

Common Pleasure

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Welcome to the first part of Douglas and Nicola's rollercoaster love story...

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i. Douglas Roberts was away on a month-long business trip, and his girlfriend was missing him already. It was Saturday, normally a night spent playing Scrabble or horsing around with their 'kids'-a shih tzu named Albrose, a labrador named Pasha along with two cats, Bella Luna and Riley. Instead, Nicola Forth found herself ambushed by her sisters Trish and Ellie. Knowing just how badly she was missing Douglas, the two had arrived at her doorstep with board games, a massive bowl of macaroni salad, an extra-large pack of treats...and a bottle of vanilla vodka, her absolute favorite. Now, three hours later, she smiled to herself as she put the last of the load into the dishwasher and hummed a little tune. Trish and Ellie had gone home; to be more precise, Ellie had taken Trish home-the latter had knocked off one-fourth of the vodka on her own, turning into an incoherent, drunk diva. Out of the corner of her eye, Ellie's fire-red purse glinted from under the baby grand piano, and Nicola had to laugh. She picked it up and set it down on the coffee table, making a mental note to call her sisters about it first thing in the morning. "Albrose! Pasha!" At the sound of their names, the pups came running, little Pasha bounding to keep up with the much older Albrose. Nicola smiled and took them both in her arms, carrying them over to their corner of the flat and tucking them in. "Enough excitement for one night, you two," she laughed as Pasha clumsily tried to climb off his bed. Douglas had brought Riley with him, so it was just Bella Luna in the massive wicker basket on the other end. The snarky kitten had gone to bed right after dinner and was still out like a light when Nicola peered into her space. I should probably get some work done, she thought to herself, turning down the lights. She had just settled into the overstuffed chair in their office when the doorbell rang. Glancing at the clock, Nicola frowned. There was no way that could be Trish; Ellie lived a good hour and a half away, and hardly fifteen minutes had gone by since they left. "Who is it?" Nicola called out, giving herself a once-over in the mirror. Her lush brown curls were caught up in a long, messy french braid and she was still in the little red dress she'd thrown on earlier. "Flowers for Nicola Forth!" came the muffled reply. Nicola smiled. This is just like him. As usual, his timing was impeccable; she had no doubt he had somehow sensed that she had been missing him big time. That was one of the many things they shared; a unique bond that, if you believed in such things, was practically a psychic connection. He had an inane habit of spoiling her silly anytime he was away from her for long periods of time. She opened the door and gasped. Right in front of her was one of the biggest bouquets she

