

The Bad Tenant Ch. 25

Jess's phone buzzed on her desk, shattering her pretense of concentration. Tom's name appeared on the screen.

Tom: Are you going downstairs soon?

Her pulse quickened. The question was innocent enough, but she could read everything beneath it. Tom was probably at his desk right now, surrounded by colleagues discussing the Denver project, nodding along to whatever Miles was saying, but his mind was with her, with what she might be doing in the next hour.

She pictured him checking his watch compulsively, calculating timelines. It's almost noon. She usually goes down at noon on Thursdays. Is she there already? Has it started? His leg would be bouncing under the desk, that nervous tell he didn't realize he had. Someone would ask him a question and he'd have to ask them to repeat it because he'd been imagining his wife descending those stairs to their tenant's apartment.

Jess looked at her laptop screen where the Houston project materials sat open and largely ignored. The budget spreadsheet for custom cabinetry remained half-complete, the same column she'd been staring at for thirty minutes.

Between her legs, she was wet, had been since she woke up knowing what Thursday meant. All morning her thoughts had kept drifting to Tuesday, to Bob's hands, his mouth, his cock, to what it had felt like to have him inside her after weeks of anticipation.

She typed her response.

Jess: Heading down in a few minutes.

She hit send and watched three dots appear almost immediately. He'd been waiting, phone in hand.

Tom: What are you going to do?

The question was so loaded it might as well have been wrapped in dynamite. What was she going to do?

Jess: Not sure yet. I'll tell you everything later when you get home.

It was a small lie. She knew exactly what she was going to do since she opened her eyes this morning, but maintaining the fiction of uncertainty, of things "just happening" organically, made it easier for both of them.

She was going to walk downstairs to Bob's apartment, take his cock in her mouth, spread her legs and let him inside her pussy, and come on his cock while her husband sat at work wondering what was happening.

But Tom didn't need that level of specificity right now.

She put her phone face down, but it buzzed immediately.

Tom: Ok. I love you.

Three simple words that carried so much weight. In them, she heard both reassurance and plea, both permission and anxiety. Tom was telling her it was okay to want this while needing her to

remember him, to come back to him afterward, to keep him at the center even when he wasn't physically present.

A good wife would feel guilty. A good wife wouldn't be sitting here with wet panties, planning to fuck another man while her husband sent her love notes from the office.

Jess: Love you too.

She set the phone face down again with finality. Whatever he texted next, she wouldn't see it until after. This time was hers now, not his. He'd get his details later, get to hear everything, get to come while she described what Bob did to her body. But right now, she needed to prepare.

She saved her Houston documents, then pushed back from her desk and left her home office.

As she walked toward the bedroom, she remembered the moment she'd told Tom what had happened with Bob on Tuesday. Tom's face had transformed in the space of a single second, cycling through shock, hurt, arousal, confusion. She'd seen Tom surprised before, seen him upset, seen him turned on, but never all three emotions warring for dominance at the same time. That moment of complete emotional nakedness, his inability to mask what he was feeling, had revealed how deeply this affected him.

She'd spent months convinced that this was just a kink for Tom, a fantasy he wanted to see played out, but that unguarded moment had shown her that the truth was more complicated. This wasn't just arousal for him. It was something deeper, more profound, more potentially damaging if handled carelessly. That knowledge weighed on her now as she prepared to see Bob again.

In their bedroom, Jess moved to the walk-in closet, opening the drawer where she kept her lingerie. Her fingers trailed over lace and satin, silk and mesh. Red, black, white, blue, pink, yellow, green, she had them in every color. Each set carried its own memories, its own associations.

She considered going down without changing, just wearing her everyday cotton piece. That would send its own message, that this wasn't something extraordinary requiring costume and preparation. But she wanted to feel desirable today, wanted the confidence that came with knowing she looked good underneath her clothes.

She pulled out a matching set in pale blue, sexy but nothing extravagant. Simple lace cups for the bra, matching panties with scalloped edges.

Jess stripped off her yoga pants and sweater, standing in just her plain cotton underwear in front of the full-length mirror. She observed her body. She looked good, better than good, if she were being honest with herself. Years of yoga and weightlifting had kept her body toned. She turned, examining her ass, her long legs, her flat stomach.

She peeled off her plain cotton panties, and then her bra.

Standing naked, she reached for the pale blue panties, pulling them up slowly. The matching bra came next, hooking it behind her back, adjusting the cups.

As she examined herself in the blue set, she remembered how intensely aroused she'd become when Tom went down on her Tuesday night. There had been something about Tom's mouth on her pussy in the exact place where Bob's cock had been just hours earlier that had created arousal beyond anything she'd expected.

She remembered gripping Tom's hair, the small desperate sounds that escaped her throat. Tom hadn't hesitated, hadn't shown disgust or reservation. The gesture had moved her emotionally. It communicated acceptance in the most intimate way possible.

She moved to her dresser, selecting jeans and a black t-shirt, nothing special, nothing that screamed seduction, just clothes that made her feel attractive without trying too hard. As she pulled on the jeans, she remembered the moment Tuesday night when Tom first entered her.

The confusion had been immediate. Had her pussy gone numb? Did Bob actually "stretch her out" like they'd dirty talked about? She'd lain beneath Tom, feeling him inside her, and experienced something fundamentally different from what she'd felt with Bob hours earlier.

With Bob, the stretch had been undeniable. Her vagina had resisted before giving way. Bob's girth had kept constant contact with her walls, slid with friction the entire way. She'd felt him full in every direction, which was probably why her orgasms came so easily.

When Tom entered her Tuesday night, she'd felt warmth, the comfort of him inside her, but nothing close to the intensity she felt with Bob.

What she remembered most clearly was the moment Tom stopped moving. He'd pushed all the way in, and then he'd frozen, not for a second but for several long seconds.

She'd looked up at his face and seen him concentrating. He was cataloging, she'd recognised, trying to understand what felt different. He knows, she'd thought with terror. He can feel what Bob did to me.

She'd recognized that her body had learned a new definition of what a penis in her vagina could feel like, and Tom couldn't provide that definition. The knowledge made her feel awful even now. She could never explain this to Tom without devastating him. It was another secret to keep, another way she was editing reality to protect him.

Jess put on the t-shirt and jeans, and left the walk-in closet for the bathroom.

Inside, she reached for her toothbrush. As she brushed her teeth, staring at her reflection, the 4 AM encounter entered her mind.

When she'd felt Tom leave the bed at 4 AM, she'd followed him. She'd initiated that second encounter not just out of concern for his ego after what happened earlier that night, but because she'd needed it as desperately as he had, needed proof that they still worked together, that what had happened with Bob hadn't fundamentally broken something between them.

The stakes had been enormous for both of them, though neither acknowledged it explicitly. If that second attempt had failed, if Tom had come too quickly again, if the performance anxiety had compounded, if they'd been unable to connect, she genuinely didn't know what it would have done to their marriage.

The relief when he'd lasted longer, when they'd connected, had been overwhelming. They came together, perfectly synchronized, bodies locked as he filled her. It had felt like redemption.

They'd dodged something catastrophic, a psychological bullet that could have fragmented into shrapnel, damaging things she wouldn't know how to repair.

Yesterday, Wednesday morning, she'd bought Plan B at CVS, swallowed with water in her car.

The sex at night had been like the 4 AM encounter. Tom had been on top of her, and she'd wrapped her arms and legs tightly around him.

She'd felt different physically too, her pussy tighter, apparently recovering from Tuesday's stretching. The realization had brought relief, though she recognized the temporary nature of that recovery.

She spat out the toothpaste and rinsed her toothbrush, then leaned closer to the mirror, examining her face. She looked the same, yet somehow different.

She looked like herself, not a fantasy version, just Jessica Marshall, but something in her eyes suggested new knowledge, new understanding of herself and what she was capable of. She wondered if others could see it, if Tom could see it, this subtle but fundamental shift in who she was.

Would Bob be disappointed she hadn't dressed the part, with stilettos, a silk robe, the kind of lingerie that required an unveiling? She decided it didn't matter. She was dressing for herself today, not for his expectations or Tom's fantasy. That felt like progress, though she wasn't entirely sure toward what.

She left the bathroom and made her way to the kitchen. The microwave clock read 12:01 PM. Her heart rate increased.

At the sliding glass door, Jess paused with her hand on the handle. Through the glass she could see the backyard, the edge of the pool shimmering in the midday sun, the wooden stairs leading down.

She took a breath, feeling it fill her lungs, then released it slowly. She then slid the door open and stepped into the Texas sun.

The sun bore down on her shoulders, already warming her skin through the thin fabric of her shirt. She closed the door behind her and turned towards the stairs.

She began descending, one hand trailing along the railing. The wood was warm under her bare feet. She should have put on shoes, she realized, but returning for them now seemed absurd.

Halfway down the stairs, she bent over to see through Bob's patio door into his apartment. No movement was visible, but she could sense his presence somehow.

Her feet found the bottom step, then the concrete of the patio. A few more steps across hot stone and she reached his sliding glass door.

Jess reached for the handle and pulled it open, the sound announcing her arrival.

Inside, Bob stood at the kitchen counter pouring liquid into a tall glass filled with ice. He looked up at the sound, their eyes meeting across the space as she stepped over the threshold.

He smiled, and something in that smile made her stomach flip. Not nervousness exactly, but recognition. They both knew why she was here.

"Make yourself comfortable," he said, nodding toward the living room.

The first thing Jess noticed was Bob's crisp white short sleeve shirt. It looked freshly laundered, or maybe even new.

She glanced around the apartment, surprised by its orderliness. The coffee table had been cleared of its usual clutter, no stray papers, no tools, not even a magazine. He'd set out coasters, another small preparation that spoke volumes. There was a faint floral scent in the air, some kind of air freshener, she guessed. And the couch cushions looked recently fluffed.

It was the apartment of someone who anticipated company, not someone who lived alone. The level of preparation was both flattering and slightly amusing. This was effort specifically for her. She wondered briefly how long it had taken him to clean the space, if he'd spent the morning rushing around tidying up or if he'd been preparing gradually since their Tuesday encounter.

Jess moved to the couch, settling into the corner.

Bob joined her moments later, handing her a glass of iced tea before taking the seat beside her in the middle of the couch, close but not touching, beer in hand.

Now that he was no longer behind the kitchen counter, she could see the rest of his outfit. He wore navy shorts and was barefoot. He actually looked very casual and presentable, she thought to herself.

