

## THE DAY I LOST IT

*“Ah, Bella...” I moaned through her hair as I pushed into her farthest reaches, “I shall never get enough of you.”*

*“Good,” she murmured, rolling me onto my back and crouching over me. She contracted her interior muscles sharply and I groaned. “I could make you come without moving, just by squeezing.”*

*“Is that so?” She demonstrated with a staccato succession of grip-and-release actions and I was reduced to monosyllabic utterances. “Ah...um...”*

*She pressed a fingertip to my lips and I sucked it into my mouth. Then she leaned over me and whispered in my ear, “I want to put this finger where the sun doesn’t shine.”*

*I felt an involuntary clenching of the muscles in my backside. “I don’t know about that,” I mumbled hesitantly. I had told her before that it didn’t sound particularly appealing, though she had clearly enjoyed such penetration on our honeymoon (and since).*

*She squeezed me again. “I’m going to sit here completely still until you say yes.”*

*“No...,” I groaned, bucking my hips upward for some much-needed friction. She grabbed my hipbones and pushed me into the mattress, immobilizing me with her newborn strength. I could have tried wrestling her for control, but I knew it would be futile.*

*“Let me,” she coaxed, moving her lips against my ear.*

*She was driving me crazy. I began to toy with her nipples to see if I could persuade her to move or squeeze... something. Being held in her silky embrace was as intensely pleasurable after two months of marriage as it had been the very first time and she was making me*

ache. I focused my attention on her nipples, rolling them tightly between my thumbs and forefingers and pulling gently. I felt a twinge inside her. She'd forgotten that I could persuade her to contract her vaginal muscles against her will.

"Hey, no fair!" she protested.

I pulled harder and she squeezed me again. "All's fair in love and titillation," I purred. "You know I can make you come this way." I angled up at the waist and took her left nipple in my mouth, sucking hard while my fingers stroked and stimulated the other one. I felt a powerful, satisfying contraction inside her. "And that will make me come too. I win," I crowed triumphantly.

She reached behind herself and pressed her moistened finger where the sun indeed never shines. "Behave," she commanded, "or I'll do it."

"I have a feeling that you're going to do it anyway so I might as well enjoy myself," I said, pulling at her nipples to coerce another squeeze from her vagina.

She lifted her hips and dragged the threatening finger forward to my penis, curling it around and stroking me...up...down. *Mmm...such a tease!* My breathing accelerated and then she went still again. The suspense was getting to me. *What is she thinking? What is she going to do?* I desperately wanted her to do something, to give me something.

I re-employed my only weapon. I curled forward and took her right nipple in my mouth, sucked hard, and felt the instantaneous reward. I felt something else too—her now well-lubricated finger pressing into me a short ways.

"Bella...", I warned, but she didn't withdraw it. Instead, she squeezed me tightly and then lifted herself up almost to the point of separating from me. *No!* I pressed my hips forward to prevent her

from breaking our intimate contact, then I reached for her waist to pull her down onto me again. She resisted easily. *Friction...I needed friction.*

“Hands off,” she commanded and I felt her wiggle the finger that remained poised just inside my sensitive opening. It was not an unpleasant sensation, but my entire backside clenched in defense. I immediately removed my hands from her torso, though in retribution for her threat, leaned forward and sucked hard on her nipple. She couldn’t resist that and her back arched, pressing her breast forward against my mouth. She issued a deep groan before suddenly jerking away.

“Mouth off, too,” she ordered. Her finger moved a little farther into me. My muscles clenched again and I flattened myself against the mattress and pressed my hands under my waist.

“No hands...,” I whispered in submission.

I was more highly aroused than I wanted to admit. I felt the familiar tightening at the base of my penis, which elongated me toward her. She responded by slowly pressing herself down over me and I moaned in pleasure. When the base of her met the base of me, she stopped breathing and closed her eyes, then clenched me in a series of quick squeezes, which made me elongate further inside her.

“Ahhh...more friction, pleeease.” It sounded like the begging that it was. She responded to my plea and began moving slowly up and down. *Ah...finally...* I started to lose myself in the long-delayed escalation of sensation that I’d been craving for half an hour. My breathing changed to a pant, but she was still torturing me with her unhurried movements. Every time I started to move with her, she put her hand on my hip and pressed me back to the mattress, shaking her head slowly.