had ever seen. Nicola estimated there must've been about three dozen long-stemmed white roses in that arrangement, neatly framed by a big heart-shaped balloon and accentuated with...a stuffed mushroom? Closer inspection revealed that the mushroom strongly resembled the tip of one's penis. The horny little devil! Laughing, Nicola took the bouquet from the delivery man who had been absolutely dwarfed by the massive arrangement and set it down by the foyer table. "Thank you so much, where do I-" she began, turning back towards the man at the door. He had disappeared! Nicola frowned. That was odd, she thought to herself. She bolted the door shut and picked up the massive bouquet. I should put these in the living room, she mused. She set the basket on the mahogany coffee table...and jumped with a start at the unmistakable sound of Douglas' voice. "Hello, darling." ii. Her words caught in her throat when she saw him. He was sitting on their plush red couch casually, as if he'd been there all night. Blinking, Nicola stood rooted to her spot on the floor for what seemed like an eternity. "Douglas! What brought you home so early?" she finally managed to ask. He smiled, holding his arms out to her, and she settled onto his lap almost immediately. Cradling her face between his hands, he kissed her sensually; instantly, her arms wrapped around his neck and she was pressing against him teasingly. Sampling her lips with slow, unhurried kisses, feeling her body nestle against his, he smiled against her lips. "I missed you, my Nicola." Her skin was prickling with his every kiss. "I missed you too, love," she whispered. Lifting her gently from his lap, he set her against the soft cushions of the couch, and got to his feet. His eyes hot and hungry on hers, he began to unbutton his shirt. Nicola bit her lip and drew in a sharp breath. She had missed him so much that even if they'd ended up simply going to bed, she wouldn't have cared. "What's on your mind?" she asked teasingly, a twinkle in her eye. "Oh, not much," he answered with a sly grin. Nicola nodded. "Shall I draw your bath, then?" she began to get up off the couch, but he leaned down and kissed her hard. "My Nicola, do you want me to admit that I want nothing more than to make love to you?" he asked in mock horror. "Oh you do, do you?" Nicola grinned, leaning back onto the couch. Without taking her eyes from his, she slinked out of the dress, revealing her equally red bra-and-panty set. She bit her lip and fought back a laugh as his shirt ripped in two separate pieces. "Damn it," he sighed with a sparkle of amusement in his eyes. "It's more fun when I tear your shirts off." The torn fabric fell to the floor as he undid his belt and pulled it free. "Fun until you get your credit card bills back from buying me new clothes again," she teased, fighting desperately to keep from leaping off the couch and onto him. "A small price to pay," he shot back with a soft smile, dragging his trouser's zip down. A sudden movement, and they fall to the floor as well - he stepped out of the them and approached her slowly, only clad in the blue cotton of his shorts. She took a deep breath and clutched the pillows nearest to her. Glancing at his shorts, she tried to ignore the raging erection straining against it. Too late; she could already feel her cunt starting to get ridiculously wet. Shaking her head, she smiled. "I'm glad you think so. I was beginning to get worried that all that shopping would kill your credit limit." There's a predatory spark in his eyes as he knelt on the couch next to her and kissed her deeply, pushing her back into the cushions until she was flat on her back and his breath was hot and sweet on your lips. "Fuck," he whispered hungrily, "my credit limit." "No," she managed to gasp while wrapping her arms around him and enjoying the feel of his lips on hers, "fuck me." iii. His kiss was

merciless, his tongue pressing deep into her mouth and summoning a small sigh of pleasure from between their lips. His fingers brushed the insides of her thighs, slow strokes drawing ever closer to the moist cleft of her sex, his rampant cock pressing hard against her outer thigh. She slowly ran the tips of her fingers down his back, nails gently scratching. Spreading her thighs a little wider, a shiver ran down her spine as she desperately attempted to keep calm despite her overwhelming desire to have him in her. His fingers found their way to the crotch of her panties, stroking hard against the slick silk, feeling the evidence of her arousal. Another touch and he'd found the swell of her clit, the wet silk of her panties slipping easily over the prominent nub. "Oh yes," she hissed at the microsecond his fingers brushed against her clit. Her breasts strained against her bra, the nipples erect and prominent against the flimsy silk. Breaking their kiss with a soft growl of desire, Douglas lowered his head to her throat, kissing her sweetly and intensely. He rubbed harder against her clit, knowing that the touch of the warm, wet silk was exquisite torture. He could feel her juices drench the thin fabric as her arousal increased, and that only made him want her more. She moaned loudly, and raised her hips, urging him on, spreading her legs even wider. Amidst ever-more indulgent kisses, he dragged her underwear down over the smooth, delectable curve of her thighs. It took only a moment to pull them off entirely, and he let them fall to the floor as he removed his shorts. The air is warm and sweet on her exposed cunt, and his mouth drifts over her skin in a sweet assault that feels as though it will never end. A series of disparate sensations somehow run together into a single, fluid, sensual wave that washes over her: his weight shifts lightly against her, her wide-spread thighs around his hips; his mouth is once more sweet and sinful on hers; his right hand brushed over her bra, teasing her flesh and the hard prominences of her nipples; and finally, exquisitely, the swollen tip of his cock pressed against her, spreading her labia wide and sinking into her. "Fuck yes!" she screamed, digging her nails into the cushions below her as the walls of her pussy immediately tightened around his cock. He kissed her harder; touched her harder; fucked her harder - a relentless desire that couldn't be sated, that had to be indulged and given free rein until their final ecstasy. He fucked her with long, deep strokes, retreating almost to the mouth of her cunt with each stroke before slamming back into her, filling her perfectly, his flesh pounding again and again into her every hidden recess. All of a sudden he felt her tremble, and he knew that this was a telltale sign that she was about ready to burst. "Come for me, Nicola," he breathed against her lips, his voice dark and rich and seductive. "Come for us!" he paused in his thrusts to grind his hips against hers, working the root of his prick against her engorged clit, kissing her hard. iv. Something in his voice pulled the trigger, and before she knew it hot torrents of cum were gushing out of her like she was a broken dam. Even as her orgasm exploded through her, he continued to fuck her, thrusting his prick into her spasming cunt with powerful, purposeful strokes. Just when she thought it was over, she felt a second orgasm building...then a third...a fourth...a fifth..."Yes, Douglas, yes!" she screamed in between moans and groans of absolute ecstasy. Finally, he could take no more - the perfect union of their bodies was too much, and he felt his own orgasm rising in time with hers. He moaned with ecstasy as he felt the moment approaching faster and faster. "Come for me, lover," she hissed urgently as her sixth orgasm shook her system. He gritted his teeth, hissed with pleasure and groaned as his sperm erupted into

