

## Let's Meet at Bun Boy

I hadn't seen him in years. Eight actually. Staying apart was for the best, we decided. When we were in physical proximity, things could get compulsive, manic, desperate.

We had never been in a relationship, but sex had always existed between us from the first moment we met at a party. Sex was like a language only we understood. With this intimate language we wrote poems and plays and films about each other's bodies. It was as if there was so much to say in this special dirty language, we never had the time or the desire to speak coherently in English.

During the eight years apart, we lived in different states. I'd married, then divorced, then remarried. He went through one girlfriend after another, single only when I happened to be in a relationship.

Through it all we'd talk occasionally, chat or on the phone. Invariably, the conversation would get around to sex. Sometimes after two hours, and sometimes after two minutes. One of us would burst out with something inappropriate: are your tits still luscious? I could really suck your cock right now. And there we'd go. Saying the dirtiest, filthiest shit and cumming so hard I once cracked the screen on my cell phone.

But we never met in person. We never had secret trysts in ugly hotel rooms, fucking against the clock. We wanted to be faithful. Sexting is one thing. Physical contact is quite another.

And now, after eight years, we have decided to meet. Why? Two reasons.

We now live within half a day's drive of each other.

And he's engaged. He assures me he would never do anything to betray her.

Now, it would seem, we're safe. We can be just friends. We can be healthy, normal, platonic friends.

We decided to meet halfway for lunch. Lunch isn't a sexy meal. Daylight would kill a sexy mood. And we had to meet in the most unsexy of towns: Baker, California.

Baker is a popular dust devil of a town on highway 15 between Vegas and LA. It has one main road and every fast-food place in existence, along with every gas station. At this time of the year, early August, the temperature was always in the 100s.

And when I pulled into Baker, it was 109. I knew that because the World's Tallest Thermometer is in the parking lot of Bun Boy, a restaurant boasting they have amazing strawberry pie. That's where I told Ryan to meet me.

He was early, and I pulled my car next to his. We didn't look at each other as we got out. I busied myself with gathering my phone and purse and remembering to breathe and dry my sweating palms.

The air smelled hot and it curled around me like an electric blanket made of sand. I took a deep breath that felt like it made no difference to my body, slammed my car door, and turned to him.

He was the same and I felt I'd never seen him before in my life. His mouth always surprised me with its softness, the richness of his lips. He was a stranger, and yet, he had visited regions of my body no one else had.

A sharp wind whipped up and we scrunched our faces and ran into the restaurant. There was a line for a table and we stood looking over each other. Watching the path of his eyes, I realized I'd made the right wardrobe choice.

A strapless, tropical patterned top that hugged my breasts and flared out in a baby doll shape. With every breath my breasts emerged more and more. The top was long enough that I wore only leggings underneath.

Ryan was in a button up something with some kind of jeans. What I really noticed was his smell--the shampoo and soap, the combination no one else used, even the cologne. They must have been common, cheap brands, but on Ryan the scent pushed through my skin and massaged the tight muscles in my thighs. I was in the midst of glancing over him when Ryan said, "I miss your tits."

I replied that I wasn't hungry.

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He'd reserved us a room the night before. He didn't expect to use it, but wanted to have it in case of an emergency.

Despite our current emergency, we didn't maul one another in the parking lot. I didn't give him road head as he drove us to the hotel. We drove separately and I tapped my steering to the rhythm of my pounding pulse. I squirmed and felt how wet I already was.

In the hotel lobby, Ryan checked in while I browsed the rack of travel vouchers in every hotel and gas station on highway 15. I pulled one for a winery because the idea of going wine tasting sounded like fun with Ryan. Universal Studios, Knott's Berry Farm. Catalina Island! All places I want to go to with Ryan. Not to fuck, but have fun. Boring fun. The kind of fun normal people had.

He and I had never been normal.

Ryan appeared at my side and startled me. He showed me a room key. I shoved the brochures into my purse and followed him to the elevator. It was then I noticed he had a bag. I asked if he was staying the night. He said maybe.

The doors closed and he slammed me back against the wall and I yelped as his mouth came down over mine, and I gasped and clawed at his back and reached for his cock that pressed painfully against my hip. His hand yanked down my top and both of heavy breasts tumbled out and into his mouth. He sucked a nipple so hard he left teeth marks on my skin. When the elevator dinged and the doors opened he pulled away, I moaned and asked if we had to go. The elevator was so cozy.

He ordered me to put my tits away, in that gentle mockery.

I said, "You put your tits away," and he kissed me again and said stop wasting time.

He said, "There's so much I have to do to you."

*Have to do to me:* yes, we were one another's compulsion.

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We were in the shower, me bending over, one hand flat against the shower wall, the other holding the tub faucet as his cock moved in and out of my ass with such smooth patience I have no idea how long it went on. I was so open and stretched, there was no pain and I was on the verge of cumming again. I already had after he went down on me and then fucked me doing reverse cowgirl.

Now this leisurely ass fucking as the water sprayed over us. No more frenzy. Ryan kissed my back, squeezed my shoulder, put his hand around my waist and bent me up for a moment. And when I came, his hand went over my mouth and I sucked his fingers. Suddenly he pushed me as far down as I could go and he became more urgent, forceful, the pain coming as he pushed deep and then there were his groans, even whimpers, as if he had no idea what was happening to his body.

