The Date

By lyke2bite

It had been a long four months for both of them. Steve was finally on his way home from Afghanistan to enjoy a couple of weeks home before he had to go back, and Jamie couldn’t wait to get her arms around him. She had it all planned out; she would meet him at the airport and take him out of town for a weekend he would not soon forget. She had been waiting for this day for some time, and it was only a couple of hours before his plane was to land; she needed to get ready.

Jamie walked up the stairs, into the bathroom and got the shower running. While she was waiting for the shower to warm up, she stared at herself in the mirror; should she put her hair up or down, she wasn’t sure. She stepped into the shower and adjusted the temperature, grabbed the shower gel and lathered up.

First, she washed her arms and then her legs, then on to her stomach and finally to her breasts. With the showerhead to her back, her hands slippery with soap, she fondled her breasts, probably a little longer than she had originally intended. Jamie rubbed and caressed her soapy tits paying special attention to her nipples as they stood at attention; they were aroused, and so was she. As she turned around to rinse the soap from her breasts, the removable showerhead caught her eye. She removed it from its resting place, and ran the warm water across her shoulders and chest, letting the warm streams of water stimulate her nipples once more. She put her head back, relaxing in the moment. Cupping her left tit in one hand, she slowly moved the showerhead to her mound, letting the pulsing of the water vibrate her clit; she began to fall into ecstasy. The power from the massaging pulses was making her very aroused, but it wasn’t enough. She move her other hand down to her throbbing pussy and gently spread the lips so that the pulsing water would have direct access to her clit. She stood there in the shower…her head back…pulsing water bringing her closer to orgasm with each pulse. Jamie’s whole body began to convulse as the pleasures given by the streams of water took control.

Jamie stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel. Pleasuring herself in the shower had taken longer than she wanted it to, but it was worth it; she needed it, she wanted it. She stood in front of the mirror trying to decide what to do with her hair. She decided to dry it and figure it out after she picked what she was going to wear. Jamie walked into the closet and started sliding the clothes across the bar looking for something she liked. She settled on a skirt that fell just above her knee and a matching blouse; she was running late. Throwing the clothes aside, she headed back into the bathroom to finish her hair and makeup.

Now that she was made-up, all she had to do was get dressed. She pulled up the skirt and buttoned up the blouse, intentionally leaving out the bra and panties. It was February and cold, a coat would cover her nipples made hard by the weather. She hurried into the garage pausing only to grab her purse and cell phone on the way. Finally, she was in the truck and on the way to the airport.

Jamie was a bundle of nerves as she walked through the terminal. She wondered if every person that looked at her knew that she wasn’t wearing panties. She kept her composure and kept walking until she found the gate; 17, she made it in time. She watched through the window with anticipation, allowing her breasts to slide close enough to the window to feel the cold glass gently brush her nipples making them hard. She was standing at the gate, waiting for her husband, Steve, to finish his long journey home to her. She had been dreaming of this day for the last four months, and it was finally here. Her mind began to wander to what the rest of the evening would have in store for them. Certainly some sex as well as some much needed rest for Steve. She thought of all of the things she wanted to do to him, with him. Her thoughts and the cold glass on her nipples made her pussy start to throb, longing for Steve’s cock. Jamie was so lost in her dream, she barely noticed that her pussy was starting to drip; she didn’t care, Steve would be here soon to take care of it for her. His plane pulled up to the jet way.

She stood in the aisle waiting for him for what seemed like forever. She saw him get around the corner, beyond the other passengers. Their eyes met. Steve began to move quickly down the jet way, forcing his way past the others as politely as he could. He ran the last ten feet of his long journey into the arms of his lover. He grabbed her, almost knocking her down, and held her so tight she thought she might suffocate. It didn’t matter. She could die in that moment and everything would be all right; she was with him. The rest of the world didn’t matter.

