Watching Her

By lyke2bite

Steve was glad to be home for a couple of weeks. Being deployed to Afghanistan was not exactly what he wanted to do, but it was part of the job and therefore, unavoidable. In any case, it was good to be home.

Jamie was on her way to take the kids to a birthday party when she got the call…Steve had just landed in the States, and would be home in a couple of hours. They talked briefly on the phone and decided how the rest of the afternoon would play out. She and the boys would pick him up from the airport and make a quick rendezvous to drop off the kids at the birthday party. Steve would take the car home, and Jamie would catch a ride with one of the other moms. Steve could then have a couple of hours to unwind from the four days of travel it took to get home.

Steve pulled the car into the garage and walked into the house, immediately dropped all of the gear he had been traveling with, and headed straight for the bathroom for a long, hot shower. He stripped off his dirty uniform, and turned on the water as hot as it would go. Not remembering what it was like to have hot water, let alone running water, he scalded himself when he got in, and quickly adjusted the temperature to something more reasonable. He must have stayed in the shower for forty-five minutes. It only took him about five to wash; the other twenty-five minutes were spent enjoying the feeling of the warm water flowing over him.

Finished in the shower, Steve threw on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, went back downstairs to the kitchen and poured himself a beer…it had been a while since he had had one of those too. Just as he was savoring the last swallow, the phone rang. It was his wife Jamie, telling him that she would be home shortly with the boys in tow. They spent the rest of the afternoon and getting to know each other again. After six months of being apart-thankfully-not too much had changed.

It was starting to get late, and time for the kids to head off to bed so Steve and Jamie could have some “mommy and daddy time”. “We don’t wanna go to bed daddy, we missed you!” the boys complained as they headed up the stairs.

“Don’t worry; daddy’s going to be home for two weeks… We’ll have plenty of time to hang out. I love you, now it’s time for bed. Get your jammies on and brush your teeth.”

With the kids in bed, Steve and Jamie snuggled together on the couch and watched a little TV. Steve sat in the corner of the couch, and Jamie lay back against him. He put his arm over Jamie’s shoulder in a loose embrace. He missed touching her, holding her, just being with her. He could relax with her; she made it easy simply by being there next to him.

They lay there for an hour or so, neither of them talking. They didn’t need to, they only needed to feel the warmth of the other’s touch…it was calming…fulfilling. Steve moved his hand up to Jamie’s head and began running his fingers through her hair. She has the most beautiful blond hair that he had ever seen on a woman and, as strange as it may sound, he missed her hair…the smell of it, how it tickled his nose when they lay next to each other in bed. As his fingers ran through her hair, Jamie closed her eyes and enjoyed his caresses; she had missed them.

Jamie let out a sigh of contentment, as if letting Steve know that she missed his touch without having to say the words. “Can I tell you a secret?” he asked her.

“Of course.”

“You promise you won’t tell?”

“Stop that! Who am I going to tell?”

“Did you know that while I was gone, I jacked off in the shower almost every morning?”

“Is that the secret?” Jamie asked with a slight giggle in her voice.

“Nope.”

Steve lowered his hand from Jamie’s head and began to massage one of her tits through her shirt. Jamie let out a quiet moan and asked, “Then what’s the secret?”

“The secret is what I thought about while I was stroking my cock.”

“Oh yeah? What did you think about?” The possibilities started to flash through her mind at a high rate of speed. Was it the thought of her sucking his cock until he came in her mouth? Could it be the thought of him fucking her, slamming his cock deep into her soaking wet pussy? If that was it, what position? Doggie-style? Maybe it was the feeling of his cock filling her tiny asshole. The pictures of the potential sex acts flying through her mind were starting to set her cunt on fire, her juices beginning to flow. She rubbed her legs together in an attempt to squelch the flames, only to make her clit pulse harder, forcing the juices from her pussy.

“Watching you.”

“What do you mean ‘watching me’?” There was a tone of confusion in her voice.

“Watching you play with your pussy. Sometimes I would imagine you rubbing your clit until you came, other times you would use a vibrator or a dildo. Whatever it was, in my fantasy you always came with such intensity, it made me shoot my load almost instantly thinking of you screaming as you came.”

