Just What She Needed

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A Rough Shift at the Firehouse Leads to a Soft Night by the Fireplace

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The snow crunched under Leah's steel-toed EMS boots as she walked from the ambulance bay to her yellow Jeep. She avoided the slick ice patches spotting the parking lot, a rough task seeing as her mind was stuck thinking about the call she had over the weekend. Leah responded to her first gunshot call. She was the only one to see the patient. The patient was pronounced by the cops who went in to secure the scene. Leah tried to hide the shaking in her body as she carried the monitor into the house, past the cops who saw her as only tough and strong. She managed to hold her tears back until she got back to the station, barricaded herself in the bathroom. She did the best she could to clean the clotted red liquid from her boots.

The Jeep door slammed shut, she turned the key and soaked in the cold 15+ air. She sat, lost in thought as the Jeep heated up. One of the other guys had walked to their car, and the headlights washing over her and blinding her eyes snapped her back to reality. Leah put her Jeep into drive and headed to her home-away-from-home, The Double Deuce. As she walked into the bar Ralph took one look at her and by the look on her face, without words, put a shot of Vodka and a Coors Lite in front of her. She took the shot and nursed her beer, peeling the label. After a few regulars started wandering outside, Ralph asked Leah what was up. She laid her thoughts out to the therapist on the opposite side of the bar. An hour later, she was working on beer number 3 and starting to feel better.

She wandered out to the bar patio for a cigarette. She sat in a chair, not bothering to wipe the snow from the seat. She barely noticed the cold and wetness soaking into her pants, proving she wasn't as snapped out of her funk as she hoped. She pulled her Camels from her pocket, using her Chicago Blackhawks lighter, exhaling the smoke and watching it dance slowly in the cold air. Leah stared into the sky, watching the stars. Half way through her smoke, the outdoor silence was broken by someone else. A drunk couple stumbled outside, drinks in hand, trying to light their own smokes, giggling and kissing. Leah sighed to herself, flicked her cigarette into the bucket. She went inside to pay her tab. Ralph waved it, gave her a hug goodbye and she left.

Leah got home, wide awake and no where ready for bed. She grabbed a glass from the kitchen, along with her bottle of vodka. She headed to her living room, kicking her boots off one at a time,

shedding her wet EMS pants, and peeled off her white Lieutenant shirt. She started up a fire in the hearth and sat on the couch, wrapping herself in a blanket. She opened the bottle to pour herself a shot, leaving the glass on the coffee table and putting the neck to her lips. She reached for her phone, it was only 10:30 PM. She suddenly felt lonely. She scrolled her list of contacts, her eyes fixing on the name 'Travis". It had been a while since she last seen him, being taken off guard by his gentle nature the night in her barn. Before she realized it, she sent him a text.

"Rough call this shift. Don't want to be alone. Come over?"

Leah didn't expect an answer... after all each time Travis had texted her since, she usually ignored him or came up with an excuse that he couldn't come by. She took another pull from her bottle and placed it on the coffee table. She started into the flames, her phone going off and the vibration startling her. It was Travis.

"I'm on my way. See you in 15."

"Door is unlocked. Just come in." she answered.

While she waited, Leah got up and turned on some country music. She grabbed a beer from her fridge and put it on the table for Travis. She settled back onto the couch, a few pulls on the bottle later, Leah heard her door open. She turned her head and saw Travis peeking inside. He saw her sitting in the fire-light and smiled. He removed his shoes and walked over to the couch. Leah nodded towards the beer, Travis took it and popped the top, taking a swig. He surprised Leah. He sat next to her, placing his arm around her shoulder, pulling her towards him... and asked what was wrong. Leah explained the call from her last shift, her feelings, and her confusion.

For the amount of Vodka she had consumed, she was shocked she wasn't more buzzed than she felt. She finished her rambling and stared into the fire... soaking into Travis' arms and relaxing. For a long time they sat in silence, Travis finishing his beer and Leah throwing back a few more pulls of her Vodka. Leah reached up to take another swig and Travis grabbed the bottle, stopping it from reaching her lips.

"I think you've had enough. Your going to feel like bigger shit tomorrow if you keep going." Leah let him take the bottle and just rolled her eyes at him. Travis capped it and placed it on the floor, out of her reach.

He turned back to Leah and his lips were met with hers. Leah's hands reached out to his cheeks, grabbing him and pushing her lips harder onto his. She wriggled her tongue into his mouth, one hand moving to the back of his head and playing with his hair, the other hand slinking down towards the

belt of his pants. She started maneuvering his belt-buckle. Travis returned the favor with his tongue pushed deep into Leah's mouth, his hands reaching towards her head, fingers running through and gripping her hair.

