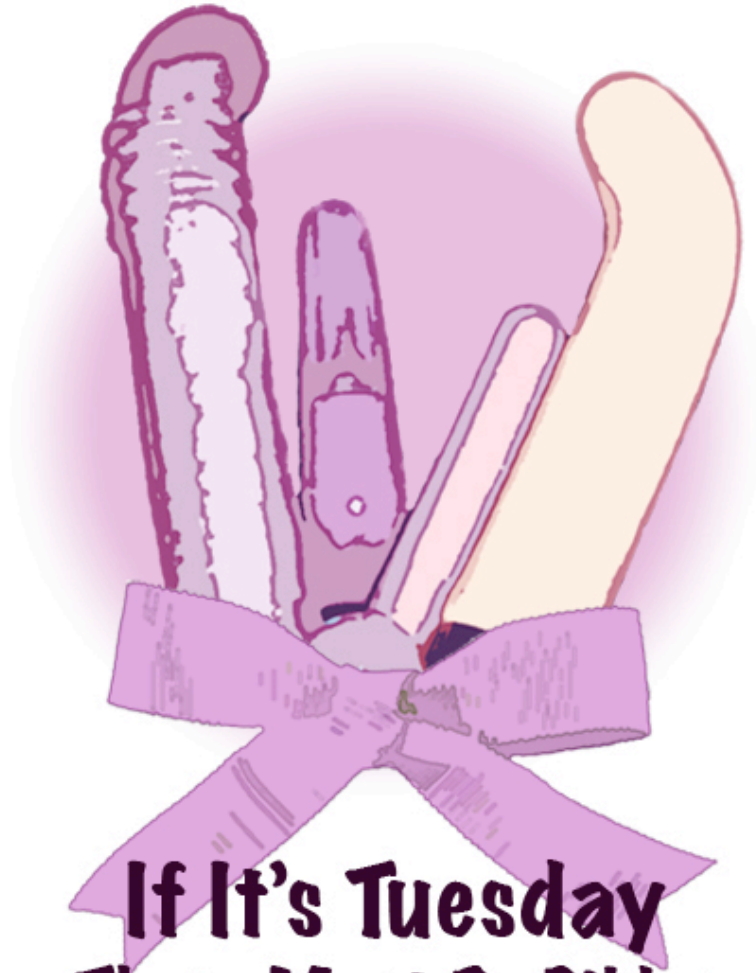


Elizabeth Jewell



**If It's Tuesday
There Must Be Dildos**

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Chapter One

When Delia got home from work on Tuesday afternoon, there was a blue cardboard box on the kitchen table. It was a large box, with a big silver bow on top. She walked into the foyer, eyes on the table.

“What’s this?” she said.

Scott, sitting at his usual place at the table, looked up from his magazine. “Happy anniversary.”

Delia grinned brightly. “Of course.” She forgot nearly every year, but Scott always remembered. Not their wedding anniversary, but the anniversary of the first time they had made love.

Although it hadn’t been making love so much as a crazy, half-naked fuck in the back seat of Scott’s Jeep. Delia remembered it with fondness. Oh, for the days when twelve years of marriage didn’t stand in the way of joyful spontaneity.

She took off her coat, hung it in the closet, and set her purse down on the floor by the front door, keeping her eyes on the box. It didn’t look any different than it had when she’d first walked in the door.

She sat at the table and turned the box a little. Whatever was inside wasn’t terribly heavy. “What is it?”

Scott smiled at her over the top of his magazine. “Open it.”

Delia took the ribbon off the box, but didn’t open it. “Where are the kids?”

“At your sister’s.”

“That doesn’t suck.” She slid her fingers along the smooth blue wrapping paper. What could be inside? Too big for jewelry, not big enough for clothes—

Scott’s magazine made a harsh, snapping sound as he slapped it against the table. “Would you just open the damn box already?”

Amused at his impatience, she slanted him a smile. “Okay.” A bit more teasing seemed in order, though, and she enjoyed watching the half-affected irritation grow in his eyes as she continued to feel the slick paper. Finally, when Scott looked to be at the edge of his patience, she opened it.

Inside was a large blue penis.

She stared at it a moment, then looked narrowly at Scott. “It’s a penis.”

“It’s a vibrator.”

“Usually...usually you get something we can share.”

“We can share this.”

Delia remained perplexed. “But a vibrator—isn’t that kind of for...you know...solo work?”

A mischievous grin took over Scott’s features. “Not necessarily.” He leaned over the table toward her, dark eyes glinting. “The kids are at your sister’s until tomorrow morning. So we have all night.”

Delia took the vibrator out of the box. It was at least nine inches long and a couple of inches thick, the material soft and pliable. And very, very blue.

“Why is it blue?”

Scott shrugged. “Maybe it’s cold.”

She rolled her eyes. “Goof. If it’s cold, I’d hate to see how big it is when it’s warm.”

She examined the vibrator. It was realistically shaped, complete with veins molded along the shaft. But blue. She just couldn't get past the blue. Experimentally, she turned the knob at the blunt end. It buzzed in her fingers. "I haven't used one of these in...well, since long before I met you."

Scott leaned over the table toward her. "I want to watch you use it," he said, his voice low and rumbly. "I want to see it go inside you."

