Life keeps getting better

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Mac and Susan continue their affair.

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This story picks up where "The Ice Storm" leaves off.

Susan made her bed for the second time that day. Mac had just left, and her body held that wonderful feeling of happiness and satisfaction. Almost two months had passed since their first lovemaking in his truck, after he'd rescued her from being stuck in an ice storm.

"He rescued me from more than a storm," thought Susan as she surveyed her newly-taut body.

The image looking back from the full length mirror in her bedroom was not that of the woman who stood there three or more months ago. Instead, this visage was of a proud, happy woman standing proudly in the bedroom she shared with her husband, and occasionally, with Mac, her lover, trainer, friend and increasingly, her Master.

From the moment that Susan had met Mac as her personal trainer at the gym, he was a strong and commanding presence. Yes, the former Navy Seal and Secret Service agent was capable of unspeakable violence should the need arise, but as a civilian and, especially with her, Mac was the soul of gentle kindness. His soft whispers were commands, his suggestions, orders and his words of encouragement sometimes left Susan as breathless as a high school girl. That they both hailed from the south was but one of the shared intimacies that bound these lovers to each other, for their mild accents distanced them somewhat from those around them in Maine.

In some ways, Susan compared herself and Mac to characters in the Hugo Award winning sci-fi novel, "Stranger in a Strange Land." The novel is about a human male, born and raised on Mars during an expedition after his scientist parents are killed in a crew accident. He is raised by Martians and acquires their skills of nearly perfect control over their minds and bodies. Some twenty years old now, a second expedition reaches Mars and he returns with them to an Earth he's never seen. Additionally, he is heir to the royalties from his mother's many inventions, not the least of which is

economical space travel.

As Earth’s gravity is much greater than that of Mars, he is quite weak here and confined to a hospital where he bonds with a woman, the only Earth female he ever has met. In an effort to cheat him out of his financial due, the government tries to discredit him and they become terrified of the psychic power and superhuman intelligence that he gained on Mars, while somehow retaining a childlike naiveté. The woman stands by him and it is literally the two of them against a hostile world.

While Susan didn’t really see the world around them as hostile, there were similarities. She was in a marriage gone beyond stale. Mac was in a similar situation, perhaps worse, because his wife was even more addicted to outbursts of misdirected rage than she was to alcohol, literally a one-two punch. Although both Susan and Mac were well above average or even high-average intelligence, their accent and slower speech patterns were hallmarks of social prejudice, considered outward signs of stupidity by many locals. Further, although their town was a virtual Peyton Place of extramarital bliss, their relationship would be judged harshly if found out.

Even everyday expressions such as having a coffee on the veranda had to be altered to say ‘porch’. Susan was reminded of a trip she’d taken to England once and how isolated she felt by colloquial terms and words that she knew but couldn’t place into sentences. A ‘Band-Aid’ here is a ‘sticky-plaster’ there, ‘awe-struck’ was ‘gobsmacked’ – that sort of thing. No one treated Susan or Mac unkindly in any way, they just smiled in a patronizing way as though dealing with children. And so, she and Mac shared a cultural bond and kindred spirit that helped to bridge any gaps between them.

Early on in their trainer / student role, Susan had become determined to be Mac’s best student. If he asked her to do ten reps during an exercise, she did twelve.

She’d count them off, “One, two three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, one for you and one more for me.”

If she was counting calories, Susan counted each and every bit of food. Teaspoons were level, never rounded. Originally, her husband had given Susan the gym membership and personal training voucher because he wanted a trophy wife on his arm, even as he sat in his recliner night after night emptying beer cans and potato chip bags into his expanding body. He joked about his gut calling it his, ‘One-pack abs.”

Also telling, was the fact that Tom never once congratulated Susan on her weight loss and tone-up. It was as though he didn’t even see her. Mac, on the other hand, was lavish in his praise of her. There were days when he dreaded coming to work to listen to the excuses of students who so completely lacked motivation and really were beyond his help. When he came in to train Susan though, Mac felt

ebullient, and thrilled to work with her. Once their relationship had become a love affair, the only difficulty Mac had was to retain his professionalism at the gym when others might see him together with Susan together.

