

That's how I want you

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He thinks his wife has lost her mind until she shows him what she's been longing for.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/anal/thats-how-i-want-you-1.aspx>

He was shocked. As much as he confessed not to be, I could tell what I had said had taken him aback.

"You're repulsed."

"No, no ..." he stammered.

I turned away from him. I just told him my deepest darkest secret and even though he attested to having "heard it all", I knew my confession had him mentally spinning.

And Nolan doesn't suspect ..."

"No. He suspects nothing." I sat up and grabbed the pillow next to me, clenching it in front of me like it was a shield and I was going into battle.

"You used the word ... *longing*. You said the longing you felt for Lane was unbearable at times. Do you think about ... about Lane a lot?"

"Yes."

"Outside of the home?"

“Yes.”

“When you’re with your husband Nolan?”

“Yes. I can’t get him out of my mind.”

I jumped when the timer rang out loudly, bouncing and buzzing on the table next to him. I finally allowed my eyes to fall upon my therapist. He was staring at me intently, the confused look on his face obvious.

“So, what are we going to talk about next time ... with Nolan here?”

He slightly twitched, as if his daydream had come to an abrupt end, and he smiled. “Oh now, don’t worry about your first marriage counseling session with Nolan. It’ll be just fine.”

I stood and grabbed my purse and jacket. Like I had done the previous five visits, I asked, “What’s my assignment?”

He glanced at his notes, then back at me. “Since you and Nolan are coming in together next time, let’s try not to see Lane this week. Is that doable?”

“Why?”

“Let’s just see if you can focus on your husband and your marriage for one solid week ... without Lane distracting you. What do you say?”

“Fine,” I huffed, knowing good and well that it would be a real chore to meet his request. Without saying another word, I exited his office and began the hour long commute to the home I shared with my husband Nolan.

I parked my sedan in the garage and turn it off. Staring aimlessly into the space in front of me, my mind remembered the time when my husband first introduced me to Lane.

“Paige, this ... is Lane.” He had pointed across the room. Placed in the corner of the small living area of our first apartment sat a huge, overstuffed recliner.

I glanced at the chair then back at my husband. *“Lane? Is he asleep?”*

“Don’t poke fun, look at him. He’s amazing!”

I glared at the chair, most unimpressed. *“Like I asked before, is he sleeping?”*

"No. Drunk maybe," Nolan had teased.

"Great, just what we need around here is another one of your drunken buddies."

Nolan wrapped his arm around my shoulders, tugged on me twice, and had said, *"Just don't fuck any of them and we're golden."*

The memory, even five years old, was fresh in my mind. I married Nolan at a young age and had quickly taken on his life—his family, his friends, his schooling, his new career in California, his dreams—as my own. My job was to make and keep his home in perfect condition, not only for him, but for his entourage of needy friends that seems to matriculate wherever Nolan did. During the first year of our marriage, we had four different friends living with us on and off. It bothered me but I soon learned to accept the fact that there was always going to be someone else for me to take care of besides my husband.

Out of all of Nolan's friends, Lane was by far my favorite. Quiet, easy to please, and laid back, Lane had never said an unkind word to me. Even though he had become a constant figure in our home, Lane wasn't in the way. Nolan loved him like a brother and insisted that he go wherever he went. At first I wanted to complain. At first I felt jealous. But after both Nolan and I had turned to Lane at different times in our marriage for support and comfort did I learn to truly appreciate his presence.

But Nolan's good to me, too, I said with a sigh. For the most part, I had been happy being married to him. There wasn't any financial pressure for me to work and I enjoy tiddling around the house. Nolan was funny and sexy, and the alpha-male behavior that first attracted me to him was still very much a part of our marriage. Even in the bedroom, it was always about Nolan, and that's what led me into the arms of his best friend, Lane.

I entered the house and walked to my room, quietly passing Lane's room as to not disturb him. I wanted to stop and go to him. The desire to see him, to touch him, and to curl up in his lap was strong, but I remembered the agreement with my therapist and wanted to see if I could really go a week without making love with him.

I was strong that night. I sidetracked myself by making Nolan a delicious dinner, on a new dessert recipe I had found online, and on the new nightie I had ordered online the week before. After a few hours of silently watching television together, it was time for bed. I slipped into the light blue, silky sheath and only 45 seconds after stepping out of the bathroom, Nolan had ripped it off of me and threw it to the ground. Like always, he fucked me hard and quick, leaving me full of his cum but unsatisfied.

