

# You Want Me to Call You, What? Ch. 03 (final)

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Published on Lush Stories on 03 Jul 2007

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/you-want-me-to-call-you-what-ch-03.aspx>

When I woke up it was getting dark. The clock said 4.52 P.M. Stretching languidly, I realised it would probably be a good idea if I washed my face. "Ewwww," I giggled, mimicking one of my girlfriends. I didn't want to see what I looked like, so I washed my face without turning on the light. It was then that it dawned on me that it was actually 4.52 P.M. I better have a shower, I thought. Sighing, I flicked on the lights, stripped off and turned on the water, hastily stepping under the cleansing spray.

By the time I climbed out, dinner was well under way. God knew what Stephen was preparing, but the aroma of frying onion, garlic and bacon caressed my rumbling tummy. Just then he turned up the music and there was a spring in my step as I danced back into the bedroom. I head-banged my way into the walk-in wardrobe to the strains of Love in an Elevator, grabbing one of Stephen's t-shirts and slipping it over my head. It was one of those days that seemed to get away from me. But I didn't mind.

It wasn't wasted, I thought as I checked my hair in my vanity mirror. Nope. Not at all.

What fun that was! I couldn't believe I'd talked Stephen into Ageplaying with me. And I couldn't believe all the stuff it dragged up! I was thankful my youth was pretty sedate. I wasn't sure how I would have handled it if horrific repressed memories had been exposed.

I pinched my nipples as I walked down the hall to enter the kitchen/living area. Stephen enjoyed seeing them perky, but the truth was I was feeling horny again already.

"Here she is," Stephen said, removing his silly apron with the tits on it and wiping his hands. After quickly adjusting the remote music volume, he approached me and said, "Let me look at you. Nope, no obvious signs of trauma." Turning me around and feeling my ass then lifting the back of the t-shirt, he asked, "What about here? Is this all right?"

All I could do was giggle as I watched him over my shoulder.

"Looks fine to me," he said with a smile, softly smacking my ass then winking. I turned in his arms as he rose to look down on me, whispering, "I love you."

I tilted my head a little, then narrowed my eyes in mock seriousness. "Why?" I asked, threading my arms around his waist.

"Does love need a reason?" he asked, kissing my nose. I pouted and he rolled his eyes before continuing. "Because you and I have a relationship based on honesty and openness, and without it, we would never have experienced what we did today."

I kissed his lips softly and whispered against them, "How come you always say the right thing?"

"Hmmm. Probably because back when..." I poked him in the ribs. "Oh, you want the short version?" This time it was me rolling my eyes. "Just lucky, I guess," he said, grinning.

I kissed him again before spinning out of his embrace, heading for the stove. "What's for dinner?"

"Pasta," he replied.

"Mmmm. Smells yummy," I said, leaning over the simmering sauce. He didn't have the pasta on yet so I figured we had fifteen minutes at least. I grabbed the chardonnay from the refrigerator and poured myself half a glass. "Do you want some?" I asked, showing him the bottle.

"I think I've had enough," he replied, nodding at the empty wine glass beside the sink. Returning to his sauce, he stirred it purposefully.

I made my way around to the other side of the servery and pulled up one of the barstools. When he glanced at me I smiled back, and he chuckled and shook his head. Sometimes it was hard to know when to verbalise my thoughts, and when to wait for Stephen to speak. This was one of those occasions, but fortunately it wasn't long that he kept me in suspense.

"We need... Well, I need to talk about what we did this morning and I want to ask you some questions," he said matter-of-factly.

"Okay," I replied, biting my lip and willing my face not to get hot.

"You don't want it all the time, do you?"

I shook my head. "No, just when I've been good enough. I want it to be special."

"A reward?"

My mouth was dry. "I um, I don't mean to presume, but yes. I think it might get stale quickly."

He nodded, turning back to his sauce and letting silence reign. The pasta was now simmering.

Even after so many months of our relationship, I was still struggling with Stephen's use of silence. I'd learned to hold my tongue the hard way, allowing him to think things through. He was very smart and though it took me a while to figure it out, he always left me an honourable way to withdraw when I was 'wrong' or we didn't agree on something. All I had to do was listen to his actual words. It's hard to explain. Stephen thinks it's something to do with the way we girls tend to think things through and play out all the possible scenarios in our heads before confronting our men. Men don't do that, according to Stephen. Supposedly there are exceptions to the rule, but in general, he believes men tend to see things the way they want to see them, then just plough ahead. They don't worry about what other people will say, only what they themselves will say. I'm not sure if I'm explaining it right, but to me, it hit the nail right on the head.