Delia shivered, trying to hide her reaction from Scott. The look in his eyes, the low rumble of sex in his voice, made her feel thick and hot, ready. But when she looked at the big, blue cock, she wanted to laugh.

"What's so funny?" Scott said. He looked a little hurt.

"It's just..." She fought back a giggle. "It's so blue."

The offense faded from Scott's eyes. "It's okay. Blue is good." He reached across the table, letting his fingers trail over the back of her hand. The feathery contact made her tremble. "You want to give it a test drive?"

His touch hit all the right points, even just brushing over the back of her hand.

"I think we should, yes."

Chapter Two

"So... what do we do with it?"

They sat in the bed across from each other, naked, the big blue vibrator lying between them.

Scott frowned. "You know, I never really thought about that when I bought it."

"You never thought about what you wanted to do with it?"

"Other than to watch you use it, no."

Delia made a face. "You just want to watch me use it? That's the extent of your plan?"

"Well...sure."

"I think I'd be more comfortable if you used it on me."

"Maybe we could do both?"

She picked it up and looked at it. The smooth, blue head tilted toward her. She almost expected it to twitch, or start talking. "Maybe I could use it on you."

Scott's eyes widened. "On me? I don't know if I—"

"Not like that. Well, unless you want me to. But I was thinking maybe something else."

"Like what?"

She slanted him a sly look. "Can't I surprise you?"

His expression turned wary. "I don't know about that."

"Don't you trust me?"

"Not so much. No offense."

Not sure if she should be offended, Delia tweaked an eyebrow at him. "How many times have I trusted you in bed? And you don't think you can trust me?"

"I didn't mean—"

Delia lifted the very large, very blue vibrator threateningly. Offense was quickly turning to something close to anger. "I think you need to lie down and close your eyes."

Eyes narrowing, a smile lurking along the corners of his mouth, Scott regarded her. "Do you promise to be gentle?"

Delia nodded. Her irritation was starting to drain away. "I promise."

"Do you promise to respect me in the morning?"

"No."

He smirked. "Okay. Fair enough."

"Then lie back and close your eyes."

He looked dubious, quirking an eyebrow, and for a moment she thought he was going to refuse. Then, slowly, he lay back against the pillows.

She just looked at him for a few seconds, letting her eyes slide over him, drink him in. They'd been married twelve years, had known each other fifteen, but she never got tired of looking at him. He was tall and lean, a long, slim body marked with uneven tan lines, dark hair smattered down chest and belly, thickening over his groin. He was flaccid still. *Wimp*, she thought. *It's afraid I'm going to hurt it*. Cock and testicles lay nestled in the valley where his thighs met, and she stared at them, to see what might happen. His cock hardened as she watched, lifting hesitantly, but still lifting.

She let her gaze drift back up, meeting the crystal blue of his. His eyes were one of the first things she'd noticed about him—deep, dark, sapphire blue, framed now with gentle smile lines, echoed in the smile lines that accented his mouth.

She leaned over him, holding his gaze with her own. He smiled, his look less cautious now, more warm and lustful. His upper lip was a little too thin, she'd always thought, but he smiled well.

Still holding his gaze, she twisted the end of the very, very blue vibrator, turning it on. It buzzed softly. She left it on a low setting, so the stimulation would be pleasurable but not overwhelming. Or at least she hoped so. She hadn't used a vibrator in a very long time.

Scott looked toward the buzzing vibrator and blinked, then locked his gaze back to Delia's. Delia smiled at the slight show of uncertainty. But he lay still, his arms spread to the sides, big hands open on the mattress.

She bent closer to him, lowering her face toward his, until she could feel his breath on her lips, then she kissed him softly. His mouth moved under hers, responsive but not aggressive, and when she drew back his eyes were still open, regarding her.

Far too aware of the buzzing of the vibrator in her hand, she tried not to look at it as she moved it toward him, focusing instead on his eyes. He seemed to have relaxed, the edge of nervousness gone from his face. Still locked to the deep blue depths of his eyes, she gently touched the vibrator to his right nipple.

He flinched, and started to look down at the spot where the buzzing latex touched his skin, but arrested the movement of his head almost before it had begun. He locked his eyes back to Delia's.

“Do you like that?” she asked.

“Doesn’t suck.” His mouth twitched, curling into the smile line at its corner.

Slowly, she shifted the vibrator, stroking the buzzing, rounded tip down from his chest to his stomach. She could feel the soft vibrations in her own hand, even holding onto the solid plastic end, though she knew the sensation would be more intense at the softer, latex tip.

She looked back up at him, just in time to see him close his eyes briefly, his mouth shifting, tightening into an expression she recognized as arousal. Then he opened his eyes to look down at what she was doing.

The vibrator slid slowly down his stomach, toward the soft indentation of his lower abdomen, until the tip settled into his navel. His belly flinched and she smiled at the reaction. His cock was responding, as well, hardening there below where she was occupied with the vibrator, thickening and rising. She resisted the urge to touch him. She wanted to slip her fingers into the wiry hair on his belly, his groin, wanted to curl her fingers around his stiffening shaft. His cock had already wept a single tear, glistening at the tip. She wanted to touch that too, lift the sticky, soft fluid onto her fingers, or her tongue.