She also noticed that Bob didn't look nervous at all. No fidgeting hands, no shifting posture, no clearing his throat unnecessarily. She couldn't exactly pinpoint how to describe his body language, but he seemed relaxed and in good spirits. There was an ease to his movements that hadn't been there during their Tuesday encounter when everything had been tentative boundary-pushing. She recognized this as the difference between a man hoping for sex and a man who knew it was going to happen.

The recognition created mixed feelings, relief that the awkward dance was over, but also slight unease at how quickly they'd normalized this.

"How've you been since Tuesday?" Bob asked, his eyes attentive.

Jess took a sip of her tea before responding. The ice clinked against the glass as she set it down on a coaster.

"It's been a busy week," she admitted. "Work's been nonstop. The Chen project is starting up. Next week I'll be in Houston Monday through Friday while Tom will be in Denver for his new assignment. It's the first time we'll both be away in different cities for a whole week."

"So I'll have the house to myself," Bob mused, a slight smile playing on his lips. "Finally be able to walk around naked without worrying about running into anyone."

The joke landed, making her smile.

"Just make sure you're dressed if any delivery people come by," she responded with a playful warning. "I don't want to come home to complaints from the UPS driver."

"No promises," Bob grinned, taking a swig of his beer.

For just a moment, Jess wondered what Bob actually did with his days.

He'd spent a ton of time fixing things around their house over the past months. She'd grown accustomed to hearing his tools, seeing him in the yard, coming home to find small improvements he'd made without being asked. But now both the front and back yards looked

amazing, almost professionally maintained. The fences were mended, the gutters cleaned, even the flower beds were suddenly thriving under his care.

Was he doing work for other people? Did he have friends? Hobbies? Did he date? The idea of Bob with another woman created a strange possessive feeling she had no right to, a territorial instinct that made no sense given their arrangement.

She'd been thinking of him almost entirely in relation to herself and Tom, not as a person with his own full life outside the few hours a week they spent together. He existed in her mind primarily as a character in their marriage drama, not as the protagonist of his own story with his own desires, disappointments, and daily routines that had nothing to do with her.

She pushed the thought away almost as quickly as it formed. She didn't actually want to know about his personal life beyond these encounters, didn't want to think about him with other women or imagine his lonely evenings or consider what he wanted beyond what happened in these sessions. That would make things more complicated, would create obligations and considerations she wasn't prepared to take on. The boundaries, however artificial, however convenient for her, served a purpose. They let her compartmentalize, let her keep this separate from the rest of her life.

"What about you?" Jess asked, redirecting. "What have you been up to since Tuesday?"

Bob shrugged, the gesture easy and unpretentious. "Not much. Fixed Mrs. Henderson's garbage disposal across the street. Helped the Millers install a ceiling fan. Watched some baseball, though the Astros are breaking my heart this season." He took another sip of beer. "Thought about you a lot."

The straightforward admission sent a small thrill through her. No pretense, no games or coded language, just the honest statement that she'd been on his mind, that Tuesday had stayed with him the way it had stayed with her. It was disarming in its simplicity.

"How are you feeling about what happened Tuesday?" Bob asked more directly. "Not just with work, but how are you actually feeling about what we did?"

"It was intense," she said after a moment's pause. "Overwhelming. Amazing." She paused again, searching for the right words, frustrated by how flat everything sounded, how language failed to capture the actual experience. "I'm still processing it. I've been thinking about it constantly but still don't have words for everything. Does that make sense?"

Bob nodded, seeming to understand without needing elaboration. He didn't push for more detail, didn't press her to elaborate or explain further. His expression was attentive but not demanding, patient in a way that made her feel like she could take her time, like he wasn't waiting for her to say the "right" thing. He was simply giving her space to share only what she felt comfortable sharing, to reveal only as much as she was ready to reveal.

This restraint, this respect for her boundaries and her pace, made her feel safer, more willing to open up. It was so different from Tom's anxious need for details, his constant questions that sometimes felt more about feeding his fantasy than understanding her actual experience.

"Have you talked to Tom about it?" Bob asked, and the timing was so perfectly aligned with her thoughts, as if he'd been reading her mind, as if her mental detour to her husband had somehow summoned his name into the conversation.

“Yes. He had a strong reaction.” She left it at that, not offering details. There was no way she’d tell Bob about Tom coming in five minutes or even the later 4 AM encounter where he made up for it. She was protecting Tom’s privacy, maintaining that boundary between what she shared with Bob and what stayed between her and her husband.

“It’s important that you reconnect with him afterward,” Bob told her. “These experiences can create distance if you’re not careful to bring him back in emotionally.”

Jess felt touched by his concern. It seemed genuinely thoughtful, a moment of real human connection beyond the sexual dynamic they were building. She wondered if this came from his failed marriages, if he’d learned these lessons the hard way. The thoughtfulness made her like him more.

“We did reconnect,” Jess said playfully with a slight smile. “Multiple times.”

Bob grinned. “That’s what matters. This only works if you and Tom stay solid.”

Jess felt comfortable and safe with Bob, so she decided to be vulnerable. “I haven’t been able to stop thinking about Tuesday,” she admitted. “I’ve been distracted at work, making stupid mistakes. My mind keeps wandering back to what happened.” She paused, collecting her thoughts. “One of the things that keeps replaying isn’t even the sex but the moment just before, when I was lying there watching you roll on the condom, knowing what was about to happen.”

She paused again before continuing. “I hadn’t even considered the possibility when I came down, but things kept escalating and I felt comfortable right then and wanted it.” She gave a nervous laugh. “It’s crazy how something can feel so right and so scary at the same time.”

“I haven’t stopped thinking about it either,” Bob said. “I’ve replayed it probably a hundred times in my head.” He shifted slightly toward her. “But there’s nothing crazy about wanting pleasure. You shouldn’t feel guilty for being honest about what your body wants and needs.”

Jess noticed Bob framed this as what her body wants and needs rather than what she wants and needs, creating subtle separation between her physical desires and her decision-making self. The distinction felt both accurate and dangerous. It gave her permission to follow physical impulses while maintaining some psychological distance from responsibility. She recognized this might be a sort of manipulation but also found it genuinely helpful.

“I’m going to miss not seeing you next week,” Bob added. “Our Tuesday and Thursday routine has become the highlight of my retirement.” He grinned. “But I’ll make sure to give you an extra good massage when you get back from Houston. Maybe I’ll even learn some new techniques while you’re gone.”

Then, as if remembering the present moment, he asked, “Do you want a massage today?”

This was the moment Jess recognized she’d been building toward. The massage option was there, the gradual escalation they’d done before, but she didn’t want that today. She wasn’t here for a massage that might lead to something more. She was here specifically for the something more.

“I’ve got other ideas,” Jess said, holding Bob’s gaze steadily.

Bob’s eyebrow raised. “What kind of ideas do you mean?”

Before answering, Jess decided to address something practical that had been on her mind. "I'll tell you but first, whatever happens today, please don't make a mess like you did Tuesday. I really don't have time for a long shower afterward."

Bob laughed. "What do you mean by mess?"

"You know exactly what I mean," Jess told him, fighting her own smile. "I don't want you coming on my face today. I know that's probably your favorite thing or whatever, but when it gets in my hair, it's hard to wash off completely. And I have video meetings this afternoon where people actually need to see my face looking normal."

The bluntness of discussing ejaculation logistics while sitting primly on his couch struck her as absurdly funny, and she had to bite her lip to keep from laughing at the ridiculousness of it all.

Bob grinned. "I promise to behave myself."

"Good," Jess said. "I'm glad we could reach this agreement."

She suddenly stood up from the couch and moved to stand directly in front of Bob. "Just watch," she told him. "Let me show you what I came here for."

She reached for the hem of her black t-shirt, gripping it with both hands. She paused there for a moment, suddenly feeling self-conscious about what she was about to do, about attempting to be seductive rather than just letting things happen naturally.

Then she thought fuck it and pulled the shirt up slowly, revealing her flat stomach inch by inch, then the pale blue lace bra underneath, then finally lifting it over her head completely. Except she somehow got tangled in it, one arm caught in the sleeve, and she had to wrestle with the fabric for a moment while Bob watched with amusement.

"Sexy, right?" she said, finally getting free and dropping the shirt to the floor with a laugh. "Very smooth. That's definitely how strippers do it."

"Extremely sexy," Bob confirmed, his grin widening. "The struggling with your shirt really added something special."

"Shut up," Jess said, but she was laughing now too. Something about the imperfection made her feel more at ease, more like herself rather than trying to perform some fantasy version of seduction.

She moved to her jeans next, unfastening the button, pulling down the zipper.

"These jeans are not designed for strip teases," she announced, pulling them down, stepping out of them one leg at a time, nearly losing her balance and having to grab Bob's shoulder for support. "This is way harder than it looks in movies."

"You're doing great," Bob assured her. "Very natural. Very athletic."

"Are you making fun of me right now?" Jess asked, hands on her hips, standing in front of him in just her pale blue lingerie set.

"Absolutely not," Bob said.

She did a slow spin then, to show off the lingerie. When she turned her back to him, she stuck her ass out, looking at him over her shoulder. "This looks good, right? I've been doing squats and hip thrusts for years specifically so this part would work."

"That part works extremely well," Bob confirmed. "That part is perfection."

Jess smiled.

She moved toward him with more confidence now, feeling genuinely sexy rather than trying to perform sexiness. "Lean back," she instructed, and Bob complied immediately, settling deeper into the couch cushions, spreading his legs slightly to make room for her.

Bob placed his beer on the side table, his eyes never leaving her body. She noticed his hands gripping the couch cushions.

Jess sank to her knees in front of him, settling between his spread legs, the carpet soft beneath her knees. She looked up at him, maintaining eye contact.

She felt in control, powerful even, like she was directing this scene, like Bob was responding to her cues rather than the other way around, like she could stop at any moment or push forward, and the choice was entirely hers.

"Have you been thinking about my mouth?" she asked with a smirk on her face. "About what I did Tuesday in the shower? Is that one of the things you've replayed in your head this week?"

"Yes," Bob confirmed immediately. "God, yes. Your mouth has featured very prominently in my thoughts. Extremely prominently."

"How prominently are we talking?" Jess asked, walking her fingers up his thighs slowly, teasing. "Like, thought about it once or twice? Or like, thought about it constantly?"

"Constantly," Bob admitted without hesitation.

She placed her hands on his thighs, palms flat against the fabric of his shorts. She slid them up slowly, taking her time, moving higher until she reached the button on his shorts.

"Can I?" she asked, her fingers hovering there, even though the answer was obvious, even though they both knew why she was here.

"Please," Bob said.

