

## Special Touch - The Layover

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# **Special Touch - The Layover**

by [Elle Gardner](#)

## Summary

Norman and Holly are trying to make it to LA for a meeting but end up stuck in San Antonio for the night. A new place brings new things to their relationship.

# Chapter One

I was up early packing for LA, it was a spur of the moment decision for me to join Norman on this overnight trek west, but we had been so busy lately that I really wanted to spend some time with him. One of the things I loved most about Norman was the way that he gave his time to other people. Spending weekends at comicon, meeting fans on the street, Make a Wish events. All of it reminded me what a genuinely amazing person he was, how full his heart could be and how much I truly loved this man. But it also meant being away from home and me quite a bit and sometimes I just wanted to be with my man, a little alone time when we could talk and not just crawl into bed and fall asleep in the same space.

Going along meant that he had to change his flight around to get me a seat as well, but he had done it. “Bag’s packed!” I yelled from the bedroom, he had already stowed his backpack in the jeep and was waiting for me in the kitchen, trying hard not to rush me along. Norman came in quickly, grabbed the bag and smiled when he realized I was still only half dressed.

“You will need to put on pants. Though TSA might like this better.” He smacked my ass and headed out of the room.

I dumped the contents of the laundry basket on the floor and found those yoga pants I liked to travel in. This was the most unorganized I could remember being for a trip but everything would be fine. Norman had left a bottle of water on the kitchen island for me and was cleaning up a few things on the back deck when I finally came outside.

“Damn, I was hoping for no-pants.” We laughed and got into the jeep suddenly stopping long enough for him to lean over and kiss me. “So glad you’re coming along.”

“Are you sure the guys won’t mind?” Even if it was a little informal, this was still a business trip. The plan was to meet up with Sean and Duffy and work on some things for their BDS project. Though Norman wasn’t the driving force behind this, he was still going to be a producer and he was needed for some of the decisions.

Norman put in the jeep in reverse and headed out the driveway. “Nah, Sean will love to see you and Duffy wants to meet you. It’s good.” In all the time we had been together, I hadn’t met the famous Troy Duffy who had helped put Norman’s career on the map.

We sped their way to Atlanta airport, a place I was growing more comfortable with even though it was massive and intimidating. Norman navigated lanes, got to the long term parking garage and grabbed both bags out of the back. We weaved their way to the Skytrain and headed for the terminal. Norman kept his head down and other than a few looks of curiosity they made it to the terminal with time to spare.

A notice came across Norman’s text message from the airline stating that their flight was being delayed. It didn’t give a reason why but did say that we would be delayed at least three hours. There was the option of finding us a different flight, but as we inquired, it ended up being severe weather in LA that was causing the problem, there were plenty of delays on all the airlines.

“Well that sucks, I rushed for nothing?” It was funny how I always seemed rushed for the airport, no matter how much I tried.

Norman took my hand and pulled, “Let’s go to the lounge.” The airport had been filled with on lookers but no one yet who had stopped to talk with him, he was ready to get out of the line of sight and the VIP airline lounge which would take care of that problem for the most part. “They have good breakfast in this place.” Norman was practically a regular in this lounge, the server at the bar, which was not yet selling alcohol, smiled and motioned to two seats at the far end.

We sat as she got him coffee and a cup of tea for me. Norman was tucked in the corner as we talked about nothing in particular and though he looked preoccupied by all the stuff going on in his head he still kept up his part of the conversation. “So how’s your dad doing?” I had been rambling about my mom when he interjected and asked about my father.

“Good, better.” He had been sick the last few weeks fighting off a cold that he was not helping by never getting the rest he needed. Sometimes I laughed at how much Norman and my father were alike. “If I could just get the two men in my life to slow down a little, I wouldn’t have to worry so much.” I reached over and took his hand.

Norman smirked that ‘who me?’ look that he had and laughed, “Don’t know what you’re talking about.”