But she refrained, for now at least, and let the big, blue, phallic piece of latex do her work for now. She knew what Scott did when she used her hands. She wanted to find out what he would do, how he would react, when she did this.

He let out a long breath, carefully controlled but threaded with need. Control was simply not acceptable, she thought. He needed to lose that, and soon. She wanted him gasping and begging, until he was all desire, need, and panting want. She bit her lip, feeling her own breath begin to come too fast. Him out of control, yes—but she wanted to keep

herself separate from the rising lust. At least for now. At least until she'd finished making him crazy.

She turned the vibrator in his navel, watching the quickening rise and fall of his belly as his breathing became shallower. Eyes closed now, he shifted back into the pillows, lifting his body slightly, moving into the buzzing stimulation of the vibrator.

Enough with the belly button, she thought. Lifting the vibrator, she moved it again, tracing down his belly to the crease of his groin, watching his skin flinch. His body wanted and didn't want the stimulation, pressing into it and pulling away from it at the same time. An approach/retreat complex in microcosm, the stretch of skin across the lower part of his abdomen likely reflecting the deepest levels of his ambiguity toward the blue plastic cock tracing over his body.

The tapered head settled gently into the crease of his groin. Delia looked up toward his face, to take in the tautness of his mouth, the creases at the corners of his tight-shut eyes. As she studied him, he looked at her, dark sapphire eyes winking for a moment between barely parted lashes.

His arousal was starting to get to her. His cock was rock-hard by now, fully erect against his stomach, the tip glistening. Looking at it, Delia felt heat and tension move through her own body, pooling between her legs, filling her womb with fire. Her thighs felt taut and shivery, and her nipples ached. She wanted him to touch her, wanted to touch him, but didn't want to allow either. Not yet.

The soft, buzzing sound of the vibrator had become part of the air around them, an intrinsic piece of the atmosphere, blending with his harshly quickening breath and the beating of her own heart, which she could hear pounding in the backs of her ears. His right hand shifted from

where it lay on the bed next to him, fluttering like a bird's wing, but he arrested the movement, made his fingers settle back to the blankets.

She rolled the head of the vibrator into a different angle, letting it sit against the curve of his scrotum. He jumped—more than a flinch this time—and exhaled sharply.

“God,” he said, and she smiled.

She gently rolled and shifted the vibrator, maneuvering it against his testicles. His fists clenched in the blankets and Delia smiled, sensing the building tension in his body. She was having a hard time holding back now. Her hands wanted to tease and torment him, cup him and hold him, work his body until he cried. For mercy, or for more—it didn't matter.

And suddenly he opened his eyes, snatched the vibrator from her hand, and lunged into her, pushing her down into the bed under him. He'd had enough, she supposed, of being submissive. She'd hoped for maybe a few more minutes, but it didn't really matter.

He ended up half on top of her. The vibrator was in his possession now, under his control, and when he rolled against her, its blue buzzing prodded into her upper thigh. A sudden wave of hot, molten arousal flooded through her, as she imagined him abruptly skewering her with it, shoving the thick, latex shaft in deep and hard. Then she pictured herself pushing it into him, and thought she might come right then, right there, in a pounding conflagration, with the picture in her head of the blue latex cock disappearing into his willing body.

No wonder he wanted to watch her use it.

Then he shifted, moving his hand up her body, and the vibrator brushed her erect, aching nipple. She arched into it, gasping, reaching up to clutch his shoulders. Anchoring herself there under his body, she let her

thighs fall open. His hips settled down between them, his hard, ready cock easing against her wet, ready cunt.

God, but she wanted him inside her, deep inside, plunging hard so she could feel him in the back of her throat. It wasn't going to happen, though, not yet. He wanted to torment her for a while, and she could neither argue nor complain. Or blame him, for that matter.

He brushed the vibrator over her hard and hungry nipple, then against the other one. Then, following the example she had set before, he traced the singing latex down her stomach, across her abdomen, into her navel.

Her hips moved, tilting up toward him, pulsing. Her belly and pelvis were drenched with heat now, tautening like a bowstring, hard and clenched and ready to release into a heavy, pounding climax at any moment—

The vibrator rolled across her lower belly, toward the top of her thigh, the fold of her groin. The vibrations tickled through her pubic hair, carrying the sensation farther, deeper into her body. Now her body was crying, or at least it felt that way, warm, thick moisture gathering between her legs, dampening her thighs. A mewling sound escaped her, high-pitched and barely recognizable to herself as her own voice.

Scott smiled, smug, and leaned closer.

"Do you want it inside you?" he murmured, his lips barely moving, a wicked glint in his blue eyes.

"Yes," she said, barely able to form the word.

"Open your legs." His voice had an edge to it she'd never heard before, and it made her hesitate. Why? She'd been with this man for fifteen

years. Why would she hesitate to trust him just because he wielded a nine-inch piece of buzzing, bright blue latex?

She looked into his face. His eyes, too, had taken on an edge, a hardness, like facets of crystal. But he must have seen her flash of uncertainty, because they softened almost at once. "It's okay," he said. "You know it's okay."

And she did, deep down, but there was that little shiver, that little thrill of uncertainty. How much did she trust him? More, perhaps, than he trusted her. He'd turned the tables on her too soon, too quickly. Almost as if he really was afraid of what she might do to him.

