

God, Charlotte had missed this.

It was the only thought that echoed through her head as Sutton's mouth was on hers, her hips flexing on Charlotte's hips, as she had Charlotte pressed against the island in her kitchen.

Charlotte keened against Sutton's mouth as her girlfriend slid her hands down, grasping her ass and pulling Charlotte's hips firmly against her own as Sutton's leg slotted between her thighs.

Charlotte kept one of her hands carded through Sutton's long, silky hair before sliding the other down. Tracing over the perfect, subtle curves of Sutton's body.

Her lips ticked into a smile even through their kiss, as she felt Sutton shudder at her touch. Even over the thin linen button-up she wore, Sutton responded so fucking strongly to her, and Charlotte didn't know if there was anything that could drive her arousal up more than that.

"I missed you," Sutton panted against her, breaking their kiss just enough to manage out the words.

She breathed them against Charlotte, and Charlotte *felt* them. Everywhere.

Irrationally, illogically, everywhere. But wasn't that just the way everything was with Sutton. Against all of her sense and rationality, Charlotte had fallen in love. Against everything logical that told her otherwise, Charlotte wanted Sutton.

And now that she'd been able to work through her fear and get her head out of her ass, she was able to really *be* with her.

"I missed you, too, darling," she rasped, meaning every syllable.

She used the hold she had in Sutton's hair to tug her head back, moving her ravenous mouth to Sutton's neck. Sighing in satisfaction as she felt the warm, soft skin under her lips.

She'd just gotten back from her first trip to D.C. as an elected congresswoman, and it had been great. Really.

She'd loved it. Truly.

Except for that little part of her that missed Sutton. The part of her that missed Sutton *viscerally*. The part that wasn't sated from merely seeing her on FaceTime or in the cute little pictures Sutton would send her every day.

She wasn't used to this feeling. This... missing, wanting feeling.

That missing feeling only intensified at the thought of Sutton leaving for Rome in less than two weeks.

She'd only arrived back in New York two hours ago. Sutton had finished the late afternoon class she'd had, before coming right over to Charlotte's apartment.

Which had been about ten minutes ago.

Since then, they'd only made it a handful of feet inside, before they'd been drawn together. Magnetized, it seemed, needing to touch and feel and taste.

Sutton's breath was let out in small gasps, interspliced with whimpers, into Charlotte's ear, and she throbbed at every single one. Every time Sutton subconsciously rolled her hips into hers, and her thigh rocked firmly against Charlotte, she could feel it in her clit.

Not enough pressure to really *do* anything, but more than enough to cloud her mind.

"I – I *do* want to – to talk about y-your, um, your trip," Sutton managed out, and Charlotte grinned sharply against her neck, as she could feel every time Sutton had to break off, every sharp inhale.

"We will talk," Charlotte agreed, nipping her teeth right under Sutton's ear. Relishing in the trembling exhale Sutton released at it. "But I want you, so badly. I've missed feeling your body against mine. The way you sound when you come."

"We – *god*, you're good at that," Sutton panted out, strained, as Charlotte sucked at a particularly sensitive part of her neck. "Phone sex. We – you still heard me come." She managed to point out.

Which was true. But, "It's not the same."

Nothing was the same as having Sutton like this. Right under Charlotte's hands, her mouth, at her mercy.

Taking a deep breath, Charlotte did everything she could to rein herself in. To cool the heat that sparked through her at the literal sight of her girlfriend.

Slowly, she pulled a few inches back. Enough to look up at Sutton's flushed face.

She bit her lip. "We can slow this down, if you'd like. Properly have dinner first. Catch up in person. I hope you know that my missing you isn't limited to simply missing sex with you."

God, she *really* hoped Sutton knew that. Charlotte felt like she'd been getting a lot better in verbalizing her emotions in the last month, since they'd gotten back together. She hoped she was, anyway; she'd been putting in a lot of work.

Sometimes, admittedly, it felt – odd. To vocalize certain things. It wasn't difficult by any measure to say sweet things: that she loved Sutton, how beautiful she was, how sweet she was, how much Charlotte adored her. But to verbalize her emotional needs – trying to condition herself that having these emotional needs did not equate to neediness – was something... new.

It was made very simple by having Sutton as her partner, admittedly. Having a partner that was so attentive and so giving.

And even if it wasn't, Sutton was worth it.

With that in mind, Charlotte actively tried to cool the arousal that had burned faster and hotter than she'd even imagined it would at being reunited with Sutton after ten days away. Yes, she was incredibly turned on. Yes, she was soaking wet. Yes, her clit was aching.

But she would be more than happy to put the brakes on sex and simply *be* with Sutton. To be wrapped up in her, having dinner together, talking... yes, Charlotte had very much missed that, too.

But Sutton shook her head, quickly. “No, no, I want to have sex. Sooner, rather than later.” She flexed her hands against Charlotte’s ass, the stormy blue of her eyes making Charlotte weak in the knees. “I really do.”

That was fucking great, because Charlotte likely would have needed a cold shower otherwise.

“I just – I wanted you to know that I really *do* want to hear everything, later. I know we talked on the phone, but I want to hear it in-person. It’s really exciting,” Sutton explained.

