The Debt Reversed

By 1ball

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Ready for a little dessert? Need an antacid? I commend you for making it this far in this passion play. I hope you enjoy what comes next.

"So, um, Charlie, it looks like Little Chuck is ready for another round. Are you planning to fuck me? You can ya know?"

"I don't think that's a good idea, Vickie."

I tried not to show any emotion as I processed this rejection. I half expected it. He had to keep control of something. He was still a virgin. I was certain of that. It was something I'd teased him about. I was equally certain that he wasn't saving his virginity for a virgin girl. He was just telling me that his cherry would not be my trophy. He knew I had already targeted and taken one guy's virginity and I think this was a way he could earn back some of his self-respect. I had to respect that.

So I knew one thing we wouldn't be doing and I knew I wasn't going to let that cock leave the room in that hard condition. It appeared Charlie was leaving the next move up to me and I had a surprise for him. I'll bet you think you know what it is. But remember, I said that you and I both have dirty minds, but I also said that this wasn't a dirty story. The sex is important to the story, but it is not the story.

"I have a proposition, Charlie."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Before I ask you, I have to tell you where I'm coming from. I understand now that I've been abusing you."

"Vickie, I..."

"Please, Charlie. Wait. You were about to tell me that you may have over-reacted. Right?"

"Um, yes, something like that."

"Don't. It's a classic abuse victim reaction to a successful mollification. I'm taking that class this term and you might benefit from reading my textbook. Now as I was saying. I don't like thinking of myself as an abuser and, until you, I didn't have a history of ignoring people... friends who tell me that I'm hurting them. I'm young and I have some emotional growing to do and I've gained some experience that I need to learn from. I value your friendship and I understand that I don't deserve this yet, but I'm seeking forgiveness..."

"But you already had forgiveness, Vickie."

"Wait. I have to get this out. Thank you for forgiving me, but I'm seeking this forgiveness from myself. People who hold grudges are like cans that hold acid. The acid eventually destroys the can. Forgiving someone neutralizes the acid and prevents further damage to the can. You've forgiven your father, haven't you."

"Yes."

"And your mother for not protecting you from him."

"Yes."

"And now me. But you'll never forget what we did to you and you'll never be able to trust us again. We were like Lucy, but you're not like Charley Brown any more. Right? You've learned to walk away from the football. That's what abuse survivors learn, so please allow me to do what I need to do to forgive myself.

I guess you could say that I want to use you without abusing you. I have learned something very important about myself from you. Something that cost me very dearly and something I don't want to ever pay the price of learning again. On top of that, I believe that what I can still learn from you could be very beneficial to my future and I don't want to lose that because of the mistakes I've made in past. I think I have a way to make a new friendship worth your while."

I could tell he was intrigued. He sat back down in his chair and there we were, two ex-friends who loved each other sitting naked and discussing the possibility of a future together. Clearly, trying to have a close platonic friendship didn't work. Maybe it could now, but I knew that there would always be this trust issue between us.

I'd lost the ability to earn trust, but since it did seem that I could rent it, maybe I could buy it. That probably seems confusing, but bear with me. One of my big fears about having sex with Charlie earlier was because I didn't want to lose him like I'd lost every guy that I had ever had sex with. Charlie was the first to dump me before and the first who didn't make me feel used when he did.

I had rented trust, or maybe it's better to say that I guaranteed trustworthiness by laying a lot of money down. That had helped Charlie get past a very tough psychological barrier. I was now fairly certain that he would not fall in love with me or want to have a long term committed romantic relationship with me. We liked each other and we loved each other, but not like 'til death do us part love. I explained my thinking on all this to Charlie and he readily agreed. And because I told you earlier that I can read his emotions from his face, I can tell you that he genuinely agreed.

It had been about six weeks since the day I found myself set aside by Charlie and in that time, although I got off to a slow start, I had begun to lead an examined life. I questioned behavior that I once took for granted. It took an emotional smack down from an emotional abuse victim to make me realize that toying with another person can cause emotional pain for both of us. But somehow I had learned that toying with a man after being dumped by another was a way to get a satisfying emotional high.

When one man drove me down, I liked, wanted and maybe even needed to learn that I could still get the thrill of being wanted by a man. Not just any man, because any girl can go out and get the attention of some random stranger in some meet market like an arcade or a bar or even a campus library. But I needed to know that I was desired by a man I respected. That pretty much excluded every man except Charlie. The only thing missing was a way to buy acceptance when I went too far. That's what this whole Saturday Afternoon Delight was about.

"So here's what I propose. I will buy in advance an opportunity to toy with your affections in the future. That way you can feel comfortable with me and if I get dumped by some guy, I can come to you for comfort, talk with you about it, get the support you've provided me in the past and if I cross the line, you can call me on that and the obligation that I've bought in advance, to tolerate one failure from me, will be covered."