He slid our entwined hands under the bar, out of sight of on lookers as the server asked for our order. Norman ordered for both of us but I had to interject. “Add cheese-eggs to mine please.” Wheat toast and fruit were not going to cut it when there was an offering of gooey, cheesy eggs as an option. I ran my hand on his thigh as he kept both hands on the bar playing with his phone. As if I wasn’t edging higher with each stroke and closer to his dick. We hadn’t had much time together this past week and other than a quicky the night he got home from Nashville, we hadn’t connected in a while.

I had caught a whiff of him, cologne, cigarettes and coffee. Something I had once joked that I should bottle and market. ‘C3 by Norman Reedus’, fan girls would eat that up. It was intoxicating and my body always reacted to it. My hand drifted high to his zipper and he shifted in his seat, spreading his legs a bit to let me rub him. I don’t know how he did it sometimes, he never stopped playing Candy Crush while he checked the room for onlookers. His dick strained against his pants. We weren’t obvious but when the server started over from the kitchen I left his hard on and moved my napkin out of the way of the plate.

Norman chowed down, shifting a few times to adjust himself which I found sexy as hell. I can’t explain it but there was something about being on the road, in an airport, a plane or a train that made me squirm to be in his arms and to have him deep inside me. I rubbed my leg against his as I ate and when I thought for sure that we were out of ear shot of anyone I leaned into him.

“Hey baby, you ever gotten laid on a layover?” I used my sexy voice and squeezed his thigh.

Norman stopped chewing and blinked before he swallowed hard.

We had never had sex during a layover, and though this was technically a delay, I would have counted it. My mouth gaped open as I realized that his reaction came from a memory of sex with someone besides me.

Straight faced he stabbed at my cheesy eggs with his fork and fed them to me. “Ah, not that I remember.” We both knew it was a lie and I swallowed down the eggs before I smacked his leg, kicking myself for asking such a question. As if in all his years of travel and woman he had never gotten a piece of ass between flights.

“That’ll teach me to ask.” I said it under my breath and went back to my breakfast.

Norman’s hand found my thigh and rub for a while as he worked on his coffee. Finally he leaned in, “Never had sex in the Atlanta airport, wanna go find someplace?” His nose was buried in my hair as he whispered in my ear. “We got time.” His hand crept higher up my leg and I just shook my head.

“Another time baby.” The moment had been killed for me. We were going to have to warm up to things again later.

He kissed my hair, “Sorry Holly.” He kept his hand on my leg but went back to his coffee and his phone that didn’t seem to stop buzzing today. I took his hand and let him know that there was nothing to apologize for, but sometimes he felt badly for having done things with other woman that he hadn’t done with me.

By the time we boarded our first connection Norman had talked with Duffy and told him about our flight delay and they reworked their timing from an afternoon meeting to dinner. The flight was packed and though we were in the front of the plane, there was no privacy at all. He wanted to nap till we switched planes and I had a book I was reading so we settled into our own space and let the world slip away as we got into our own thing for a while.

As we approached San Antonio the flight crew informed us that the connecting flights to Los Angeles would be delayed due to ongoing weather issues. Norman’s head rocked back into the headrest as he let out a groan. “I’m never gonna get to this meeting.” He had already had to cancel last weekend. “They need to do this shit in Georgia.” He was right, he was always flying to meet someone, they needed to start coming to him. I nodded in agreement.

We landed in San Antonio and got off the plane heading straight for the gold member lounge to get away from people. People were grumpy all around us, delayed flights had folks in a tizzy, yelling on their phones and fighting with ticketing agents. There was nothing for us to do but sit and wait.

“Your weather has us stuck in Texas.... No, no idea when we will be there.... Yeah, we should make it tonight sometime.... Gotta be on set Monday morning.... Ok.... I’ll text you.... Yeah.... I heard that.... Tell Flanery to go fuck himself.” Norman ended the call and leaned his head back. He looked stressed.

I took his hand. “We’ll get there.”

He smiled behind his pulled down hat and pushed up his sunglasses. “I know babe.”

The couch we were sitting on was pretty comfortable but he still woke every time his phone buzzed in his hand. He checked the latest message, “This delay bullshit is insane, wanna fly north and rent a car?” I could tell he didn’t really want to do that but he wasn’t one for missing meetings.