They stood embracing each other and kissing for what must have been five minutes. Jamie broke in first, “Come with me, I have a surprise for you.” She grabbed Steve’s hand and led him back up through the terminal. Just before they got to the end of the line of gates, Jamie made a hard left turn. Checking to see if anyone was watching, she pulled Steve into the family bathroom with her.

With the door closed and locked behind them, she spun around, threw her arms around his neck, and began to kiss him passionately. Steve let his hands fall from her waist to her ass. He grabbed hold and pulled her tight against him. He could feel her bare skin through the thin material of the skirt. At that moment, Jamie moved her hands down to Steve’s waist and began to undo his pants. She pushed them to his ankles and fell to her knees. She gently took his throbbing cock all the way into her mouth, pausing when she reached the base. She slit his member back out of her mouth, and hopped up onto the sink. Smiling devilishly at Steve, she pulled up her skirt to reveal her neatly shaved and dripping wet pussy. He went to her, grabbing her thighs just above her knees, staring into her eyes. With her right hand, she expertly guided his swollen cock into her dripping pussy, sliding the head up and down to spread her lips. Her pussy was very wet allowing his shaft to fill her pussy with little resistance. As his cock slid in, filling her wanting pussy, they both let out a sigh as if they had been waiting their whole lives for this moment. Steve kept his cock buried deep in Jamie’s cunt for a moment, relishing the feeling of her hot pussy as it gripped his shaft.

They looked into each other’s eyes, they spoke without speaking; Jamie sent the message without a word, “Fuck me now! Right here! Right now! What are you waiting for!”

Steve got the message. He began to slide his cock in and out of Jamie’s pussy, slowly at first, then faster, until he was slamming his cock as deep into her pussy as it would go. Through her heavy breathing, Steve made out the almost whispered words, “I’m going to cum.”

He began to fuck her harder, faster, stopping only when he shot his hot cum deep into her. When Jamie felt Steve’s cock pulse, releasing his juices into her hole, she grabbed his ass and pulled his cock as deep into her as it would go. She came in what felt like buckets. So much that she could feel her cum drip out of her pussy and onto the counter.

They held each other for a moment, savoring one another’s touch. “Let’s figure out how to get out of here.” Jamie laughed a little as she made the statement sound more like a question.

“No problem,” Steve told her, “we just put on our clothes and walk out. No one will care.” They put their clothes on and, as smoothly as they could, walked out of the bathroom into the main terminal. As the door opened, Jamie’s face turned bright red, as if she just knew that everyone in the airport was aware of what just happened.

They moved quickly through the crowds, as if they had a purpose, a mission; they did have a mission. Steve had been thinking ahead when he left Afghanistan. His plan was to carry only what he needed in his bug-out bag so that no matter where he was, there would be no waiting on luggage or it somehow getting lost on one of his many stops between his starting point and home. They moved through the terminal to the parking lot and jumped into the truck. It was February in Colorado, and cold. They held each other in the front seat, continuing their kiss from the bathroom. It had been a very long time since they had really kissed each other; they both missed it a great deal. They sat there for a good ten minutes, each exploring the mouth of the other as if their tongues had never been there before. The kisses started out awkward, but it didn’t take long for the familiar movements to return.

They raced home. The sex in the bathroom at the airport was great, but it didn’t come close to satisfying the longing caused by four months of separation. Jamie parked the truck in the garage and closed the garage door. Before Steve could get out, she grabbed him once again and buried her tongue in his mouth. As they kissed, she climbed on top of him in the passenger seat. Still kissing him, she reached down and unbuttoned his uniform, happy to see that his cock was ready for her. Now on top of him, Steve ripped open her blouse and began to suck on her erect nipples; Jamie moaned with pleasure. She grabbed his cock, holding it in place, and lowered herself onto him slowly, allowing the ridge of his cock head to move in and out over her G-spot. She would only allow the head of his dick to enter her, moving up and down, only the head of Steve’s cock allowed in right now. It didn’t take long for her juices to soak his cock, or for her pussy to crave his entire dick to the point she couldn’t stand it any longer. She fell down onto his shaft, forcing it deep into her slippery hole. With his cock all the way inside her, she paused, enjoying his length inside her and his mouth on her tits. She put her hands behind his head and held it to her chest.