Of course, the couple of spankings I got drove the message home. Luckily I like being spanked.

I mean, here was I guy who knew how I thought! How?

' Experience, observation and an abiding willingness to listen' .

That's what he said. Fuck. I fell in love with him that day. Ugh. After Gary in college, I told myself I'd never do that again. What a bastard he turned out to be. Constantly fussing and doing things for me, right until the end. I'd felt like a princess. And for that last month he'd been fucking my best friend.

For the fifty-seventh time I thought about how lucky I was to have met Stephen on the rebound. I might never have looked at him twice otherwise. Fortunately Stephen is far too busy to crowd me, but as he always says, as long as we remember we're on the same side, things will work out.

These thoughts were running through my mind as he strained the pasta and set it on plates. "Let's sit down and enjoy this," he said as he spooned the sauce over the pasta.

"Mmmmm, yum. I can't wait," I said, before making my way to the dining table.

It had only been five minutes or so, but we were halfway through our meal before I ventured to speak again. "This is really good. You can make this again." I winked.

"I'm glad you like it. It's one of Mom's recipes."

Ugh. His mother was like ninety. Well no, that's not true but she was old and didn't take shit from anyone. It was easy to see where Stephen got his dominance. "I hope you'll tell her I love it."

"I will." Stephen looked up from his plate and smiled in his soft way, the way I knew he did just before he spoke. "Can you tell me whether you were happy as a child?"

I knew the question was loaded, but I didn't know how. "I guess so. About average I think. Why, baby?"

"Because I think there is a human capacity to 'forget what things were really like', and to romanticise them. We remember them as 'the good old days' when we think of normal, every day happenings. In the erotic realm, despite the advancing age of our bodies, our minds remain fresh and attentive, willing to experience anything 'new' or, just as appealing, 'rare'. I just wonder how rare good times were for you."

"Okay, I see you've been thinking about this. Hmm. Well let's see," I said, just a little too offhand. "I was five when I was told Santa, the Tooth Fairy, and Heaven didn't exist. My parents were very upfront about the truth. Unfortunately they'd hit the wall by the time I'd hit puberty. They stopped talking about everything in front of me by the time I was eleven or twelve. Maybe that happens to all hippies, I don't know."

"So you felt like you missed out on stuff?"

"I felt alienated, yeah."

"Like your experience didn't matter?"

"Yeah. Kind of. I guess it would have been nice to have my hand held through everything. You know, the first time, etcetera."

"That's what I've been thinking about, baby. I mean, how rare is the 'first time'? How often do we get to do things, 'for the very first time'? Re-enacting the scenario, or at least, reigniting the feelings that occurred at that time, in any way we choose, is, after careful consideration, completely okay. And as long as we're adults, it doesn't matter how young one of us pretends to be. As long as we avoid recreating previous incest episodes, of course. That could be traumatic."

I finished my mouthful. "Or cathartic."

"What do you mean?"

"I just mean it's entirely possible that working through something like that could help someone, rather than hurt them."

"Even with a history of incest?"

"Well, yeah. It could. You know, handled in the right way."

"Gently?"

"Not necessarily."

"You better tell me what you are thinking."

"Well, I think that as long as a person, dominant or otherwise, handles Ageplay with some semblance of sensitivity, then a new depth of experience can be achieved. Perhaps something one has always wanted but never received."

"Like you?" Stephen asked poignantly.

"Maybe I wished for a more understanding set of parents, yeah."

"What about originality?"

"I'm not sure I follow."

"I'm thinking about Ageplay. Is it true that things are more exciting 'the first time you do them'? Maybe somehow recreating that sense of innocence and excitement is part of the allure."

"Hmmm. I'd say that was true. The 'first time' is certainly special and memorable. And if it's not, then it's nice to make it so."

"Which all happened around thirteen to fifteen."

"For me, yeah."

Silence reigned again. God. I'd even promised myself not to push my luck. I'd decided to let Stephen get used to the idea of Ageplay before I brought it up again. It hadn't mattered that it was one of the

most loving and touching sexual experience I'd ever had in my life. It hadn't mattered that I wanted to run to him and beg him to let me call him Daddy over and over.

"So where to now?" he asked, placing his cutlery on his plate and picking up his napkin, wiping his sensuous lips.

I did the same, even though I wasn't quite finished. "I think I need a spanking," I whispered, immediately blushing at the implication.

"Why is that, baby?"

I swallowed. "Because I want to do it again, and I don't think I deserve it."

Stephen smiled and leaned forward on his elbows. "What was it you wanted to call me again, baby girl?"