I shook my head and did something I had never done before. I took the phone from his hand and slid my finger along the unlock screen. I went to his phone log and pushed the button that read “Duff”. He lowered his glasses and watched me, never saying a word which actually surprised me.

“Where are ya, ya arsehole?” Troy’s voice boomed in a thick Irish accent.

I laughed, “Still stuck in Texas.”

The voice on the other end chocked a little. “Oh shit, I thought you were.... Reedus.” He must have been checking his caller ID trying to figure out what he misread.

“Troy, it’s Holly.” I paused and then went on. “We’re not going to make it. Our delay will get us in too late, we talked about going north and driving down. It just doesn’t make sense.”

“Oh.” He sounded speechless. “Well, ah...”

I took Norman’s hand which was fussing at his beard. “I’m being the bad guy here, not Norm. Ya’ll have your meeting, then call Norman and go over things. All right sugar?” I have to admit that I thickened up my Southern accent and laid it on heavy.

“Ah, yeah. Ok. We’ll talk tomorrow.” Troy hung up the phone and I just beamed a smile at my love as I was pretty proud of myself for stepping in.

Norman looked around and then pulled me close to him till we were nose to nose, “The fuck was that?” His words were deliberate and mischievous at the same time.

I kept the Southern charm flowing, “Oh honey, I think you meant to say ‘thank you’.”

“I don’t miss meetings.” That was true, no matter how casual he appeared to be, he took his work seriously.

“I know.” I kissed the tip of his nose. “But you do today. Today, we are going to unwind.” My tone changed to more of concern. “You need this.” I can’t explain what had come over me but as he had stressed out about getting to LA, my heart had ached for him. The way he pushed himself, and when he mentioned driving to Los Angeles, that’s when I decided he needed some peace and quiet, we needed it.

Norman’s fingers threaded into my hair and he kissed me deeply. His tongue slipped into my mouth and I kissed him back. “Find a flight back home?”

I pulled away and sat down shaking my head. “I was flipping through this San Antonio book right here and there is a great looking hotel and spa right on the Riverwalk. We should call and book the nicest room they have and spoil ourselves.” I hoped he was agreeable. “We are already ticketed to pass through here tomorrow, we can catch that flight home.” The trip to

LA was planned to be a whirlwind and this unexpected change of plans was going to be perfect.

He called the airline and rearranged our flights while I called the hotel and booked us into the nicest room that had, which was a Riverview suite with a balcony.

We cuddled in the cab, Norman kissing my hair every few minutes and thanking me. There was a shift in him, his body began to relax and that made me happy. As our cab brought us around to the hotel I took in the sites. I had never been on the Riverwalk, it was buzzing with people but not packed by any means, I knew we'd have to walk it at some point. The Mokara hotel was at the end of the walk and I went inside to check in as Norman stayed outside smoking. "That's the Riverview suite with a balcony, here are two keys and I can call the bell man for your luggage."

I shook my head, we only had our carry-on luggage today. Norman came up behind me and took my hand. "All set?"

"Yeah." I grabbed our keys and thanked her for checking us in then we went to the elevator and up to our room. It wasn't huge, this was more of a boutique hotel, but it was beautiful and when I pushed open the balcony door, I had a feeling that this is where we would spend most of our time. The view was amazing, the stone walkways and bridges, the winding sidewalk and the clock tower, dinning tables below us and the flat bottom boats cruising the river.

Norman came up behind me, pressing me to the door frame and wrapping himself around me. "We can't go makin' a habit of this, skippin' meetings and shit. But thank you." He kissed me. And I kissed him back.

I knew he was right, it wasn't only his fans that appreciated his dedication to his job but it has his agents as well. He never flaked out of his commitments and honestly, if it hadn't been Troy and Sean, I wouldn't have stepped in. I nodded to let him know that I understood. He was yawning as he held me and I offered to tuck him in for a nap. I wasn't completely surprised that he agreed. Sleep really is one of Norman's favorite things. He stripped down to his underwear and curled into bed as I sat with him stroking his hair.