Susan was brought back from the mirror and into her bedroom when she realized that Mac's cum trickled slowly down her thigh. She opened her robe and wiped it off with the palm of her hand and brought her hand to her nose to breathe deeply of his salty masculinity. She shook off the urge to suck Mac's cum from her fingers and padded off to the shower.

The stinging hot water teased her nipples to full attention and Susan relived the past two hours of her time with Mac. Her husband had never made a bed in his life, so there was no way that he'd ever discover the restraints tucked neatly between the mattress and foundation. These were wrist and ankle straps that attached to Velcro pads that gripped the sheet mightily, and held Susan exactly where she longed to be – beneath a pumping, grunting Mac as he filled her with pleasure and seed. She loved studying Mac's face as they made love, how he was soft and gentle until the point of demand after which he was a wild man. His upper lip would curl back over his teeth and his eyes blazed fierceness. Susan wondered if that same look was part of his battle face in military combat. The look didn't frighten her for she trusted Mac completely, but there was no doubting the single-mindedness and intensity of his determination.

Strangely, Susan felt proud to be secured with straps beneath Mac. Sometimes when she was alone in her room, she'd place the straps on her wrists, just to feel them and to remember. At first, she'd felt shame and guilt about desecrating the marital sheets in her home. Still though, it felt less creepy than the motel they had been using. Also, there was less chance of getting caught because there'd be no money missing or motel receipts left to be found either by Tom or by Mac's wife, Helen. After all, the infidelity was the big lie, everything else was just everything else. In time, Susan even skipped changing the sheets between their trysts because Tom seemed so oblivious to her that he seemed not to notice sex odors on the bed or faint stains on the sheets. He came to bed buzzed most nights and so it was easy for Susan to hide in plain sight.

Maybe it was Susan's imagination or maybe the alcohol had its hooks deeper into Tom, but his eyes seemed further apart than she remembered; and the look reminded her of a time when she'd taken her kids to the zoo. A children's animal instructor held a class to introduce them to hunting animals and those that were prey. The instructor taught them a little rhyme to remember the eye placement on – say – a rabbit versus those on a hawk.

"Eyes on the side, I like to hide," she said; and "Eyes in the front, I like to hunt."

Was that Tom's way of dealing, or rather not-dealing, Susan wondered? Was he hiding and oblivious

to the signs all around him that his role as a husband was fading away week by week? Or, had the alcohol taken him to a place where Susan and Mac could've fucked wantonly in the bed right beside Tom without his ever actually noticing? Susan knew she was being facetious, but in truth she did seem almost invisible to him anymore. There was little doubt where Mac's eyes were when they made love, for he looked deeply into hers. Yes, Mac 'liked to hunt 'and Susan was there to be hunted and had, loved and taken. She'd rather be chased than chaste.

Susan's biggest complexity was fitting in time with Mac, when her children were at school and Tom at work. Because Mac's schedule had flexibility, it was easy for him to work around her schedule. And, there were occasions when Mac had to cancel and call out of work because his wife was too intoxicated to care for their children - "Mommy's sick days" be told his children - but overall, the timing usually worked out well between Susan and himself. They were careful to delete the tens of emails and text messages that passed between them each day. In many ways, the relationship between Susan and Mac actually glued-together the fragments of their broken marriages, because their emotional needs were met in each other. Without each other in their lives, they would have to face into the emptiness around them and leave their mates and maybe subject their children to the 'fallout' of marital dissolution.

"My lover is good for my marriage," Susan mused to herself while showering away the evidence of this afternoon's coupling.