Here, though, he was more in his element, leaning over her, holding the end of the vibrator there against the mouth of her vagina, waiting for her permission before progressing any farther. In that sense, she was in control—in the sense that she could tell him no and knew he would stop—but in every other way he was dominant now. He had reclaimed his familiar position, brought the dynamic back to what he perceived as normal.

She pressed her lips together, a little frustrated by the realization. But the vibrator spoke against her body, against damp, ready tissue that ached for penetration. So she let her thighs fall open, surrendering to him in that movement.

He smiled, bent forward to kiss her. His tongue touched her lips and she opened her mouth to him, letting him tease and explore her there, tasting the familiar warmth and flavors of his mouth. While he kissed her, his tongue soft and teasing, he slowly turned the vibrator in his hand. The circular motion brought it inside her gradually, an inch perhaps, then two. She grasped his shoulders convulsively, mewling in the back of her throat.

He drew his face back from hers, kissing her cheeks, her jawline, down her neck to her collarbones, across them to her shoulders. The vibrator went deeper and her eyes watered with the intense sensation as it penetrated her, deeper and deeper, the steady, persistent buzzing enflaming her from the inside out. The vibrator was thick and hard inside her, less yielding than a real cock, and she was almost too dry to accept it.

Scott pushed it in harder, and she pressed her legs farther open, drawing it deeper inside her, accepting the length and width of it. She closed her eyes, the better to absorb the sensation, which walked just on the right side of pain, that razor's edge making her want it that much more. Her breath had gone harsh and ragged, her ears full of the sound of her own heartbeat, punctuated with Scott's soft, self-satisfied humming.

"Is it good?" he murmured against her ear. "Do you want more?"

"Yes." She was thick, hot, filled with dense, needy wetness, trembling on the edge of orgasm with little hope of holding it off much more than another breath. It had gathered in her pelvis in a spinning, pulsing mass of fire, molten and flowing, drawing in on itself.

Scott pressed himself against her, the hard, hot length of his body pressing full-length against hers. His cock, hard now, prodded into her stomach. His face shifted toward her, cheek brushing hers, his breath tickling her ear. He pressed the vibrator in again, slid it out, then shoved it into her, hard. The tip of it struck her cervix and she gasped, grabbing at him. The intensity of this was almost more than she could handle.

She was so close, and yet not quite there. She knew what she wanted, but she wasn't sure she could ask for it, wasn't sure how. And wasn't entirely sure Scott would do it.

She slid her fingers into his hair. "Scott," she whispered. "I want you inside me."

"Okay." He started to withdraw the vibrator from her body, but she clenched tight on it and shook her head.

"No. Now, at the same time."

His eyes met hers and he frowned as he processed this, as if not immediately certain what she meant. Then his brows moved apart again, rose a little, and she saw understanding come into his eyes.

"Um..." he started. "In the back?"

She bent closer into him, lips against his ear, the persistent buzzing of the vibrator shaking her entire body, making her crazy, making her brave.

"In my ass," she whispered.

His lips thinned, and she almost laughed at the expression. He looked like he was steeling his courage, preparing for war. Silly man.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"I'm sure."

He shifted to kiss her softly, and she moved under him, moving onto her stomach. Her whole body shivered with anticipation. It wasn't as if they'd never done this before, but like this, with the addition of the thick vibrator – this was new.

His fingers dipped against her vagina, but even as wet as she was, most of that dampness had gone to ease the entrance of the vibrator, and there wasn't enough left on her folds and tissues to lubricate her elsewhere. His hands slid up her back and he leaned over her, still positioned behind her. He kissed the back of her neck before he leaned over to retrieve their standard tube of KY from the nightstand. His cock

prodded against her right behind the vibrator, but not into her, not against her rear entrance, which now was begging to be filled.

Impatience set in as she heard him fiddling with the tube of lubricant. He was wavering, she knew, though she had no idea why. He'd taken her anally before, a few times, and she'd liked it, but this was the first time she'd actually mustered the courage to ask for it.

Finally his fingers touched her, chilly with the smear of lube. Gently, he slid a finger inside her.

She flinched, not with pain, but with the intensity of being opened. It was an entirely different sensation from vaginal penetration—burning, more intense. Her body was tightly wound, straining toward orgasm, but she made herself relax to accept him as he pressed in farther.

“Are you okay?” he asked softly.

“I'm fine,” she answered. “Keep going.”

The sensation thickened as he added a second finger, pressing into her more deeply, and she let out a whimper of need. He eased in and out, two thick, slick fingers, and she pressed back into him, wanting more, wanting as much as she could get, the tight, burning slide of his fingers bringing the fire inside her to an incredible, blinding peak. The orgasm just kept building and building, her body tighter and tighter, spiraling in her pelvis. She didn't think it could go any higher, but it did, it kept growing, building. When it crested, when she eventually came, she had the feeling it just might kill her.

He slid his fingers back out of her and clasped her buttocks in his hands. She adjusted under him, tilting and lifting her hips back toward him. At the same time, she caught hold of the end of the vibrator to hold it

in place. And finally—finally—the head of his cock butted against her anus, and he pressed gently inside.