Yeah... Charlotte really, really loved this woman. She’d had no idea, before, what it could feel like to come home to something like this. To someone that was so invested in Charlotte’s life, so genuinely happy for her. She was glad she’d never yearned to have this person in her life before, though, because she was positive that the only person that could fill this role so perfectly, was Sutton.

“So, I just wanted you to know that *later*, I want to hear everything about your trip.”

She was perfect.

The thought reverberated through Charlotte’s mind as she pushed onto her tiptoes once more and kissed Sutton again.

“I’ll tell you everything, *later*,” she husked, biting into Sutton’s bottom lip and tugging it between her teeth. Only releasing when Sutton let out a breathy moan and her fingers dug into Charlotte’s butt.

“First, I need to devour you,” she finished, using her hand still in Sutton’s hair to pull Sutton’s head down and connect their lips, hungrily.

Sutton’s tongue sliding against hers, the way she chased Charlotte’s lips with her own every time she perceived that Charlotte was going to pull back in any way. The way her chest heaved against Charlotte’s own as their grinding grew more frantic.

God, yes. This was what she needed. Right now.

She slid the hand she’d had resting on Sutton’s lower back down, demandingly tugging it out from where it was tucked into her jeans. All of that soft, warm skin at her disposal. To touch, to kiss, to bite, to –

Sutton pulled away, breaking their kiss just as Charlotte dipped her fingertips underneath her shirt.

She could feel Sutton’s panting breaths on her lips, just as she could feel Sutton’s shiver as her fingers made contact with the smooth skin of her stomach.

“Is everything okay, darling?” She asked, tilting her head up just enough to make eye contact.

As much as she wanted – which was very, very much – to move her hands, to rediscover every inch of Sutton that she’d been denied access to for the last ten days, she stayed still. Her fingers twitched, but she held firm. Waiting for Sutton’s go-ahead.

Sutton’s cheeks were flushed and her eyes were that dark blue that made Charlotte ache even more. “No. I mean – yes. It’s okay. This is more than okay. Of course.”

“Of course,” Charlotte echoed, amusement mixing with her arousal. A feeling she’d never felt with anyone before Sutton.

With the confirmation, she could no longer keep her touch still. She didn’t want to; she wanted to see the look in Sutton’s eyes as she let her hands roam. Sliding around, up Sutton’s spine. Then back down, tracing the vertebrae and feeling Sutton arch into her.

“*Ah*,” Sutton exhaled, her eyes fluttering closed briefly, as Charlotte walked her fingers up Sutton’s side. Managing to slide between them, and brush over Sutton’s already hard nipple, through her bra.

Jesus, her mouth was already watering. Wanting to feel Sutton’s nipples on her tongue, the way she’d buck her hips up into Charlotte...

“I just,” Sutton pushed out, her breathing ragged. “I want,” she paused, taking in deep, stabilizing breath, before she opened her eyes and stared directly into Charlotte’s, clearly wanting to make herself be heard. “I want to use the strap-on. I’ve been thinking about it, while you were away. *A lot*.”

The low timbre of her voice pushed a surge of sparking heat arcing through Charlotte. If she hadn’t already been wet and wanting, she would be from that imagery.

Her lips curled into a devious smile. “Is that what you were stopping this for?” She tightened her grasp on Sutton’s hip, squeezing the supple skin there. “I’d love to use it; we already did... remember?” She drawled.

Because she remembered. Very, very well. Fucking Sutton with the strap-on, feeling her entire body against Charlotte’s. The way she’d wrapped herself around Charlotte. How wonderous Charlotte had felt when she’d discovered that Sutton had been able to come simply from Charlotte fucking her like that.

The sounds Sutton had made while Charlotte had fucked her had gotten her through ten long nights alone in D.C.

She was about to tell Sutton as much, when Sutton spoke again.

“I want to do it, though,” Sutton asserted, eyes searching Charlotte’s. “On you.” She swallowed visibly hard, her hot breath washing over Charlotte’s cheek. “I want to – to be inside of you. To make you feel the way you’ve made me feel, like that.”

Everything inside of Charlotte froze, and she stared up at Sutton, her breath caught in her throat. Her grip on Sutton’s hip went slack, as she tried to wrap her mind around that reality.

“You want to be inside of *me*. To wear the strap and fuck me with it,” she repeated, her voice lacking her usual charm, even to her own ears. She was testing the weight of those words, of that sentiment, on her own lips, trying to figure out how she felt about it.

Apparently – unsurprisingly – Sutton noticed the way she hesitated.

Immediately, she shook her head, the wanting glint in her eyes dimming. “We definitely don’t have to, if you don’t–”

“No,” Charlotte broke in, cutting her off. “I want to.”

Her tone was raspy, and she was surprised to hear how firmly she said it. Because – huh. Yes. It appeared she did want to.

So was Sutton, whose eyebrows lifted and her perfect lips fell into an adorable *o*. “You do? Because you didn’t seem so... sure, just then.”

“In the literal seconds that you spoke, I wasn’t,” she admitted, finding her inner-footing once more, and was grateful for it. The world always spun entirely too strangely on its axis when she couldn’t latch onto her typical bearings. It happened so infrequently, so when it *did* happen, it left her discombobulated.

