

# Saturday Reverie

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Published on Lush Stories on 04 Jul 2012

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*Keyes finds a pleasurable way to apologize to Bree*

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I've haven't been able to write for a loooong while and believe me that's been driving me crazy. Finally, I was able to put this little number together. I hope you like it. . It was early Saturday morning, around 8:41 am. Bree yawned wide, not bothering to cover her mouth as she lay in nothing but a small tight black t-shirt that stretched mercilessly across her large breasts and blue string bikini panties. She lay on her back watching the large mounted flat screen TV that hung on the wall, her long newly colored dark curls fanned out around her head on the sofa pillow. Her eyes thick with dark lashes, heavy lidded, batted slowly as she adjusted the square red rimmed glasses that had slid down her nose. She could barely keep her eyes open, but the infomercial about the great new kitchen appliance was too good to be missed. Bree's creative flow surged in abundance during the night hours, so that's when she worked. She was actually winding down from her work day. Keyes would be getting up for his if it wasn't Saturday, though she was sure she heard him say he had some work to go over, the night before; but she couldn't remember a thing really as sleep was about to take her anytime now. "Fuck! Are you ever gonna use that damn desk!?" Keyes' deep voice petulantly grumbled as he came into the den in nothing but his black boxer briefs, his sandy blonde hair was all over his head like he had been electrocuted. His tall lean muscled body uncharacteristically lumbered across the room, his limbs obviously still asleep. His already bitter mood, having had to sleep alone while Bree worked through the night, was ignited to annoyance by the familiar scene of their disheveled den. Bree's laptop, markers, pens and papers were strewn all over the large square coffee table that she worked at instead of the expensive art desk he had bought her when they first moved in. "Hmm?" Bree replied absently though sweetly, slow to comprehend what was being said as she looked up innocently from the oversized bright orange sofa that she was laying on. The den in their home had become her office but not only having the amenities of a small yet first rate art studio, it also had the amenities of a comfortable plush den. "Are you gonna use that desk?" he asked again curtly, glancing in the corner at the desk that should have been covered in cobwebs from no use. "You have all your shit on the coffee table." Keyes stumbled angrily in front of the sofa staring at the disarray. Bree slowly squinted, staring at him; taken aback by his tone. But she was too tired to fight

and seeing his own work in his arms, she sat up silently and sluggishly gathered her things; stacking the papers, gathering the pens and pencils, and grabbing up her laptop. She didn't look at him or respond as he sat down where she had gotten up from and put his coffee cup down then his own papers and computer. She knew he was just being a grouch, though she didn't like being chastised so early in the morning even if it was her bedtime. Keyes grabbed the remote and turned to something he could have on as background noise, leaving room for Bree to come back and lay down. He looked back at her unused desk, her things stacked upon it rather haphazardly. And he turned to the door of the den just in time to see her walking out. He sighed as a pang of guilt rang out in his chest, his shoulders slumping as he turned back to his papers and got to work. Sometime later after finishing his paperwork, which he grumble all the way through and having a quiet breakfast (he hated that, the quiet breakfast, especially when Bree was in the house but still he had to eat alone. Travis teased him about and how he should enjoy the quiet. But he couldn't help it, he enjoyed his girl's company); he played a few video games and zoned out himself, channel surfing and watching videos online before he headed upstairs. Keyes made a promise to himself, that he wouldn't bring anymore work home, and if he did (which he most likely would), he wouldn't take his frustrations out on Bree. She was sweet as honey but she had a bad, bad temper when pushed too far, and she knew exactly how to push his buttons right back. Luckily, he thought, she was pretty tired so she probably wouldn't remember anything when she woke up; though he wanted to make sure of that and he had just the plan to make sure that happened. He opened the door to their bedroom slowly; it was late afternoon, and it was still blaringly bright outside, all the blinds and curtains in the room were drawn. (Keyes had opened them up before he went down stairs earlier that morning.) The room was shady and cool like a delicious comfortable cave in the afternoon. Bree was sound asleep in the middle of the bed on top of the bedding, her legs prone and her arms over her head. She looked like someone had thrown her on the bed and left her for dead. Keyes stopped in his tracks making sure not to wake her, she didn't move; the only things that stirred were their two pets lying on the bed with her. There was the new small Alaskan malamute puppy Keyes had brought home which immediately took to Bree and she promptly named him Loki; and her plump, overly affectionate long haired orange and white cat named Bubbi. Both animals looked up, giving him a dispassionate look before snuggling back into their perspective places; Loki at her feet and Bubbi on the pillow beside her head. Keyes breath caught for a moment, the 'adult videos' he had been watching online for the last hour had prompted his foray upstairs. (He had wanted Bree to get a few more hours sleep before he woke her up, but he couldn't hold out any longer.) And now seeing her so exposed and vulnerable, she was his for the taking and he had to have her. His cock throbbed wildly, as lightness in his belly sent a rush of pleasure through him. He slowly stroked his painfully stiff cock through the fabric of his boxer briefs before absently sliding them down his legs and hastily stepping out of them, his eyes never leaving the curves of Bree's body as she slept peacefully. He had resisted touching himself while he watched video after video, now it was time for his pay off. Naked, his rock hard thick meaty member bobbed in front of him as he strode determined across the room. Keyes stood for several moments staring at his family, smiling to himself, before crawling carefully and slowly into the bed trying his best not to disturb his