her, surge after surge filling her, spilling from her with her own hot juices as his arms pulled her closer to him, kissing her with more passion and desire than he ever thought possible. "I love you," she managed to breathe, heart pounding and head spinning. "I love you too," he whispered between kisses, breathless and trembling with the fury of their shared passion. Without a word she gently pushed him until he was under her, and she crawled over and took his rock-hard cock in her mouth, leaving her crotch directly above his lips. With a groan of desire, he eagerly began to kiss her wet cunt, thrusting his tongue into her depths, tasting the unique cocktail of their shared essences. She took his cock all the way into her mouth and as her throat closed around the tip, she gasped and moaned, struggling to maintain her composure as his tongue made its way inside her. His passion rising once more, he rubbed two thick fingers against her gaping cunt, drenching them in her slippery juices then slowly working them into her asshole, twisting them slowly into her as his tongue lapped at her clit. She slipped his cock out of her mouth and began suckling on his balls, her teeth grazing them just a little. He began to finger-fuck her ass properly, forcing the thick digits deeper into her hole with every thrust - and all the while, he was suckling, nibbling, teasing and tasting her dripping cunt, his face sopping wet with her abundant juices, his cock hard and throbbing with his unquenchable passion for her. She began to writhe as her asshole tightened around his fingers; her breathing turned shallow. His mouth was everywhere, driving her towards a dizzying ecstasy without mercy or hesitation - and the profane pleasure of his fingers violating her ass, fucking her hard and deep, only added to the illicit surge of lust. v. Her body collapsed under his spell, unable to do anything...she called out his name again as she unleashed her seventh and eighth orgasm. He licked, sucked, fucked and stretched, drawing upon every scrap of knowledge he had of her beautiful, luscious body, dedicated only to her pleasure, forcing her deeper and deeper into the incandescent joy of her own come. Her body can hardly take the excitement as three more orgasms burst from her in succession. She spread her legs as wide as she could as wave after wave of hot, sticky cum gushed all over his face, neck and even the cushions.. Finally, there is nothing more he can do but hold her, his arms around the small of her back, cradling her as the last tremors of her pleasure quaked and raged through her flushed body. With her final orgasm fading into oblivion for the night, she snuggled against him, their bodies fitting together as always as if they were made to be that way. He held her tightly, resting her head against his chest, content to bask in the afterglow of their desire, united by love. "Happy anniversary," he whispered gently, wondering if she would hear the words before she fell into an exhausted slumber. The rise and fall of her chest told him she probably hadn't, and he smiled. It could wait. He would tell her in the morning.