Slowly she began to rise again, sliding Steve’s cock from her hole. The further it withdrew, the more she wanted it in. She let raised herself up enough to let the head of is cock hit her spot again, then slammed her ass back down on top of him, pushing he cock as deep as it would go. She began to get frustrated fucking Steve in the car because she knew that his cock was not as far inside her as she wanted it to be; the physics of fucking in the front seat wouldn’t allow it. She had a problem…she didn’t want to remove his shaft from her pussy, but she knew she had to so that they could move to a position that would put it where she wanted it, deeper.

Jamie opened the door of the truck and tried to pull Steve out without removing his cock from her cunt; it didn’t work. She led Steve to the front of the truck. There, she could put one foot on the bumper and let him fuck her from behind.

Steve was happy to oblige. He put his hands on her ass and spread her cheeks wide. He loved to watch her rosebud asshole tighten as he slid his cock into her pussy. He slowly pushed his shaft into her, watching her asshole tighten with each inch. As Steve pushed his dick deeper into Jamie’s wet pussy, she collapsed onto the hood of the truck. The cold steel was unwelcome at first, but the cold feeling on her tits combined with the hot cock in her pussy. The combination was going to push her over the edge. Steve began to withdraw his cock from Jamie’s hole; slowly, inch by inch. As soon as he saw the head of his dick emerge from her hole, he pushed it back in. His thrusts got faster and faster until he was slamming his cock into her, her ass feeling the force of his hips pounding against her. With every thrust, Jamie’s moans grew louder.

“FUCK ME!”

It was an order, not a request, one Steve was happy to obey. He continued to slam his cock into her cunt, his balls swinging forward and colliding with her clit on every thrust.

Steve knew that Jamie was about to cum because the orders to fuck her came louder and more frequently. He could also see her rosebud start to tighten, causing the walls of her pussy to clamp down on his member; it wouldn’t be much longer. He continued to fuck her just as hard and as fast as she ordered. His balls started to tighten; Jamie could tell because they weren’t swinging into her clit any longer. She decided to let her orgasm free, pushing her ass into Steve’s cock, trapping him between her and the wall, his cock deep inside her. “What are you doing? I’m not ready yet!”

Jamie didn’t care. She came on his cock, her juices dripping down his balls. She kept him there for a minute, his cock not able to move from its position, buried deep in her cunt. Once it passed, she turned and put one hand on Steve’s chest. “Stay against the wall, let *me* do the work.”

She began to move back and forth, controlling how much of his cock was inside her. She gradually increased the pace, as well as the tightness of her pussy. She would relax it as his cock slid into her, and tighten it as she slid it back out; she could feel it swelling inside her with every stroke.

“I’m gonna cum!”

Jamie slid his cock from her cunt, spun around, and dropped to her knees. She stuffed his entire cock into her mouth, savoring the sweet and salty taste of her pussy juices mixed with his cum from their earlier fuck-session. She sucked his cock deep into her mouth just in time for Steve’s cum to explode into her throat; she swallowed every drop. Once the last of his thick cum was swallowed, she slid his cock from her mouth and move her tongue to his balls. She licked her juices from his sack, then ran her tongue up the length of his shaft to the tip, and finished with a grin.

Both satisfied for the moment, they collected Steve’s things from the back of the truck and went into the house. It was still early in the afternoon, so they decided to hang out on the couch and watch some TV, knowing that Steve was wasted from the twelve-hour time difference and four days of travel; he would be falling asleep soon.

Steve woke up around six o’clock after his short but refreshing nap. “C’mon sleepy-head, time to get ready!”