The next day I decided to leave the house for the day. It was too hard to be there with Lane in the bedroom just down the hall from mine. I went to the library, to the mall, had lunch with a college

friend, and then to the grocery store. I filled the cart full of unique ingredients, most that I wondered if I'd ever actually use, and after checking out and loading my car, I slowly ventured home.

Another dinner, another unfulfilling fuck, another restless night's sleep, and the promise of another day alone in the house with Lane—I was certain I was going to lose my mind. After Nolan left for work, I made a hair appointment, a nail appointment, and ventured back to the mall to try on some shoes. Sitting on the small cushioned stool while a kid in a striped referee shirt took a measurement of my foot, I couldn't resist a peek at the time. *One thirty?* I silently moaned. *Four hours until Nolan gets home.*

My efforts to stay away from Lane were futile. I left the mall and drove home, quickly running to Lane to spend the afternoon in his arms.

The day of our first marriage counseling session had finally arrived and I was feeling confident. Thanks to Nolan, I had only messed up that one time during the entire week that I was supposed to stay away from Lane and focus on my husband. Nolan made sure that he was the center of attention for three days straight. Home with the flu, I waited on him hand-and-foot, the distraction from Lane and from my weakness to be with him a welcomed surprise.

Nolan was feeling good enough to go to work, and I spend the morning washing bedding and sterilizing anything he had touched. Humming along with the music from my headphones, I ran the vacuum down the hall. I worked the appliance back and forth across the plush carpet when suddenly I stopped. The corner of the vacuum had grazed a door, and when I looked up and noticed it was Lane's room, I had to catch my breath.

I turned and started to walk away from the door. At one point, I was running. I stopped only when I ran out of space and glanced at my reflection in my bathroom mirror.

"You're weak," I said to myself before I slowly turned and returned to the room where Lane was calling for me.

I entered the room and glanced around. Lovingly labeled the "Man Cave" by Nolan, Lane, and the other males that frequently visited our home, the area reeked of masculinity. Trophies covered an entire wall behind a large wet bar. A pinball machine sat in the corner and was overshadowed by the well-used foosball table near it. Neon beer signs, some that worked and some that didn't, were splattered over the remaining wall space alongside a ridiculously large flat screen television. In the center of it all sat Lane.

I walked to him, slowly, seductively, letting him take in every inch of my curvy body. I moved a piece of my long, dark hair at the same time my tongue swiped my bottom lip. I knew I'd have to seduce him after spending so much time away from him. He wanted to see me as often as possible, and my absence had bothered him as much as it bothered me.

I circle the overstuffed recliner slowly, running my pointer finger along the top of it as I said, "Did you miss me? Because I missed you so much, baby."

I stopped in front of the recliner and took a deliberately lengthy step back. Like I had all the time in the world, I leisurely removed my blouse and slipped out of my jeans.

I started swaying back and forth. Lane loved to watch me dance and I found our little ritual, me undressing and dancing for him, a fun form of foreplay. I wiggled my hips, rolling them and shaking my ass. Like I had done a dozen times, I wriggled from my panties and threw them at Lane.

I giggled and blushed. I could feel his gaze move from my eyes, to my toes, and then slowly back up. I undid the latch on my bra and shimmied out of it, my giggle intensifying to a laugh.

Lane didn't laugh, and I was instantly quiet. I knew what he wanted. He wanted the teasing to stop and the fucking to start.

"Do you want me?" I asked, too impatient to wait for his answer. I briskly approached him, fell into his arms, and added, "Because I want you!"

I grabbed at Lane, rubbing and kissing him with all my might. I loved the feeling of him, his smooth, soft skin that warmed as my fingertips stroked it. My tits brushed the front of him, my erect, puffy nipples just part of the proof of how aroused I was. A wet spot in his lap was the other part, and I had no choice but to dip my finger in my dripping wet cunt and offer him a taste.

"Mmm," I moaned, licking the remaining sex off my finger. I touched my pussy again, this time taking all of my juice for myself. "You're right. I do taste good," I moaned.

I replaced my hand in between my legs. My slit was swollen and wet. Turning around with my back against Lane's front, I lifted and opened my legs high in the air. One set of my fingers worked my pussy while the other set focused on my clit. I plunged two fingers into my hole, slow and deep, while the pointer finger on my other hand made strong, lingering circles on my swelling bud. Quickly, too quickly, my head started to spin.