“If you want to take some time to think, we don’t need to do it tonight,” Sutton shook her head, sliding her hands gently up to clasp together at the small of Charlotte’s back. “We can do anything you want, whenever you’re comfortable with it.”

Charlotte melted at the earnest look on Sutton’s face, at the way it was reflected in her voice. “I know that.”

She did know it.

But she also knew that as soon as the idea had become a real visual in her mind, she’d felt herself clench around nothing.

She could see, in her mind’s eye, Sutton wearing her strap-on so *vividly*. See Sutton pushing into her. She could imagine how it would feel, being filled so perfectly by Sutton like that.

And, fuck, yes. Charlotte’s clit pulsed at it.

She found that she had to clear her throat before speaking, “I only paused like that because...” Wait, was this – *nerves*? Was this odd feeling in the pit of her stomach a bundle of nerves? Yes, Charlotte had felt them when she’d come out, when she’d confessed her love to Sutton.

But she hadn’t felt any semblance of nerves relating to something sexual like this since... ever.

“I’ve never done that with anyone else. Let them use a strap-on with me; inside of me,” she clarified.

The shock on Sutton’s face was so fucking sweet, she could not stop herself from reaching up and cupping her cheek, stroking her thumb over her that softness there, as she chuckled.

“You seem positively baffled, darling.”

“I *am*,” Sutton agreed, nodding with it, as she stared down at Charlotte with wide eyes. “Charlotte, you’re so – so... experienced. And so *good*. I never would have thought...”

“What can I say?” She lightly teased, continuing to stroke her thumb over the arch of Sutton’s cheekbone. “I’m a woman of many talents.”

It was true, though. She’d never been on the receiving end of a strap-on, before. She’d fucked plenty of women with them, but *never* the other way. It hadn’t even been a consideration, before. Sure, the occasional woman she’d hook up with might suggest it in passing, but Charlotte easily and quickly refused.

She loved it, being the one wearing the strap; feeling in control, being the person to bring the women she'd been with to that height of pleasure.

But... her throat ran dry as she stared up at Sutton.

The night in the Guggenheim, the first time Sutton had exerted her strength over her. Charlotte truthfully hadn't known that she'd find Sutton's subtle musculature so fucking hot during sex.

There had been a few other times since then, that Sutton had flexed those muscles, no pun intended. Fleeting moments during their evenings together where she would pin Charlotte down by her hips or wrists. Sutton always seemed to get a thrill from it, something driving her on even more primal than the moments before.

And Charlotte... Charlotte couldn't deny that it made her come faster. Harder.

"I want to give that to you. I want you to feel the same control and," she gulped, unconsciously pushing herself down into the solid thigh Sutton still had pressed between her legs. "Power over me."

Sutton's lips fell open on a tremulous exhale, and Charlotte knew they were both thinking of those subtle, not-yet-fully-explored aspects of their sex life. That they were both *feeling* it.

"I'd never give that to anyone else; I've never wanted it," she rasped, her throat impossibly dry.

Charlotte wasn't entirely blind when it came to herself; she knew that maybe – purely physically – she may have enjoyed another woman she'd had sex with acting more dominantly. But she also knew that she'd have rather gone celibate than allow the possibility of any woman she'd ever been with that wasn't Sutton to see her in a state where she completely and totally lost control of herself.

Charlotte had always loved sex; she'd been telling Sutton the honest back in the day when she'd explained that she used sex as a tension reliever. But that's what it was.

Sex relaxed her, and gave her momentary, fleeting connections. Connection that kept her grounded to other people, without needing to get mentally and emotionally distracted.

Sex with Sutton was far more.

And Charlotte wanted, quite acutely in this moment, to know what else there was for her to explore.

"I want you to be the only woman to have me like that," she murmured, moving her hand down to press the pad of her thumb over Sutton's lips.

She felt mesmerized by her own words, the images in her own mind that formed as she spoke. By the feelings that ravaged through her, leaving her knees weak, and her sex achingly needy.

"I want to feel you, filling me up. I want to see the look on your face when you do it. Because I think you're going to like it."

She gasped as Sutton opened her lips further, enough to take the tip of Charlotte's thumb in between her teeth. She bit down, just enough to cause Charlotte the slightest sharp pain, as she ran her tongue along the tip of her finger.

This time, when her hips insistently rocked into Sutton's thigh, it was deliberate.

Sutton wrapped her lips around Charlotte's thumb and sucked, hard, before she released her. "I *know* I'm going to."

Holy fucking shit. The heat that she'd felt building since the moment she'd laid eyes on Sutton tonight demanded to be answered to. Burning through any possibly restraint Charlotte might have had, any possible questions or conversation that could have been had.

She wasn't going to wait, anymore. Charlotte was only a patient person because she had to be, in her career. A dichotomy, because when she wanted something so badly, she wanted it *now*.

And right now, she wanted Sutton.

She reached her hand down to lace her fingers through Sutton's, determinedly leading her into the bedroom.