She was slick and open now, ready for him, but he still took it slow, a soft, gentle penetration, then withdrawal, then in again deeper. She gasped, then moaned deep in her throat, unable to contain the sound. He pushed in deeper with a primal grunt. Claiming her, she thought, and he withdrew a little and then sank hard into her, as deep as he could go, and held still. His fingers dug into her buttocks, and she could feel them trembling.

She was so full, so intensely, deeply taken, that she couldn't quite encompass the sensation. So deep, so good, so utterly primal, her vagina pulsing with the buzzing of the vibrator, the deep, open passage of her anus aflame with the full penetration of Scott's cock.

And he began to move.

Clenched and full, pounding with the need to finally find her way to climax, Delia let her upper body sink down onto the bed. One hand held the vibrator in place; it was surging backward from time to time, threatening to dislodge itself in response to the tightness of her vagina. She adjusted herself on the pillows until she could reach back with her other hand, as well.

Her fingers found the hot, hard nub of her clit, and she rubbed and rolled it, gasping as her arousal stepped up yet another level of intensity, dragging her down into powerful fire. She had no choice but to struggle toward it, ease her way forward, fight toward the inevitable conclusion.

Scott moved. Pulsed in and out of her, slow at first, then faster. He grunted as he thrust, as lost, perhaps, as she was in the rising spiral. She pushed back into him, taking him in, letting him pound her. The fullness,

the movement, the vibration inside her – she didn't know if she could bear it much longer.

She pinched her clit between her first two fingers, felt the flood of edgy sensation pass through her. Rolled it, circled her finger around it. It was hard and pebbled, almost too sensitive. She kept up her own rhythm, feeling the fire build. Scott was going at it hard now, his initial, hesitant penetration having changed to a deep, solid fuck. In deep, out, in deeper. Delia was as full as she could be, body bound tight around humming latex cock, pounding human cock, thrumming, deep, hard, powerful, and she rolled her finger over her clit and suddenly everything just exploded.

She had never come so hard in her life. A sob rose into her chest, shaking her to her core. Tears burned in her eyes and she shook and convulsed and pounded until she felt like she might lose consciousness. But she didn't, and as the massive, mind-boggling orgasm ripped through her, she felt Scott let go as well, heard his voice tear out of his throat in a tense, ragged moan of utter satisfaction.

It seemed to last a long time, but still was over too soon. Delia's body protested as Scott's cock softened inside her, then slipped free. He turned off the vibrator then, and withdrew it, as well. Carefully, he nestled her against him, kissed the back of her neck.

"Was that good?" he asked her, his whisper tickling through her hair.

"Yes. God, yes, it was good."

Chapter Three

For the next two days, Delia could still feel it. The thick shaft of the vibrator inside her, stretching, chafing her, working her sensitivity to a peak she'd never dreamed possible. Scott's cock inside her, sliding deep into her ass, she open, ready, willing to take him in, the distinctive, burning sensation of the careful intrusion. The memory had imprinted on her body. She sat at work thinking about it, and it made her smile.

But there had been more to what had happened, and the more she thought about it, the more unsettled she became.

She couldn't shake the feeling that Scott didn't trust her. Not the same way she trusted him, in any case. She'd allowed him free access to her body, free rein over everything she had to offer him. Yet when she had trailed that vibrator over his stomach, he'd looked at her like he was afraid she was going to rape him with it.

The more she thought about it, the more she thought maybe she should be offended, the more she thought she should give him a chance to make it up to her.

She didn't feel comfortable looking for a regular brick and mortar store where she could buy what she wanted, so she surfed the Internet. Carefully, following referrals from friends, to find good sites and not just sleaze.

When she found what she wanted, at a price she found reasonable, she found herself hesitating over the last click of the mouse button. What if he didn't like it? What if he flat-out told her no?

She compressed her lips in determination and clicked the button.

According to the follow-up order slip, it would arrive a week from Tuesday.

* * *

Tuesday night, two weeks after their first fuck anniversary, Scott arrived home to see a box on the kitchen table. It was wrapped in shiny teal paper, with a silver bow on top.

"What's this?" he asked Delia, who sat at her usual place at the table reading a book.

She grinned slyly. "Open it."

He did. He stared at the contents of the box, puzzled. He looked up at Delia, who was still grinning, then back at the box.

"Is this what I think it is?"

"Probably." Laying her book on the table, she folded her hands and regarded him primly. "The kids are at my sister's. We have all night."

He shook his head. "I don't know about this."

Delia gave him a sharp look. "You bought me a gigantic vibrator—blue, I might add—and I didn't blink an eye. I let you fuck my ass and fuck me with the vibrator at the same time."

Scott blinked. Delia rarely spoke so bluntly. The combination of her frank language and the memory of what they'd done with the vibrator sent a shiver of heat through his body. Seeing the big, blue latex cock disappear inside her body, watching his own cock ease inside—suddenly his pants were uncomfortably tight.

"You liked that," he told her. What he saw in the box didn't seem to hold the same potential for himself.

"Yes, I did." Anger sparked in her eyes. Scott wasn't sure he understood why. "I did like that, but that isn't the point."

“What is the point? And, more importantly, how is this—” He pointed at the contents of the box. “—going to prove it?”

“I want you to prove that you trust me. I want the power and I want the dominance that you usually have, and I want you to be willing to trust me with that.”