The relationship between Susan and Mac got a real boost when Susan's husband Tom was sent off for a two-week training session in Arlington Heights, a suburb of Chicago. That arrangement left almost limitless opportunities for the lovers to meet. Adding to their good fortune, Susan's kids were invited to a birthday sleepover the Saturday night that Tom would be away! Susan was nearly schoolgirl-giddy with the prospects that lay before her and that very afternoon. She made a trip to the mall, to visit Victoria's Secret and find a couple of items to widen Mac's eyes and fuel his desire.

That Sunday, Susan and the kids drove Tom to the airport and as he leaned over in the car seat to kiss her goodbye, Susan instinctively turned her head so that his kiss landed chastely on her cheek. She immediately felt embarrassed at the obvious rejection but Tom made no remark or reaction as he kissed the kids, grabbed his suitcase from the trunk and walked into the terminal without looking back. Susan ached to be with Mac that afternoon but she had to be with the kids. The next day didn't work out either, because her daughter awoke with a fever and couldn't go to school. As in all other aspects of life, affairs are rife with reschedules and occasional disappointments. Fortunately, her daughter was fine the next day and Susan would see Mac during her regular training session at the gym and with luck, soon afterwards.

Mac oversaw and directed Susan's workout as he did every Tuesday and Friday. The very air around

them was alive with sexual tension. At some point in the routine, Susan rolled over an exercise ball and her vagina showed obvious signs of engorgement in the ‘camel-toe and damp spot clearly visible in her exercise shorts. Mac ached to abandon all reason and protocol and fuck Susan from behind, hot, hard and fast, right on that damned exercise ball but he held his passions in check, knowing that he’d be balls-deep inside her in about 90 long minutes.

In normal instructor tones, Mac directed and encouraged Susan, pleased that her workout was flowing so perfectly, her practice and attention to his every detail executed flawlessly.

It wasn’t unusual for Mac to give Susan a homework assignment for exercises but this time he gave Susan a very different instruction as he whispered, “Don’t shower. Go home and complete the exercise. I want you just like you are right now, sweaty and gritty and I’ll be at your home in an hour.”

Butterflies filled Susan’s stomach and her hands trembled on the steering wheel as she made the short drive home. OK so it wasn’t going to be Victoria’s Secret seducing Mac today, it would be sweaty clothes from Target!

Susan had sensed Mac’s reaction to her riding the exercise ball and so, when she got home and moved it from the basement room that she had taken-over for exercise, to her bedroom. When Mac arrived, he was going to find her naked ass pointing straight at him as her pelvis ground that vinyl ball! The very idea had Susan’s body responding as her labia swelled in anticipation and her body’s lubrication kicked into gear.

Mac had a thing about doorbells, he never used them. Instead, he used a ‘signature’ knock pattern of, two knocks followed by a pause and then a third.

When Susan heard Mac’s knock she yelled, “The door is open, just come up.”

“Oh, the door is most certainly open you sweet man,” Susan mused to herself as she cast-off her exercise shorts and lay across the exercise ball, already aching for Mac’s cock to fill her body and soul.

She heard a low whistle and, “Oh my God!” as Mac entered the room and in exactly nineteen seconds Susan’s body reacted almost in shock to Mac’s rapid penetration!

She was reminded, for a second, of an ad she’d seen in a magazine praising the attributes of a new Corvette that went from zero to sixty miles per hour in four seconds flat. Mac clearly had bested that performance curve by an order of magnitude for once his cock slammed into her, his pace was top-speed furious and hell bent for completion. Susan shivered with delight as Mac’s balls spanked her

swollen clitoris as he pumped her from behind like a piston and the two of them spoke in broken syllables of lover's gibberish.

This wasn't the first time that Mac and Susan had experienced a simultaneous orgasm but it was, by far, the most intense. Susan rolled right off the ball and they fell to the carpet still shaking as the waves of pleasure flowed over them.

On Saturday, Susan dropped the kids off at the sleepover and went home to prepare a special dinner for Mac. She pulled out all the stops in southern cooking and, for sure, Paula Dean would have been proud of her. She set the table with her best china, silver and candles. While she knew Mac would have been OK with pizza, it was Susan's intense wish to 'play house' with him this night and make every minute both perfect and memorable.