As soon as they crossed the threshold, she reached up and gripped the collar of Sutton's button-up – when it had been tucked into her high-waisted jeans, Sutton had looked the most insane combination of hot/sweet/cute, and Charlotte's eyes feasted on her the second Sutton had walked into her apartment – and pulled Sutton down to connect their mouths once more.

She sighed into the kiss, luxuriating in the feeling of Sutton's lips on hers.

Sutton kissed her back, just as eagerly, just as hungrily. She could feel in this kiss that it was true; Sutton really *must* have been thinking about what they were about to do since Charlotte had left.

Her hands streaked down Charlotte's sides, grabbing the hem of her shirt as she pulled it up. They broke their kiss for the briefest of moments as Sutton relieved Charlotte of the garment, and she couldn't be more grateful to be rid of it. Couldn't be more grateful to be rid of *everything*, as she felt Sutton slide her hands around her back and unhook her bra seconds later.

Charlotte's own hands were busy, hurriedly undoing Sutton's shirt. She laughed, the sound uneven with her arousal, as she muttered into their kiss, "Your wardrobe is absolutely darling and befitting of you, but must you own so many shirts with buttons?"

It was no matter, though, because by the time she was done speaking, she'd finished the final one.

She swiftly turned her attention to undoing Sutton's jeans, feeling the sheer, lacy material of the underwear underneath. Such a thin layer that separated her from feeling how wet she *knew* Sutton would already be for her.

Already moaning slightly at the way she knew exactly what she would find when she slid between Sutton's legs, Charlotte then found herself letting out an undignified, surprised yelp.

As Sutton broke their kiss, and pushed her back on the bed. Charlotte's knees connected with the mattress, and she used her elbows to catch herself from falling completely onto her back.

She panted for breath, looking up at Sutton as she slowly arched an eyebrow up at her. "Have something in mind, darling?"

Something that obviously didn't include letting Charlotte touch her first. The way Charlotte so desperately wanted to, so badly that her hands were itching for it. She curled them into the comforter to control herself.

"I want to touch you, first," Sutton stated so firmly, there was no edge of hesitation or room for argument. "The night before you left was incredible. But *you* were able to get all of your fill, then."

"If I recall, you got yours, too," Charlotte returned, but the molten want that filtered through her was strong and heady, and left her breathless.

While her own point was correct – she remembered it, vividly – Sutton's point wasn't entirely wrong.

Charlotte hadn't wanted to leave. That sentiment alone had been an unfamiliar, strange feeling to deal with. More aptly, she hadn't wanted to go to D.C. while Sutton remained in Manhattan. She wanted, quite intensely, to stay wrapped up in Sutton, which had been her biggest desire since they'd gotten back together.

And she'd expressed as much, physically, that night. She'd touched Sutton, all over. Made her come as much as Sutton could handle, with her mouth, her fingers, her strap. All in the effort to tide herself over while she was away.

Partially to remind Sutton, too, that even if she was going away, that it wasn't like the last time they'd gone for so long without seeing one another. To leave her with the physical reminder that things were different, now.

But Sutton hadn't been a pillow princess by any definition of the word. She'd been as hungry and wanting for Charlotte as Charlotte was for her, and she'd shown as much.

Sutton was no longer the woman Charlotte had started sleeping with last year; not by any stretch of the imagination. Gone were the hesitant touches and the frequent glimpses at Charlotte to ensure that she was doing it right – which, she always had been.

Slowly, in her place, a more confident woman had started to form right before Charlotte's very eyes.

Just like this very moment, as Sutton rolled her shoulders back and drew a hand through her long, red hair as she stood between Charlotte's knees. She stared down at Charlotte as if she were a feast that Sutton intended to devour and couldn't decide just where to start. And that she knew very well that it was entirely *her* decision where, when, and how she wanted to have Charlotte.

Charlotte throbbed from that look alone.



“I did *get mine*,” Sutton repeated Charlotte’s word choice, amusement clear in her tone. “But I want to take what’s mine tonight, and *I* want to decide how. I want to make *you* crazy with the need to come, the way you make me feel all of the time.”

Jesus *fucking* christ.

“I was thinking about it, while you were away, actually,” Sutton continued. Her voice was a mix of shyness and confidence, and it should not have been nearly as much of a turn-on as it was. It *shouldn’t* twist Charlotte up inside even more, and yet...

She found it difficult to swallow as she stared up at her girlfriend, whose shirt was unbuttoned, revealing her lacy black bra underneath, her pants unbuttoned and unzipped, revealing the matching lacy black underwear, and –

*Was* Sutton asserting herself more in the bedroom a good thing? Charlotte dazedly wondered.

Would she survive it? Would she survive exploring this aspect of herself that she could only trust Sutton with?

“Oh?” She managed, arching an eyebrow teasingly up at Sutton, even if *teasing* was the last thing she felt right now. “And what were you thinking?”

She flexed her hands against the sheets; dear lord, she needed to know everything Sutton had been thinking about.

Sutton didn’t smile back. She stared, intently, as she murmured, “I thought about how even though we’ve been having sex for months, you’re the one that touches me first far, far more often than I get to touch you.” Her cheeks blushed then, the tint of red working over her face even as she said, “That normally, you get to have your way with me *first*, to make me absolutely crazy with need first, before I get to touch you.”