“You mean to tell me that you have been gone for six months, you come home, and all you want to do is watch me masturbate?”

“I definitely want to fuck you too…and fuck you hard I might add….but I want to watch you make yourself cum first.”

Steve reached over with his other hand and began to massage Jamie’s other breast. He could tell that the visions running through her head were starting to drive her mad by the way her nipples were poking through the padding of her bra.

Jamie didn’t speak. At that moment, her pussy was aching to be fucked, the feeling made worse by the many possibilities her imagination was offering her libido as to how she would take his cock. She was having a hard time deciding if she should perform as requested, or deny him the fantasy that had kept his dick stiff while they were apart. She chose to give him what he wanted, but there would be a condition.

“OK, I’ll let you watch, but there is one condition.”

“What’s that?”

“You have to fuck me any way I want, until I make you stop. Deal?”

“Deal,” he agreed.

Jamie pointed to the chair across from the couch, “Take off your clothes and sit over there. I’ll be back in a minute.”

Steve did as he was instructed. Jamie walked out of the living room and headed up stairs to the closet. She reappeared after a few minutes naked, and carrying a small bag. Steve instantly recognized it…it was the bag they kept all the toys in. Jamie sat down on the couch directly across from him, placed the bag on her lap, unzipped it, and searched for the toy that would satisfy her the fastest…she found it. She pulled a long, thin, pink satin bag from her “bag-of-tricks”, put the larger bag on the floor, and removed her favorite toy from its satin sheath. The toy hidden inside was a glass dildo that was about as long as Steve’s cock, seven and a half inches, but not quite as big around. It may not have had his girth, but it did have something that Steve’s member lacked: Covering the length of the shaft were small bumps made of pink tinted glass. Jamie slid her ass to the edge of the couch and put her feet on the coffee table, her legs spread. She set the glass cock on the couch next to her, making sure it was within easy reach.

As she lay back, she cupped her left breast, squeezed it firmly, and let out a faint moan. With it firmly in her grasp, she slipped two fingers into her mouth and sucked on them, making sure they were good and wet. She slowly slid her fingers from her mouth and circled her left nipple, moistening it, making it more sensitive to the breeze coming from the ceiling fan. It instantly became rock hard, causing Jamie to let out another soft moan. She continued to massage her breasts and play with her nipples, occasionally pushing her tits together into a mound, and then releasing them, her nipples glistening with saliva.

She moved her hand slowly down her stomach to her mound, pushing her fingers through her trimmed pubic hair. Making a fist, she tugged at her pubic hair and squeezed her left tit at the same time. She moaned again, this time louder than before. She released the tuft of hair and slowly ran her hand back up her stomach, and clutched her tits again with both hands.

It didn’t take long for Steve’s cock to grow to its full length, and stand rock hard in front of him. Jamie opened her eyes… Catching a glimpse of Steve’s hard cock, she smiled and moved her hand back down her stomach, only this time she did not stop at the mound of pubic hair above her shaved pussy. As she her fingers slid between her legs, she spread them, rubbing them on each side of her moist pussy lips. Just as her clit touched her hand, she squeezed her fingers together, trapping her lips and clit between them. As she squeezed, juices escaped her wet hole, and began to drip from her pussy to her asshole. She pulled her hand back up toward her mound, tugging her clit and labia along the way.

The feeling of her fingers gripping sides of her clit sent shivers through her entire body. She moved her fingers back down to her soaking sex-hole and slid two of them inside. Her left hand moved away from its position on her left breast, and slid down her stomach to the mound of blond hair. With two fingers still inside her, she spread her juicy lips with her other hand, fully exposing her clit. Almost simultaneously, the two fingers that were completely immersed in her now dripping pussy withdrew, sliding up to massage her tiny button.

 She started slowly, gently at first, circling her clit with her fingers. As she did so, her hips began to rock back and forth, changing the angle of her fingers as they worked her love-button. Her left hand moved around her leg and spread her left ass cheek, exposing her beautiful rosebud. She gently touched her tiny asshole with her middle finger, pressing on it softly; the sensation caused her to gently bite her bottom lip…her hips began to rock faster.