Jamie had a nice dinner out planned for them, but if they didn’t get moving, they would miss their reservations. Steve headed up stairs to the bathroom to take a much-needed shower, and Jamie decided to join him. She got the shower ready while Steve stripped off his dirty uniform. He climbed into the shower and was followed closely by Jamie.

“First things first,” she told him. “We have to get you clean.”

She grabbed the soap and the scrunchy, and began to lather him up. She washed him from head to toe, paying special attention to his cock, which was already starting to swell from the extra attention. “Not so fast… We don’t have time for that; we’re going to be late as it is.” She jumped out of the shower, and let Steve finish rinsing off. He stepped out of the shower and got dressed while Jamie was doing the same. They got in the car and drove to dinner, the whole trip a complete surprise to Steve. They had a wonderful dinner in a quiet place with drinks and an absolutely wonderful conversation, catching up on all of the things that Steve had missed while he was gone. The entire evening was perfect. When they arrived home, they both went upstairs and crashed; it had been a very long day.

The next morning Steve rose to hot coffee and a hot breakfast. They sat next to each other at the table, continuing their conversation from the previous evening. After breakfast, they cleaned up the dishes and headed upstairs to get ready for the day.

“I have to run back downstairs, I forgot something. I’ll be right up,” Steve told Jamie as they headed up to the shower. “Start getting a bath ready, I’m going to spoil *you* now.”

Jamie just smiled and did what she was told. “Should I get in?” she asked.

“I’ll be there in a second; the water won’t even be ready yet.” Steve grabbed his clippers out of his bug-out bag and headed back upstairs.

He opened the bathroom door to find his wife standing there completely naked, bathwater running. “Sit down on the edge of the tub, and lean back a little,” he told her. She did as she was asked.

“What are you going to do with those?”

“I’m going to give you a trim and a shave. Don’t worry, it won’t hurt.” He put a small guard on the clippers, and trimmed her bush down to about an eighth of an inch long. Although Jamie didn’t want to admit it, the hum of the clippers against her mound was starting to make her pussy wet.

“Now, into the tub with you.” Jamie lowered herself into the hot water in the bathtub and soaked for a while. As she relaxed, Steve prepared the shaving cream and a razor. He stripped off all of his clothes, and got into the tub with Jamie.

“Now what?” Jamie asked.

“Sit up on the edge of the tub, facing me,” he told her, “and spread your legs.”

She did as he asked, exposing her pussy to him. He took the shaving cream and lathered her mound and inner thighs. He expertly shaved her pussy bare, except for a thin strip, about three inches long and about a half an inch wide that ran up her mound from her clit. Steve admired his work, “There, perfection!”

“Very nice,” Jamie added, “but I’m not going to do yours.”

“I didn’t expect you too.” They switched positions in the bath, and Steve trimmed himself. God knows he needed it after four months! They got dressed.

“Pack a bag with stuff for a couple of days, we’re going on a trip,” Jamie told Steve. He didn’t argue, he knew it wouldn’t do any good and he wouldn’t mind getting out of town for a couple of days.

They got in the car, Jamie drove. All Steve knew was that they were heading out of town. He didn’t know where, but then again, he didn’t care. He was just happy to be out of Afghanistan. They drove to a hotel that Jamie had made reservations at, and checked in at the desk. Jamie tipped the desk clerk, and asked if they had a room at the end of a hall; one without too many neighbors. The desk clerk was happy to make the arrangements. They held hands as they walked to their room; they enjoyed feeling the warmth of the other’s skin, no matter how slight the touch. They opened the door to their room; it was more than they expected. The short hall opened into a living room with a couch and two chairs, a TV and some small tables. The next room was large with a king size bed, a desk and an armoire. It was the perfect place to spend a couple of days together. They spent a few minutes putting their things away, and then went to the store to pick up some refreshments. They got to the strip-mall and decided to split up. They could cover more ground and get their shopping done a little faster. Steve went to the liquor store and Jamie to the Supermarket. If they needed a real meal, there was always room service.