Jess unbuttoned his shorts and pulled down the zipper, the sound of it loud in the quiet living room. She could see the outline of his cock already straining against his boxers, creating a substantial tent in the fabric, the shape of him unmistakable.

She hooked her fingers into the waistband of both his shorts and boxers, looking up at Bob's face to maintain eye contact. When he lifted his hips slightly to help her, she pulled both garments down together, freeing his cock.

It sprang up immediately, released from its fabric prison, already fully hard and pointing toward the ceiling. It was exactly as impressive as she remembered.

She paused there for a moment, just looking at it, letting herself appreciate it openly without embarrassment. The length of it, the thickness, the way the prominent veins stood out against the skin, the upward curve that she now knew felt incredible inside her.

“Jesus,” she breathed. “I forgot how big it is. Like, I remembered, obviously, but I forgot. You know what I mean?”

Bob laughed, a surprised, pleased sound. “I think so?”

Jess immediately wrapped one hand around the base, her fingers not quite meeting around his girth, the circumference too substantial. The warmth of him in her hand was like holding a living thing. She could almost feel his pulse through his shaft, the blood rushing through him. The skin was soft over the hardness beneath, like velvet stretched over steel.

She ran her thumb along the prominent vein on the underside, following its path from base to head, fascinated by the texture, by how it felt beneath her touch.

“Your cock is ridiculous,” she said, still exploring it with her hand like she was examining something scientific. “Like, genuinely ridiculous. This shouldn’t be allowed to exist in nature.”

“Is that a complaint?” Bob asked, amusement in his voice.

“No,” Jess said immediately, shaking her head for emphasis. “Definitely not a complaint.”

She began stroking his cock up and down, establishing a slow rhythm.

Bob’s response was just a groan, his head falling back against the couch cushions.

“I’ve been thinking about this too,” she told him. “About having you in my mouth again.”

She’d always loved giving blowjobs, but with Tom, they’d always been generous acts, something she did for him because she loved him, because she wanted him to feel good. There was pleasure in his pleasure, satisfaction in making him happy.

With Bob, it was different. She wanted to do this for herself, wanted to taste him, wanted to see if she could take him deep, wanted to prove something about her sexual capabilities.

Jess leaned forward, extending her tongue, making it flat and wide. She licked from the base of his cock all the way up to the head in on long slow stroke, maintaining eye contact with him the entire time.

Bob cursed softly under his breath, and she felt a surge of satisfaction at the reaction he’d provoked.

She took her time after that, building anticipation rather than rushing to the main event. She kissed her way up his shaft, soft presses of her lips against his skin. When she reached the head, she paused, circling it with just the tip of her tongue.

She squeezed the head gently between her fingers and watched as a bead of precum formed at the tip, clear and glistening. She leaned forward and licked it away, the taste hitting her tongue, slightly salty, slightly bitter, distinctly Bob. The flavor triggered memories of Tuesday, her body remembering this taste, recognizing it, responding to it.

Finally, she took the head into her mouth properly, her lips stretching around his girth. It was familiar now from Tuesday but still exciting.

She began to bob her head slowly, taking him deeper with each downward movement, feeling him slide across her tongue. Her hand continued stroking the base of his shaft, the part she

couldn't reach with her mouth, while her other hand cupped his heavy balls, rolling them gently between her fingers, feeling their weight, their fullness.

"What did you like most about Tuesday?" Bob asked, his voice tense, the question emerging between heavy breaths as Jess continued bobbing her head steadily.

Jess pulled off his cock with a wet sound to answer, keeping her hand stroking him in slow, firm movements. A string of saliva connected her bottom lip to his cock head for a moment before breaking.

"I loved feeling you all the way inside me," she told him. "I loved that moment when you finally bottomed out and I realized that I could take all of you."

She was being more explicit than she'd been before, more graphic in her descriptions, partly because she was genuinely trying to articulate what she'd felt and experienced, partly because she could see from Bob's face that hearing her describe it in such specific detail was turning him on intensely. His cock had actually gotten harder in her hand as she talked, which she wouldn't have thought was possible.

"I'm in love with your big fat cock," she finished. "Like, genuinely in love with it. Is that weird to say?"

"Not weird," Bob managed. "Extremely not weird."

She went back to working on his cock, bobbing her head up and down.

"Show me," Bob said after a moment.

"What?" Jess asked, though she understood what he meant. She was playing, drawing this out, enjoying the anticipation.

"Show me how much you love it," Bob told her. "Don't just tell me with words. Do what you want to do, what feels natural. Don't think about whether you should. Just do it."

Jess smiled up at him, something mischievous and slightly wicked in her expression, something that felt foreign but also thrilling, like she was channeling a version of herself that only existed here, in this apartment with this man. "I really do love your cock," she said, making it sound like a confession, like she was admitting to something she shouldn't feel.

She maintained eye contact with him as she stuck her tongue out flat and wide again. She then slapped his cock against her tongue once, twice, three times, feeling the substantial weight of him, hearing the wet sounds it made that filled the quiet room and should have embarrassed her but instead turned her on even more.

She moved to her cheeks next. She turned her head and let his shaft smack against the soft skin there, first one side then the other, back and forth.

She giggled suddenly. She was surprised by her own uninhibited behavior, by how natural this felt. She was rubbing a man's cock against her face like it was the most normal thing in the world, and she was giggling about it.

She gathered saliva in her mouth, letting it pool on her tongue before opening her lips and letting it drip onto his cock. She watched it run down his shaft, coating him, making his skin glisten.

She then used both hands then to spread the saliva, coating him thoroughly, making everything wet and slippery and messy. Her hands glided over him easily now, the friction reduced, the wet sounds even more pronounced. She wasn't being neat or controlled or careful. She was making a mess, and she was enjoying making a mess, enjoying the lack of propriety, the complete absence of the polish she maintained in every other area of her life.

"Fuck, princess" Bob breathed, watching her.

She pressed his cock against her cheek and dragged it across her face slowly, feeling the warmth and hardness of him against her skin. She rubbed his shaft along her jawline, across her other cheek, over her closed eyelids, not caring that her face was getting slick with the mixture of her spit and his precum.

"Fuck, princess," Bob groaned.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him while continuing to rub his cock across her face. His expression was pure hunger mixed with something like wonder, and seeing that look directed at her made her feel powerful and desired.

She brought his cock to her lips and kissed it softly, reverently, then dragged her parted lips down the length of him, letting her breath ghost over his wet skin. She was lost in it now, not thinking, just feeling, just following impulse. She pressed his cock against her forehead, her chin, exploring him with her face.

She nuzzled her nose against his shaft, inhaling deeply, taking in his scent directly from the source. It was overwhelming this close, masculine and raw and intoxicating. She rubbed the side of her nose up and down his shaft.

She pulled back slightly and spat directly onto his cock again, watching her saliva coat the head, then used her hands to spread it, making everything even wetter, even more slippery.

Another giggle bubbled up, this one tinged with disbelief at herself. Here she was, on her knees in Bob's living room, rubbing his massive cock all over her face like she was worshipping it, and the strangest part was how right it felt, how natural, how completely free of the self-consciousness that usually governed her actions.

Something fundamental shifted in her during this. She recognized that she was doing things she'd never done with Tom, never would do with Tom, not because Tom wouldn't appreciate it, but because it would feel performative, like she was trying too hard to be someone she wasn't. Here with Bob, it felt natural, like accessing a version of herself that only emerged in this specific context.

With Tom, sex was intimate and connected but also somehow careful, bounded by unspoken rules about what was acceptable, what was too much, what crossed the line from passionate into crude.

But here, there were no such boundaries. She was smearing her face with spit and precum, making a mess of herself, giggling while she did it, and it felt liberating rather than degrading. The distinction was important but also troubling. Why could she do this with Bob but not with her husband? What did that mean about her, about them, about what she was becoming?

The thought turned her on even more, made her want to be sloppier, more abandoned, to push even further.

“Good girl,” Bob encouraged her. “Keep going, princess. Show me more”

Jess moved lower, her face traveling down from his shaft to his balls. She paused there, taking in the sight of them, heavy and full, hanging between his thick thighs.

“I love your big balls too,” she told him. She cupped them in both hands, feeling their weight, the way they filled her palms. “They always give me so much cum,” she added, remembering Tuesday’s explosive finish, the sheer volume that had coated her face.

She lowered her face to them slowly, pressing her cheek against the warm skin, feeling the texture against her face. They were soft, the skin loose and yielding, so different from the hardness of his shaft. She rubbed her cheek against him in small circles, exploring the texture, the give of the skin. She turned her head and pressed her other cheek against them, then her forehead, then her nose, exploring them the way she’d explored his cock, using her face as an instrument of worship.

“Breathe them in,” Bob said above her.

Jess obeyed without hesitation, pressing her nose directly against the skin between his balls. She inhaled deeply. His scent was stronger here, muskier, more concentrated. It was pure male, raw and unfiltered, the kind of smell that shouldn’t be appealing but somehow was.

She breathed in again, deeper this time, letting it fill her lungs, feeling it trigger something primal in her hindbrain. She felt her pussy throb with arousal.

She opened her mouth and took one of his balls in her mouth, sucking gently, rolling it with her tongue. Bob groaned, his hand coming down to rest on the back of her head, a gentle pressure that felt like approval and encouragement. She released it and moved to the other one, giving it the same attention.

She pulled back and looked up at Bob, saw him watching her with an expression of pure hunger that she was doing this to him. The look made her want to give him more, to show him exactly how far she was willing to go.

Jess pressed her face against his balls again, turning her head side to side, smothering herself in them, resting her face against them, breathing them in.

She thought fleetingly about the image she must present, a married woman, a professional, an educated woman on her knees, rubbing a man’s cock and balls all over her face like she was trying to absorb him through her skin.

She wondered briefly, vividly, if Tom could see her now, what his reaction would be. Would he be devastated by the raw abandon she was showing? Or would it arouse him to see her this uninhibited, this completely lost in worshipping another man’s cock and balls?

She suspected both. Tom would be destroyed and turned on, the two reactions feeding each other in that complex psychological spiral he’d developed around her sexuality.

She opened her mouth and tried to take both his balls in at once, stretching her jaw wide, getting them halfway in before she had to release them.

She laughed breathlessly at the attempt, at her own audacity.

“Fuck, princess,” Bob groaned. “Look at you. So fucking perfect like this.”

Between breaths and licks, between pressing her face against him and taking his balls in her mouth, Jess told him in fragments, “I want to drain your cock... drain every last drop... want everything you have...”

