

The ad I posted online looking for a friend with benefits was very straightforward: “Submissive female looking to break her unlucky streak by dominating a new partner. No strings attached.” After breaking up with Kevin two years earlier, I’d fallen into a habit of only bedding other guys like him, guys who were dominant in the bedroom but couldn’t commit, emotionally, to more than the occasional fling. I figured the only way to find someone who fit my needs was to change my tactics. I was never going to get over Kevin—who I had long ago decided needed to be gotten over, even if he was the love of my life—if I kept looking for guys who were exactly like him.

I used a new email address to post the ad online, and I listed my name as Anne to keep anyone from figuring out who I was. Just in case. And then the replies started pouring in. Some of them were a little creepy, some too romantic, but one in particular caught my attention. A guy who shared a first name with my ex replied that he was looking for a dominant woman to break his attraction to submissive females, and he thought we could easily help each other out of our unlucky romantic cycles. We exchanged a few emails discussing our kinky proclivities, and after we’d determined that we had similar sexual preferences, we set up a date to meet. Coffee would come first, and if we hit it off, we’d proceed to a room I’d already rented at a nearby hotel. I figured even if we didn’t seem compatible in person, at least I’d get a night away from home in a posh hotel room. It seemed like a perfect plan to me.

The coffee shop was empty when I arrived on Saturday evening, and I ordered a latte and claimed a table. I was twenty minutes early, plenty of time to enjoy some soothing chai and do some people-watching. As the time for my meeting with the new Kevin approached, I turned my attention to the door, noting every person who came in and wondering if any of them were him. We’d agreed to use our travel mugs as identifiers, and had exchanged photos of the cups in

advance of our meeting. Mine was hot pink with a picture of a bulldog in a polka-dot dress on the front. His was orange camouflage. But no one was entering with his signature mug. I hoped he was just late and not standing me up, but I had no way of knowing. We hadn't exchanged phone numbers, wanting to protect our identities as long as possible.

When I looked at the clock and saw that he was already ten minutes late, I started to think I'd been ditched. I was about to get up and leave when the café's door opened and in walked my ex. *Great*, I thought. *On top of the humiliation of being stood up, I now have to face my ex. This day couldn't get any worse.* Except, of course, it could. He spotted me and, like a deer in the headlights, froze where he was and gaped at me for far longer than was polite. And that's when I saw it. In his right hand was an orange camouflage coffee cup.

*Fuck my life!* I screamed in my head. Of course the person I wanted to get over would be the one to answer my ad and say exactly what I wanted to hear. Of course that would happen. Because that was just the way my life worked. Two steps forward, three steps back. That dance had defined my relationship with Kevin for five years. Why shouldn't it apply now that I was no longer involved with him?

With a deep sigh I held up my pink mug and crooked my mouth into as much of a smile as I could stand to offer. I couldn't even begin to imagine how this was going to play out, but a part of me was extremely curious. After all, it wasn't our sexual chemistry that led to our split.

Kevin approached slowly, almost nervously, shaking his head the whole time, clearly in as much shock as I was. "So, I guess we should've exchanged photos first," he said, and I laughed.

“Like that would’ve done us any good?” I asked. He looked at me curiously. “Please, we both would’ve shown up anyway. At least out of curiosity. And I’m willing to bet you’re horny. You’re *always* horny.”

That made him crack a smile. “Well, you’ve got me there,” he said. “I am always horny. Especially when I get around you.”

I still couldn’t believe it was Kevin sitting in front of me, that he was the mystery orange coffee mug. I ignored his attempt at flattery and looked him square in the eye as I said, “So, since we both showed up, what do we do now? Because I was serious in that ad. I want to dominate someone. And you did say in your email that you were looking to submit to the right girl.”

A small part of me expected him to throw in my face the fact that I’d told him after our breakup that we’d never fuck again. He had always liked to watch me eat my words, so why wouldn’t he get some joy out of it now that he had a chance? Another part of me, however, knew he wasn’t kidding when he said he was always horny. I couldn’t remember a date when we didn’t end up tangled in the sheets.

“You said you wanted to break your bad luck with dominant men by taking charge, and I want to break my own streak of only going for girls who will submit to me,” he said. “We might as well just do it. At least we know the sex will good this way.”

He had a point.

“Fine. Forget the coffee, then. Let’s get to the hotel and get this over with,” I demanded.

“That’s my girl,” he laughed, and I couldn’t help smirking at the irony. In all our years together, he’d always been the one making the demands, and I’d always been the one tagging along after him. Funny how things were coming full-circle.