They went back to the room and put the snacks away. Just as Steve was putting the vodka in the freezer, Jamie turned to him with a can of whipped cream in one hand, and a bottle of chocolate syrup in the other; grinning like a kid who had just stolen some candy. “Get your pants off, I’m hungry!” Jamie said with the look of the devil in her eyes. Steve didn’t waste any time. He walked over to the one of the chairs in the living room, trying to take his clothes off at the same time, stumbling and almost falling more than once. He made it to the chair without killing himself, and managed to be completely naked by the time he got there.

Jamie strolled over, set the “toppings” down on the table, and did a kind of slow strip tease for Steve. Completely nude, she picked up the toppings from the table and knelt down in front of Steve. She took his cock in one hand, and started with the whipped cream, circling the swollen head, until it was covered. Next, she drizzled some chocolate syrup on top of the whipped cream, and topped it with a cherry. Still holding his cock in her hand, she started to lick her sundae from the head of his throbbing tool. She licked his member clean, leaving only a little whipped cream and the cherry on the top. She smiled up at him, then and took his cock completely into her mouth, making sure to lick off whatever chocolate had run down the shaft on the way. Steve let out a loud moan as she buried his cock in the back of her throat. Jamie slid his cock back out of her mouth slowly, making sure she got all of the “goodies” along the way. She made herself two more “sundaes”, and decided that it was taking too much time to make a new one just to feel Steve’s cock in her mouth. She just wanted to suck Steve’s cock until his hot cum “topping” shot into her mouth; the taste she was *really* craving.

It didn’t take long for Steve to start moaning while running his fingers through her hair, making sure it didn’t get in Jamie’s way or block the view of his cock pumping in and out of her mouth; he loved to watch. Jamie sucked Steve’s cock in and out of her mouth, jacking the shaft with one hand and fondling his balls with the other. Steve’s moans began to grow louder and, as they did, Jamie sucked harder and pumped faster. She could feel his balls start to tighten, it wouldn’t’ be long now. Steve let out a loud groan, tightened his grip on Jamie’s hair, and squirted his hot, salty load into Jamie’s mouth. Jamie didn’t waste a drop, she was an expert at sucking cock, at least Steve’s cock, and she loved the taste of his cum.

Steve was relaxed, a smile on his face. Jamie moved up to him, placed her had behind his head, and gave him a passionate kiss. “Are *you* hungry?” she asked.

“Yes…but I like it *raw*, no *added fat*, if you know what I mean.”

They traded places in the chair, Jamie now seated and Steve taking the kneeling position in front of her. He kissed and caressed the insides of her thighs softly, almost as if his fingers were feathers. He kissed his way up her stomach to her supple breasts. He caressed them softly, kissing all around them but paying special attention not to touch her nipples. Jamie loved to have Steve suck her nipples and the fact that he would not do it now was driving her crazy! He kissed her all over until he made it back down to her steaming honey-pot. He gently spread her pussy lips, exposing her swollen clit. He blew on it gently, then gave it a slight flick with his tongue. Jamie arched her back and gasped when Steve’s tongue touched her clit. He licked her clit again, not flicking it with his tongue, but licking it, allowing the length of his tongue to stay in constant contact with her clit as he did so. Jamie grabbed the back of his head with both hands. He licked the length of her juicy opening again, Jamie pulling his head down onto her snatch. Steve centered his mouth over her clit and sucked it into his mouth and began flicking it quickly with his tongue, but not too hard. Jamie arched her back again. Steve pulled back, letting Jamie’s pussy lips pull out of his mouth with a sucking sound. He licked her snatch some more; he loved the taste of her juices. He lifted her legs up over her head; he could get better access to her pussy that way. He would occasionally stick his tongue inside her pussy, licking as deep as he could before returning to work her clit. He pushed her legs back further, exposing her sweet pink rosebud. He continued to lick and suck Jamie’s pussy; it was driving her mad. “I need your huge cock in me,” she whispered.