After several minutes, Jess finally moved her attention back to Bob’s cock. She wanted him in her throat now, wanted to take him as deep as she could manage, wanted to show him what she could do.

But when she tried to take him from her kneeling position, she immediately encountered the problem. His cock curved upward. The angle was all wrong for deepthroating, his shaft bending away from the natural path down her throat, fighting against her anatomy rather than working with it. Going deeper was impossible from this position.

“Lie down on the couch,” she told Bob. “I need a different angle.”

Bob didn’t complain or ask questions. He turned onto his side with a grunt of effort, his substantial frame shifting on the couch cushions, then lay back fully, stretching his body along the couch’s entire length. His head rested on one armrest, his feet atop the other, his impressive cock jutting upward from his hips like a flag pole.

Jess didn’t hesitate. She climbed up onto the couch, moving with purpose now, positioning herself on top of him in 69 position. Her knees settled on either side of his head, her pussy hovering just above his face while her own face hung directly over his cock. From this angle, she could finally explore his cock the way she wanted to, where his upward curve would work with her anatomy rather than fighting against it.

Bob immediately found her hips, his thick fingers spanning her waist, and he pulled her pussy down to his mouth.

Jess surrendered to Bob’s mouth instantly, her body going slack above him except for the tension in her thighs. “You eat my pussy so good,” she told him breathlessly. “So fucking good.”

She shut her eyes and slowly rolled her hips, grinding her pussy against Bob’s mouth, finding a rhythm that felt natural, that let her chase the sensation building in her core. She moaned loudly without caring how she sounded, without trying to moderate her volume or make prettier sounds.

Bob had become an expert at eating her pussy over these past weeks. Somehow he’d learned her body faster than Tom had in years of marriage, had mapped her most sensitive spots, had figured out exactly what pressure and pace and pattern made her lose her mind. His beard provided extra friction that added texture to every sensation, the coarse hair scratching pleasantly against her inner thighs and the sensitive flesh around her pussy.

What struck Jess most intensely, what made this so overwhelming, was how much Bob loved eating her pussy. His enthusiasm was palpable, unmistakable in every groan that vibrated against her, in the way his fingers dug into her hips to hold her in place like he was afraid she might try to escape, in the hungry, almost desperate sounds he made between licks, sounds that suggested he was getting as much pleasure from this as she was.

She realized several moments later that she’d stopped working on his cock completely. She’d just frozen above it, hands braced on his thick thighs for balance, completely lost in what Bob was doing to her. Her hips were still moving, grinding against his face, chasing the sensation, but her upper body had gone still, her mouth hanging open, her breath coming in short gasps. She

was just taking, just receiving, having completely forgotten her reciprocal responsibilities in the position.

She took hold of Bob's cock with both hands, her right hand wrapping around the base, her left higher up on the shaft, and angled it toward her mouth, adjusting the trajectory so the natural curve would align with her throat.

As she lowered her mouth onto him, as her lips stretched around his girth, memories of Marco surfaced.

She'd be on her knees, and Marco would be standing over her. He'd grip her head with both hands and thrust his cock forward, and through dozens of practice sessions she'd learned to push her head forward at the exact right angle, creating a straight path from her mouth down her esophagus. When she got the angle right, his cock would slip past that barrier at the back of her mouth, that point where mouth became throat, and she'd feel it slide into territory that wasn't meant to accommodate anything solid.

That moment of penetration, feeling him cross that threshold into her throat, had always been her goal. It was an achievement, like learning to do a handstand or getting a muscle-up on the pull-up bar. When she felt his cock slide all the way in until her nose pressed against his pelvis, Marco would groan loudly, a sound of disbelief and pleasure that was deeply satisfying, and she'd feel a surge of pride at her accomplishment, at having mastered something difficult that most people couldn't do.

When he'd finally let her pull back, she'd gasp for air, breathing hard and ragged, spit everywhere, her face a complete mess of tears and saliva. Over time, over many sessions of practice and adjustment, she'd learned to be cleaner about it, to control the gag reflex better through repeated exposure, to manage the excessive saliva production that came with suppressing her body's protective instincts.

She remembered telling Marco once, half joking but also entirely serious, that the way to suppress the gag reflex was to keep triggering it over and over until your throat basically adapts to living in a world where dicks constantly invade it, and eventually your body just comes to terms with that reality and stops fighting so hard. Like exposure therapy.

Marco had laughed but also said it was probably true.

Marco's cock had been impressively long and straight. She estimated seven and a half inches, maybe eight, but not particularly thick. She'd been able to deepthroat him fully after enough practice sessions.

Bob's cock was different in every dimension. The girth was the primary challenge, so substantial that her throat would have to open wider than it had for Marco. The length was daunting too. And yet, paradoxically, Bob's pronounced upward curve actually made deepthroating easier in this 69 position. The angle was perfect. If she could conquer the girth, the rest should theoretically work.

The memory of Marco and of that younger version of herself who'd been fearless and determined and obsessed with mastering her gag reflex, with perfecting the technique of taking cock into her throat without choking or panicking, felt both distant and strangely immediate. That had been years ago. Different life, different relationship, different version of herself.

Except now she felt that younger self resurfacing, that same spirit of sexual adventure, that same fundamental willingness to push limits and test boundaries and see what her body was capable of.

Bob had somehow given her permission to access this part of herself again. Or maybe, and this felt more accurate, maybe she'd given herself permission and Bob was just the catalyst, the excuse, the context that made it safe to let that version of herself out again.

Jess took Bob's cock into her mouth and began working him deeper, inch by careful inch, feeling him slide across her tongue toward the back of her mouth.

She gagged when he hit the back of her throat. The reflex was immediate, her whole body convulsing, making her eyes water instantly. She pulled back quickly to breathe and compose herself, wiping the sudden flood of saliva from her chin with the back of her hand.

Bob's tongue on her pussy was both distracting and motivating. Every time she started to lose focus or feel discouraged, a particularly intense swipe of his tongue would remind her what she was receiving in exchange for her efforts. He was giving her pleasure while she worked to give him this nearly impossible thing. The mutual exchange felt fair, balanced, reciprocal in a way that made the difficulty worthwhile.

She tried again, determined.

Each attempt at getting Bob's cock down her throat made her gag, made her eyes water, sent saliva flooding her mouth faster than she could swallow it, forcing her to pull off and let it drip onto his cock in thick strands.

Her throat protested every single time, tried to expel the intrusion through violent spasms. Her body's protective instincts screamed at her that this was dangerous, that she was choking, that she needed to stop immediately before she hurt herself.

She had to consciously override those instincts, had to mentally command her throat to relax, to open, to accept this foreign object pushing into spaces that weren't meant to accommodate anything. It was physically uncomfortable in a way that bordered on painful, her throat stretching in ways it wasn't designed for, tissues protesting, her jaw aching from being forced so wide.

And yet she was undeniably, powerfully aroused by it, by the challenge of pushing through that discomfort, by forcing her body to do something it desperately didn't want to do, by conquering her own physical limitations through sheer determination.

She wondered distantly, in the small part of her brain still capable of abstract thought, if this was what masochism felt like, deriving genuine sexual pleasure from pushing past pain, from conquering your body's resistance, from doing things that hurt in service of a goal that matters to you. She'd never thought of herself as masochistic, had always associated that word with whips and paddles and things that seemed completely unappealing, but here she was, repeatedly gagging herself until she cried, struggling to breathe around the obstruction in her throat, and getting progressively wetter from it.

She thought about Bob's ex-wives, about the other women he must have been with over his fifty-five years. He'd said earlier that no one had ever deepthroated him before. That statement had lodged itself in her brain like a splinter, had become a challenge she couldn't ignore no matter how much her throat protested.

She wanted to be memorable, exceptional, not just another woman who had sex with Bob Caldwell and then faded into the background of his memory. The desire to stand out, to be the best he'd ever had, drove her forward despite the discomfort, despite her body's very reasonable protests that this was a bad idea.

It was competitive in a way she recognized from her professional life, the same drive that made her stay late perfecting presentations, the same perfectionism that made her redo design concepts until they were exactly right, the same need to exceed client expectations rather than merely meeting them. Except this was purely sexual, a competition with no prize except Bob's admiration and her own sense of accomplishment, a competition where she was the only participant, but where the stakes felt absurdly high anyway.

Finally, after what felt like a dozen attempts but might have been more, Jess felt his cock slip past that crucial barrier at the back of her mouth and slide into her throat, not just press against the entrance but penetrate it, for just a second before her gag reflex went into absolute revolt and she had to pull off immediately, coughing and sputtering, her whole body heaving with the effort of not vomiting.

But she'd done it. Even if only for a moment, even if she'd immediately had to retreat, she'd crossed that threshold. It was progress. The breakthrough felt monumental, like learning to ride a bike or swim, a fundamental achievement that proved it was possible.

Bob groaned loudly beneath her, the sound vibrating against her pussy.

"No one's ever done that before," he told her, his voice muffled by her pussy but still clear enough to understand. "No one's ever gotten me that deep."

Jess felt a surge of pride that was completely disproportionate to the act itself, a wave of satisfaction so intense it made her entire body warm. She was glowing from the achievement, radiant with accomplishment.

She tried again immediately, emboldened by Bob's reaction, hungry for more of that validation. She took him deep again, not all the way, nowhere close to balls-deep, but deeper, felt his cock slide into her throat and this time she held it there. She fought through the gag reflex that tried desperately to expel him, fought through her body's panicked signals that she was suffocating, kept her throat deliberately open around him for one second, two seconds-

Her body won the fight on the third second. She had to pull back, gasping desperately for air, trying not to vomit her breakfast. Thick saliva trailed from her mouth to his cock in long strands. More spit dropped from her chin onto his stomach, creating a small puddle on his skin.

Her mascara was definitely running now. She could feel the wetness on her cheeks, could feel the tackiness of dissolved makeup mixing with her tears. Black streaks were probably painting her face in ways that would look absolutely horrific in normal circumstances. She probably looked completely wrecked, makeup destroyed by tears and physical exertion, face wet with saliva and tears, eyes red and swollen, lips puffy from being stretched around his girth.

But she didn't care. The aesthetic of the debauched woman, the visual of makeup ruined by aggressive sexual activity, turned her on almost as much as it might have embarrassed her in any other context. There was something powerful about looking wrecked, about bearing evidence of the intensity of what she was doing.

“I want to deepthroat you all the way,” Jess declared as she gasped for air between attempts, her voice hoarse and rough. “Balls deep. I want to take every inch of you.”

