

BIRTHDAY GIFT FOR HIM AGAIN

Patty needed rest from her wild weekend with Billy. It all still seemed like a dream to her. The tenderness between her legs reminded her that it wasn't just a dream. It had really happened.

After such a tumultuous weekend, the big, open-aired house made her feel small. Five bedrooms. Five and a half baths. Why did she still live in such a place? But, it had been her home for a very long time.

Billy had dropped her off just earlier, and it had been really tempting to just have him stay over. But they went separate ways to wind down before their weeks started, and so they could sort things through. At least that was Patty's feeling.

A good, long bath and a glass of wine helped Patty immensely. She thought of a good book to read, but her mind kept returning to Billy. Their intimacy

and raw sex had been unlike anything she had ever experienced.

She was in a gown and almost to bed when her phone started buzzing. One look at the name and she grinned. "Billy".

"Hi." She half-whispered it.

"Hi." His voice was gravelly and she immediately wondered if he was in bed. It sounded like he was. "I don't think I'm going straight to sleep."

"No?" She was glad, she admitted to herself.

"Can't stop thinking about you. About us."

She pressed her lips and thought of what she ought to say, compared with what she wanted to say.

Finally, she relented. "Yeah? Neither can I."

"I want to see you."

"You do?"

"Yeah."

"Already?"

"Absolutely."

"I'm already in bed." She stood over the bed she was about to get into and sipped her wine.

"Good."

She chuckled.

"There's something we didn't do this weekend that I can't get out of my head." His words were so low she wondered if he was stroking himself on the other end. He definitely sounded aroused.

"Yeah?"

"Yep."

"Well," she bit her lip, "think of us doing it and then go to sleep."

"No, I want us to do it."

She sat gently onto the bed. For the umpteenth time that weekend, she was reacting inside. She shut her eyes and wondered if she would ever be the same again.

"Billy, I'm sure we probably will."

He exhaled on the other end of the phone.

"Can you give me a hint?"

"It involves you on your knees."

She sighed aloud and then wished she hadn't reacted so quickly. The thought of his thick cock hit her at once.

"Um, I haven't done that in a long time, actually." It was true. And she didn't really know what else to say. The fact that he was thinking of her doing that made her squirm on the bed.

"It's got me going thinking about it."

Her eyes frantically darted about the bedroom, as she tried to think of what to say. She was very torn but then tried for being the responsible one.

"Let's give it time." She was whispering.

"I'll be there in twenty minutes."

She was silent a second. He spoke again directly.

"Be downstairs. Ready."

"That's pretty bold." She intended it to sound defensive, but she knew it didn't.

"Twenty minutes." He hung up.

She bowed her head and couldn't keep from grinning. She shook her head slowly. She thought of calling him back. Telling him no.

Instead, she simply put her phone on her nightstand. She stood up, and she walked over to the bathroom. She pulled her robe on and stared into the mirror. Her drawn face stared back at her.

She tied the robe tightly, and she grimaced as she reached for make-up and some lipstick. Her hand trembled just a bit when she picked a bold red gloss.

It took several minutes to freshen up, and every couple of minutes, she thought of calling him. Each time she kept at her touch-ups to her face.

When she finished, she figured it had almost been twenty minutes already. She toyed with the idea of keeping him ready perhaps. She could call him and

tease him as he headed over. 'What has gotten into me?'

She took one last look at her lips, and she didn't think she could leave them that way. They were carefully done with the shiny red. It was late at night. He had just talked about her getting on her knees for him. It would be awful to go downstairs this way. Awful.

She reached for tissue and turned on the water. A last quick glimpse into the mirror and she thought of the evening before. In the bathroom. When he had held her by her hair. Made her watch him fuck her.

Slowly, she put the tissue back down. Her hand turned the faucet off. Her glossy red lips pursed back at her as she left the bathroom.

She took the stairs down one at a time. With each step, her pussy moistened more, it seemed. She could not have taken longer to descend them, but when she reached the bottom, he still hadn't arrived.

When she got to the foyer, she paused. She had her wine glass in her hand. She could go to refill her glass. She considered the sharp, sweet taste of Chardonnay that was nearby.

Her feet didn't move and she didn't go to the kitchen. She just stood facing the door. "I must be going crazy'.

