

Countdown to Showtime

A Q for Quarantine Encounter

Lauren Alsten



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Tara and Jared are living together and living it up. Speaking of “up,” Tara’s getting Jared ready for their newest stream scene -- *Sleeping Booty*.

Countdown to Showtime

Minutes before our livestream, I punch my arms into my white, puffy-sleeved blouse and step into my black and white polka-dotted miniskirt. I'm doing my best to convince Jared to wear the leather gimp mask. We don't need it for the show, but I saw it online and thought it'd be fun. It reminded me of *Batman* and how else could I ever pretend to sleep with Robert Pattinson? It's not even that intricate -- small slits for eyes, zipper over the mouth, nothing fancy. But Jared's hand on his hips, the smirk on his lips and the roll of his eyes pretty much says, not only is he *not* wearing it, like, ever, but...

"I just don't understand the whole appeal." Looking at his blue-eyed baby face, I sometimes forget he's a full blown, straight sex connoisseur with an appetite that rivals mine.

"I'll give you hole appeal..." I offer, peeling open the plunging neckline of my blouse to tease him with cleavage. When that doesn't work, a quick peepshow of my nipple seems to sway him. If I know one thing about Jared, it's that while he does love my hole appeal. He's a definite tit man. I've learned to use my nips frequently to gain favor. And he's perfectly fine with that.

He drops a quick kiss on my lips. "No offense, babe, but if I wear the mask, you can't witness every single expression I make when you're on your knees, servicing me. And you *will* want to see. So... deal."

Interesting. Jared, giving *me* orders. His sass doesn't bother me, though. Just makes me more determined. "Fat chance, *babe*. I'll be the one giving orders." I round the bed and grab his hands before he has a chance to fondle me. "*You* will be the one who stands here, hands behind your back." I clap each of his palms firmly on his ass. "And watches me pleasure you, without so much as a peep." He opens his mouth to protest but I push my lips against his. "Uh uh. Not a word. This is part of my essential fluffing package, where I get you rock hard and ready for all the wicked things I'm going to do

to you -- and all the things you're going to *let me do* -- on camera, for my audience's and my pleasure."

Since we got engaged and I moved in, Jared watches from afar while I do my weekly solo shows. At the end, the shows usually segue into a full-on sex stream, with us fucking live. Or, at the very least, monitoring chat while we play a previously recorded session. Today, however, I'm too horny to wait for tomorrow's planned session. As long as nothing is done in secret, and he can be a part of it, Jared trusts me. Which is essential when you play the way we do.

His lips quirk up at the sides but he says nothing. His eyes spark to attention and he simply mutters, "Yes, ma'am," as he tilts his head, waiting for me to fall to my knees. But I'm not about to make this easy for him. I fasten but don't tighten the soft restraints around his wrists before I step back.

I point to the floor. "On your knees, Jare. I need to be prepped before I prep you." I pucker my lips and offer him an air kiss. He's already leaning forward, bending his knees and kneeling in front of me. I set my hand on his head, pressing my fingers into his short, blond hair and mussing it up. "You've always been such a good boy."

"Yeah, yeah. Talk is cheap. Your *man's* about to pay you some private lip service."

"Ooh, I love it when you talk dirty. Now, silence! Get to work."

He smiles, his head settling between my legs. He presses his lips against my pussy in a soft kiss before he opens his mouth -- and opens me up.

My head falls back as I scratch his scalp. "Mmm, mmm, good." I would say I've trained him well, but truth is, Jared already knew what he was doing when I met him. Benefit of falling for a man who digs older women -- men who do tend to pay more attention to a woman's needs, her body. And he pays attention to mine exquisitely.

He shifts to balance against me while his tongue eases into my slit. He gently swirls, then flicks back and forth, side to side, ending in a full French kiss. My knees buckle but he doesn't stop, sliding further back, gently prodding my opening. When I

hear him mumble *Hang on*, my arms shoot backward to land on the dresser. I grip it hard, because when Jared says *hang on*, he means it.