She wanted to take all of him, wanted to press her nose against his pelvis the way she had with Marco all those years ago, wanted to feel his entire cock buried in her throat with nothing left outside her mouth.

“You’re already amazing,” Bob told her. “Seriously, Jess. You don’t need to push yourself so hard. What you’re already doing is incredible.”

She tried again, taking him as deep as she could manage, felt his cock slide into her throat, and this time she pushed harder, forced herself to take more despite every instinct screaming at her to stop. She felt him penetrate deeper than before, felt her throat stretch around his girth in ways that should have been impossible.

Her gag reflex went absolutely haywire. Her throat convulsed violently, spasming. Fresh tears streamed down her face, adding to the mess already there. But she held on for one more second, just one more, before finally pulling off, gagging so hard her whole body shook, coughing until her chest hurt, saliva pouring from her mouth onto his cock. Her throat felt raw and used and sore in a way she’d definitely feel tomorrow when she swallowed.

Oh shit.

The Skyline party was tomorrow night, the completion celebration she’d been anticipating for months. She’d be giving a speech, thanking the team with her throat feeling like she’d swallowed sandpaper.

Jess abandoned the deepthroating project for today.

Though she hadn’t been able to deepthroat Bob all the way to the base the way she’d wanted, she still felt proud of herself. Maybe in two weeks she’d achieve the full goal, would finally get all of him down her throat.

She started focusing exclusively on the head of Bob’s cock instead. She swirled her tongue around the head, tracing the ridge where head met shaft, paying special attention to the frenulum on the underside where she knew Tom was most sensitive. Then she sucked hard on just the tip, her cheeks hollowing dramatically with the suction, creating intense pressure on that concentrated area.

After several minutes of this treatment, using every trick she knew, every technique she’d perfected over years of experience, Jess pulled off his cock with a loud, wet pop.

“I want you to fuck me,” she told him, the words direct and unambiguous. No teasing or playing coy, no hints or suggestions. Not a request or a question, just a clear statement of desire that had been building throughout this entire encounter, that had been simmering under everything else.

The blowjob and deepthroating had been deeply satisfying, had scratched an itch, had let her prove something to herself about her capabilities and her willingness to push limits, but her pussy was demanding attention now, throbbing with insistent need, empty and desperate to be filled in a way that Bob’s tongue, as talented as it was, simply couldn’t satisfy.

“Take off the lingerie then,” Bob told her, his voice low and commanding, carrying an authority that made it clear this wasn’t a suggestion.

Jess moved off Bob's body, climbing down from the 69 position, her legs slightly unsteady. She stood beside the couch, reaching behind her back to unfasten her bra. She let it fall away slowly, her breasts freed, nipples rock hard. She then slid her thumbs into the sides of her panties, turned to show Bob her ass, knowing how it looked from this angle, and pushed them down her legs slowly, bending at the waist to give him the full view, stepping out of them one foot at a time, standing completely naked in his living room.

She felt powerful in her nakedness, not vulnerable. This was different from the other times she'd been naked here. This was her body as a weapon, as a gift, as a tool of her own pleasure. She was offering it to Bob but also claiming it for herself, using it to take what she wanted. The framing made all the difference in how she experienced this moment, transformed it from something happening to her into something she was making happen.

Bob, having gotten up off his back while she undressed, sat on the middle of the couch and drank in the sight of her, his eyes traveling slowly from her face down her body and back up. His cock jutted up from his lap, still glistening with her saliva. His expression was pure hunger mixed with appreciation, like he was looking at something he'd been waiting his entire life to see.

"Perfect," he said. "You're absolutely fucking perfect, princess."

The compliment made her feel warm and fuzzy inside, not because she needed his validation but because it was so clearly genuine. Bob looked at her like she was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

He stood up then, his substantial frame rising from the couch with a slight grunt of effort that reminded her he was fifty-five, not twenty-five, despite what his cock seemed capable of. He kicked off his shorts and boxers completely. Then he pulled his shirt over his head, revealing his full body, his protruding belly, his barrel chest, his thick arms and legs that spoke of decades of physical labor.

The contrast between his older, heavier body and her younger, toned one was impossible to ignore, but somehow it added to the excitement rather than diminishing it. There was something primal about the age difference, the size difference, something that spoke to ancient patterns of sexuality that persisted beneath all the veneer of modern equality and partnership. Something about the mismatch, about how unlikely they were as sexual partners, made the transgression feel more complete.

"Where do you want me?" Bob asked, ceding control of the encounter to her. "Bed or couch?"

Jess glanced between the two options. The bedroom door was visible down the short hallway. It was where she'd lost count of her orgasms, where she'd felt him bottom out inside her for the first time. The memory was vivid, recent, still fresh enough to make her pussy throb, but she wanted something different today, wanted this encounter to have its own distinct memory rather than just recreating Tuesday.

"Couch," she said decisively.

Bob nodded his understanding, but then held up one finger. "Give me one second," he told her, and she watched as he made his way toward the bedroom.

Jess stood in the living room, naked and waiting, her heart pounding. She could hear him moving around in the bedroom, opening a drawer, then his footsteps returning. He emerged holding a

condom packet in one hand and a large towel in the other, the same thick absorbent kind he'd used Tuesday to catch her when she squirted.

The towel made her stomach flip with anticipation. He was planning for that to happen again, expecting it, preparing for it. The confidence in the gesture, the certainty that he would make her body do that again, should have seemed arrogant, presumptuous even, but instead it just seemed like recognition of reality, like acknowledging something they both knew to be true. He'd made her squirt whenever he'd wanted to. He'd done it with his fingers, with his mouth, with his cock inside her. Why wouldn't he do it again today?

Bob approached the couch and spread the towel across the middle cushion, smoothing it out with his large hands. Then he sat down on it, his weight making the couch creak slightly, his cock still fully erect and pointing toward the ceiling.

She watched as Bob tore the condom wrapper with his teeth. He removed the condom, positioned it at the tip of his cock, then began rolling it down his shaft. Jess watched the latex stretch around his girth, watched it slide down inch by inch, covering that massive cock she'd just had in her mouth and throat, that she'd gagged on and struggled with and conquered, at least partially.

Even through the condom, he would feel incredible. She knew that from Tuesday with absolute certainty. The latex didn't diminish the size, didn't change the fundamental shape, didn't reduce the stretch or the overwhelming fullness she remembered so vividly. It just made it safe, made it something she could do without the constant anxiety about pregnancy, without having to worry about whether this moment of pleasure would destroy her entire life.

When the condom was fully in place, rolled down to the very base of his cock, Bob looked up at her.

He gestured to his lap, the invitation clear and unmistakable. "Come here, princess," he said.

Jess approached Bob on the couch, her body buzzing with arousal, her mind clear with decision. She stepped over his legs, planting her feet on either side of his thighs on the cushions, assuming a squat position above him. Her hands braced against his broad shoulders for balance as she hovered over him.

"This position is harder than it looks," she said with a nervous laugh, adjusting her stance slightly. "Good thing I do all those squats at the gym."

Bob looked up at her, his large hands finding their way to her thighs. "I'm about to find out just how strong those legs really are," he murmured.

The realization that she was taking control sent a thrill through her. Tuesday, she'd been on her back, legs spread, receiving whatever he gave her. Now she was the one dictating the depth, the pace, the angle. With Tom, she rode him regularly, but this would be different. Bob's size meant this would demand real effort, genuine strength and endurance.

Bob's cock lay flat against his stomach. Jess lowered herself slowly until her pussy made contact with his shaft. She settled down fully, trapping his cock between her pussy and his stomach.

She began grinding against him, sliding back and forth along his length. The friction against her clit sent electric sparks racing through her nervous system. "Does that feel good?" she asked breathlessly. "Like our pussyjob from before?"

Bob groaned, his hands moving to her breasts. "God, yes," he managed, cupping the weight of them in his palms.

Jess gasped at the sensation, arching her back and pressing her breasts more firmly into his hands. She ground harder against his shaft, feeling her arousal building steadily. "I can feel how hard you are," she told him. "How much you want to be inside me."

"More than you know, princess," Bob replied. "But I'm enjoying watching you take your time. Watching you decide when you're ready."

For nearly a minute, Jess lost herself in the sensation, rubbing against him, chasing the growing tension deep in her core. Her breath came faster, her movements more urgent, but it wasn't enough.

Jess finally lifted her hips, reaching between her legs to wrap her hand around Bob's cock. She angled him upward, positioning the head at her entrance. She paused there, taking a steadying breath, and looked directly into Bob's eyes.

"Look at me while you do it," Bob said quietly. "I want to see your face when you take me inside."

Jess held the eye contact as she began to sink down slowly, taking just the head inside. The stretch was immediate and intense, her body already remembering what it felt like to accommodate him. Her eyes wanted to roll back, but she forced them to stay locked with his, maintaining the connection as her body opened for him. Her jaw went slack, mouth falling open as she felt herself being split apart.

"Oh fuck," she breathed. "Fuck, Bob."

"That's it," he murmured. "Keep your eyes on me, princess. Let me see it."

She paused with just the head inside, adjusting to the intrusion, allowing her body to remember Tuesday's lessons. The stretch overwhelmed her despite her previous experience with him.

"I forgot," she gasped. "I forgot how much it is."

"Your body remembers," Bob assured her. "Take your time, princess. There's no rush."

She sank down further, taking another inch, then another. Her pussy resisted at first, muscles clenching against the invasion, then slowly yielded as she forced herself to relax and breathe through it. She took him inch by excruciating inch, pausing frequently to adjust, to breathe through the stretch, to let her body adapt to his girth.

"That's it," Bob encouraged. "Take your time. Take what you need."

His hands moved from her breasts to her hips, steadying her as she worked to take more of him.

"Talk to me, princess," Bob said as she paused again. "Tell me what it feels like."

"It's..." Jess struggled to find words through the sensation. "It's so fucking much."

"You're doing so well," Bob told her. "You're taking me like you were made for it."

The praise sent a flush of warmth through her. She sank down further, taking more of him, feeling impossibly full even though she knew she wasn't seated completely yet. Her thighs started to burn from the sustained squat.

"Fuck," she gasped. "You're so big. So fucking big, Bob." The words weren't performance or dirty talk for his benefit, just honest reaction to her pussy being stretched.

"How much more can you take?" Bob asked, watching her face.

"I don't know," Jess admitted. "But I'm going to take all of you."

"That's my girl," Bob murmured. "Take everything I've got."

She took more, then more, her breathing becoming ragged, her nails digging into his shoulders. Every nerve ending in her pussy fired at the same time, stretched taut around his girth.