Charlotte’s chest heaved with the deep, ragged breaths she tried to take in as Sutton spoke.

Especially as Sutton put her hands on her hips and decidedly informed her, “But that ends tonight.”

“Does it, now?” Charlotte asked, her voice barely a croak with how dry her throat suddenly was.

What right did Sutton have to blush like that, while saying those words? How dare she be so... so *fucking sexy*, even while still managing to be so ridiculously cute about it?

And why, for the love of any higher power, did the dichotomies of Sutton Spencer arouse Charlotte to the brink of insanity? Why did she feel wetter right now than she possibly ever had?

“Yes. So...” She cleared her throat, digging her teeth into her bottom lip as she looked around the room. “I’m going to get the strap-on. And you’re going to finish getting undressed.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Charlotte would have been embarrassed at how quickly she heeded that demand, on any other night with any other person. As it was, the needy desire coursing through her veins demanded to be sated. It demanded that she follow whatever command Sutton laid out before her, and she felt a thrill shoot through her body as she lay herself out

on her bed in front of Sutton, wanting her to see how quickly she'd shed her pants and underwear.

To see how wet and ready she was for her.

She turned to watch Sutton, who wasn't putting on a show in any deliberate way, but it was a show Charlotte wanted to see nonetheless.

God, it was *crazy*, she thought, to compare how shy Sutton had been about her naked body all those months ago, when they'd started this. Compared to right now, as she stood before Charlotte – totally bare, without a hint of a blush anymore.

As it should be.

She could see Sutton's uncertainty as she held the harness she'd taken from Charlotte's bedside table in her hands, could read that confidence from minutes ago waver slightly.

"Do you want—"

"No, I've got it," Sutton cut her off before she could finish her gentle offer of help.

Sutton, true to her word, slid the soft, thick quality leather straps up over her long legs, and situated them to fit perfectly on her hips and thighs, and Charlotte didn't have a clue where the whimper in the back of her throat came from.

She just knew that, as she stared at Sutton wearing that harness, she felt the desperate need to be filled. To come. To have Sutton inside of her.

Sutton snapped her gaze toward Charlotte, the clear doubt she'd had in her expression moments ago washed away.

Charlotte gulped, pushing herself to sit up slightly as Sutton got on the bed and crawled toward her.

"Darling, I do hope you aren't feeling insecure in any way," she breathed, reaching for Sutton as soon as she was close enough. She stroked her hand down Sutton's cheek, cupping her jaw as she held eye contact with her girlfriend.

She knew Sutton would be able to read everything she needed to see in Charlotte's face. She knew because of how strongly she felt it, and because she was so done putting in any effort to hide her feelings from Sutton.

"I was, for a second," Sutton admitted, searching Charlotte's gaze. "Because I've just – I've never done it, and for a minute there, I thought... there's no way I could possibly look *sexy* wearing this."

Charlotte's breath caught as she could *see* the way Sutton's eyes darkened, holding her captive to the spot.

"Then I heard you. And I remembered what *I* felt when I saw you put this on," her voice fell several octaves, and Charlotte clenched her thighs together.

Sutton surged forward, her mouth on Charlotte's. Hot and hungry and demanding all over again, as she urged Charlotte to lay back against the pillows.

She followed Sutton's wordless direction easily, so, so ready. So ready for Sutton's touch, anywhere she wanted to give it.

Sutton's fingertips traced up her inner thigh, and Charlotte spread her legs, wanton and unashamed of it. Her own hands roamed, greedy for the feeling of Sutton's warm, bare skin sliding under her palms. Her hips, her waist, her back, her ass. Anywhere and everywhere she could reach, she wanted to.

Charlotte moaned into Sutton's mouth as Sutton's fingers slid over her entrance. She teased Charlotte, her fingertips dipping slightly into her, toying with her, and Charlotte dug her nails into Sutton's back, arching into her.

Waiting – waiting – waiting for what, exactly, she didn't know. Just *waiting* for whatever Sutton wanted to do to her, first.

When Sutton moved up to touch her clit – already hard and pulsing – Charlotte had to break their kiss, unable to keep up.

She rocked her hips in time with Sutton's touch, with the tight circles she made knowing how much Charlotte fucking *loved* it. How that touch, in that exact way, got Charlotte right where she needed to be when she was this worked up.

“God, I – yes,” she panted, only to cry out as Sutton stopped touching her clit.

Leaving her aching, throbbing, needy, and Charlotte forced her eyes open to stare up at her girlfriend.

Who was watching Charlotte closely. So intently. So deliberately.

As she slid her hand down and entered Charlotte with two of her long, perfect fingers. Pushing in so deeply, so easily, because Charlotte was so fucking ready. *So wet.*

Sutton's pink lips parted on a gasp at the feeling, while Charlotte's parted on a silent cry as Sutton curled her fingers and touched the perfect spot inside of her.

Sutton truly was the perfect student. It had been a thought Charlotte had many times when she and Sutton had started their arrangement. No matter how uncertain Sutton ever seemed, no matter how much she'd ask for direction, she fucked Charlotte perfectly. She never forgot a single thing Charlotte said or a single movement that drove her absolutely, utterly wild.