The minute we walked into the hotel room, I did my best to forget who it was I'd be dominating and get right into my role. It was a lot easier than I'd expected it to be. I'd left a few essentials in the room when I'd checked in before going to the café, and after shedding my coat, I picked up the riding crop I'd bought for the occasion. I didn't think I'd use it much, but it helped me look the part, and that's what I cared most about—feeling like a domme, even if I didn't behave exactly like one.

After demanding that Kevin strip for me—which, I'll admit, I enjoyed for all sorts of reasons, the first and foremost being that I'd always loved looking at his body—I demanded that he then remove my clothes as well. “Slowly,” I ordered. “I want sensual, not clumsy!” He'd always been a fan of going fast, so I thought this would be a nice change. And dear God, it was! With gentle hands he unbuttoned my blouse, one button at a time, and then peeled it open, exposing my bra. He slid the shirt carefully down my arms, his fingertips trailing over my skin as more of my body was exposed, and I got goose bumps. When he moved to take off my skirt next, I stopped him. “No, I don't think so,” I said. “I've changed my mind. I want you to take off my panties next.”

He obediently got on his knees and worked his hands up under my skirt until he reached the lacey edges of my panties. He inched his fingers under the leg bands and pulled the skintight material away from my body before starting to slide my panties down my legs. His touch was light, and he kept looking up at me to make sure he was doing exactly what I wanted. I was impressed that Kevin had it in him to be so accommodating, and even though he was doing an exceptional job, I really wanted to punish him. After he ate my pussy. I wasn't going to change my mind about that. If there was one thing he'd always done right, it was eating my cunt. So that's what I ordered him to do next.

Without hesitating, he said a brief, “Yes, ma’am,” and then ducked beneath my skirt and got right to work. I felt his breath on my cunt first, and I shivered in anticipation. When Kevin’s tongue made contact, it took no more than a single lick to have me quivering in delight. His tongue worked its way between my slick folds and parted them further. It felt like my lips were stage curtains, and a nervous actor was running his hand along the material as he walked across the stage. As his tongue slipped up and down my slit, my lips parted and came together in a slow, erotic way, and while a part of me craved a harsh tongue-fuck, I was enjoying this method of pussy-eating much more. My grip tightened on the handle of my crop as I moaned with pleasure. I was receiving the most intense, most enjoyable pussy-licking of my life, and I could hardly contain my desire to fuck. But a good domme doesn’t fuck right away, I reminded myself, and I continued to savor the tongue-bath I was being treated to.

When I could no longer take the slow and sensual licking, I pulled myself together enough to start beating the crop’s leather tongue against Kevin’s bare ass. “Fuck my pussy!” I cried. He started to move out from under my skirt, but I hiked the material up around my waist and shouted at him. “No, you fool!” I said. “Use your tongue. Fuck me with your mouth!” I continued hitting his ass with the crop, occasionally missing my aim and hitting him with the shaft instead of the tongue. It seemed to get my point across much quicker, actually, so it wasn’t really an issue.

Kevin’s tongue went from soft to hard, and he began jabbing my pussy with it, sometimes fucking me, and other times poking at my sensitive clit. I couldn’t decide which was the more orgasm-inducing move, thrusting his tongue between my lips or punishing my little clit. The combination of the two, I knew, spelled certain climax. And when I came a minute later, flooding his mouth with my copious juices, it didn’t seem to matter whether his tongue had been

between my folds or pressed against my clit, because either way, I was experiencing one incredibly intense orgasm!

As Kevin tried to draw out my orgasm with more tongue-fucking, I continued to slap his ass with my crop, not even trying to aim. It wasn't possible to focus on anything except taking pleasure from Kevin's deliciously talented mouth.

The crop slipped from my fingers as I relaxed after my climax, and I had to dig my fingers into Kevin's hair to keep my balance. I took several deep breaths, trying to regain focus, and when I could see straight once more, I lifted a high heel-clad foot and pushed the sole against his shoulder, moving him away from me. With Kevin now out from between my thighs, my skirt fell back into place, and I demanded that he now remove it. He worked fast, his deft fingers quickly undoing the small hook closure and pulling down the zipper. I shimmied a bit as he wiggled the tight skirt down my hips, and then stepped gingerly out of the circle of cloth when it hit the floor.

By now I really wanted to fuck Kevin, our role-play having made me horny as ever, but I wasn't ready to give up the sense of power I felt as I topped him. I wrapped a hand in his thick hair and turned sharply in my heels, marching to the bed a few feet away. I'd always loved when he pulled my hair, and he'd spent more than a few nights dragging me around our apartment by my mane. It never failed to get my juices flowing, and I'd always wondered if it would have the same effect on him. From the way he moaned when I pulled, I sensed that it did. Next, I ordered him onto the bed. Once he was spread-eagle, I reached under the pillow nearest me and pulled out a handful of silk ties. Fittingly, Kevin himself had left them at my place, over time. And now I was going to tie him up with them. Our little role-play game was getting more interesting by the minute.

