure he had a crazy streak, but I liked it, it matched mine.

So now it was only a matter of how much I wanted to tease him, how much did I want to get him worked up? How best to shock him!

I leaned forward till our faces were inches apart, "I love oral!" I whispered.

His eyes went wide for a second, "Well who doesn't?" he quietly laughed. I smelled the coke and whiskey on his breath, for some reason it turned me on.

"True, but I really get into it, I love everything about it."

"Giving or receiving?"

"Both."

"Tell me why."

"I love getting oral because it's naughty. I mean as a girl I let this guy kiss me, then move me to the bed, then I let him unbutton my pants or hike up my skirt and then I'm down to my panties in front of him. Then he slides those down my legs and before you know it BAM, I'm naked. I mean, it's so fantastic if you think about it. When a guy gets naked, I admire it but he's not nearly as exposed as I am, as a girl I'm lying on my back and my legs are completely spread. How submissive is that? How vulnerable? He gets to see all my beauty and imperfections at the same time! It's so terrific and scary and awesome at the same time!"

"Then his head moves between my legs, and really, how much more intimate can it get? I like to watch as his face moves toward my pussy."

His eyes got wide again when I said pussy. I can tell he likes that because he shifted in his seat. If that's not a sure sign he's getting worked up I don't know what is, time for another shocker.

"I keep my pussy smooth with a small racing stripe so I can feel every lick of his tongue."

I almost laughed cause I swear his eyes are going to pop out of his head. A boyfriend once told me that guys love it when a girl talks dirty. I liked being vulgar, it felt wicked.

"And when he's so close that I can feel his breath on my skin I like to wrap my legs around him, I'll rest my ankles against his back. He'll usually look up at me then, I'll wait for him to start and when he finally uses his tongue, I go wild. I love that first long slow lick. If he does that, I'll reward him, I'll throw my head back, grab the sheets and give a loud moan."

"That's so sexy, I love it when a girl does that," he said.

"I know, most guys do, that's why I called it a reward," I laughed.

"I'm surprised you use the word 'pussy,'" he said.

"Well, we are talking dirty, I don't use it in conversations but if I'm talking naughty to a guy, well then..."

"Are we talking naughty?" he asked.

"You tell me."

"I love it," he said.

I continued, "I love the feel of a tongue, the way it feels when he licks that crease where my leg meets."

This was too fun, I opened my legs a little and pointed to the crease between my leg and body. I stroked it a few times to show where I liked it watching his face the whole time. He swallowed and his eyes never left my panties.

"The soft licks to tease, the strong licks up the middle, the thrusting of his tongue inside me. It's fun to watch as a guy goes down on you and I like to give little moans of encouragement and if he's doing really good, I'm gasping for air, I also like his hands holding my thighs down, or moving lower and cupping my ass."

I bite my lip as I talk, I know most guys love that and sure enough he has to shift in his seat again. I can feel my nipples getting hard as my own arousal threatens me, I'm so worked up they practically ache right now.

"It's always sexy when a woman enjoys what we're doing," he said.

I close my eyes and sigh, "Believe me, I enjoy it. I like the buildup, at first, he's licking and I'm moaning. Then as it continues my hips thrust forward. Just a little at first, to let him know he's doing it right and I'll run my hands through his hair too, maybe grab it, tug it a little if he hits a nice spot."

I start acting out a little, matching my movements to my words. "His licks become stronger and deeper and it feels really good so my thrusting gets a little stronger. At the same time, I'm grabbing his head, fingers tangling in his hair, forcing him to keep licking the spots that I like, my butt's clenching and his hands have moved to my ass and are grabbing it tight. I'll wrap my legs around his head as the momentum builds and it becomes a war between us. He's trying to dominate me with his tongue and I'm trying to cum and pretty much willing to do anything at that moment."

I lean back on the couch and trace my panties with my fingers as I talk, my voice becoming faster, "By now I'm practically screaming and we're sweating and I'm thrashing around on the bed. My hips are thrusting against his face and my hands are about to rip his hair out if he dares to stop, his tongue is deep inside me and hitting the right spots. It drives me wild when he licks my clit or takes it in his mouth and gently sucks on it, then at the height of passion, I cum..."

I open my eyes and see he's staring at me with his mouth open. I love the look on his face, that one got me worked up as much as it did him. The entire time I imagined it was his tongue, his face, with that hint of stubble grazing my thighs, my fingers twisting in that dark hair.

God, why do girls have to be the ones to have self-control? I wanted to let him rip off all my clothes and have wild animal sex with him all night long. Is that too much to ask? I can't wait to ride him long and slow.

But instead I clear my throat...

"Huh, oh yeah..." he actually blushes as he looks down smiling guiltily.

Poor guy, I'm tormenting him now, he's constantly shifting in his seat. I can see the tent in his pants but I pretend not to notice.

"Anyway, that moment when I cum is electric, my mind goes blank, my body tenses and I feel everything as pleasure racks my body. The nerves in my sex are so sensitive, it's like I can feel the texture of his tongue and his breath against my skin at that moment. Time stands still for a heartbeat that feels like an eternity..."