She let out a deep breath through her nose as she felt Travis return her touch. She really needed to feel hands running over body, lips and tongue trailing on her skin... She felt her heart race, the heat rising in her body. Her pussy was aching to be touched, kissed, licked, fucked hard; she felt her pussy tingle and her juices start to stir. Travis wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her from her corner of the couch and onto his lap. She felt his cock stiffening under the denim of his jeans, his hands pulling her hair back and his lips planting soft kisses along her neckline.

Travis' hands found their way to her lower back, reaching into her tank top and dragging his nails across her skin. He felt the shudder through Leah's body and pulled the tank top over her head. He tossed it to the floor, his eyes meeting hers in the firelight. Leah stared at Travis, her pussy pulsing and aching to be touched. Travis held her in his arms, kissing her collarbone trailing his lips to her breasts, kissing each before choosing the right one and sucking her nipple into his mouth. He swirled his tongue in circles, playing with the stud pierced through the pink flesh and pulling Leah toward his mouth. Her soft moans were heard through the soft tones of the music in the background.

Minutes of his tongue caressing her nipples caused Leah to soak through her panties. She sat in place taking advantage of the lavish attention being paid to her chest. Her fingers ran through Travis' hair, holding him in place each time he gave her chills. His lips moved from her nipples and down her stomach, kissing and leaving small trails ofsalivain which he blew on, leaving goosebumps on her skin. His teeth grabbed hold of the thin piece of cloth that made do for a thong and tugged, ripping it and pulling it off. Leah felt the fabric slide through her crack and it hurt until it slipped through her wet cunt.

Before she had a chance to moan, Travis dove his face between her legs and his tongue found her swollen clit immediately. He started kissing and sucking the swollen cherry into his mouth, making Leah gasp. She laid back feeling the heat from the fire, hearing bits and pieces of the music wafting through the air, and enjoying the attention her pussy had been waiting for. She felt his tongue and lips lap up her juice and lather her lower set of lips in attention that she had been needing. Moans slipped through her lips like secrets she had been hiding. Travis lifted a hand, rubbing two fingers against her clit causing Leah to jump slightly. He smiled to himself and pushed his fingers inside, searching for her g-spot. He found it easily, remembering how he had found it before.

Travis worked his fingers and tongue while he felt Leah's hands grip and pull his short hair. Her pussy and hips were grinding against his face and on his fingers, Leah felt him hit her g-spot and couldn't hold herself still. She wanted more, and she wanted it soon. Travis felt her twitching at his

touch and is was driving his cock crazy! He hadn't felt her pussy around his cock since that night in her barn and he hated it. He wanted her bad, and finally couldn't take it. Travis stood up pulling his shirt over his head exposing his abs. He slid his jeans off and kicked them to the side. He grabbed Leah by the hand and guided her to her knees, bending her over the back of the couch. His hands were rubbing and gripping her ass cheeks, squeezing them tightly and spreading them out before slapping them playfully. Leah giggled, waving her ass at him temptingly.

Travis stared at her milky skin, her pink puckered asshole, and couldn't hold back. He dipped his head down and gave her a long lick from her asshole to her pussy. Leah liked it and the shudder in her body told him so. He stood back up, grabbing his cock and stroking it a few times before he got on his knees on the couch and guided himself inside Leah. She felt his head rub her clit a few times and pushed her ass into him, urging him to fuck her. She felt the head forcing its way inside her. Her pussy muscles squeezed Travis as he pushed his 8 inch long cock all the way inside her. He groaned as he forced her muscles apart, feeling like he could bust just from that. Leah forgot how thick he was, she felt like she was being slowly ripped apart. Groans of mixed pain and pleasure escaped her lips.

Travis began grinding his hips, pushing his cock in and out of Leah's dripping pussy. He wrapped his arm around Leah, putting his hand gently on her neck and guiding her face to the side, where her lips met his once more. His free hand wrapped around her from the other side, reaching down and dipping his fingers into her cunt as he fucked her. Leah moaned through the kisses, grinding her clit against his fingers and pushing herself deeper onto his cock. Travis picked up his pace, fucking her fast and rubbing her clit hard for a few moments before slowing back down and softly stroking her cherry. He removed his fingers and put them to Leah's lips. He thought her tongue felt good massaging his fingers while she cleaned her cum from them. He felt his cock tingle and twitch. He moved his hands to her hips, holding her in place as he slowly thrusted himself back and forth.