I tied his hands together at the wrists before tying them to the headboard, and then I bound his ankles. He wouldn't be able to do anything that I didn't allow, not even if he tried. Touching me would be impossible, too, and I knew that would drive him absolutely crazy. It was the perfect torture!

Climbing onto the bed, heels still on, I straddled Kevin's hips while facing away from him. He loved my ass, but he loved my tits more, and could never refrain from fondling and sucking them when we played. Now he wouldn't even be able to watch them as I fucked myself on his hard prick. Just thinking about how much he was going to hate that brought an evil gleam to my eye, I was sure, and I couldn't help but let out one quiet, wicked giggle.

I sank onto his cock and groaned as his length filled me. He'd always been the perfect size to accommodate me, and I had really missed riding him the past couple of years. Without another thought about what he might be thinking or feeling, I began to fuck him. I slid up and down his hard shaft, for once not caring if he was sharing in my pleasure. I did only what felt good for me, my hips moving in figure-eights only when I needed the G-spot sensations, and my pelvis grinding against his only when my clit needed attention. I allowed myself to get lost in the sensations, and when I thought it would help to use some fingers to frig my clit and bring myself off faster, I did it without worrying what sort of message that might send my lover. Because for now, at least, he wasn't my lover—he was my slave.

Kevin never failed to make me come when we were together, but I found that the climax I had while topping him was extremely different than the ones he'd given me while he was leading the show. My pussy throbbed in a whole new way, and I couldn't remember ever feeling so impassioned from riding him. My climaxes had always been better with Kevin on top, but

now, letting myself go and just taking my pleasure from him without asking, I could finally understand the appeal of being on top and just riding. It was incredible!

My cunt spasmed around his cock a dozen times as I came, but he didn't even ask if he could have his release. He'd caught on quickly, and he knew he wouldn't be allowed to come until I told him.

When my second climax died down, I spun around on top of him, never removing myself from his cock, and began to ride him all over again, this time offering him a full-frontal view of his tits. It drove him crazy to see my nipples swaying in front of his face and not be able to suck them, and I knew it. He began moaning and whimpering, begging me to untie him so he could attack my breasts the way he liked. "Please," he pleaded. "I just . . . I need . . . I have to have your tits!" He wouldn't stop begging, and the more he wanted them, the more I teased him. I grabbed my breasts in my hands and jiggled them, then shook them right in front of his face. "Just let me lick one!" he cried. "You have to give me one lick. Just a taste!" He tried sticking his tongue out to reach a nipple, and even pulled his hands against the ties to try to grab a tit, but to no avail. He would just have to watch and wait his turn—if I even gave him a turn.

The more I teased Kevin, the more aroused I became, and soon I felt my third orgasm bubbling inside me. The sensations were overwhelming me, and I wasn't sure I'd have the energy for another round, so I told him to come with me. "Come now or not at all!" I shouted. His willpower gave out then, and he came, filling my cunt. I felt his dick throbbing as he pumped into me, and then my pussy spasmed and I came with him. The release I felt as I came was indescribable, and I threw my head back and screamed with delight.

As I slumped down against him, I reached up to untie his hands. After catching my breath, I unbound his ankles, too. Then we just lay there for a few minutes in utter silence. In the

years we'd spent together, I'd never felt as close to him as I did in that moment. There had always been a barrier between us, and I was starting to think it was all because of our inability to switch roles in the bedroom—and in the rest of our relationship. Without thinking, I turned to him, grabbed a lock of hair in my fist, pulled him to me, and kissed him. Our first kiss in two years. It was fiery and full of passion. And it was full of something else, too: promise.

“You know,” he said when I let him go and pushed him onto his back, “maybe we should give it another try.” I looked at him, wondering if he meant the sex or . . . “Our relationship,” he clarified quickly. “We ended up here, together. Maybe it was for a reason.”

I thought about it for a few seconds, wondering what the right decision was. *Hell, it can't end any worse than last time*, I thought. I knew I still loved him, and that he'd never stopped loving me, either. And something about the way we'd ended up together because of that crazy ad I'd placed . . . Well, I wasn't one to believe in destiny, but who really knows. *Here goes nothing*, I told myself.

“Us, in bed together after all this time?” I said, gesturing at our bodies now angled toward each other under the sheets. “It's gotta be fate.”