“Maybe—maybe I could think about it.”

Delia’s eyes sparked again. “Did I have to think about it?”

“No, but—”

“No buts.” Delia’s tone brooked no argument. “We’re going to do this. You picked the vibe and I went along with it, no questions, no complaints. Now it’s your turn.”

Scott had to wonder how a little experiment with ordinary sex toys had turned into an apparent power struggle. The whole concept made him uncomfortable. He was the man. He was in charge, on top, all that. Not—

Delia reached into the box with slim, feminine hands and took out the contents. A harness, made to fit around the hips, and a small, tapered dildo. The harness was made to accommodate the dildo in a position over the front of the wearer’s crotch.

“I’ve never even seen a strap-on before,” Scott protested.

“Bullshit. If you braved more than a couple of pages on those sites I found, you’ve seen a strap-on.”

“Well...pictures.” He eyed the small rubber dildo with trepidation. It was green. “Why that one?”

“Inexpensive, fairly high-quality, and it said it was perfect for anal beginners.” Now she sounded like she was quoting from the catalog. “Which you are, so it should be good. I didn’t want to start out with a giant donkey-schlong, after all.”

“No. That would have been bad.”

“So.” Delia looked up at him, the black harness draped over one hand, the little dildo in the other. “Let’s do this.”

Chapter Four

Scott watched with interest as Delia donned the harness. It seemed a bit complicated to him, but she seemed to have no trouble figuring out which buckle went where, and how to adjust the dildo in the hole so that it sat at the correct angle.

He lay staring at her, at his slim, blonde wife who had suddenly sprouted a small, erect penis, and couldn't decide if he was amused, aroused, or apprehensive.

Delia tilted her head, regarding him. "You look like you think I'm about to kill you."

Well, that answered that question. Definitely apprehensive.

"I can't believe you think I would hurt you." She sounded disappointed, at the least, insulted at the worst.

"It's not that. It's just...weird."

That sharp, angry look returned to Delia's eyes. She planted her fists on her hips. "Are we going to do this, or not?"

Scott looked at her. Scanned her up and down. Her blonde hair fell softly golden to her shoulders, her blue eyes glinting in annoyance, perhaps even insult. She had on a black bra, tiny black panties, and the strap-on. It was funny in a way, her small, belligerent self, the odd-looking plastic cock jutting from her groin. But, as he looked at her, Scott felt himself heating up. Hot waves of desire poured through his body. He wanted to grab her, push her down into the pillows, turn her over, fuck her silly.

But that wasn't the point. The point was, he was supposed to let her do that to him.

He swallowed.

"Do I at least get a little foreplay first?"

Her posture relaxed. "Of course."

He leaned back into the pillows and looked up at her, trying to relax, to show acquiescence in his expression, in the alignment of his body. He wanted her to look into his eyes and see trust there, and he hoped he was successful.

Seeming to relax a bit more, she leaned toward him. The back of her hand trailed gently down his chest. He closed his eyes, then opened them again.

"Don't," she said. Her fingers moved to touch his nipple, squeezing it gently. The sensation arched straight to his cock, and his body stiffened in reaction.

"Don't what?"

"Don't open your eyes."

He swallowed. "I want to see what you're doing."

She twisted his nipple and he flinched. "Why?"

"Just...it turns me on."

"You want to be sure you approve." Her other hand rose, working his other nipple. His cock was hard and seeking now; he felt its length stretch out along his belly.

"Maybe."

Delia bent over him, aligning her body along his, her barely-clad breasts brushing his chest. "I don't care if you approve."

That glint in her eyes had come back. Scott met her gaze, facing the unaccustomed look on his wife's face. She wasn't angry anymore, though, and for that he was grateful. Her look now was more daring, mischievous.

Scott liked that, and he relaxed a little as she began to move her palms flat across his chest, down his stomach.

“What kind of foreplay would you like?” she asked.

“Suck me.”

Delia grinned. Apparently it was okay, then, for him to assert himself. That was the problem here—he wasn't sure what was allowed and what wasn't. Wasn't sure what she expected of him, and, more disconcertingly, he wasn't sure what to expect from her. It was still Delia there in front of him, but a new Delia. This Delia was self-possessed, confident, dominating. She'd always been a strong woman, but this Delia was almost scary.

This Delia wanted to fuck him with a strap-on. That was the long—or rather the somewhat short and blunt, perfect for anal beginners—of it. His attention drifted again, to the jut of the small dildo there at the juncture of Delia's thighs.

It was wrong, he thought. She was supposed to be soft, hot, wet, open there. She was supposed to be spread and ready for entry. Womanly, musky with arousal, damp with need, his fingers, his tongue, his cock inside her. But now she wasn't. Now she was hard and thrusting, solid, penetrating. And he was expected to be spread and ready for entry.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, arousal hit. Hard and intense, suffusing his body, melting him. He could feel his heartbeat in his cock, knew it was steely-hard, as hard as it had ever been. Wanting to pierce, to penetrate. He looked into Delia's mischievous eyes.

“Suck me first,” he said.

She smiled and lowered herself on him, her mouth making soft trails down his stomach. Her tongue rimmed his navel and he gasped at the heat

of her mouth. As her tongue explored him there, her fingers traced the fold of his groin, then lifted his scrotum, rolling his balls gently back and forth.