Norman sounded so tired when he spoke, "Ya know, it was kinda hot when you took the phone and canceled the meeting." I tousled him a bit more as he laughed. "Maybe it was your drawl that did it." I could tell he was dozing off.

"Norman." I had started out of the bed, he made a sound letting me know he could hear me. "Gonna go out for a while, I'll be back to wake you." He nodded and curled a pillow close to his chest. His hair was soft as I kissed it and he mumbled, 'love you'. He needed the rest and I had come up with a few ideas that I wanted to put into place to make the most of our time here. My first stop was the hotel restaurant where I spoke with the manager and had us booked for a quiet table in the corner away from the busy sidewalk and most of the other diners. I didn't feel like staying in for room service tonight. I also explained that we were only here on an accidental layover and didn't have dinner clothes with us, he made an exception from their usual dinner attire. Then I walked the winding sidewalks along the San Antonio River. The idea of a boat ride came to mind but I wasn't sure we could pull it off

without being recognized. After I spoke with the ticketing agent, we were booked for a post dinner cruise for two after I bought out all the seats on the boat. It would be well past dark, making it difficult for anyone to see us.

I headed back to the room stopping in at the spa to see if they had any appointments available. When they didn't, I spoke with the spa manager and arranged to have a portable massage table brought up to the room while we'd be out for dinner. Something very much against policy, but a little name dropping, proof of my license and a credit card seemed to take care of that. These were all things I didn't normally do, but I wanted this weekend to be perfect for us. Somewhere in that San Antonio airport I had put my foot down on his needs, I had forced him to slow down and when he had looked at me gratefully, I knew I wanted to take charge of things even more this weekend.

He was still sleeping when I got back in and as quietly as I could, I crawled into bed with him and pulled him close. It didn't take me long to doze off to the scent of Norman in this beautiful room.

It might have been the noise from sidewalk below that had woken me sometime later but it was my hand on his cock that had woken Norman for sure. He had been sleeping for almost three hours and he would have slept the day away if I had let him. I had pulled the blanket back and stroked him, a quick maneuver as I enjoyed the feel of dick grow inside of mine.

"Mmmm, love that baby.... Fuck... that's so good." Precum oozed from the tip and I used it to masturbate him, long slow strokes twisting at the head then back down. Spitting directly onto his shaft occasionally and massaging his balls. The sounds that came from him were delicious and when I slid my fingers to his ass, he buried his face in the crook of his arm and panted. "Oh fuck yeah." I hadn't even gotten a finger inside of him when he moaned out. He wanted this so badly, his body involuntarily flexing and releasing at the tortuous pleasure. I spit and used it to ease my thumb inside his tight hole causing a string of curses to come from his mouth and his hand to grip over mine as he helped me stroke him.

I stopped. Both hands stopped pleasuring him and he opened his eyes looking at me in confusion. "Don't stop baby." He was pleasing with me.

"Hands above your head." I said it with a sternness that I didn't often use. He blinked and obliged. "Hold the rail." There was a lot of random places for him to hold on this four poster bed and he gripped the rail closest. I went back to fingering and stroking watching his body for tell tail signs of orgasm. The way his breathing changed, his muscles flexed and his balls drew up tighter. When he was close I slowed again. He exhaled in annoyance but I started back up.

Over and over I edged him close to orgasm then left him hanging. I have to say, I had a huge smile on my face every time he gave me a dirty look as he tried to take his hands off the rail or he simply bucked trying to fuck my hand.

"The fuck Holly?"

I leaned down, sucked his nipple hard then smirked at him. "This isn't fun for you?" I could tell he was frustrated.



“Fun? No. Christ, just le’mme cum already.” He gripped tight at the rail to the point I thought he might break it. He stared at me and I back at him as I edged him one more time. My thumb working deep inside him and his dick oozing the start of an orgasm slowly over my fingers now. “Please Holly, fuck... I need to cum baby.” His face was precious as he begged me for his orgasm.

