

Encounter: Rebound
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Rebound

“Mike! I hit seven miles today!” I announced. Mike was twenty four, tall, and had a killer body he credited to his love of running.

“You’re fucking awesome, Leslie!” he beam at me. He always encouraged me, and it made me feel good when he was just as excited about my running milestones as I was.

I had been excited to see a friendly face when I started working for the Serenity Wellness Spa after Thomas dumped me. I had let Thomas drag me around for four years, and was struggling to heal my very broken heart. When I started running with him, it felt good to have some sort of outlet for all the grief. “Sometimes, when I’m running, I start to cry.”

“Yeah... that happened to me a lot in the beginning. Running releases a lot of shit. Just cry and run. It’s all good.”

I laughed. He was earthy and straightforward. A Taurus, just like me. He made me feel a little more centered. It’s hard to be completely crazy around normal people.

It isn’t uncommon for massage therapists to work on each other. I had a table at home, and offered to work on Mike the next time he was in my area. When he took me up on the offer, I was very grateful for the male company -- and I also kind of wanted to see him naked.

Mike and I sat in my kitchen for a bit eating M&M’s like two kids having a play date. We talked about work, about relationships and about running. He reached over to feel my leg. “You have runner’s calves yet?”

“Ah! Stop that. No! Haha. I’m working on it though.”

He looked serious all of a sudden, and said. “I think we should go upstairs. You make me a little nervous. It’s better if we get started.”

Nervous? I was shocked. I couldn't possibly make anyone nervous. "OK," I agreed.

I arranged the sheets on the massage table in my bedroom, and fully intended to leave the room so he could undress. But when I turned around, he was already standing there naked. He was... *chiseled*. A Greek statue in glasses. Every muscle was meticulously defined, and his skin was stone smooth. His dick was hanging lightly to the left, and by the time I finished studying him, he was clearly self conscious.

"Ummm... you want to lie down?" He moved towards the table and lay, face down, on it. He had indentations in the muscles in his ass from years of running, and it took a great deal of self control to not touch him. The line between professional and casual had clearly been crossed by him already, but he seemed to be settling into "massage mode" now.

I draped the sheet over him lightly, leaving only his muscular back exposed, and reached for my massage oil. I smoothed my hands over his back, and began kneading the muscles up and down his spine. I rotated my balled fists in small outward circles along his lower back and down to his glutes.

Moving the sheet aside, I ran my hands down his thighs, working each muscle into a deep relaxation. When I'd finished one side, I worked my way up the other, and then asked him to turn over onto his back. When he did, I saw he was hard beneath the sheet. I did what I'd normally do in this situation and ignored it. He seemed to ignore it too, but gently touched my arm with his fingertips.

I reached one hand softly around his neck and massaged it gently. With my free hand, I reached under the sheet and grabbed hold of his cock. I let my oiled hand glide itself down his shaft and worked him until he pulsed with tension. "Do you want to fuck?" he breathed.

"Yes," I replied.

He sat up on the table and swung his long legs over off the side. He lifted my shirt up over my head and unhooked my bra, pinching my nipples until they hardened.

I slid off my loose jeans and climbed onto the table with him, straddling his cock and guiding him into me.

“Goddamn, girl! You’re so fucking tight. You’re gonna make me cum already.”

I rode him hard; rolling my hips so that the end of each wave forced his cock to slide out of me just a little. I controlled all of it: I decided how much to let him in me, I decided how hard we fucked, and I was going to decide for how long. I pulled his head back by a handful of his light brown curls and picked up my speed and ferocity.

“Put it all on me. All that anger -- all that pain. Take it out on me.”

How did he know? Was I so aggressive that it was obvious I was working out my recent breakup with Thomas with him? I grabbed the sides of his neck and kissed him.

“On the bed,” I demanded.

He wrapped my legs around his waist, effortlessly lifting me as he stood, and carried me to the bed. I turned myself around so he could enter me from behind. He grabbed hold of my hips. “Your ass or your pussy?”

“My pussy,” I answered.

“God, I love women in their thirties. You all know exactly what you want,” he said as he stuck his cock into me again.

We fucked in every position, for hours on end, but I could not cum. I thought thinking about Thomas would help me along, but it only made it more difficult. Mike was not Thomas. Mike did not fit into me like we’d been specifically designed for each other. Mike did not love me. Well, maybe Thomas hadn’t either.

It was late into the evening when we finally called it quits. He got up and started to get dressed.

"Please. Please don't go. Stay with me, Mike," I begged.

"I don't sleep over, babe."

"Please. Just stay until I fall asleep. Please." My eyes filled with tears at the thought of being alone.

"OK." He laid back down on the bed, and I rested my head on his hard stomach. His smell was wrong; but he was warm, and he was there. I let myself drift off into an uneasy sleep.

When I woke in the morning, Mike was still there. I admired him and his beautiful nakedness in my bed for a moment before he woke too.

"Breakfast?" he suggested.

"Sure."

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