He made himself relax. This was familiar; he could lose himself in this, instead of dwelling on the look in Delia's eyes, or the specter of the strap-on.

Automatically, he opened his eyes to watch her, then closed them again, remembering Delia's order to keep them shut. His hands clenched the covers, to help him remain aware of where he was, what he was doing, what was being done to him.

Delia touched her lips to the base of Scott's cock, humming softly. The vibration against the sensitive skin made him shiver. Her tongue touched him, licked from the base of his cock up the underside of the shaft to the head, traced along the rim, then she drew him gently into her mouth.

Her tongue was hot and soft on him as she pushed it flat against his glans. She swirled around him, increasing the suction, the friction. Fire pooled in his groin and he felt himself tauten. He fought to hold himself under control, to keep from thrusting hard into Delia's mouth. They had an understanding about that—if he didn't push too hard, she would often swallow. It was a fair deal, and one he didn't intend to violate.

But at least some of the rules seemed to have gone out the window today, and as she tightened the suction, gently used her teeth, she brought him deeper and deeper down her throat. She drew him all the way back into her mouth, then swallowed, the tightening of her throat muscles stimulating him further. He trembled on the brink of orgasm for a moment, fought his way back.

Delia's body shifted. Scott closed his eyes, only then realizing he'd opened them again. It was hard to keep them closed; he was used to watching from time to time, watching her mouth suckle his cock, watching her nipples plump and rise, her face shift and change, color rushing into her cheeks. But he was supposed to be trusting her, literally blindly.

He kept his eyes open long enough to see her reach toward the nightstand. She managed to do it without releasing the head of his cock from her mouth. The tip of her tongue touched the slit, slipped barely inside for a split second, and he jumped at the invasive sensation. It was almost painful, but maybe that was just because he hadn't expected it.

Delia had the tube of KY in her hand, which she had snagged from the bedside table.

"What—?" Scott began, then broke off as Delia swiveled her head to look up at him. She still had his cock in her mouth; she smiled around it and slid him down her throat again. At the same time, he felt her fingers touch him, chilly with what felt like a generous amount of lube. She rimmed his entrance with a finger, then slid it inside.

He tensed a little, then made himself relax at the ensuing stab of discomfort. Tensing up was the worst thing he could do, and he knew that, since he'd actually taken the time to read a little about anal entry before he'd tried it with Delia for the first time. For some reason, in spite of what he'd read about prostate stimulation, in spite of his assumption Delia would enjoy it—which had proved correct—he'd never considered it something he wanted to have perpetrated upon himself. Typical male mental block, he figured. That kind of thing was for women and gay men.

Her finger moved deeper into him and all thought fled. The sensation was raw and deeply arousing, fire that shot deep through his body. It felt—good. He relaxed, letting her in.

She sucked harder on his cock and he arched his back, pushing a little deeper, and her finger went in farther, then she pressed up and a powerful jolt shot through him and suddenly he was done, over, coming so hard he saw stars. She swallowed him down and he felt the vibration of her chuckle against his glans.

His hands fisted hard in the sheets as he rode the long, deep wave. The books were right. He'd been completely unwilling to believe them, but, damn, they were right. This was spectacularly intense, encompassing his entire body. His eyes started to water as he came down from the crest.

Then Delia moved, and he felt her fingers slide out of his body. Lifting his leg, she maneuvered it until his calf lay over her shoulder. She bent over him, looking straight down into his face.

A subtle, careful movement of her hips, and he felt himself being penetrated again.

His eyes opened abruptly and he looked into her face. He forced himself to close them again, but she touched his face and said, "It's okay."

He looked up at her. Her face hovered above his own, a look of concern in her eyes.

"Are you okay?"

He nodded. He really was. It felt...strange, but impossibly good. The small dildo was a little less yielding than Delia's fingers, but she moved slowly, carefully, a fraction of an inch at a time, gradually going deeper.

Scott let out a low, guttural breath and tilted his hips up, bringing her in a little deeper.

Delia looked down at him, a look of wonder on her face. Her hands were braced on either side of his head. As he watched her, she looked down, toward where they were joined, obviously watching the movement of the dildo in and out of his body.

He wondered what it looked like. He knew what it looked like to see his own cock moving inside Delia, in her vagina or in her ass, and imagined himself like that, spread open, his calf on Delia's shoulder, her hips thrusting gently between his open thighs, the slim dildo penetrating him, slick and shiny with lube, moving in and out.

The fire in his body had deepened again, his cock fighting toward another erection. Delia saw, and touched him, her fingers curling around to enclose his shaft.

"Harder," he said, without thinking, because thinking was the worst thing he could do right now, because this was mindless, primal.

Delia's eyes met his. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." He didn't give himself time to think.

She moved between his legs, pushing into him until her hipbones touched his ass. All the way in, he realized, the dildo's full if not considerable length now embedded inside him. He grasped her arm, holding her still for a moment, just feeling the invasion. It burned deep inside him, but it was a good, strong fire. Inside the curve of her fingers, his cock twitched again, still trying to harden.

"Does it feel good?"

"Yes." He let go of her arm and settled his hands against her waist, encouraging her to thrust.