She took a step forward and waited. Inexplicably, she grew more aroused just standing there waiting on him. She let her mind trace back, and she couldn't think of anytime in the last four or five years she had performed oral sex. She even doubted whether she could go through with it.

The doorbell chimed and she jumped. He was there. She stepped forward to the door, saw it was him, and opened the door.

She backed a couple of steps to let him in, and then she watched his stare to her face. The same burning intensity in his eyes from the night before was back. He closed the door behind himself. He stood there in front of her.

She opened her mouth to say something, but nothing came out. She looked away to the living room, and then back to him.

His broad shoulders stretched the t-shirt he was wearing, and the jeans he had thrown on were old. He looked tan from the beach. She cursed herself for what she felt between her legs.

He shook his head.

She looked up at him pleadingly. Then she whispered in the still, silent house. "I can't."

He took one step forward and she wondered if he was about to kiss her. Their eyes were locked. Whatever advantage or confidence she had held over the weekend was gone. She held some deep desire to please him she couldn't even name.

He brought his hands to her shoulders. There was a slight squeeze first, but then there was a distinct press there. When it didn't ease, she let him guide her downward. Her knees bent and she squatted to kneel. She straightened her legs behind her and arched her back. Her face was level with his lower stomach.

She peered up at him. She gave the slightest of shrugs. "Billy, I..."

"Undo my jeans."

She looked at his crotch right under her face and the bulge was huge on the left side of his jeans. She looked back up at him helplessly. He put his hands in her hair, as she brought her hands to his belt.

She noticed herself breathing heavier than she wanted to, as she wrestled with the belt, the button and the zipper. The expensive rug she knelt on was thankfully easy on her bare knees.

She had his fly open and his boxers in view, when both his hands brushed at her hair, clearing it from her face. Her hands pulled away his boxers, and she had to fight to retrieve his dick. She still couldn't get over how thick he was, as she gripped his base.

Her left hand held down the cotton boxers, and her right hand fished him from within the underwear. Once he was cleared from the boxers, he grew in her fist. It jutted towards her face.

His hands held her cheeks and tilted her face up to look into his eyes. Her right hand still held him around his shaft, and her left hand rested on his base and felt some of his heavy balls.

"Kiss me." His direction was as firm as it was surprising to her. She hesitated. She glanced at the head of him, and it looked swollen and very smooth.

Keeping in mind where she held him, she looked back up at his eyes. She was looking straight into his eyes, as she leaned forward. She puckered her full lips and she touched them to his cockhead. It twitched at her peck.

She glanced down at where she had kissed. His bulbous head twitched. There was redness on his cockhead where her kiss had been. She squirmed and looked back up.

She swayed her head back and then forward again, and when she made contact this time, she didn't move away. His head stayed at her lips, and she relaxed her lips. She was staring up at his eyes, and she watched them grow wide, as she parted her lips to go around the crown of him.

This was her 'Billy'. Her stomach churned. Her middle dampened.

His mouth opened above her, as he had to feel her moist lips yield to his round head. It eased past her lips, and she opened to make her mouth wide. When the head of him had entered her mouth, the very soft underside of him slid on her tongue. He grunted above her.

She batted her eyes and worried just how lurid she must have looked to him. Here she was on her knees in front of her son. They were in the foyer of their home, where she had lived with his father.

How many times had the whole family been together and come right through where they were right now? And, here she was on her knees. She had her lips around the head of his cock.

She let that thought flood her, and then she moved her face forward. She had to stretch her mouth wider, and his hands held the sides of her face. His cock sank further into her mouth.

Now, she felt her own eyes open concernedly, frantic with how full her mouth was with him. His hands brought her face even closer, and she surprised them both.

He gasped hard, when she sunk her cheeks inward, sucking on him and closing her mouth to him. She knew she had to look bizarre with her mouth so very open to accommodate him, but at this point, she wanted very much to please him

Her head eased slightly down, leveling her mouth to him. He rocked on his heels, sliding himself back and forth at her lips. Her lips stayed pressed around him, and it hit her. Sooner or later, he would let loose.

She tried backing her face away a bit, and his hands gripped tighter to the sides of her face. It didn't just not work; it backfired. He pushed further forward.