"Almost there," Bob told her.

Finally, after what felt like forever, she was fully seated. His entire length filled her, her ass resting on his thick thighs, their bodies completely joined.

She stayed completely still for a moment, feeling the overwhelming fullness, the way he stretched her in every direction, the slight ache that edged right up to discomfort without quite becoming pain. Her eyes squeezed shut, mouth open.

"Open your eyes," Bob instructed gently. "Look at me, princess."

She forced her eyes open, meeting his gaze.

"How does it feel?" he asked. "Tell me."

"Oh my god," she whispered. "Oh my god, I'm so fucking full. You're everywhere. I can feel you everywhere."

This was her body being forced to its limits and discovering it loved those limits, craved them, needed them in ways she was only beginning to understand.

Bob let her adjust, didn't push or rush her, just held her hips steady and watched her face with something like reverence. "You're fucking incredible," he told her. "You're taking me so well."

After the stillness, Jess began to move. Just small lifts at first, raising herself an inch or two before sinking back down, testing her range of motion, learning how this position worked with his size. Even these tiny movements made her gasp.

She lifted slightly higher, sinking back down. The sensation of him sliding through her, the pressure against her walls, made her moan loudly.

"There you go," Bob said. "You're getting it. How does that feel?"

"It feels..." Jess paused, lifting and sinking again, "it feels so fucking good, Bob. Sooo good."

She gradually increased the distance, lifting higher, taking more of him out before dropping back down. Each descent forced a loud moan from her throat. Her eyes rolled back as she established a rhythm, bouncing slowly on Bob's cock.

"This is better than any fantasy I've ever had," Bob told her. "You riding me like this... Jesus, Jess."

Jess increased her speed as her body fully accommodated his cock, as the burn in her thighs became just another part of the sensation rather than a distraction. She bounced faster now, really working for it, her breasts moving with each movement, her hair swinging with the momentum.

With each bounce, she felt the fullness, the stretch, the pressure against spots deep inside that Tom's cock simply didn't reach. The comparison came automatically, unwanted, but undeniable. This was why she came so easily with Bob, why Bob's cock triggered squirting and Tom's didn't. The knowledge felt like betrayal even as it heightened her pleasure.

Jess shifted her position, leaning forward, needing more stability as her pace increased. She wrapped her arms around Bob's head, pulling his face against her chest. The new angle let her bounce even harder, using her thighs to drive herself up and down on his cock with increasing force. Her breasts pressed against his face as she continued bouncing, and she felt his breath hot against her skin, heard his muffled groans.

Bob removed his hands from her hips, letting them fall to his sides. The gesture was clear, he was giving her complete control, letting her use his body however she needed.

The freedom was intoxicating. With the change in leverage, without his hands guiding her, she could really slam herself down on him, taking him as deep as possible with each bounce, the impact sending shockwaves through her entire body.

Pressure soon started building low in her belly, different from a regular orgasm. She recognized it immediately from their previous encounters, the specific sensation that preceded squirting. Her movements became more urgent, more desperate. "I'm going to cum," she warned him. "Bob, I'm going to cum so fucking hard on your cock."

She threw her ass up and down with abandon now, her entire body focused on one goal, reaching that peak, letting the pressure release. Bob remained still beneath her, his cock a fixed point she impaled herself on over and over.

"I'm going to make such a mess," she gasped. "I can feel it building. Oh fuck, Bob, I can feel it."

"Let go," Bob's muffled voice came from between her breasts. "Come for me, princess."

The orgasm hit her violently.

She lifted off his cock involuntarily, her body convulsing as fluid erupted from her in a powerful stream. "FUCK!" The scream tore from her throat, raw and uncontrolled.

Her squirt splashed across Bob's stomach, drenching him. Her thighs shook, her arms squeezed Bob's head so tight she worried briefly about hurting him.

She couldn't breathe, couldn't think, could only feel. Tears streamed down her face from the overwhelming intensity. Her pussy clenched rhythmically around nothing, missing the fullness of Bob's cock.

When the convulsions eased enough for her to function, she gasped for air, her entire body trembling.

"Holy shit," she managed. "That was... I've never... so much..."

Before she could fully recover, before rational thought returned, pure instinct took over. Her hand shot down, fumbling for Bob's cock. She needed him back inside her.

She positioned him at the entrance of her pussy and sank down again, crying out at the sudden fullness. The slide was near effortless now, everything slick with her release. She didn't give herself time to adjust, just started bouncing again immediately.

"Fuck," Bob groaned. "You're incredible, princess. Keep going. Take it."

She was oversensitive, every nerve ending firing at maximum, but the discomfort only added to the intensity. She kept her arms wrapped around Bob's head, used him as her anchor as she worked herself toward another peak.

"Your cock," she panted between bounces. "Feels so good. Need more. Need to come again."

Within a minute, she felt the pressure building again. Her body was already primed, already knowing what was coming.

"Already," she gasped in disbelief. "I'm going to cum again already. Oh fuck, Bob, what are you doing to me?"

This time she tried to hold on, tried to keep bouncing through the orgasm, but her body had other plans. She lifted off his cock as she orgasmed, fluid gushing from her again, splashing across Bob's already soaked torso. She screamed, her arms crushing his head against her chest as her body shook.

The moment the convulsions eased, she reached for his cock again. There was no thought involved, no decision-making process. Her body demanded to be filled, demanded to feel him inside her again. She sank down with a sob, immediately resuming her bouncing.

"I can't stop," she told him, the sound emerging gutturally, between gasping breaths. "I need more."

"Then take it," Bob replied. "Take everything you need."

She rode him harder than before, throwing her entire body into each movement.

Another orgasm hit after another minute of frantic bouncing. She lifted off, squirted across his stomach, sobbed through the intensity, then immediately grabbed his cock and sank back down.

The pattern had established itself. Orgasm, lift, squirt, reinsert, repeat.

And then another one.

Her arms were shaking from the effort of holding herself against Bob's head. Sweat dripped down her back, her thighs felt like they might give out, but still she continued. Each time she came, each time she lifted off and felt the fluid gush from her, she experienced a moment of complete freedom, of total surrender to sensation. And each time, her body demanded more, demanded to be filled again, demanded to chase the next peak.

"I'm gonna cum again," she whimpered, her voice breaking. The words had become her mantra, announced between increasingly desperate bouncing. "Can't stop cumming. Your cock. Oh god, your cock."

The next orgasm was the most intense yet. She shook so violently that Bob had to wrap his arms around her waist to keep her from falling off the couch entirely. She cried openly now, tears streaming down her face, mixing with the sweat.

“So good,” she sobbed even as her hand reached for his cock again.

She sank down once more, her body operating on pure instinct, completely disconnected from rational thought. She bounced weakly now, her exhausted thighs barely able to lift her anymore, but still she persisted. Each rise and fall was smaller, slower, but she couldn’t stop.

She’d orgasmed again and again. Was it seven or eight? She’d lost count, everything blurring into one continuous overwhelming experience.

Jess finally collapsed completely against Bob’s chest, and as she did, she lifted off his cock with a whimper. The sudden emptiness after being so completely filled made her gasp, made her pussy clench around nothing, searching for what was no longer there. She felt like part of her was missing.

She sobbed against him, her arms loosening their grip around his head, her entire body trembling with exhaustion and overstimulation. Every muscle shook, her thighs twitching uncontrollably from the sustained exertion.

Bob’s arms came around her, holding her, one hand stroking her back while they both breathed together.

“I’ve got you,” Bob murmured, his voice gentle now. “I’ve got you, princess.”

They stayed like that for a long moment, Jess draped across Bob’s chest, both of them covered in sweat and her squirt juices.

Between her legs, she felt his cock pressed against her inner thigh, still hard.

When she could finally speak, her voice came out hoarse and broken. “That was...” she couldn’t finish the thought. Words felt inadequate. “So good,” she managed finally. “So fucking good.”

She stayed pressed against him, her face buried in the crook of his neck, feeling small tremors still running through her legs. “Your cock,” she whispered. “It fits me so fucking perfectly. Like it was made for me.”

The statement was more intimate than anything that had come before it. She felt his arms tighten around her.

“I’m in love with your cock,” she continued, the words spilling out unfiltered in her depleted state. “I love it so fucking much.”

She realized after she said it that she’d crossed some line, made a declaration that went beyond the physical, but she was too exhausted and overwhelmed to care. It was true in this moment, even if she might regret the words later.

They stayed like that for another minute, both catching their breath. Bob’s cock remained pressed against her thigh, a reminder that despite her exhaustion, they weren’t finished. Finally, Jess lifted her head and looked at him, her face flushed and sweaty.

“You didn’t finish,” she said. “Do you want to keep going?”

“Fuck yes,” Bob replied. “But let’s move to the bedroom. Give you a chance to catch your breath.”

Jess nodded, carefully lifting herself off Bob’s lap. Her legs trembled as she stood, and she had to brace herself against the arm of the couch for a moment while her body adjusted to being vertical again.

She looked down at the couch and couldn’t help but laugh, a slightly hysterical sound escaping her throat. The mess was absolutely ridiculous. The towel Bob had carefully laid out was completely saturated, dark with moisture, and the cushion beneath it was visibly soaked through in several places.

“Oh my god,” she said, one hand coming to her mouth. “I destroyed the couch. Bob, I’m so sorry, I didn’t think...”

“Don’t apologize,” Bob interrupted, standing up beside her. His cock stood out proudly from his body, still fully erect despite everything they’d done. “That was the hottest thing I’ve ever experienced. I don’t give a shit about the couch.”

He reached for their drinks on the side table, handing Jess her iced tea while he picked up his beer. “Here. Drink.”

Jess took the glass gratefully, suddenly aware of how parched she was. Her throat felt dry and raw, partly from the deepthroating earlier, partly from all the screaming she’d just done. She brought the glass to her lips and drank deeply, the iced tea soothing as it went down. The ice had mostly melted during their time on the couch, but the tea was still refreshing.

“All of it,” Bob instructed, watching her. “You just lost a lot of fluid. You need to rehydrate.”

Jess smiled and rolled her eyes, but she obeyed, tilting the glass back and draining it completely. When she lowered it, she saw Bob had finished his beer as well. He set the empty bottle back on the side table and turned to face her.

“Better?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Jess admitted, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. She did feel better, more stable. Her legs still shook, but the brief pause had helped. “I’ve never... I didn’t know I could do that. Cum that many times in a row.”

“You were incredible,” Bob told her, his eyes roaming over her naked body. “Watching you lose yourself like that, watching you chase your pleasure. Fuck, Jess. That’s something I’ll remember for the rest of my life.”