And she wielded those movements skillfully. Like now, as she slowly slid out of Charlotte, flexing her fingers as she moved, in the way she'd done once, unexpectedly, and had left Charlotte scrambling for something to hold onto.

Which she did now, one hand taking a hold of the bedsheets, as the other slid down to take a handful of Sutton's perfect, supple ass.

She rolled herself into Sutton's hand, pushing herself down just as Sutton pushed inside of her. “Your fingers are so—” She broke off on a moan, her eyes fluttering closed once more as she was filled again. “Perfect,” she managed to finish, breathlessly.

Sutton took a fistful of Charlotte's hair with her free hand and tugged her head back, as she moved in close. Sucking, nipping, kissing down her neck, ravenously, as Charlotte gasped for air.

She dragged her nails up Sutton's back, knowing – wanting – to leave marks. Wanting to see them later. Wanting reminders of this moment, even as she groaned and pushed herself harder down against Sutton.

“M-more. Another finger,” she keened, feeling herself clench, because it just wasn't enough. It wasn't nearly enough.

Not with how wet she was, how much she ached for this.

Charlotte moaned when Sutton complied, sliding a third finger inside of her on her next thrust. Her pleasure notched up to the next level, feeling that much fuller, the inferno building inside of her. Building right to where Charlotte needed it to go. “Ye-s, darling, just like that.”

Sutton's perfect, hot mouth moved down, her lips wrapping around Charlotte's nipple. She sucked hard, swirling her tongue over her and Charlotte swore, arching into Sutton.

Fuck, yes. This was it – this was what she needed.

Sutton's mouth on her body, her fingers inside of her, and Charlotte was going to come. She was going to come, she –

The feeling swiftly disappeared, as Sutton's fingers and mouth disappeared, and, “No!”

Charlotte blinked her eyes open, searching. “Wha – what?” She panted out as her gaze finally landed on Sutton.

Who was next to her on the bed, up on her knees, as she slid the toy into place in the harness.

Charlotte watched, her mouth falling open in unmitigated desire, as Sutton stared down at the strap between her legs. She stroked the silicone with the finger she'd just had inside of Charlotte, her wetness spreading over the toy.

Sutton then looked back at her, and – holy fucking shit.

She hadn't even known how much she'd wanted this. Hadn't known how much the idea of Sutton using the strap-on on her appealed to her, how much it would make her ache.

She couldn't have fathomed it. Couldn't possibly.

Not until this very moment, as Sutton continued to slowly slide her hand over the strap, moving smoothly, and Charlotte suddenly – viscerally – needed Sutton inside of her.

“You know, I'd been about to come,” she commented, and she'd thought that at least a modicum of the teasing lightness she'd intended to interject in her words would come through.

It did not.

Instead, she sounded needy and breathless, and she couldn't even bother to care.

“I know,” Sutton answered, her own voice so raspy as it escaped her; Charlotte didn’t know if she’d ever heard Sutton more obviously turned on. “I could feel the way you were starting to clench around me.”

Sutton bit her lip as she maneuvered between Charlotte’s legs, staying on her knees as she gently rested Charlotte’s thighs on the outside of her own.

“I – um – since you’d said that you’d never done this before, I wanted you to be *so* ready. Like you’d have come on my next few thrusts; *that* ready,” Sutton’s voice dipped to a whisper.

Charlotte was so in love with her. “Darling, I *have* had a vibrator inside of me; I’m not completely new to this.”

Again, there was no levity to her tone. Just a gravelly sound that she hardly recognized.

Sutton swallowed, visibly. “Oh, I know,” she husked, before clearing her throat. “I know. But it’s not the same as this; not to me.”

Sutton’s teeth bit into her lip, as she ran her gaze from Charlotte’s, down her body, right to her pussy. Charlotte held her breath, following her eyes, until they were both staring at the same thing.

At Sutton’s hand as she gripped the strap and slowly, carefully, slid forward until the tip brushed against Charlotte’s clit.

Whatever breath she’d been holding forced itself from her lungs, as even that touch served to remind her how very, very close to orgasm she’d been only a minute ago.

“It’s not the same to me, either,” she agreed after several long moments, still unable to properly catch her breath.

But it was true; this wasn’t the same thing as Charlotte fucking herself with a vibrator. It didn’t matter if she’d had a toy of this same size inside of her, before.

The big, big difference was that there was someone wielding this. Someone else in control of the pace and the tempo and the depth, and that someone was Sutton, and Charlotte was *dripping* for it.

“God, Sutton – I want it. I know you’re being thoughtful and careful,” she could hardly believe the desperation in her own words; she could hardly believe the *words* themselves. But she didn’t care. “I want you inside of me.”

Sutton whimpered, using her hand to direct herself down to Charlotte’s entrance.

And still, she paused, moving her eyes back up to Charlotte’s. Holding there as her body held still.

“I *am* going slow because I want to be thoughtful and careful,” she agreed, her face flushed deeply. “But I’m also going slow because I want to remember this. I want to remember every single second.”