I pause, silent...

"Wow," he whispers.

"Yeah, that's totally going to be a requirement for my husband, if he can't do that to me, deal breaker!"

He laughs.

"What about you?" he asked.

"What about me?"

"What are you offering him?"

"I said I like to give and receive, didn't I?" I said. "I love to give blow jobs too."

"Marry me?"

Laughing, "Not yet big fella, you got to put in some effort to earn the prize."

But damned if you aren't a prize yourself.

"So tell me how you give a blow job."

"Well... my favorite is to give a guy a blow job when he's mad at me, even though I'm in a submissive position, I'm in control, and if he's mad at me, it's so sexy." Laughing, "Sometimes I'll do things just to piss a guy off so that I can give him a blowjob. It's a power struggle, I like when a man runs the relationship but I like it when I can surprise him too, when we've gotten into an argument or whatever."

"How do you surprise him?"

"I'll go to the bedroom and strip down to my panties and walk out. The look on his face is priceless. I'll walk toward him then I'll push him against a wall. No kissing or anything, I don't want it to be romantic, I want it to be raw. I'll look in his eyes and drop to my knees. Without ever breaking eye contact I'll unzip his pants and tug him free. Then I'll pull his pants down to mid-thigh, no lower. If he's not hard at this point, I'm pretty sure he's gay."

"I can't imagine that problem has come up too much."

Laughing, "Not really, no."

"So I'm still looking in his eyes as I fondle him, that's important, you have to lay the groundwork for a good blow job. I want him glaring at me because he's mad but at the same time he knows what I'm about to do so he'll forgive me for whatever I did. I start by stroking him lightly up and down a few times, then wrap my hands around him and give a gentle squeeze. That makes him breathe hard."

"Hell, it's making me breathe hard just hearing it," he said.

While I'm talking, he squirms in his seat again and I know he's telling the truth. I'm so tempted to see if he wants a 'demonstration.'

Instead I act nonchalant and continue, "Then I'll wrap my fingers around the base and make a circular motion. Basically, I'm doing everything I can to drive you wild."

"You?"

"Well, him, you, whatever, you know what I mean."

"Uh huh," he said.

I feel the sexual tension in that gaze, I see the look in his eyes, he knows he took back a little bit of power from me with that slip up. We know we're imagining this happening between us.

"So why do you want to drive 'him' wild?" he asked, emphasizing the word.

I decide to play the same game, "Because I want HIM to break eye contact first. If he does, I know I own HIM! I may be the one on my knees but I'm in control."

"I've never thought of it like that. I thought most girls like the man to control?"

"I do, I want a man to own me, but that doesn't mean I don't occasionally like to show him who wears the panties!"

"Fair enough," he said.

"When he finally looks away and moans and pulls his head back, that's when I start. First, I swirl my tongue around the head, I know it's sensitive, so I like to kiss it and tease it for a minute or so. Then I give him a few nice licks up and down the shaft. You have to use lots of tongue. By this time his penis should be nice and wet from my tongue and the whole time I'm making circular motions with my fingers at the base. I usually glance up at this moment to see if he's watching, and he gets extra points if he is."

"I'll have to remember that," he said.

I wink at him, "To continue, I look up at you and if you're watching I'll lock eyes as I take you into my mouth. I'll deep throat you a couple times to get your reaction. Important note, girls like to hear noise just as much as guys like it. We don't want you all quiet, we want to hear moans, and 'yeah baby' and know that we're doing good."

"Oh believe me, I'll let you know, I have no problem with that. Hell, if you want proof right now..."

I laugh, "Keep it in your pants big guy..." but if you only knew how close I was to taking you up on that offer.

"Well you're the one the keeps saying 'you.'"

"Slip of the tongue."

"Uh huh, sure."

Shaking my head, I tell him, "Anyway, at that point it's a game using various techniques to get him to cum. I like him standing because I like it when his knees buckle, when he can't hold himself upright anymore because it feels so good. I'll occasionally look up into his eyes, but I really try to concentrate on giving good head. I try everything, I might let go of his dick and grab his butt with both hands as I deep throat him. I may grab the shaft with both hands making small circular motions with my hands while I swirl my tongue around the tip. I'll lick one side of the shaft as I stroke the other side with my fingers. You have to vary the technique, after a while I can feel his cock pulse and then he makes those little thrusting motions with his hips. That's when you know too deep throat, that's when he starts fucking your mouth. That's also when I show him, I'm his. I'll grab his ass as he deep throats me, I love it, especially if he grabs my hair and is being all rough. When he cums I can feel his dick throbbing in my mouth and I keep sucking, that generally makes his knees go weak."

"Damn girl, that's hot, so do you swallow when you give head?" he laughs.

Grinning, "Of course, I never understand why girls get all hysterical about swallowing. For god's sake if I have your dick in my mouth, I'm supposed to be squeamish when you cum? That's the line?"

"I never thought about it that way," he laughed. "So tell me more EVA," he said, playfully emphasizing my name.