sleeping beauty. His face contorting at every squeak and movement of the bed. Still she didn't move. "Sorry Loki, you gotta go." Keyes whispered, lifting the fuzzy gray and white puppy that looked around wildly at the sudden interruption of his sleep, and setting him in his doggy bed that was at the foot of their bed. The agitated puppy began to whimper and stood ready to jump back up to his already warm spot, but Keyes cut the small animal a severe look that he stopped wide eyed, his little ears back. "Stay." Keyes hissed sternly, letting the puppy know who the alpha was in the house. Loki seemed to pout, defeated, before walking in several small circles and curling into a ball on his bed. His sad eyes trying to get Keyes to reconsider, but Keyes had turned and was back to the task at hand. Keyes didn't bother with Bubbi as of yet, he knew the cat would get the hint once he got started. Keyes knelt in front of Bree her legs that were wide open before him; he was rubbing his muscled thighs anxiously not knowing where to begin. He liked watching her sleep. In all the time they had been together, he still hadn't told her how he just liked to watch her in those quiet moments. His green sultry eyes roamed over her gradually as if photographing her. Her small t-shirt barely contained her breasts and the huge bare mounds were teasingly visible from beneath the edge of the fabric. Not too much, just the right tantalizing amount to cause his manhood to begin to throb again. He swallowed absently as his mouth watered. His hot tongue darted out of his mouth and around his lips. His mind was dashing from one erotic thought to another, but one was in the forefront. His mouth curved into a wicked toothy grin as he let it flourish. Keyes imaged tackling Bree roughly, one hand over her mouth then grabbing her wrists tightly with the other; growling angrily in her ear, rousing her from the pleasant slumber with carnal panic as he ripped at her clothes. Pulling her flimsy panties to the side of her pussy and plowing abruptly and ruthlessly into her before she knew what had happened to her. Her eyes would pop open in confused fear. She would scream into his hand. She would definitely struggle. His grin grew wider, his hand gliding over his chest anxiously as he continued to go over the lusty scenario. His blood was boiling as currents of hot lewd pleasure coursed through him; he could feel his heart pounding wildly. The thought of her under him wriggling and writhing for freedom. Her muscles tense and strong, working against the power of his own. He would have to work to keep her in check. She was pretty powerful herself, which he loved all the more. He wouldn't let her work herself into too much of a frenzy, tears from her would definitely kill the game, wouldn't they? No, he wouldn't let himself go that far. He pushed the growing obscene thought away, for now. He would finally whisper in her ear that everything would be ok, that he didn't want to hurt her. Maybe she would recognize his voice in her blind panic. Maybe she would remember his familiar weight on her body, his scent in her nostrils and become a part of the game. Maybe she wouldn't and that could be fun too. His breath caught in his throat at the thought of the look of anguish and pleasure on her face until her senses came and she realized it was him. She did like it rough, and she definitely loved reluctance play. He did too. He loved the chase, the hunt; and she loved running and being caught. Yes, that was a great idea, but not one for today. The thoughts had made him so hot, he was already beaded with sweat and he hadn't even touched her yet. She lay before him, oblivious, unmoving except for the slow rise and fall of her chest. Keyes inched a bit closer to Bree, suddenly he was tentative almost shy. At first, his hands just grazed the skin of her calf as he watched her face. Then