“No moving, no hands,” she breathed. She wanted me at her mercy. I obliged by tucking my arms further under my waist and she

rewarded me with another long stroke, up and down. I felt her wiggle her finger again, reminding me where she had left it. I felt my muscles clench again, but this time it also made me shiver. She raised herself for another stroke and then paused.

“More, Bella, pleasee...” I pleaded softly. Her ruby eyes blazed at me, lighting a sexual nova in my body.

“Yes...but this too...,” she replied in a whisper, wiggling the finger that at first had seemed like a threat, but now felt more like a trigger for pleasure.

“Okay...,” I conceded with a sigh.

She smiled, her eyes gleaming salaciously, and lowered herself over me, squeezing firmly.

“Ahh...,” I cried as her finger eased further into me too. I could barely breath. Another long stroke with her body and her intrepid finger sank further inside me. I felt my penis stretch to its full length as the muscles at its base contracted sharply. I...was...losing...it. “Bella,” I whispered, “do whatever you want.”

Perhaps that was what she'd been waiting for. She raised herself one more time and when she pressed herself down around me, I felt her finger plunge to the hilt. I no longer cared because she began moving faster, finally giving me what I wanted...what I needed. I struggled to remain still, afraid she would stop if I helped myself to some friction. Three more strokes and I was approaching the height of my pleasure, anticipating the peak. She pressed once more onto my body and then stopped moving.

“Nooo, don't stop now...” I begged. She began to withdraw her finger and I gasped as my muscles contracted around it. She set a rhythm then, caressing my penis with her slick interior and repeatedly plunging her finger deeply into me, her hand and vagina working on me in sync. Bella was fucking me—there was no

other word for it—and I was utterly helpless, frozen by this strange pleasure that felt alien, but oh...so...good. Anticipation taunted me each time she pulled back as I waited for the next forward thrust.

“Bella...I want to come. I need to...,” I gasped as the pressure inside me built to an almost intolerable level. She was moving so slowly that I couldn’t quite get there. I needed more...something more. Just then, I felt her buried finger begin to rub against an interior wall, a spot that...*ohmigod*...made me press my head into the mattress and gasp. My penis remained wrapped in her, rigid and extended as far as it has ever been, but she held her body still. The only motion she allowed was in one finger as it rubbed the hidden spot to which all of my senses were newly attuned. I groaned in response to the unfamiliar sensations, not knowing exactly where they would lead. Though it felt so strange, I didn’t want it to stop.

“More?” she whispered.

My mouth had gone slack, but every muscle below my waist was tightly wound. I could only nod my head. She continued the rubbing and pressing against that singular point inside me and I felt myself building, tightening, straining toward... Suddenly, my body began to shudder. Bella’s finger continued stroking mercilessly.

“Bella...,” I moaned as the tension began to peak.

“That’s right,” she whispered. “For me.”

With one last wiggle of her finger, I felt a compression, a rushing convergence, and a climactic whoosh of pleasure as semen shot through the length of my penis into my wife. My hips rose from the mattress as I reached into her depths.

“Yes,” she murmured, yanking her finger out of me, initiating one more hard spasm before I collapsed heavily beneath her. Bella’s spare hand had moved to the front of her body, her fingers rolling

*round and round over her clitoris. I felt her interior muscles begin to ripple and squeeze, trying to extract something more from me, it seemed. I thrust my penis to the back of her in a few short, quick strokes and felt her entire body quake violently. I wrapped my hands around her waist to hold her upright as the shuddering went on and on until finally, she collapsed forward with her eyes closed, an angelic expression on her face.*

*When both of us had calmed and Bella lay flat against my chest, her face nestled at the base of my neck, I said softly, "So, Mrs. Cullen, I've lost my virginity to you again. Are you happy now?"*

*Keeping her eyes closed, Bella grinned and nodded her affirmation against my throat.*

*I inhaled her heavenly scent, kissed the top of her head, and whispered, "I am yours. All yours."*

*Edward*

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