My fingers grab the thick wooden ledge as I settle in for the ride. Still on his knees, he inches forward, zeroing in for a better angle before his tongue plunges deep. When Jared gives oral, he takes no prisoners. I raise my hips, his mouth pressing hard against me, his tongue fucking me full force. His rhythm is relentless, over and over again until my thighs are caging his head in so tight, I'm sure he can't breathe.

But he's told me before if he's ever going to die during sex, this is how he wants to go. So I continue riding his face, keeping his tongue right where I need it for minutes on end. Edging isn't normally my thing, and as good as it feels, I don't want to come just yet. I want to get Jared rock hard, and I know once he's done filling me with his tongue, I'll get to drive him crazy with my mouth.

He knows I love oral -- giving and getting -- but prefer to come when we're joined. So when I slow my rocking, he kisses my pussy deep, one last time before looking up, his eyes more black than blue. I push against his shoulders to help him regain his balance and stand. His hard cock slaps me across the face when I sink to my knees.

I take full advantage, sucking it into my mouth and swiping my tongue across his glistening head. Jared's precum is always sweet, probably because he eats an ungodly amount of sugar, but it makes licking him all the more enjoyable. He carefully weaves his fingertips through my hair as I take him all the way in, looking up at him, watching his expression. He's right -- I do love seeing his mouth fall open in pleasure. His eyelids droop and he smiles, sliding his cock down my throat as I hold my breath and bat my eyelashes. It usually only takes a single, slow swallow to drive him crazy, and today is no different. One long moan escapes him while he eases out, scoops me up, and deposits me on the bed.

I maneuver onto my knees to wrap my arms around his shoulders. We like to kiss in between all the position changes, slowing things down just a bit, savoring each other's taste. Jared pinches my nipples lightly in sync with nibbling my lip. Electricity

pulses straight to my clit. I hazard a glance at my webcam, my hand scrambling across the sheets in search of the remote. I find it, press the center button, and wink at him when I see the red blinking light. It's *showtime*.

I giggle when he returns the wink. The stage is set for our newest scene: *Sleeping Booty*. My dark, shoulder-length hair is already styled in a bouffant-y bob, a red bow holding my bangs out of my face on the left side, and my lipstick -- well, it *was* a perfect shade of red. Now the base of Jared's cock bears the stain. I don't mind and I don't bother to reapply it. There's no time. We need each other immediately. He's already wriggled out of his bindings, gently easing me into a side-sleeping position, facing the camera. I close my eyes and hear him turn around to log into our website. Camera on, stream live, and the thick head of Jared's cock nestling against my ass.

My definition of a perfect afternoon.

Sideswiped (Q For Quarantine 2)

How many times will Tara swipe right before realizing her perfect lover is already in her bed?

Jared might be stuck in an unfulfilling job, but he knows what he wants to be doing. He also knows who he wants to be with -- Tara, a.k.a. The Goth Girl Next Door he's fantasized about for years. He's not bothered by their age difference, but everyone else seems to be. Tara thinks he's just a plaything, his brother thinks she's a witch, and his parents think she's trouble.

Jared thinks she's perfect.

Tara loves her job as a sex streamer, but since quarantine, she's tired of flying solo. Then she teams up with her zygote of a neighbor, and her tips soar. So does her pleasure, yet she keeps swiping, searching for a mature, responsible LTR-worthy man.

Jared's convinced he's everything she needs, but can they keep their relationship hot without their passion self-destructing?

[Sideswiped \(Q For Quarantine 2\)](#)

Lauren Alsten

When she's not obsessing over her latest characters and dreaming up meet-cutes for future books, Lauren Alsten loves photographing wildlife while hiking under a warm sun and bright blue skies. Her writing journey began with A-list movie star fan fiction, but these days she prefers penning humorous tales of emotional upheaval served with a side of snark. She currently lives with two ungrateful cats who never lift a paw to help around the house.

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