"Oh ... oh," I said, resting my hands on my tummy and closing my eyes to keep from peeking too soon.

Once I felt the surge of passion brewing within me simmer, I turned around. I kissed Lane again, using my tongue and teeth on him like I never have before. From the side pocket of the recliner, I reached for the remote. I activated the massage feature in the chair, and giggled. "Mmm, that feels so good."

I stood and straddled Lane. My dripping wet pussy was ready for him. With the massagers set to high, the chair trembled like a massive vibrator and I giggled again. I ground my pussy on Lane, using

the arm of the chair as a stable base.

“Ohhh,” I groaned, the friction against my pussy intoxicating. The grinding, back and forth motion was swiftly coupled with a bounce. Before I knew it, I was riding Lane with fervor.

The remote was still in my hand and I lifted it to my mouth and sucked the end of it. “Mmm,” I hissed, before reaching around and touching the tip of the remote to my puckered pink star. I rocked back and forth, using the rhythm to work the end of the long, slim remote just inside my ass.

“Oh God, yes!” I said, bouncing harder and faster than before.

The orgasm that had started before was once again stewing. “I—I’m getting close,” I stuttered. I pinched my nipple hard with my free hand and worked the remote in and out of my ass with the other. I whimpered and moaned loudly. “Ohhh ...”

“What the fuck is this?!”

I stopped bouncing instantly. Over my shoulder, I peered at the doorway. I was breathing heavily and I struggled to speak. “Nola—”

“What the hell are you doing?” Nolan yelled, approaching me quickly and grabbing me by my upper arm. He lifted me off the arm of his beloved recliner.

“Nolan, it—it’s not what you think!” I said with a swallow.

“It’s not? Then what in the fuck is it?”

“I just ... you’ve been sick and I ... I’m just—”

“You’re fucking my chair!”

“Lane? Don’t you mean Lane?”

Nolan glanced at his recliner and then back at me. “Lane? Calling my recliner ‘Lane’ was a joke, Paige! Have you lost your damn mind?” he barked.

“You started this, Nolan! You’ve forced me to live with Lane, move him from house to house with us, and treat him like a member of the family. You’ve loved this chair more than you do me!” I said, slightly shifting the focus as much as I dared to.

Nolan’s eyes panned down my body. He stared at my mound before his gaze returned to mine. “I’ve never heard you moan like that before.” He reached out and flicked my hard nipple with his pointer finger. “You’re really turned on.”

“I can’t tell you the last time you got me off.”

“Last night ... you came hard last—”

“I faked it. I fake it most nights with you.”

Nolan’s face turned bright red and I couldn’t tell if it was from anger or embarrassment. “Is he ... ” Nolan stopped and cleared his throat. “Is *the chair* why we’ve suddenly started going to marriage counseling?”

“Partly. Partly it’s because I don’t get off with you anymore and ... and I’m not happy.” Nolan turned away and I quickly added, “But I want to be, Nolan. I want to cum with you. I’ve always wanted it to be with you.”

Nolan peered at me from the corner of his eye and then homed in on his favorite chair. He walked to the arm where I had been bouncing and touched the large wet spot, lifting his moistened fingers to his nose. He inhaled deeply and said, “You never get this wet with me.”

“I would ... if you’d kiss me and touch me before you cum inside me.”

I suddenly felt the urge to fight for myself, for my desires and needs to be met. I grabbed Nolan’s hand and pulled him close to Lane. I fell into the chair and pointed at the ground near my feet. “Kneel down.”

Nolan slowly dropped his knees. I leaned over, putting my mouth close to his and said, “Kiss me.”

Nolan chuckled once and his eyes bounced to the recliner behind me. I could see a wave of jealousy move through him and like the gun that starts a foot race had gone off, Nolan planted his mouth on mine and kissed me like he never had before.

The kiss was passionate, aggressive, and I melted. Our tongues danced around, and when my lower lip was sucked into Nolan’s mouth, I sighed.

Nolan leaned back. He smiled, like he had won the first leg of the marathon, and ravaged my lips with his again. His hands rubbed me, pulling on my skin. They moved around my body until they found my breasts. He kneaded them and only broke the kiss to suck them.

Nolan tickled my stiff nipple with his tongue. He licked it and sucked on it before moving the other side. He traced my aureola then gently bit down on my hard nipple, causing me to moan. “Ohhh!”

Nolan looked up, the smile on his face even brighter than before. He was leading the race and he knew it. He scowled at Lane before grabbing my cheeks with his hands and pulling me in to him for another fiery kiss.