The sincerity in his voice made her cheeks flush even hotter. She set her empty glass down beside his beer bottle, then looked at him. His cock pointed directly at her, demanding attention, reminding her that for all her orgasms, he still hadn’t cum.

“Come on,” Bob said, taking her hand. “Bedroom.”

He took her hand and led her through his living room. Jess was acutely aware of the fluid coating her inner thighs, the wetness that marked every step she took. She could feel more of it leaking from her with each movement, her body still trying to process everything that had just happened.

Bob's cock bobbed in front of him as he walked, still rigid, still wet with her fluids on it. She found herself mesmerized by it, by the way it moved.

They entered his bedroom, the same room where she'd lost count of her orgasms on Tuesday. The bed looked the same but something about being here again, about knowing what was about to happen, made her heart race.

Bob released her hand and turned to face her.

"How do you want me?" Jess asked. "How should I position myself?"

"Hands and knees," Bob said without hesitation. "I want to take you from behind. Want to watch your ass while I fuck you."

The directness of his words sent a fresh surge of arousal through her exhausted body. She moved to the bed eagerly, climbing onto the mattress. Despite everything she'd just been through, despite her trembling legs and over sensitized pussy, she wanted this, wanted to give him what he'd been holding back for, needed to feel him take his pleasure after giving her so much.

She got into position on her hands and knees, her palms flat against the sheets, her knees spread for stability. She arched her back, sticking her ass out, presenting herself to him in the most blatant invitation possible.

Doggy was her favorite position. She loved the deep penetration, the feeling of being taken from behind, the way she could control depth by pushing back or pulling forward. But with Bob's size, she wasn't sure what this would be like. He'd gone so deep when she was riding him, and this position might let him go even deeper. Part of her felt nervous but she was more excited to find out.

She looked back over her shoulder at him, seeing him positioned at the foot of the bed, his eyes fixed on her ass. "Fuck me, Bob," she said, her voice gaining strength. "I need to feel you inside me again."

Bob moved closer, one hand reaching out to palm her ass cheek, squeezing. "You have such a perfect ass," he told her, his other hand gripping his cock. "I've been wanting to fuck you like this since the first time I saw you."

"Then do it," Jess urged, pushing her hips back.

Bob positioned himself behind her, one hand on her hip, the other guiding his cock to her entrance. She felt the thick head press against her opening, and she braced herself, remembering the initial stretch from the couch.

When he pushed inside, she was so wet, so open from the marathon on the couch, that he glided through her slick walls with little resistance.

"Oh fuck," Jess gasped as he filled her. "Oh fuck, that's deep. That's so fucking deep, Bob."

He wasn't even thrusting yet, just buried to the hilt, and already she could feel pleasure building.

But something was different from before. The angle, the position, the way his cock sat inside her, it all felt incredible, but not quite the same as when she'd been riding him, not quite the

same intensity as Tuesday when she'd been on her back staring up at him. She realized it must be the curve of his cock. When she was facing him, that upward curve hit her g-spot perfectly with every movement. From behind, the angle was different.

"How does it feel?" Bob asked as he held himself still inside her. "Tell me, princess."

"It feels amazing," Jess admitted honestly. "Different from the couch. Different from Tuesday. But still so good, Bob. So fucking deeeep."

Bob started moving, slow steady thrusts, letting her adjust to the new angle. His hands gripped her hips. Each thrust drove the air from her lungs, filled her completely, stretched her in ways that made her toes curl against the sheets.

"That's it," Bob encouraged, his pace gradually increasing. "Take it. Take my cock like the good girl you are."

Jess started pushing back to meet his thrusts, establishing a rhythm between them. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the bedroom, punctuated by their breathing and her soft moans. She braced herself better, palms flat on the mattress, arms locked, using the leverage to throw her ass back harder, meeting each of his thrusts with her own backward momentum.

"Harder!" she demanded, wanting more. "Fuck me harder, Bob. I can take it!"

Bob tried to comply, his thrusts becoming more forceful for a few strokes, but she could feel him struggling to maintain the pace. His breathing was already labored, his grip on her hips less controlled. He was 55, had been hard the entire time, had just sat through her marathon on the couch without a break. His body was giving him everything it could, but he couldn't fuck her with the relentless intensity she was craving.

And surprisingly, Jess found she didn't mind. She was already so deeply satisfied from the couch, so thoroughly wrung out from all those orgasms, that this slower pace felt right. This was for him now, not for her. She could give him this, could be patient, could let him take what he needed at whatever pace his body could manage.

Bob's hand came down on her ass cheek in a sharp slap that made her gasp. "You want it harder?" he asked, his voice carrying an edge. "You want me to fuck this perfect pussy harder?"

"Yes," Jess moaned. "Yes, Bob, fuck me. Use me however you want."

He slapped her other cheek, the crack echoing in the room. "You love this cock, don't you?" Another slap, harder this time. "Say it. Tell me how much you love getting fucked by me."

"I love it," Jess gasped, pushing back against him. "I love your cock, Bob. Love how it fills me. Love how it makes me feel."

Bob's pace faltered slightly, his breathing becoming even more ragged. Jess could feel his struggle, could sense his body wasn't cooperating with what his mind wanted to do. She made a decision.

"Let me," she said, planting her palms more firmly and locking her arms.

"Fuck, yes," Bob groaned, his grip on her hips loosening slightly. "Show me. Show me how badly you want it."

Jess started throwing her ass back with purpose, doing most of the work now, letting Bob simply brace himself while she fucked herself on his cock. She established a rapid rhythm, her ass slapping against his thighs with each backward thrust, her pussy gripping him tight with each forward pull.

“This what you want?” she asked breathlessly, putting on a show for him, knowing he was watching her ass bounce and jiggle with each impact. “You want to watch me fuck myself on your big cock?”

“God, yes,” Bob replied, both hands now just resting on her hips, letting her control everything. “Look at you. Taking what you need. Fucking yourself on me like you were made for it.”

Jess increased her pace. Her arms trembled from holding herself up, but she kept going, kept throwing her ass back into him. “Your cock feels so good,” she panted.

Bob’s hand came down on her ass again. “That’s it, princess. Take it. Take everything you want from me.”

Despite everything, despite the different angle and her exhaustion, Jess felt another orgasm building. Not the explosive squirting kind from earlier, but something deeper, slower.

“I’m going to cum again,” she told him, barely able to believe it herself. “Bob, I’m going to cum on your cock again.”

“Do it,” Bob urged, his voice strained. “Cum for me one more time. Show me what my cock does to you.”

Jess threw herself back harder, faster, chasing the sensation. Her arms shook, her thighs burned, tears leaked from the corners of her eyes, but she kept going. And then it hit, not a violent squirting one like the others, but a deep, rolling orgasm that made her entire body clench.

Her arms gave out completely, her upper body collapsing to the mattress while her ass stayed in the air, propped up by Bob’s hands on her hips. She pulled forward as the pleasure rolled through her, his cock sliding out as she writhed against the sheets.

She was crying again, overwhelmed by sensation, by the sheer number of times her body had peaked today. “Oh god,” she sobbed into the mattress. “It’s too much now.”

But Bob’s hands gripped her hips, firm but not cruel, and pulled her back. “Not done yet, princess,” he said, his voice carrying both exhaustion and determination. “You can take one more. I know you can.”

He entered her again, and Jess whimpered at the renewed fullness. Her pussy was oversensitized, every nerve firing at maximum, but she didn’t tell him to stop. She pushed her ass back, signaling her consent, giving him permission to keep going.

Bob resumed his thrusting, slower now, his fatigue undeniable, but his cock remained hard, still filled her completely.

“That’s my good girl,” Bob praised between labored breaths. “Taking it so well. Letting me use this perfect pussy.”

Jess could barely respond, could only make small sounds of acknowledgment, her face pressed against the sheets, tears streaming down to dampen the fabric beneath her. Her hands fisted in the sheets, holding on, enduring.

“One more time,” Bob said, more plea than command now. “Just stay with me a little longer, Jess. I’m so close.”

“Use me,” she groaned. “Take what you need, Bob. I want you to cum!”

Bob’s thrusts became erratic, losing their rhythm. His hands gripped her hips tight, his breathing harsh and desperate. She could feel him chasing his orgasm now, could feel his body demanding what it had been denied for so long.

Jess, sensing he needed more, got a second wind from somewhere deep inside. She started throwing her ass back again, meeting his faltering thrusts with her own momentum, doing most of the work, determined to get him there.

“Come on, Bob!” she encouraged, her voice breaking. “Fuck me! Cum for me! I want it. Want to feel you explode inside me. Want to make you feel as good as you made me feel.”

Bob groaned, a desperate sound. “Close,” he gasped. “So fucking close, Jess. Where? Where should I cum?”

Jess remembered her earlier boundary about the facial, about having meetings, about needing to clean up quickly. But in this moment, covered in sweat and tears and the evidence of her own pleasure, she found she didn’t care as much as she thought she would.

“Wherever you want,” she told him. “On my ass if you want. Or just cum in the condom. I don’t care, Bob. Just finish.”

Bob made the choice for both of them. With a final deep thrust that made Jess cry out one last time, he buried himself completely inside her and came. His groan was long and loud, starting deep in his chest and rising in pitch as his orgasm hit. His entire body went rigid above her, his cock pulsing inside her pussy.

Jess felt every twitch, every throb, felt him shuddering above her as he emptied himself into the condom. And somehow, impossibly, the sensation triggered one final orgasm in her.

She came with him, their bodies locked together, both of them making raw, primal sounds that filled the bedroom. It felt like her body was acknowledging what they’d done together, marking this moment, sealing something she didn’t have words for yet.

They stayed frozen like that for several seconds, both trembling, both breathing in harsh gasps, completely and utterly spent.

Finally, Bob pulled out slowly, carefully, his hands gentle on her hips now. The moment his cock left her body, Jess collapsed completely, face-first onto the bed. She didn’t have the strength to hold herself up anymore, didn’t have the energy to do anything but lie there and try to remember how to breathe.

She heard Bob moving beside her, heard his heavy breathing as he collapsed onto the bed next to her.

For a long moment, neither of them spoke. The only sounds in the room were their breathing, gradually slowing from desperate gasps to something approaching normal.

Minutes passed in silence. Jess couldn't tell if it had been five minutes or twenty. Her sense of time had dissolved.

She turned from her stomach to her side. Her body felt heavy with satisfaction, limbs weighted down by exhaustion and endorphins. Bob lay on his back beside her, his chest still heaving with exertion, eyes closed. Sweat glistened on his skin.