It was at that moment Jamie knew that just rubbing her clit was not going to satisfy her desires…she needed something to fill her pussy. Remembering the toy beside her, she reached over, grabbed the glass cock, and placed the tip in her mouth. Still ribbing her clit, she slid the nubbed tool into her mouth to moisten it. Removing it, she ran the tip down her chin, down her neck, and over to her right nipple. She circled it with the cold moist glass, arching her back as goose bumps covered her body. Still rubbing her clit, she let out a loud moan. After circling her right nipple, she moved to her left. Next, she dragged the tip of her favorite dildo down her stomach and slowly rubbed the length against her throbbing clit, allowing each bump on the shaft to come in contact, sending shivers through her entire body.

By now, Steve’s cock was so hard that the head was a deep read and he was sure that it had stretched to eight inches. He was so consumed with the show in front of him that he didn’t realize he had begun to slowly stroke his cock. As Jamie inserted the tip of her favorite toy into her pussy, their eyes met. She smiled at him, and watched him play with his cock as she slowly inched the glass rod into her pussy. With it buried as deep into her wet pussy as it would go, she closed her eyes and arched her back, letting the feeling of the glass cock fucking her pussy consume her.

Jamie slowly slid the glass shaft from her pussy, twisting it slowly as it withdrew. As soon as she felt the last bump leave her warm cunt, she pushed it back in again, twisting it as it reentered her dripping hole. Steve continued to watch the glass dildo slide in and out of her, the sound of her moaning putting him into a kind of sex-crazed trance. He got up from his position in the chair across the room, his cock still in his hand, and went to her to get a closer look. Steve stood next to her and watched as she lay there fucking herself, the dildo now thrusting in and out of her juicy cunt, twisting back and forth, her other hand furiously rubbing her clit. Bending over, he sucked one of her nipples into his mouth and began flicking it with his tongue.

“I love it when you suck on my tits like that!”

Steve stood back up, still slowly stroking his cock, he squeezed the tit he was sucking on. “Open your mouth. I want to see the head of my dick between your lips.”

Jamie turned her head toward him and parted her lips with her tongue. Steve knelt down again and rubbed his shaft across her moist lips, then pushed the head into her mouth. Jamie eagerly sucked the head of his cock into her mouth and began swirling her tongue around the tip making, savoring the taste of his salty pre-cum. He continued to jack his shaft as the head of his cock was getting a tongue-lashing, amazed that Jamie could handle so much stimulation at once.

“I’m going to cum soon,” he announced.

Jamie turned her head, pulling Steve’s cock from her mouth. “Cum on me. I want to feel your hot cum on my tits,” she told him.

Her request, combined with watching the glass cock thrust in and out of her pussy, was more than he could handle. Two more strokes of his shaft and his cock erupted, squirting his hot load all over her chest. As soon as the first spurt of cum landed on her tits she cried out, “OH FUCK YES!”

Jamie began thrusting the glass dildo madly in and out of her soaking cunt, her juices running down the crack of her ass. Steve’s cum continued to shoot from his cock, landing on her tits. The feeling of the hot cum landing on her was driving her crazy. Suddenly, she thrust the dildo as deep into her pussy as it would go, and clamped her legs shut as if to try to keep it from moving. She arched her back and thrust her head into the back of the couch, her mouth open wide as if gasping for air. A small whimper escaped from her throat and her body began to convulse, the ecstasy taking control. Watching her orgasm in awe, Steve continued to stroke his still rock-hard cock.

Jamie began to relax, her legs falling open again. She slid the long glass toy from her pussy, and made her demand. “I want your cock to fill me now.”

Steve did not hesitate. He lifted her leg and positioned himself on his knees in front of her content but still hungry pussy. He rubbed the head of his cock along Jamie’s slit, making sure her juices soaked the head. Slowly, he sank the length of his shaft into her wanting pussy. As it filled her, she began squeezing her tits, arching her back, and moaning as if a starving hunger was being satisfied. Once his cock had slid in to the hilt, he began to slowly withdraw it until he could just see the head emerge…when it did, he pushed it back in.