he touched her on her calf letting his whole hand feel the warm softness of her skin. She didn't move. He watched her face intently as he placed his other hand on her other calf. Still she was unaffected. He couldn't stop the smile on his face as he tried to slow his excited breathing. He began to stroke Bree's caramel colored calves; taking longer and longer soft strokes, to her knee, then above, then further up and down her toned thighs. His confidence for how much pressure to apply without waking her up grew and his hands went further up her thighs caressing and kneading them softly. Leaning over still glancing up at her face every few moments, Keyes softly lavished her with pecking kisses; on her thighs, her stomach, her t-shirt covered breasts. His tongue flicked at her hardening nipples, happy to see that her body was responding beautifully. Kissing her chin, he glided his hand between her legs, feeling the damp warmth of her panties. His kisses began to linger longer and longer as his tongue lapped at her nipples still restricted by her shirt. His hands skimmed up her flat stomach and under the flimsy t-shirt to her bare breasts. He kept his increasingly restless touch light as not to wake her yet, though she was stirring and moaning lightly under his careful focused attention. "Mmm." He stiffened where he was, his eyes wide, as she moaned. You'd think he didn't know her the way he reacted, that he was some intruder about to be found out. That thought amused him as he continued his work. His hands slid down her body, gliding up and over her pubis bone and down between her legs where he rubbed the increasingly warm wet spot of her panties. He could easily hear the wet sounds of her slippery flesh as he rubbed her in the quiet room. He slid his finger under the fabric to her sopping wet flesh, twirling his fingers in the hot sticky honey several times before pulling them out and sucking his fingers dry; her taste filled his mouth in bursts of salacious flavor His own nipples stiffened painfully his manhood pulsing almost angrily. But he was having too much fun to let it end now. His body was on fire and his mind clouded with increasing lust as he moved himself down her body and between her legs; leaning forward his head just a breath from the fabric. He could smell her faint yet heady musk already, sending his senses reeling. He slowly lolled his head between her legs trying not to move too roughly, taking in the scent of her, letting it cover his face. He licked at the thin fabric, resisting the overwhelming desire to pull it to the side. He lapped at her again and again. He could feel the nub of her clit rising and poking out against the thin cotton. He flicked his tongue over the sensitive nub. Bree's hand began listlessly batting at him as she moaned and tried to roll to her side; but Keyes wouldn't let her. He held her waist gently as she settled back to sleep and rolled on her to her back once more. Sitting back on his heels, he gently brought her legs together, resting her ankles on his shoulder, which lifted hips from the bed. Keyes hooked his fingers in the sides of Bree's panties and slid them easily down her smooth silky legs, throwing the small fabric to the side and taking her by the ankles and spreading her legs again. His stomach flipped with anticipation as her nether lips spread for him, they glistened with overflowing moisture that had begun to slide thickly down her cunt and into the crack of her ass. He licked his lips hungrily and moved closer in between her legs. He wanted to touch himself but didn't. He would save that for his lascivious entry of her. He stroked her legs again trying to calm himself as he leaned forward, sticking his tongue out and cautiously licking her tender exposed flesh, still not ready to wake her. Her clit seemed to swell more under the physical contact of his tongue as he lapped more eagerly at her flesh. Bree began to move