The magnitude of what had just happened was still sinking in. Ten orgasms, maybe more. She'd lost count. She'd screamed loud enough that neighbors might have heard. She'd told Bob she was in love with his cock. She'd been insatiable, her body demanding pleasure she'd never known she could experience.

Her gaze drifted down Bob's body to his cock, now soft against his thigh. The sight of it in this relaxed state fascinated her almost as much as when it was hard. Even flaccid, it maintained an impressive heft, thick and substantial. She remembered the weight of it in her hands, in her mouth, stretching her jaw, remembered feeling it disappear inside her over and over, her body somehow accommodating what seemed impossible.

Next to his hip on the sheets lay the used condom he'd removed and tied while she was still face down, too boneless to move. Her eyes widened at the amount of cum pooled in the reservoir tip. The milky fluid filled it completely. The sheer volume seemed impossible. Bob had just cum on Tuesday. This wasn't weeks of buildup. This was just... him, just what his body produced naturally.

Bob turned his head and caught her staring. A slow grin spread across his face as he reached for the condom, holding it up between them.

"You did this to me," he said. "That's all you, princess."

Jess reached for the condom and took it from him, weighing it in her hand. The latex was warm, the fluid inside shifting with the movement. She rubbed the cum-filled tip between her fingers, fascinated by the volume and viscosity through the thin barrier.

A comparison surfaced in her mind. This was what Tom produced in a week, maybe more. The disparity was undeniable. She should feel guilty for the comparison, for even thinking it. But in her post orgasmic haze, guilt felt distant, irrelevant. There was only curiosity and a strange sense of accomplishment.

And now, looking at this condom filled with more cum than she'd probably swallowed from Tom in a week, she felt that same craving intensify. It was right there, warm, fresh, the culmination of what they'd done together.

She decided she wanted it. Not because Bob expected it, he was just lying there watching her with curiosity, not because it would arouse him, though she suspected it would, not even because it would be shocking.

She wanted it because in this moment, she wanted to consume every part of this experience, wanted proof that this wasn't just fantasy or exploration. It was real, his cum was real, and what they'd done was real, and swallowing this final offering felt like acknowledging that reality completely.

She met Bob's eyes with something challenging in her expression as she found the knot at the end of the condom. His eyebrows shot up, realization dawning on his face, but he didn't say anything, just watched.

Jess untied the knot. Her hands trembled slightly, whether from the physical exertion of the past hour or from what she was about to do, she couldn't say.

She brought the open end to her mouth, tipping her head back. The cum ran into her mouth in a thick stream, coating her tongue. The taste hit her immediately, more concentrated than when she'd swallowed him directly, stronger, almost overwhelming. She squeezed the condom like a tube of toothpaste, determined to get every last drop, feeling the warm fluid slide down her throat.

There was so much. She had to swallow multiple times, each gulp slow, feeling the viscous liquid coat her throat. Some of it pooled in her cheeks before she could swallow it all. When the condom was finally empty, she let it drop to the sheets between them, bringing her fingers to her lips to catch a stray drop at the corner of her mouth.

"Jesus Christ," Bob breathed. "Jess..."

She met his eyes while licking her lips clean. "Delicious," she told him.

And it was true. Not just the taste, but the whole act, the proof that she'd truly swallowed every drop he'd produced, that nothing had been wasted.

Bob's expression, shock mixed with arousal and something like awe, made her laugh. The laugh came out slightly manic, breathless. She was still high on endorphins, her body thrumming with residual pleasure, and she couldn't bring herself to care how depraved she must look, naked, sweaty, covered in the evidence of their fucking, licking cum from a condom like it was honey.

"Don't judge me," she said, still grinning, though something defensive crept into her tone. "I've told you before how much I love cum."

"Not judging," Bob assured her. "But just... Christ, Jess. That was even better than Tuesday somehow," he told her. "Having you take control at the start, watching you ride me like that... fuck. That's going to stay with me for a long time."

Jess laughed. "Good."

Bob studied her face for a moment, something contemplative in his expression. "But seriously, watching you today," he said, "watching you take what you wanted, watching you lose yourself completely... I think you're just getting started figuring out what you like. What you're capable of."

The words were loaded with implication. What did he mean by that? Was he suggesting she could be even more uninhibited than she'd been today? Was he implying there were other experiences waiting, other boundaries to explore? She didn't ask.

Bob was the first to move, pushing himself up from the bed with a grunt of effort.

"I'll grab you a drink and a washcloth," he said, already heading toward the door. "You look like you could use both."

Without Bob's presence as distraction, reality began creeping back in at the edges. The real world existed beyond this bedroom. She had responsibilities, a husband, a career, meetings this afternoon where she'd need to present as professional Jessica Marshall, not the woman who'd just screamed herself hoarse on their tenant's cock.

Suddenly, she remembered to look at the time. Her eyes flew to the alarm clock on Bob's nightstand. 1:52 PM.

Panic flared sharp in her chest, cutting through the pleasant haze. Had they really been at it for almost two hours?

She tried to reconstruct the timeline. She'd come down around noon, maybe a few minutes after. The blowjob in the living room, the deepthroating, the marathon on the couch, moving to the bedroom.

Oh shit.

Her mental checklist formed urgently. Text Tom. Shower immediately. Make herself presentable. Check meeting prep materials. And then tonight she'd have to tell Tom what happened. The thought sent a fresh jolt of anxiety through her.

The gap between what she could tell him and what had actually happened felt impossibly wide. She'd have to edit, carefully curate, protect him from the full truth while appearing to be completely honest. The same tightrope she'd walked after Tuesday, but somehow more precarious now.

Jess forced herself to move, pushing up from the bed despite her body's protests. Her legs trembled the moment she put weight on them, weakness shooting through her thighs. She grabbed the nightstand for support, steadying herself, shocked by how thoroughly depleted she was.

She tried taking a step and felt her knees buckle slightly. Her inner thighs burned with the sustained effort of riding Bob, the squatting position she'd maintained through orgasm after orgasm. Her calves ached. Even her arms felt shaky from bracing herself, from gripping Bob's head, from holding position while he'd fucked her from behind.

Jesus Christ, I'm wrecked she thought to herself.

A more thorough inventory of her physical state brought a cascade of awareness. Her jaw ached when she opened her mouth. Her throat felt raw and tender.

Between her legs, her pussy felt swollen. She couldn't close her thighs completely without discomfort. She felt... open, like her body was still shaped around the memory of Bob's cock inside her, unable to return to its normal state quite yet.

And with sudden clarity, another realization hit her. She couldn't have sex with Tom tonight.

She was too sore, too used, too thoroughly wrung out. Even if she wanted to, even if she tried to push through, she'd be too sensitive.

That meant she'd have to find words for why her body needed recovery time after just one afternoon with Bob, would have to somehow convey the intensity without making Tom feel inadequate.

Fuck. This is going to be so much harder than Tuesday.

Bob returned carrying her bundled clothes in one hand, a freshly filled glass of iced tea in the other, and a damp washcloth draped over his forearm. He'd pulled on his shorts but remained shirtless, his chest still flushed from exertion.

"Here," he said, handing her the iced tea first. "Drink all of it."

Jess took the glass gratefully and brought it to her lips. She drained the entire glass without stopping, feeling the cold spread through her chest.

Bob watched her with something like concern, more attentive than she'd expected. When she finished, he handed her the damp washcloth.

"For your face," he said simply.

Jess pressed the cloth against her cheeks, feeling the cool dampness cut through the sticky residue. She wiped, removing the worst of the dried fluids and smeared makeup. When she pulled the cloth away, it was streaked with black from her mascara, smudged with foundation, marked with evidence of what her face had been through.

"Thanks," she said, handing the washcloth back along with the empty glass.

Bob set both aside on his dresser, then turned back to her, offering her clothes. Jess shook her head, deciding not to bother dressing since she was heading straight to the shower. She gathered the clothes in her arms instead, holding them against her chest.

"I should go," she said. "I need to shower before my meetings."

"Of course," Bob said. He moved to lean against the dresser, giving her space to move toward the door. "I'll see you when you get back, princess."

"Yeah," Jess managed, already turning away. "Next, next week."

She walked through Bob's bedroom on trembling legs, acutely aware of her nakedness, of how her body felt different than it had when she'd entered this apartment about two hours ago. She chose the path through the shared laundry room rather than going back out through the sliding glass door where she'd entered.

The laundry room was empty and quiet. Jess stood there for a moment, naked except for the clothes bundled in her arms, feeling the cool air on her overheated skin. A basket of clean towels sat folded on the counter. Everything looked so normal, so domestic, so completely at odds with what she'd just done.

She tossed her clothes into the hamper, not wanting to examine them too closely. Then she opened the door that led into their part of the house and climbed the stairs on legs that barely supported her weight.

Her phone. Where had she left it? Home office, she remembered. She'd been so focused on going downstairs that she'd left it there, hadn't even thought about it until now.

Jess made her way through the house towards her home office. Her phone sat exactly where she'd left it, screen dark, waiting.

She picked it up, heart hammering. Tom would have texted by now, multiple times, probably. He'd been anxious before she'd gone downstairs, checking in, needing updates. After this much time with no response, he'd be worried.

Jess unlocked her phone, preparing herself for a wall of texts.

Nothing.

The screen showed her home screen, no notifications except for a couple of work emails and a text from Madi. No missed calls or texts from Tom.

She stared at the empty screen, confusion cutting through her post-orgasmic fog. That didn't make sense. Tom had been checking in earlier. He knew she was going downstairs. He'd been the one who could barely focus at work, texting her multiple times, desperate for updates.

And now, after she'd been gone for almost two hours, nothing?

Several possibilities cycled through her mind. Maybe his meeting ran long. Maybe Davis pulled him into something urgent. Maybe he'd been so busy at work that he'd forgotten to check his phone.

Or maybe he was giving her space, letting her have this experience without his anxious presence hovering. Maybe this was him backing off, letting her explore without turning it into content for his fantasy.

Jess stood there, naked and covered in dried sweat and the residue of sex, staring at her phone like it held answers to questions she didn't know how to ask.

An impulse seized her, not fully formed, not carefully considered, just a sudden need to... what? Test him? Provoke a response? Remind him she existed?

Or maybe she just needed to confess, needed to make this real by putting it into words, needed to force him to engage with what she'd just done.

Her thumbs moved across the screen.

Jess: He fucked the hell out of me

She hit send before she could reconsider, before the rational part of her brain could intervene. Just the truth, raw and unavoidable.