"So then we would be back to being what? Not friends?"

"Well, yeah, but what I'm hoping for is that you'll either sell me another opportunity right then or I'll get out my checkbook and schedule another one of these make-up sessions."

It was fun watching his face as he went through the implications of my proposal.

"So let's stop pussyfooting abound here. You're saying that if I agree to this new kind of friendship, this 'partnership', if you deliberately turn me on or tease me and I call you on it, you'll pay me something right then or we'll do this again?"

"Or we'll break-up with nobody owing anything, yes. This gives us a mutually acceptable way to keep seeing each other."

"Um, what do you have in mind as payment for a violation."

"Well, we both know I don't have money to burn, so I was thinking of paying you with a sexual experience."

"You mean like a blowjob?"

"Yes, or maybe something else if you prefer."

"And you're thinking of starting this now?"

"Yes, I want to buy a lot of forgiveness up front. I have something special to offer."

During all this time, Charlie's erection had gone away and it started to come back again when I said 'sexual experience'. But now I think he realized what I would offer, because his cock got harder quickly.

"I'm listening."

"It's something very precious to me, Charlie. Something I want to experience with the only guy I know who can learn how to give me pleasure by reading a naughty story from a magazine. Please accept my anal cherry as my security deposit on our new friendship."

I know that this transaction-based approach to sex might bother or even offend some of the romantics among you and I can sympathize with that. I'm all for romantic sex. I love it so much that I've had it with each of my six husbands since then. But sometimes, you have to accept what the situation dictates. You can have great sex with a man you respect by being a trader instead of a moon-eyed lovebird. Stick with me. You'll see.

"But I thought you were saving that for your future husband?"

"That was something I said half-jokingly, Charlie, but unless you fail to keep what we do secret, he'll

be able to think I did save it. It's not like there's a hymen to break."

His cock was now rock hard and there was a big smile on his face. "Seriously, Vickie. Why me?"

"We read a story about a thousand kisses and I loved how that turned out, Charlie. We also read a different story together and I know you'll be careful and try not to hurt me. I trust you and I think trust is very important to the success of anal sex. And, if you don't mind the pun, I want a rock hard foundation for our new friendship. So how about it? Are you the man for this deal?"

"I'm that man, Vickie. You can count on me."

I have to say that I was quite surprised at the tingle that was growing in my pussy over the last few minutes. I thought I was done for the day after his tongue wiped me out, but yes, I'm a dirty girl. I reached into a bag that I had left beside the sofa and pulled out Patty's vibrator. I handed the bag to Charlie and tossed the pillow down on the rug. I knelt on it with my ass toward him as he looked in the bag and smiled.

He set the bag beside me and then knelt behind me. I leaned down onto the sofa as he snugged up close behind me. He leaned over my back and started to caress my breasts. I could feel his cock snake between my thighs and I pulled them together to squeeze it. He kissed between my shoulder blades and started working his way with gentle kisses down my spine, pulling his cock back out from between my thighs. He kept his hands on my breasts, fingers and thumbs playing with my nipples until his kisses started to fall on my firm buns. His hands joined his lips there and he gently massaged my cheeks with a hand on each.

I turned on the vibrator and brought it to my clit as he pulled the tube of KY from the bag and put some on his middle finger. I felt a touch of cool gel on my rosebud and pushed out against it until his finger slipped inside me. He slowly stroked his finger in and out until my tight ring relaxed and he could pull his finger all the way out and slide it back in easily.

He pulled his finger all the way out and I stayed relaxed as the vibrator buzzed against my clit. When his finger came back, it had a buddy right beside it and my hole easily accommodated the pair of them. He eased them in and out as I felt my juices oozing down my hand. When he pulled them out again, I couldn't believe how relaxed my asshole felt. I could feel the coolness of the air inside me until Patty's lubed dildo blocked the hole and stretched me just a little further. It went in much easier than the last time and it felt much better. After stroking it in and out until I could feel the head leave and come back, he left the dildo fully embedded in me as he tore the foil wrapper off the condom, the last item but one from the bag.

I felt the dildo slide out and then a warmer longer thicker object slid easily in. His cock was soon balls deep into me and I felt his thighs against my ass cheeks. He took the time to wipe the lube from his hands on the final item from the bag, a clean absorbent hand towel. I felt a little more cool gel being squeezed out at the top of my ass so that it would ooze down onto his cock as it warmed up. Then his hands gripped my hips and he started to thrust into me.

"Oh god, Charlie. That feels so good."

"I can't tell you how good this feels to me, Vickie. I've never felt anything like it."

"I'm glad, Charlie. Oh, yes. Fuck me."

I turned the vibrator up to hi speed and held it against my clit as I felt the beginning of the first wave.