The stiff shaft of him drew further past her lips, and his large head poked into her throat. She had no choice but to gag, and she gagged hard. He let her pull off to swallow and calm.

She was about to say a warning about not releasing in her mouth, when he plunged back forward. He pried her lips. His hardness again filled her mouth.

He threw his head back and a small cry sounded. His cock was well into her mouth, with her cheeks hollowed to him, when she felt it.

A leak from him puddled at her throat and she reflexively swallowed. She relaxed in relief. 'This isn't so bad after all. That didn't really have a taste.' She sucked hard and it happened.

A gush erupted shooting down her throat but also backing up in her mouth. No sooner had the first kick from him ended, and another pulsed. This time strong, unmistakable saltiness filled her mouth and spilled out her lower lip. Her chin was wet with him.

He moaned loud and she shrilled with her mouth full. She was pulling him back when another spurt shot. She had no choice now but to swallow and she marveled at how much there was.

Her face finally left him and she was face to face with what had spewed at her. She was spying his head when it shocked her. It burst a white string at her and she started blinking repeatedly. The first string laced her cheek and a second string blurred her right eye. She squinted and another glob landed stretching from her nose down to her lips.

Dazed, she tried to retreat, and she sensed his palms tilt her face to look up at him. She could only focus through left eye but she could see him still rocking from his orgasm. She felt a thumping at her cheek and his cock was tapping there.

His hand held his base and he was drawing his head about her face. 'Is he smearing himself around my face?' His cockhead dragged from cheek to chin to the other cheek, as she just gawked at him. Then, it patted against her lips.

His hands left her head and his feet shuffled in place, and she took this chance to recoil. She

unfolded from him, and she laid onto the floor. She was exhausted. She couldn't believe what had just happened.

In her periphery, she noticed him moving, and she expected he was going to prop next to her. Instead she felt his hands pulling her robe upwards.

"Billy, no." She said it but she didn't have the strength or energy to really get up. Her hands tried to brush him away.

Rather than move away, he pushed her robe up over her waist. Now, the cool air of the room met her open thighs. She glimpsed down to see his face going between her legs.

"Billy, NO!" Her hands pushed at his head. They clutched into his hair. Panic raced in her knowing his face was there.

His mouth met her sex and his lips cupped her. Sensations shot from her middle. "OOOOHHHHHH!"

She clamped her legs together, but they just clutched his head. Her torso curled forward trying to get up, but his tongue lapped right between her lips down there, and she fell straight back.

The feel of his warm, wet tongue sliding through her lips made her lose it, and she arched her back, pushing her pussy at his face. She bucked her hips hard against his face. She brought her hands to her face.

His lips and tongue worked at her, licking and sucking first her lips and then her clit.

She cried out hard, and she wiggled on the expensive rug. Her hands were on her face, so she had no control whatsoever of her body rolling

about on the floor. Her fingers dabbed the cream coating her cheeks and chin. Her mouth opened and she pushed the wet fingers inside her mouth. She sucked her fingers hard.

Her fingers were still in her mouth, Billy still sucked her clit, and salty globs spilled down her throat, as she exploded from core. Her entire body rocked on the padded rug and she squealed with her fingers still in her mouth. Wave after wave of ecstasy washed over her. Dizziness made her weightless.

She kept convulsing for several moments. When her hands finally fell to her sides, she heard herself whimpering. She was sprawled out and helpless.

Billy laid back beside her. He was barely flat on his back, when she heard it. The doorbell again was chiming.

She looked over to Billy and he stared back at her.

She got scared that it could only be something bad.

She struggled hard to get to her feet. Her legs were wobbly, and she worried if she could stay upright. She staggered to the front door.

She drew in a breath and looked outside. A young woman stood alone outside. Patty yanked the door open.

The young woman stood right in front of her, only a step away.

Patty gawked at her. "Allison?"

Allison's face squinted with concern. "Ms. McGuire?"

"Allison, what's wrong? What are you doing here?"

"I was in the neighborhood. I saw Billy's truck out front."

Allison stared with shock at Patty's face and her voice got shaky.

"Ms. McGuire, are you alright?"

"Huh?"

"Ms. McGuire, your face looks wet. Have you been crying?"

Patty paused and gulped. When she did, she felt a pungent, salty trickle ease down her throat. As it did, she smiled back at Allison.