Mac arrived right on time wearing the sharp blue-jeans and sports-coat look pioneered decades ago by Steve McQueen. He let out a low whistle when he saw Susan in a sexy black cocktail dress and they hugged and kissed sweetly.

"I'm outclassed," he said.

"No, kind Sir, you honor me."

After a warm hug and a very hot kiss, Susan showed Mac to his seat at the head of the table and she poured wine and served his dinner from her place to his right.

They shared small talk over their intimate meal after which Mac announced, "I have something for you."

Susan's face brightened with expectation, like a kid at Christmas, as Mac withdrew a longish gift-wrapped box from the inside breast pocket of his jacket. Her fingers trembled a bit as she removed the wrapping and opened the box.

"A collar!" She squealed excitedly. "You're collaring me! Oh my Mac, my Master! Please put it on me."

"Take your place," Mac said gently and Susan arose from her seat and knelt beside Mac's chair, her hand flipping aside her long blonde hair for him as he buckled the soft leather band about her neck.

"Oh Mac, I'm thrilled," Susan bubbled.

She had read up a bit on the DOM/sub relationship and learned that in that world, a collar was similar to a wedding ring. The collar was a powerful symbol of the bond between them.

“Susan, I’m not out to cause problems for you with your husband, and so this collar is something for you to wear when you are with me.”

“Thank you Mac, although I have to admit that taking it off ever, will be difficult for me; but you’re right, there’s no sense opening a can of worms here, at least not right now. Oh Mac, Mac, Mac, my wonderful Mac, please tell me how I may serve you now, this very minute?”

“What’s for dessert, “Mac asked, with the boyish grin that thrilled her so.

Susan entered her kitchen for the brandied pears that she’d prepared earlier. She undressed, while getting the desserts from the refrigerator and returned to her lover, her Master completely naked except for her collar. For the second time that night she heard Mac’s soft, low whistle. She served Mac, and then took her place beside him. She held her eyes lowered through dessert and noticed that Mac shifted in his seat a couple of times.

No doubt his erection was binding in his tight jeans, she thought, "Well, I don’t think he’ll be wearing them for long."

She was right.

After dessert, the two lost no time getting from the dining room to the bedroom and Mac noted, with approval that the bed already had been turned down. That Susan was his subordinate, held almost no weight in this moment, for the two made love like honeymooners. Collaring Susan had taken them across a threshold to a new level of intimacy and that closeness brought them together as never before. They started off with Mac on top and then Susan was. Before long, they were in a doggie position and Mac slammed into Susan with long penetrating strokes that left her on the edge of breathlessness.

“What more can I do to please you, My lover?” Susan said in gasps.

“Talk to me baby,” Mac said as he slammed into her.

“Fuck me Mac, Fuck me silly, love me silly; pound into me because I may die without you deep inside me.”

Susan was amazed at her own line of sexual dialogue as it wasn’t like her to speak that way but the

words just flowed out of her, just as her fluids lubricated her glistening vulva.

“Stay with me Baby, “Mac coaxed as his orgasm neared and their pace picked up.

In no time, Susan felt herself in climax and Mac’s body stiffened as he fired off a huge load of seed into her belly. Susan lay cradled in Mac’s arms and, after a few minutes of after-play, the two slept for a couple of hours and then started in again. That became their pattern for the night. Make love, sleep a bit and make love some more. As morning came, so did Susan in their fourth coupling of the night.

They lay in each others' arms for at least an hour and then feeling pleasantly sore, Susan said, “OK let me go grab a shower and then make us a nice breakfast.”

“Great," Mac said, with gusto. “I’m starving!”

“Well you had quite a workout,” Susan said, with a smile. “I hate taking this off even to shower but I’ll put it right back on afterwards,” she said, unbuckling her collar.

On the spur of the moment, she kissed it and placed it on her night stand and padded off to the shower. A new phase of life was beginning for her.