She smiled at him and began to work her hips between his thighs, the latex cock sliding in and out, a little faster, a little deeper. He stared up into her face as she took him.

God, was this what it was like for Delia? Possessed, taken, penetrated, presenting herself to him in open trust. He'd never thought about it before. It had just been the natural way of things, to be inside her, on top of her. He'd thought he was giving her dominance, control, when he let her be on top, but that was nothing. A token power shift at best. This was—unbelievable.

She thrust deep into him again and suddenly his body unwound, climaxing again. It took him more as a paroxysmal contraction of muscle than the usual sensations in balls and cock, and he barely ejaculated, but it had to be classified as some sort of orgasm. He let out a low moan as it pulsed through him, and Delia smiled.

She held his gaze as he finished the second time, then slowly withdrew. The absence of the dildo registered in his body as a loss, as a sensation he wanted to have back. He drew her down to him and kissed her. He could feel the dildo prodding into his stomach between them, warm now from being inside him.

He kissed her deeply, feeling the hot depths of her mouth, caressing her tongue with his.

“Was it okay?” she asked him.

“Yes.” He didn't know what else to say; the implications of the role reversal had yet to sink in all the way. He knew one thing for certain, though—he owed her an orgasm.

She didn't seem overly concerned about it, though, still occupied kissing his mouth, his face, down onto his shoulders. Trying to keep at

least some of his attention focused on that, he reached between them with one hand, seeking out the buckles on the leather harness, to loosen it and turn her back into his familiar Delia.

Half assuming she would protest, he worked at the first buckle authoritatively. But she reached down, as well, and helped loosen the other fastenings on the apparatus. A few seconds later, it had fallen loose, and she maneuvered the rest of the way out of it, letting leather and latex fall to the side.

Scott positioned himself over her, assuming she would let him, then realizing he'd actually experienced a moment of doubt that she would allow him. He'd never had that kind of a hesitation before—he'd always assumed it was okay to pin her to the bed, dominate her, penetrate her. Now, suddenly, he felt like he needed to ask permission.

But she pulled him into place on top of her, the movements languid but not automatic. Her hand slid firmly down his back, in a smooth, authoritative movement of possession.

His cock had hardened slightly, but he was fairly spent, and he didn't think he could master enough of an erection to enter her again. So he cupped her mons, feeling the heat against his palm, and slid two fingers inside her.

She opened under him, just as she always had, and he wondered why this surprised him. Why should anything be different? Delia opened and arched under him, bringing his fingers deep inside her. Her hips tilted, lifted, and dropped, settling into the rhythm, encouraging him deeper, harder.

Looking down at her, he watched his fingers disappear inside her body, feeling the slick wetness flow across his fingers, over his palm. The

musky fragrance of her arousal rose to him and he breathed it in. Her hips tilted up toward his face, and he lowered his head to close his mouth over her warm, wet cunt.

She jumped under him, a soft moan escaping her lips. He pressed his tongue against her clit, working it in a careful circle, not too hard, not too rough, letting the awakening of her breath and the rhythm of the small, mewling sounds she was making guide him.

“Is it good?” He hummed it against her, feeling the thin, soft tissues of her sex vibrate under his words. It had never occurred to him to ask her before, not in mid-stride. After, of course, but this was different. Somehow she was different, and it excited him. Everything was different, because she had taken him.

“Yes...”

Her voice was breathy, broken. Her hands delved into his hair, holding his head close against her. He let his mouth open wide, devouring her, feeling her clit harden and rise, pushing against his tongue as he pushed back. His fingers were deep inside her now, feeling the contraction of her vaginal wall, feeling the heat, probing for the small protrusion at the top of her vagina. He pushed into it with a fingertip and she twisted, keening his name.

She was his again. He possessed her—but as soon as the thought crossed his mind, it changed, because he remembered her pushing inside his body, turning the tables. The intensity of that, the humility.

Closing his eyes, he shifted his hand, slipping his fingers out of her deep channel, replacing them with his tongue. He thrust into her with his tongue, drawing it out and up to lick her clit, then back inside her. His

fingers were wet and slick with her; he slid his forefinger back to rim her anus, then gently pushed inside.

She reached out, clenching the sheets. No protest – this pleased him, that she seemed willing to accept his invasion, his penetration, his possession. His finger pressed in deeper while his mouth worked her cunt, and suddenly she went rigid and still beneath him, her body going taut, her hips lifting, and then her sex began to tremble, to pulse, as her climax poured through her body.

He smiled against her shaking labia, stroked her a few more times with his tongue. He looked up at her, and she looked back with dark, sated eyes, and smiled.

* * *

The next morning, he woke alone. Surprised, he swung out of the big bed, pulled on a robe, and went to search for Delia.

She sat at the kitchen table, a brightly colored magazine spread out in front of her. Scott didn't recognize it at first, then he moved a little closer and realized it was the sex toy catalog.

As he came in, she looked up and smiled. "Good morning."

"Morning." He took a seat across from her. "What are you doing?"

"Just taking a look," she said. She pushed the catalog across the table to him. "It's your turn next time. A week from Tuesday."

She gave him a wicked grin that made all the blood in his body pool in his groin. He picked up the catalog and began to page through it. "Yes," he said, returning her mischievous, sex-drenched look. "I do believe it is."