Before Charlotte could even think of what to say to that, all thoughts scattered her mind.

Because Sutton was pushing inside of her. She rocked her hips, ever-so-slowly, forward. Pushing an inch, then two, inside of Charlotte.

“Ah,” Charlotte cried out, reaching both hands out to grip the sheets as the strap entered her.

And it was different, she thought, wildly. It was different, when it wasn't a vibrator at her own hand, and was instead another person pushing inside of her for the first time with more than slim fingers.

Sutton paused, staying completely still save for her breathing, as she stared down at Charlotte. She took in every breath, every sound, every movement – Charlotte was sure – and she wanted her to. She wanted Sutton to see everything about her.

“Don't stop,” she breathed out, feeling herself adjust around Sutton, so easily.

Sutton nodded, jerkily, as she pushed forward again, working herself into Charlotte. She clamped her thighs around Sutton's, pulling her as close as she could possibly be, until Sutton was fully seated inside of her. When their hips were flush, and she could feel no space between them, and she felt *so fucking full*.

She pressed her head back into the pillow, breathing heavily, and she felt herself nodding. No questions had been asked, but it was a *yes*.

Yes, this was so fucking good.

Yes, she felt incredible.

Yes, “You were right,” she grit out, biting back a moan. “You were right to wait until I'd been about to come.”

She didn't know if it would have felt different, if it would have taken her longer to adjust, otherwise; she didn't have to know. Because Sutton had planned this *perfectly*.

No, Charlotte wasn't *right* on the brink of falling into her orgasm anymore, but she was still so fucking ramped up. Enough that all she felt was hungry for more.

Sutton's lips pulled into the smallest hint of a smile – both sheepish and confident – and *fuck*. She pulled out a few inches, before slowly pushing herself back in, experimentally, before repeating the motion, and Charlotte shuddered.

Carefully, Sutton lowered herself on top of Charlotte.

Their breasts rubbed together, hard nipples brushing over one another, and the sensation forced out a long, whining sound from the back of Charlotte's throat.

“I love that I'm the first one to do this with you. *To you*,” Sutton muttered into her ear as she carefully slid her hips back, pulling herself nearly right out of Charlotte. She thrust back in, smooth and firm, the fastest motion yet, and Charlotte arched right into her. “I'm the *only* person that's going to do this with you, Charlotte Thompson.”

She found herself nodding, agreements falling from her lips, even as her mind could hardly process actual words right now. Not when all she could really think about was *Sutton* being so deep inside of her like this, starting to fuck her in ways Charlotte hadn't felt before, and she could feel that coil winding inside of her all over again.

Sutton pressed a kiss – absurdly soft and sweet – against the skin behind her ear as she really started moving her hips.

Long, deliberate glides nearly all the way out of Charlotte, making her irrationally worried that Sutton wasn't going to be inside of her anymore. Movements that had Charlotte digging her nails hard into Sutton's back.

Not to mark her this time – though, they would – but to keep her. To ensure that she wasn't going to pull out, wasn't going to leave Charlotte feeling empty and bereft and shaking with the need to come, unfulfilled.

She didn't have to worry, though. Because Sutton never left her unfulfilled; she never left Charlotte's body, not completely.

Every time she pushed inside, firm and smooth, she forced sounds out of Charlotte that she'd never heard herself make, before. Guttural, primal sounds that couldn't be contained, not as her toes were curling and she wrapped her legs firmly around Sutton's ass, desperate to make sure she didn't move too far.

She had no idea how much time had passed; if Sutton had been fucking her for mere minutes or nearly an hour – time wasn't passing normally. Not as Charlotte felt like she was being held in this in-between plane, where the only thing she was aware of was the feeling of Sutton inside of her, the wet sound where their bodies met, the feeling of Sutton's body on hers.

She felt lightheaded from it, drunk on the heady pleasure, feeling herself clenching so hard on Sutton, and still – not able to quite *get there*.

She could cry from it, she realized, blinking her eyes open to find Sutton watching her. Face flushed and glistening from sweat, eyes dark and wild trained on Charlotte's face.

“I–” She couldn't say anything more. Couldn't possibly find the words.

Which was ludicrous, because Charlotte never had trouble expressing what she wanted or needed during sex. But right now, in this moment, no coherent thought made sense to her.

Sutton's thrusts slowed, then, from the consistent pace she'd set, to something far more languorous, as she pushed herself up once more. Settling back on her knees, remaining deep inside of Charlotte, as she looked down at her.

Sutton looked somewhat intoxicated herself, though Charlotte knew they were both stone-sober, as she watched herself push inside of Charlotte.

“I thought I'd feel silly,” Sutton admitted, her voice nearly a growl. “I'd thought – I'd thought that I'd look or feel ridiculous, wearing this. Fucking you like this.”

All she could do was shake her head, vehemently, against the pillow as she gasped. *No*.

“But I don't,” Sutton agreed with her, a whining moan in her words, as she thrust inside of Charlotte. Keeping her movements even and her pace deliberate and so, so *deep*.

“I feel *good*.” Sutton's eyes fluttered closed as she spoke.