under him. He stopped, looking up, she was still asleep her eyes darting back and forth wildly. Keyes wondered with what form he had invaded her dreams. He lapped gently at her wet sticky warm pussy, taking time to explore. Sliding his tongue easily through the folds of her puffy hairless pussy lips, wagging his tongue lewdly between them. The moisture of her growing heady scent and her taste in his mouth, he couldn't help but reach back and begin stroking himself. The tip of his cock was already moist and dripping precum which he used as lube while he stroked. Licking Bree's pussy and stroking himself it didn't take long before the tale-tell signs of his orgasm swirled in the pit of his stomach. It took all the waning strength he had to stop there. He put his focus solely back on Bree as his cock ached for release. With his thumbs, he took either side of her engorged pussy lips, pulling them apart gently as his wet long tongue explored deeper into her yielding hot pink flesh. "Nnnngh...." Bree moaned, her body moving more vigorously. Keyes felt her flesh pulsing. She was cumming. Her hands groped blindly between her legs as he looked up at her face over the flat plain of her stomach. She was still asleep but she wouldn't be for long. He lapped and sucked more aggressively now as her honey flowed unchecked. He continued as his hand reached up, pushing up her shirt and groping her breast, and pinching the hard nubs of her nipple. Her hands finding their way to his head, pulled at his hair. She began a raunchy assault on his face, wantonly, eagerly rolling her hips into his mouth, her head lolling back and forth with abandon as she became more vocal; he kept up his attack on her pussy, his hands groping and squeezing her breast more urgently as if that alone could make her cum. He smiled as he continued to eat her out hearing her moans catching in her throat when suddenly; she stiffened with an urgent moan. "Hhnnngh!" She cried still half asleep as a powerful orgasm wracked her body sending her into small pleasure fueled convulsions. Keyes tongue slowed as she came down from her release. Bree gradually sat, resting on her elbows, her eyes trying to focus and take in what was happening. "CHI!?" For several moments, she was trying to piece together what was a dream and what was real. Keyes pulled up only from her for a moment before crawling over her, his hands on either side of her shoulders. "What are you do-?" her senseless question was stopped by his lips on her, her musk in her own mouth explaining it all and the ebbing orgasm caused her eyes to roll back in her head as she lay back into the pillow. Keyes positioned himself between her legs, his legs bent, the front of his lean muscled thighs touching the back of hers and pushing them further apart; and in one breath, his eyes narrowed in hot desire, he entered her with a soft growl his eager cock easily finding the way to her silky wet sheath. He watched her eyes close in the voluptuous sensation they both felt. Keyes buried his head in her neck as his hips began to pump slowly. She mewled in his ear, widening her legs even further for his entry. Bree gasped for air, her chin over his shoulder as she wrapped her arms around him. His thick cock slid effortlessly in her, filling her. She felt herself stretching with aching pleasure to accept each slow sensual thrust. "Deeper.." she said almost immediately lifting her hips to meet his deep hot thrusts. Keyes lifted himself up to look down at Bree as he slowly fucked her. Her skin was already dewy and slick with sweat, her eyes were closed, her hands over her head as he rocked into her. Each erotic deep thrust had his head reeling with shards of pleasure. He wouldn't be able to keep this up long so he had to make it good. The thought to take her roughly, forcefully flashed and faded, they could and would do

that later. Right now, he just wanted to savor her, feel every inch of her juicy snug depths and let her feel every thick hard inch of him. His eyes narrowed as he angled his hips to one side and watched her face react in response before she opened her eyes slightly and smiled at him. "Do that again," she moaned hotly. He did, stabbing at her fervently from one side then another as she moaned and writhed under him with perverted pleasure. Soon, it was too much for Keyes to bear. His cock swelled and throbbed as he tried to think of anything but cumming. "Fuck, baby I love you... but I can't..." Bree grabbed his face looking into his eyes, a luscious erotic smile on her face as he kissed her; her hot tongue wriggling sensuously in his mouth before she softly said. "Cum for me." Electric jolts of pleasure radiated through him at her words and his hips pistoned into her savagely.

"FUUUUCCCKKK!" Keyes growled loudly, his body stiff, his cock pulsing as he erupted into; his thick hot cum bursting into her like a fountain. Bree squeezed her insides rapidly to milk him, feeling her orgasm mounting and taking her with each thrust of hot seed that filled her. She rolled her body sensuously, erotically trying to take in all the fantastic sensations of pleasure she was feeling at the moment. He always made her feel so alive and so beautiful. Keyes, spent, collapsed on Bree lying there a few moments, still connected to her, before he rolled over next to her. She lifted her head up as he put his arm under her neck. She settled into the curve of his arm, draping her arm over his heaving chest. "You can wake me up like that anytime." She said breathlessly. "If you only knew what else I had planned for you." Keyes chuckled, wiping strands of damp hair from her face. "Oh really?" She had a wide smile on her face, she looked at him and the mischievous glint in her eyes gave her an erotic chill. "What was it? Or were you too scared to do it?" "Me, scared? I was trying to help you out. Save you from this savage pleasure." "Likely story." She giggled. "Alright when I put it on you, you better not cry." "When you put it on me? Hmph, promises, promises." Keyes stared lovingly at Bree in the fading afternoon light of their carnal cave. He moved another curly strand of hair from her forehead before kissing her there. "I love you, baby." "I love you too....and I forgive you." She matter of factly, smiling warmly. He smiled and hugged her closer, breathing in her light carnal scent deeper before looking at her. "You should use that desk, you know." "I know. I mean to, it's just once I get started drawing and stuff it seems like so much trouble to stop in the middle and go over there." "Mmm." Keyes cocked his eyebrow at the lame retort. Bree giggled at her own poor excuse and rolled on top of Keyes as he stroked her back. "I want more." She whispered to him, expertly changing the subject as he pulled her in for a deep drugging kiss. . xoxoend... for now