“Are you wet now?” he asked, in between kisses.

I gently pushed him back. I fell against Lane and spread my legs for Nolan. “See you for yourself.”

Nolan looked at my hot, wet sex and licked his lips. He reached out and ran his pointer down my dripping slit. We shared a tender stare as he slipped his finger inside my pussy. He pulled it out and pressed it in again. I closed my eyes. His finger felt amazing and I realized it was the first time he had ever put one inside me.

Nolan leaned over and took a huge breath in through his nose. “Ahhh,” he sighed.

I could feel his breath on my skin as he closely inspected my womanhood. I opened my eyes in just enough time to watch his tongue swipe my pussy up and over my clit.

“Ohhh yes!” I whispered, opening my legs wider, a subliminal message I prayed he’d catch.

I felt his tongue swipe me again and I shivered. The warm wet from his mouth against my clit took my breath away. He licked me again and pulled his finger out at the same time. The motions together felt fantastic and I closed my eyes.

The orgasm that had been interrupted was quickly being replaced by a new one, a stronger one that was stirring in the pit of my stomach. I moaned and wiggled as Nolan slid his finger deep inside me and sucked my clit into his mouth at the same time.

“Ohhh yes! Nolan ... Nolan!” I yelped.

Nolan looked up at me and then refocused on my privates. He banged my pussy with his fingers and sucked and licked my clit until I couldn’t contain the apex of pleasure another second. I pinched at Lane with my fingers, like we were holding hand when the orgasm hit me hard.

“I’m ...cuummming!” I cried. My back arched rigidly. Waves of warm passion made every muscle in my body twitch and a gush of juice squirt from pussy on to Nolan’s face.

He sat up and watched me writhing back and forth in his chair. I moaned and groaned, the orgasm the best I had ever had and it felt like an eternity before the muscles in my butt and legs began to relax.

Nolan smirked at the chair and then grabbed me. “How was that, baby? Did that feel good?”

“Oh God, yes! Yes!” I replied. I kissed Nolan hard, licking and slurping up my cum from cheeks and chin so I could taste it.

Nolan was in awe of what I was doing. Like I was possessed by a stranger, he held me tightly, almost afraid of the new me. I cuddled him with an intense grip, one that mocked desperation.

He looked up at the chair behind me again and the smile on his face quickly faded. Anger took control of his expression and his eyes moved around the recliner until they fell upon the remote. He reached for the long controller and held it up near my face. "Did you have this in your ... your ass?"

"Yes."

"I thought you said you weren't interested in anal."

"I said that when we were engaged because then, I wasn't."

"And you are now?"

"Yes."

Nolan held out his hand and helped me from his chair. He kissed me and guided my hands to his clothes. I undressed my husband. Once he was naked, I rubbed and licked his chest and his neck. I went to touch his prick but he turned away. He sat down and I expected him to pull me down on top of him like he usually did. When he pointed at the floor, I was shocked and quick to comply.

I knelt down and took a moment to admire his straight, hard cock. It was long and thick, much bigger than I remembered, and for a split second I tried to place the last time I had actually looked at Nolan's member. I leaned up and touched the tip of my nose against the shaft. It was warm and Nolan watched eagerly as I slid my fat wet tongue from the base of his shaft up and over the top of it.

"Fuck yes," Nolan mumbled under his breath.

"You like that, baby?" I asked, not waiting for an answer but repeating my slow, moist motion. I traced the head of his cock with my tongue and jabbed at the tip. Nolan pulled air into his mouth through his teeth so I jabbed it again. I sucked the head of his cock into my mouth and wiggled my tongue around on it.

"Mmm," I moaned, sucking the tip of his dick and watching his eyes roll back into his head. I opened my mouth wide and took in as much of Nolan's cock as I could, lifting off of it slowly then plunging again. I wrapped my hand around the base of his cock and stroked it. Eventually, the sucking and the stroking met a passionate rhythm, and Nolan was lost, not noticing my free hand rubbing Lane in between his legs.

Nolan's cock hit the back of my throat and he groaned. "I'm not gonna last if you keep doing that." We stood at the same time and Nolan turned me around. He pressed on my upper back and I leaned over, my face and chest resting against Lane. Nolan spread my legs with his. He rubbed his cock up and down my slit before sticking it at the entrance of me and pushing it into my engorged pussy lips.