Leah felt herself coming close to an orgasm. She hung herself over the back of the couch, letting Travis fuck her how he wanted. She used her elbows to hold herself up on the couch, arching her back and grinding her hips into Travis in rhythm of his thrusts. She started to feelelectricitymove through body, starting at her feet and moving to her head. She knew what was coming and locked her arms, relaxing the rest of her body and let her orgasm take over.

It it like a freight train, stronger than she imagined. She felt her body start shaking and everything went blurry. She could hear herself moaning and screaming over the sound of the music still wafting through the room. Travis could feel her cunt spasming and her cum flowing over his cock. He fucked her harder as he watched her orgasm take over her body. He continued to slide himself in and out as he watched her face contort, listened to the moans from her throat. When she was finished, he wrapped his arms around her, leaning over her and kissing her shoulders. When she finally stopped

gasping, Travis pulled himself out and turned Leah around. He got close, dragging his tongue across her lower lip, letting her catch her breath.Leah quit gasping, her chest stopped heaving. She looked at Travis and smiled, seeing that his cock was still hard and realizing he hadn't cum yet.

Leah quit gasping, her chest stopped heaving. She looked at Travis and smiled, seeing that his cock was still hard and realizing he hadn't cum yet. Travis stood up and pushed her coffee table out-of-the-way. The carpet in front of her fireplace hearth was nothing but cliché, a faux fur rug, except neon green and Joker purple. But to him it looked soft, and he turned back to Leah and picked her up off the couch and carried her over to the carpet, laying her on her back. He laid next to her, one arm around her neck the other on her abdomen, playing with her left nipple, stroking little soft circles around the protruding skin and playing with thejewelry in her flesh. Leah could see longing in his eyes, and for a second it scared her.

Travis leaned in, kissing her. His fingers snaked their way from her nipples down to her pussy, opening her lips and teasing her sensitive clit. He maneuvered his arm out from under her and climbed between her legs. His hands reached for her thighs, stroking them softly from the knees up to her hips, pushing her legs in the air and moving himself closer to her. His cock was hard and standing at attention. He rubbed his stiff cock between her pussy lips and plunged himself in. Travis threw Leahs legs over his shoulders, his hands grabbing her thighs again and shoving himself deep into her cunt, his balls pressed against her ass cheeks. Leah's arms were above her head, grabbing at the green and purple fur of the carpet, her eyes closed, lips letting loose moans of pleasure.

His thrusts remained soft and slow, leaning down over her with her legs still on his shoulders, kissing her lips and neck. Leah's hands let go of the carpet, reaching up and grabbing her feet. She felt the tension of the way her body was being stretched, his cock rubbing against her g-spot with every inward thrust. The moan escaping her lips could have scared off any wildlife in a mile radius from her house.

Travis held himself up, picking up the speed and force behind his hips. The grip on his cock was amazing, he was having trouble keeping his urge to cum at bay. Leahs moans and gasps didn't help any. He could feel her cunt throbbing and cum was covering the rug underneath her. He started fucking her as hard as he could, his hips slamming into her ass cheeks, her pussy squirting flicks of juices. Leah felt her body getting the tingles again, she knew she ready for her second orgasm. Her hands let go of her feet and grabbed Travis' hips. She squeezed her pussy as she felt the wave of cum burst from her. She felt the waterfall of cum go everywhere; soaking her, Travis, and the carpet.

Travis stared down at Leah's pussy, amazed at the amount of fluid pouring from her cunt. He felt her pussy clenching his cock and it felt like it would never let him go. Her screams drove him to the edge. His head rolled back and he felt himself shooting ropes of cum inside her. He used the last bit of his

energy to fuck her hard, filling her with cock and cum.

Leah's moans subsided, Travis felt all he had inside him drain from his body. He collapsed on top of Leah, their chests heaving trying to catch their breath. Travis' head was laying on Leah's chest, he could hear her heart pounding and laid there until it returned to normal. Leah's fingers ran through his hair and his tongue slipped out and gave a lick to her left nipple. She giggled, pulling playfully on his hair.

Travis rolled himself off of Leah and reached for her bottle of Vodka. He took a swig and looked at Leah. She reached out and took the bottle from him, taking one last mouthful for herself. The warmth from the fire had soaked into them, leaving them both sweaty. Travis put the bottle on the coffee table, laying down next to Leah trying to regain his composure. Leah did what she didn't think she would do... she pushed Travis' arm under her neck and snuggled up next to him.

Travis did something he didn't expect... He held Leah close, closed his eyes... and fell asleep on the floor stroking a hand through Leah's hair. The last thing he remembered was the flames dancing and casting shadows around the room. The last thing Leah remembered was the sound of his heart beating and feeling more content than she had in months.