“How do you want it?” Steve whispered back between licks of her pussy.

“I want your cock to fill me up, both my pussy and my ass.”

“I can’t fuck you in two holes at once…which one do you want first?”

“I want you to fuck my pussy, then my ass,” she answered.

Steve was more than ready to oblige, his cock was so hard that it was starting to throb. He moved up to her, his throbbing dick in his hand. He rubbed the head and shaft along the opening of Jamie’s soaked pussy, making sure the head tickled her clit as it went by. He pulled back and put the head of his cock into her pussy.

“Rub your clit,” he told her, “I like to watch.”

Jamie did as she was commanded. Steve continued to move the head of his cock in and out of her cunt. “I’m going to cum soon,” she told him, almost out of breath.

Steve pushed his cock all the way into her pussy; she gasped. He pulled it back again, leaving only the head inside. He continued moving just the head of his cock in and out of Jamie’s pussy. Jamie begged as she continued to massage her clit, “Fuck me, *please!* I want your cock in me. *Please* fuck me!”

Steve began to move his cock in and out of her slippery cunt, slowly at first, then faster, until he was pounding it deep into her as fast as he could. Faster…harder…fucking her like a machine. Jamie was breathing harder, pushing her hips to meet his. One more thrust, and she grabbed his ass, holding his member deep inside her hole; she came all over his cock.

When her convulsive orgasm was over, she relaxed in the chair. Steve began to slide his cock out of her wet pussy. When his head was released from the wet hole, juices seeped from her pussy; He quickly licked them up, making sure he wet her asshole on the way. Reaching down beside the chair, he grabbed a small tube of anal lube, and put a couple of drops on his fingers. He slowly rubbed them around the rim of Jamie’s rosebud, then slowly slipped them in, making sure her ass was well lubed. Next, he put a couple of drops on the head of his cock. Now that Jamie’s ass was relaxed, his lubricated cock would slide in easily. He pressed the head of his dick against Jamie’s beautiful asshole. She tightened it at first, then relaxed; Steve pushed the head in and stopped. Jamie relaxed a little more, allowing his entire shaft to penetrate her ass; she began to play with her clit again. Steve began to move his cock in and out of Jamie’s ass slowly, Jamie still massaging her clit, matching his pace. The faster Steve fucked her ass, the faster she masturbated; Jamie started to cum again. Steve could feel his balls start to tighten, it wouldn’t be long for him either.

“Do you like my cock in your tiny, little ass?” he asked.

All she could manage was an “Uh huh.”

Steve fucked her harder.

“Oh my God! FUCK MY ASS! I’M CUMMING!”

Steve was now plowing his cock into her ass just as he had her pussy a few minutes before, until he felt the head of his cock swell; he was about to cum. “I’m going to cum in your ass!” he told Jamie.

“DO IT! CUM IN ME NOW!”

Steve didn’t waste time, he pushed his cock as deep as he could into Jamie’s ass, his cock pulsating, shooting his hot load of cum. He collapsed on top of her.

They laid there for a few moments in their ecstasy, Steve’s flaccid penis beginning to fall from Jamie’s cum-filled ass. “I’ll get you a towel,” he told her, “do you want some water, or something?”

“A wine cooler would be nice.”

Steve went to the bathroom and grabbed a warm, wet washcloth and a towel. Jamie cleaned up a bit while Steve was making drinks for them. They stayed up almost all night after their fuck-session. Talking, joking, and maybe a little more fucking…whatever they did, they did it together. They laughed, and shared everything with each other that they had missed over the last four months. It was “their” time. They spent the next two days in the hotel room, ordering room service, feeding each other, showering often with each other, but never getting dressed.