“Sut...” Charlotte’s begging turned into a groan, and – fuck, she couldn’t even *beg* correctly right now. She couldn’t even manage to beg for her release, the release she was trembling for, the one she could feel built up so strongly inside of her. The one she knew would fucking wreck her.

“I know you need your clit touched.” Sutton knew; of course, Sutton knew! Thank *god* Sutton knew.

Charlotte nodded, quickly, because, “*Yes, yes, yes, I – yes!*”

“Do it, then,” Sutton commanded, her voice tight, as she pushed inside of Charlotte faster, harder, sharper than she’d had all night. Her own movements seeming to grow wild, out of her control. “I want to see you touch yourself like that, Charlotte.”

She didn’t need to be told twice.

Her hand shook even as she darted it between her legs, seeking out her aching, weeping clit. Rock hard to her touch, she drew the same tight circles over herself that Sutton had been doing earlier.

And – oh, *fuck* – she felt it.

The orgasm that had been lurking inside of her, broke free, and Charlotte finally, finally, experienced the relieve she’d been needing all night long.

Broken cries left her mouth, as she shook and pulsed around Sutton, underneath her. She felt Sutton’s body over hers, blanketing her, rooting her to where they were. Where their bodies were connected, and Charlotte shuddered under her, jerking uncontrollably.

At long last, she let out a loud, deep sigh, as the hand she’d had pressed to her clit fell limply to the side, and her body fully relaxed.

“You are magnificent,” Sutton murmured, so sweetly, against her ear.

Sutton adjusted the slightest bit to press soft kisses to Charlotte’s face, before she kissed her.

Charlotte hummed into the kiss, finding the strength from somewhere inside of her to reach up and wrap her arms around Sutton’s neck.

She broke off only when Sutton shifted forward, hissing out a breath at the sensitivity between her legs where Sutton was still inside of her.

Sutton jerked away, before she caught herself from making any other quick movements. “I’m sorry. I’m just going to...”

Charlotte nodded, and Sutton slowly moved back, pulling out of Charlotte completely.

She released a breath, melting into the bed as she brought her hands up to brush over her own face, because – “Wow.”

Charlotte didn’t think she’d *ever* muttered that after sex, before. But... first time for everything, especially with Sutton.

“Wow – good wow?” Sutton asked, hesitation in her tone.



Charlotte dropped her hands to stare incredulously at her girlfriend. Who was fumbling slightly with the strap as she slid it off, blushing as she did so.

“Yes, darling; *good wow*,” she echoed, and *finally*, the teasing returned to her tone as intended!

Charlotte shook her head at Sutton, her lip quirking into a smile. “I have no idea how you can possibly make me come so incredibly hard that I’ll be feeling it for days, and still look at me with a blush on your cheeks.”

She also had no idea why that made her clench, even though she was more than sated.

Sutton breathed out a self-conscious laugh, shrugging with it. “I don’t – oh!” She yelped, as Charlotte caught her by surprise, pushing her down onto the bed.

Sutton landed on her back, breathlessly laughing as she stared down at Charlotte.

She had no idea where her renewed vigor came from, but she highly suspected it was from the way Sutton was trembling slightly, likely from how wet Charlotte suspected she was after being inside of her.

“You know, darling, you were very, very good with that,” she murmured, gripping the backs of Sutton’s thighs and pulling them apart. “I suspect your athleticism played a large role.”

God, even as the words left her mouth, her mind conjured so many images of the ways Sutton could fuck her. Her strength and endurance pushing Charlotte to the edge in so many positions...

Sutton moaned, pushing herself onto her elbows to look down at Charlotte, who made herself comfortable on her stomach between Sutton’s legs.

And her mouth watered, staring at Sutton. Who was, indeed, just as wet and swollen as Charlotte thought she would be. Her clit was already visibly peeking out, and – oh, yes. Charlotte wanted Sutton in her mouth *now*.

“We have a lot to explore, still,” she shot a look up to Sutton, who quickly nodded, watching Charlotte with wide eyes. “And we’ll get there.”

God, she truly couldn’t wait. To farther explore this with Sutton – all of the things Charlotte had never tried, but that she found were arousing her beyond belief. All of the things Sutton seemed excited to do – to explore that assertive, confident side of herself. Charlotte highly suspected it was going to be life changing.

“Y-yes, I-”

Charlotte didn’t let Sutton finish. Instead, she pushed forward the rest of the way, and lapped up the wetness dripping out of Sutton. She kept her eyes open, staring as Sutton fell back, one hand tangled in Charlotte’s hair as the other moved to her own nipple, rolling and tugging.

Charlotte licked her lips as she pulled away from Sutton just long enough to tell her, “But first, right now, we’re going to do something that we’ve done many, many times. One of my personal favorites.”

Sutton nodded quickly, chest heaving, as she babbled, “Pleas – I – it’s not going to be long. I’m – just from... feeling you, it’s – I’m close.”

She knew Sutton was close; she could feel the way Sutton’s clit pulsed against her tongue the second she made contact. Could feel how tightly Sutton’s hand in her hair gripped, pulled.

Charlotte moaned into her.

Sutton could come into her mouth as quickly as possible; she was staying the night, and Charlotte intended to make up for every single one of the last ten days.