"Oh god, Charlie. I'm gonna come. Ahhhh. I'm coming." I felt my ass clenching down on Charlie's cock and it felt wonderful. My body felt like it was turning to pudding as wave after wave of pleasure rolled through me."

Charlie was slamming me hard now, his thighs against the back of mine making faster and faster slapping sounds and jiggling my firm little tits, "Oh fuck, Vickie, here it comes. Ohhhhh, ohhhhh, ohhhhh, ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

He bucked against me with an erratic tempo for another dozen strokes before easing his cock out of me and sitting back. I was feeling so well fucked that I couldn't move when I felt the towel slide between my cheeks to catch the lube as it oozed out of me. Leave it to Charlie to think of something so sweet.

We actually cuddled after that, both of us naked in my bed. When he dressed to leave, he told me that he'd left an envelope with a check in my mail box before coming up. He had already decided to return the money no matter what happened with me.

After he left, I went to my mailbox. I pulled the check out of the envelope and saw that it was for more than the $500 that I sent him. I rushed back to my room and called him to say he shouldn't have paid me extra, but he interrupted and said, "What kind of friend would keep the interest when he holds money for a friend?"

I felt overjoyed. He was calling me a friend again.

Epilogue

About a month later, Charlie called me up and said, "It's gone." I could tell he was smiling.

"Your virginity?"

"Yep."

"Congratulations. Hey, you know what that means? The next time I toy with you I have another option for how to make up for it. Patty's gone for the weekend. Why don't you come over and tell me all about it. I feel like toying with you."

"I'll be over in a jiffy."

About six years later, I delivered my thesis on "Psycho-Sexual Abuse and the Investment Approach to Treatment". Sometimes the only person who can help an abuse victim achieve a crucial breakthrough is his abuser. I am now a clinical psychologist and I have used my experience to bind a number of abusers into agreements that give power to their victims. It helps the abusers to mature emotionally and it helps the victims to forgive and to see that their pain was caused by an individual and not a class of humanity. It doesn't work with all abusers. I have to guess whether the couples I counsel will respond to this approach. But it's another tool in our toolkit.

It's now 35 years later and Charlie and I are still friends. He moved away after graduation, but we tried to keep in touch, exchanging phone numbers and addresses every time either of us moved. He married not long after I was dumped by Husband #2, and it stunned me. I was crying on his virtual shoulder via long distance phone call and he made me feel much better. Then he told me he'd gotten hitched and before I could think, I blurted out, "And you didn't invite me to the wedding?"

"Um, I would have, but my bride requested that I not."

I waited, knowing that if I stayed silent, he would confess the reason.

Let me tell you all now, that it is the quiet shy thinkers of this world that you have to watch out for. Charlie was a sophomore when I met him during my freshman year. Patty was a freshman when she became my roommate during my sophomore year. She had a brief girl-crush on me at first, or so I thought. She was innocent, a virgin with men but not with toys, a 5'3" 97 lb. ginger with almost no boobs, a little-boy butt and legs like a bird. I never ever pictured them getting together.

We'd kept in touch after graduation and I had given her Charlie's phone number without thinking anything of it. When Charlie finally said, "It's Patty," I thought back to all the things I had told her

about him. She knew he was damaged by abuse. She knew he was inappropriately unemotional at some times and overly emotional at others. She knew we had hurt each other badly and become friends again. She knew that he'd lost his virginity to someone other than me. She knew that we loved each other.

"Don't worry," Charlie said. "I've never told her what happened between us."

I laughed and congratulated them. The little bitch had stolen my man. I was glad she was getting the benefit of his hands, his tongue, his cock and most especially, his mind. I sent them a wedding gift. It was a check for $509.57, the exact amount of the check that Charlie had written to me. I addressed the letter to her and congratulated her on snagging the only man on the planet whose judgement I had any respect for. I actually giggled at the thought of him trying to explain why that exact amount.

I burned through husbands like they were rolling papers for a while and one day I realized that I hadn't heard from Charlie in more than five years. I tried calling his old number but it was no good. Then I realized that I was the one who forgot to tell him about my last move and that he must have moved since then. Husband #5 came home one day to find me crying inconsolably and I just couldn't explain why.

Thank god for the Internet. When I first joined Facebook, I found him. My friend request went unaccepted for about two minutes. God, I love that man.

He just celebrated his 25th Anniversary with Patty. I'm envious of her because I can see from their Facebook photos that she's held up better than me over the years. I hope she's grateful to me for fixing her fella after I almost totally broke him. They seem to be very happy together.

Not that I'm wishing ill fortune on either Patty or Husband #6, but if one day Charlie and I are single again at the same time, I'm hoping I'll be mature enough to be a good mate for him. I'm not holding out much hope for that, though. I'm not that lucky. Charlie's the lucky one. He has me for a friend. Yep, I'm still a narcissist. ;)