His cock, throbbing and hard, filled me up from behind. My pussy clung to it, as it was a tight fit, and

we both moaned loudly. Nolan slowly pulled it out and plunged it into my cunt again. I closed my eyes. The full, tightness had a burn to it, a heat that I had never felt before.

Guilt for fucking Nolan in front of Lane tried to consume my thoughts but was quickly overshadowed by Nolan's cock pounding my pussy hard.

"Ohhh!"

"Fuck!" Nolan yelled, slowing the pace down to keep himself from cumming. He gradually pulled out and rubbed my ass cheek with his hand. He touched his cock against my asshole and I instantly peered at him over my shoulder.

Nolan smiled at me. He spit into his hand and wiped the wad on my virgin asshole.

"Go slow," I begged.

"I will, baby."

He touched his cock against my anus again then slowly slipped the tip of it inside me.

"Oh fuck. Fuck, that's tight," he grumbled.

The burn inside my ass was intense. I worked to relax, taking in deep breaths and exhaling loudly through my mouth. It was only when I rested my forehead against Lane and held onto him with both my hands that I relaxed enough for another inch of cock to enter me.

Nolan was gentle. Slowly, inch by inch, he pressed his cock into my asshole. Once he had fully penetrated me, and I had moved beyond the pain, I looked at Nolan again.

"Fuck me now, Nolan. Fuck me like you've always wanted to."

The expression in his face changed, and I could tell Nolan was ready to do what I had told him to. He grabbed onto my hips. He pushed me forward, almost pulling all the way out of my asshole before plunging his cock deep inside me hard.

"Ahhh!" I groaned.

Nolan thrust again and again when he suddenly stopped. He noticed the remote next to me and he leaned over and grabbed it.

"Put this in your pussy."

My face was covered with sweat, a piece of my hair stuck to my forehead and blocking my vision. I moved the lock of sticky hair and reached for the remote. I sucked the end of it and manipulated

myself so I could work it into my slit.

Nolan drove into me deep and waited. I was careful, the fullness and burning tightness between my two holes nearly unbearable. I finally got a couple of inches of the remote snugly inside my pussy and I sighed.

Nolan heard my breath of relief. Like he could see the finish line, he began to fuck me with power. Holding my hips tightly in his grasp, he hammered his hard cock into my ass again and again.

I forced the remote in and out of my stretched throbbing pussy in rhythm with my husband. The sexual stimulation was intense. My skin was stretched tight and felt as if it was going to rip in two. The lack of give matched with Nolan grunts and groans quickly sent me over the edge.

“Nolan, I’m I’m ...”

“Not yet!” he grunted, stabbing my ass hole over and over with his aching cock.

“Nolan!” I yelled, holding onto Lane, trying to keep my orgasm from taking me too soon.

Nolan pulled me against him. His balls hit me from underneath. He slowed down and yelled, “Okay baby! Let’s cum! Let’s cum!”

I worked the remote fast and hard, finally relishing in the orgasm rippling from the deepest point inside me. “Ohhhh!” I shouted, my muscles constricting, forcing every drop of my cum from my pussy the second I pulled the remote from it.

“Geez-us! Fuuuuck!” Nolan yelled, plunging one last time and holding his dick deep inside my back side so he could fill it with his seed.

My asshole clenched Nolan’s cock in pulsating pleasure and my pussy did the same to Lane. I discreetly turned into Lane, kissing him softly. I whispered, “Good-bye. It’s been fun.”

“What baby?” Nolan asked and he helped me stand. He exhaled loudly. Secretly, Nolan was celebrating a victory, like he had just won the race against his best friend.

My body was stiff, my entire private area tender and raw. Lingering in the quiet aftermath of the best sex of my life, I finally turned around and faced my husband.

“That’s how I want you. That’s how I want you to fuck me always.”

Nolan hugged me tightly, holding me close to him and rubbing my hair. “I will. I’ll never ignore your needs again.”

Nolan held me for a long time. We stared at each other before he lovingly kissed me. As we walked

arm-in-arm toward our bedroom, I looked up at him. "Should we still go and see the therapist?"

"Nah. Let's just call him and tell him we're good for a bit."

I smiled and pulled on Nolan. He smelled of sex and I couldn't resist but to kiss his clammy skin. Just before we passed the doorway, Nolan stopped. "Hey ... was that our first threesome?"

He choked on his own laughter and I scowled at him. "Not funny."

"So no?" he teased. He pulled me to the door and just before I exited the room I glanced at Lane one last time and smiled.