After, it was all business. We soaped and washed and rinsed ourselves. We dried separately and put on some clothes. I wasn't sure it was time for me to leave. It seemed as if the moments were moving toward our inevitable conclusion. And I felt immediately sad.

Suddenly, Ryan said, "I'm starving. I wonder if they have room service." He rifled through the pile of papers on the desk.

I suggested going back to Bun Boy and he asked if that's what I really wanted to do. He was suddenly serious.

This was the moment when I could tell half truths and do things I didn't want to do for the sake of saving face. It would be wrong to seem clingy. To seem like I had feelings. That this was more than just a compulsive fuck.

But in the shower, feeling him fuck me, wanting it to go on and on for hours, I decided to be honest. Because, really, what the fuck did I have to lose?

"I don't want to leave this room until I'm sick of fucking you. I want to do *everything* with you."

Ryan looked honestly surprised.

I said that I have so little of him, that I need to make the most of him. And like a drunk college girl at a party, I cried. We have never talked with any seriousness about we were to one another. I didn't care what we were. I needed him.

Ryan hugged me, kissed my head and said we'd order pizza. Then, after, he's show me what's in his bag.

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We ate Meat Lover's pizza, watched a terrible Japanese Godzilla movie, and began making out just before the end.

After the credits finished and the TV went silent, Ryan showed me what was in the bag.

It was a very well constructed strap on. The harness was made of leather and the cock of a hard plastic that I knew wouldn't bend when inserted. The cock was at least eight inches long with an impressive girth.

Ryan didn't need to explain himself. It wasn't a shock he wanted this. We'd talked openly about what we were into. What shocked me was when he admitted he hadn't tried it before. He wanted to try it with me and only me. He bought the strap-on only two days ago. It was an act of hope.

I took it into the bathroom. Alone, I stripped naked and stepped into the harness. I'd used these before with women, but never one as good as this. It fit snug into my crotch and if I swirled my hips the cock moved with me. It wouldn't wiggle off and it wouldn't be trouble.

I felt like a fucking rock star. This had become *my cock*. The thought of fucking anyone with this made me wet. I could feel it run down my thigh.

When Ryan saw me he looked astounded. He was already hard, but I watched his cock jump against him as he stared at me.

I moved my hand down to my plastic cock. I gripped it lightly. I stroked it gently. I asked if he wanted to touch it. Do you want to lick it? Do you want to suck on it? *Do you want to suck my cock?*

His response was to drop to his knees before me, open his mouth wide, and deep throat it. His hands gripped my thighs and I let my hand rest on his head, just as his had rested on mine when I sucked him. He moved back and forth, closing his eyes, then opening them and looking up at me. I picked up a subtle cue and grabbed my tits. I squeezed them, kneaded them, pressed them together and raised them so I could let my tongue flick across the tips

He stopped and told me to fuck him. Then he begged. *Please, baby, fuck me.*

It was the first time he ever called me baby.

Ryan stripped and got on his hands and knees on the bed, in the middle of the twisted up sheets. I knelt behind him and pushed his ass cheeks apart. I examined his tight, purplish asshole. I touched it with my thumb and he wiggled and sucked in air.

He told me there was lube in the bag. I responded by spreading him as wide as I could and licking his tight hole. I swirled around the rim, I pushed my tongue in as far as I could go, I licked up and down, and back again. I followed his sounds, lingering in places he moaned the most, avoiding things that did nothing for him.

When he again began begging me to fuck him, I went to the bag and found the lube. I slathered my cock in it and then added some to his asshole. I rubbed it around, getting my fingers wet, and then pushed one in, then two, then three, working and stretching him. He needed to be prepared for this.

Finally, Ryan couldn't take it anymore. He had to have it. He had to have me.

Very slowly, I pushed my cock deep into his asshole, careful to stop should he need it. But he didn't need it.

Ryan told me to go faster. I wasn't ready to pound him yet. I gripped his hips and pulled out slowly and then thrust in a little faster.

He wanted it faster.

I did the same, but without pausing and continued to fuck him. Moving in and out until I achieved a steady rhythm.

I watched with fascination as his asshole puckered and opened and gripped my cock. Ryan even began fucking me, pushing himself back on it faster and faster.

He asked if it would be possible for me to stroke his cock. I tried reaching for it, but it was difficult to keep up the rhythm. Ryan assumed all thrusting and that left me able to stroke his cock. He was enormously hard and sticky with precum. I stroked him a few times and then said, *"Cum for me, baby."*

Ryan let out a tremendous yell and cum shot out of his cock in a furious pulse, right onto the mattress.

I waited several moments and then said that I was going to remove myself. All he said was okay. I withdrew as carefully as I could and went into the bathroom and cleaned up.

When I returned to the bed, Ryan was laying on his back, spread eagle, with his eyes closed. I sat next to him. I wasn't sure what to do. Leave him alone? Turn on the TV? Get dressed? Was it time for me to go? Was he done with me?

He finally rolled over and looked up at me. Ryan smiled and said, "I want you to fuck me again at Knotts Berry Farm."

I smiled and said that sounded great.