He began to pump his cock into her faster and faster, his hips crashing into her. Suddenly, he stopped, and removed his shaft from her pussy. “WHAT THE FUCK?” Jamie asked, disappointed that the hard flesh shaft she had been craving was taken from her.

“Turn over. I wanna fuck you doggie-style.”

Slightly annoyed, she did as commanded. She turned over, her knees now on the edge of the couch. Steve moved behind her, holding his cock in his hand. Once again, he rubbed the head along the length of her slit to moisten it before inserting it into her juicy cunt. Once more, he slowly pushed his length into her, burying himself in her. Now that his shaft was deep inside her pussy, he took his hands and spread her ass cheeks wide, exposing her tiny pink knot, giving him a better view of his cock as he removed it from her. Holding her ass with both hands, he began to slide his shaft in and out of her pussy, faster with each stroke. Soon he was slamming his cock into her pussy, his balls slapping against her clit.

Steve must have inserted his throbbing dick into her at just the right angle because Jamie was meeting his thrusts with her own. As he watched his cock disappear into her cunt, he could see that Jamie was trying to hold back her orgasm as he could see her asshole begin to tighten.

“Are you going to cum?” he asked, already knowing the answer.

“Uh, huh,” was all she could muster, the feeling of ecstasy consuming her every thought.

“Do you like my cock slamming into your wet pussy like this?” Again, he knew the answer.

Jamie gave the same answer as before, this time a little louder. “Uh, huh.”

The moans of approval made Steve slam his cock harder into her. “OH MY GOD!” Her approval was obvious. “Are you going to cum soon?” she asked.

“No. I want you to cum on my cock first.”

Steve’s request sent Jamie over the edge, causing her to thrust her hips against his as if to tell him to stop moving…his request was being fulfilled. As the walls of her pussy clamped down on his cock, Steve made one more request. “I want to cum in your mouth.”

Jamie stayed where she was for a moment, her body not yet done trembling from her intense orgasm. She pulled away from him, but just as his shaft was about to exit her, she pushed her hips back to his…she wanted to keep his cock inside her. Slowly, she moved back and forth a few more times, enjoying the feeling of Steve’s cock filling her.

“That feels good,” he told her; she began to move a little faster. “Oh, yeah… Just like that... FUCK! I’m gonna cum!”

Hearing his announcement, Jamie pulled away from him, turned around, and grabbed his cock. Wasting no time, began to lick her juices from the shaft. Satisfied that it was clean, she sucked the head into her mouth and began swirling her tongue around the head while jacking the shaft, twisting her hand with each stroke. Steve pulled her hair to one side so he could watch the head of his cock slide in and out of her mouth as her head bobbed up and down. The sight of his cock in her mouth caused his balls, now cupped in Jamie’s other hand, to tighten.

Feeling his balls tighten and his dick begin to swell, she sucked his shaft deeper into her mouth, sliding it further in and out as if she were trying to milk the cum from his balls. Steve began to move his hips to the rhythm of Jamie sucking his cock.

“OH YEAH…I’m gonna cum!”

Jamie slid his cock back out of her mouth until just the head was inside and began jacking him off even faster than before. It was as if all she wanted was to taste his cum as it squirted from his shaft. She got her wish. Steve’s cock began to pulse as streams of hot cum shot into Jamie’s mouth; she swallowed it as fast as it came out. Satisfied that she had milked him dry, she removed his dick from her mouth only to find a tiny drop of cum remaining on the head. Still holding his swollen member in her hand, she licked the last drop from the head.

Steve cradled Jamie’s face in his hands and looked deep into her eyes. “I’ve missed you,” he told her, “I’ve missed you a lot.”

“I’ve missed you,” she told him, “I’ve missed your cock too.”

Jamie got up from the couch, and pulled off the blanket that was resting on the back; she wrapped it around them. They stood there, embracing each other, touching each other, melting in the moment of intense orgasms and the thrill of being with the one they loved. With all of the emotions consuming her, she began to weep.

“What’s wrong?” Steve asked her.

“Nothing… I’m just glad to have you home with me, holding me. I love you.”

“I love you too.”