I had seen this type of fem-dom porn before. Woman who agonizingly ruined a mans orgasm, but those men were usually quite effeminate, not the man I found Norman to be. Though he was a gentle soul he was always manly and often dominate. I didn’t know if I could deny him his orgasm, or if I even wanted to do it. I loved watching him loose control, exploding in my hand and all over himself. I loved the way his body tensed then relaxed, his muscles flexing, tattoos flinching. I wasn’t sure I could deny either of us this pleasure.

But I did.

I brought him to the edge one last time the pulled out of him and released the hold on his cock. I sat there next to him as he panted and stared at me. There was a moment of annoyance on his face that slowly softened as he let go of the bed rail above him. “Did you want me to finish myself off?” He brought a hand to my thigh and the other to his dick but I shook my head. I had no idea what I was doing when this all started but the intrigue of trying something we had never done captivated me. His dick pulsed and visibly throbbed as he put his hand on his chest and caressed my leg.

“Are you mad at me for something?” Norman sounded like a little kid in trouble as he laid there naked in the middle of the white plush bedding and the sound of the walk below us coming up through the open balcony doors.

I kissed his chest, “I thought you liked to try new things?”

He nodded, his face maturing as his dick bounced a bit. “I do. Things that make me feel good.” He reached for his dick one more time and I slapped his hand away.

“We have dinner reservations in an hour,” I double checked the clock. “And you might want to shower before we go.”

Norman nodded quickly and got up off the bed. He was still looking annoyed and I wasn’t sure how long I could let this go on. I needed to either find my course and lead this encounter or I needed to give in and suck his dick. He walked across the room straight to the bathroom and shut the door on me. He was pissed and confused which hadn’t been my intention at all. I needed to fix this or our weekend of leisure was going to turn into an accidental fight.

I knocked once and pushed the door open, he as standing at the sink, gripping the counter and looking into the mirror at himself. He didn’t look at me as I walked in and pressed myself against him. “I’m not mad at you, you’re not in trouble Norman. I’m just in control today.” He had closed his eyes, I’m not sure if he could hear me over the throbbing he was feeling. “I changed our travels plans, I organized everything for tonight. And I want you to give your pleasure over to me as well.” I kissed his shoulder just above this tattoos and waited for him to open his eyes.

His nostrils flared just a little then his blue eyes found my reflection. “My cock is aching and I just wanna fuck you.” He ungripped the counter and reached back for my hip as I shook my head. “But you’re not gonna let me are you?” Another shake to my head, my eyes never leaving his. “And this is for my pleasure?” I nodded. He took a breath, “Kay, I’ll shower, be out in a little while.”

“No jerking off.”

He gripped my hip tight and his tongue slipped out of his mouth as if he were trying to keep control. With his eyes closed he just nodded to me.

By the time he got out of the shower we had both had time to think about this little game. I knew what I wanted to do tonight and he seemed to have calmed his mind though maybe not his body. I had laid clothes on the bed for him, tight fitting boxer briefs to try and keep his manhood in check, his dressier dark grey pants that he still wore with work boots and his long sleeve fitted pull over shirt. I had slipped into the skirt and tank top I had packed for the warmer LA weather and was putting on sandals when he came over to me.

Norman knelt his naked body in front of me, “You promise to be my dirty girl tonight?” The shower had calmed him for sure. I grinned. “Good.” He shook his dripping wet hair all over me and then stood up and began to get dressed.

# Chapter Two

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Mokara's restaurant was dimly light to begin with and we had come in from the hotel side, not the open street side. The hostess sat us quickly and we had been hardly noticed. He feasted on the raw bar they offered and I made faces as he sucked down oysters and used his fingers to pick out his favorite parts of the ceviche. Between courses I ran my hand along his pants and felt the outline of his rigid dick, making sure he was hard.

He knocked back rum and cokes while I sipped on sweetened whiskey and when the head chef came out for a visit, we both made sure our hands were on top of the table. The young man seemed to know exactly who Norman was and though he didn't let on, he thanked us for our patronage and went over the dessert menu in detail for me. It was chocolate cake for Norman while I enjoyed Crème Brule. This had been a four star meal all around and the staff didn't seem to mind us lingering till the sun went down and we finally left for our boat ride.

It was nothing fancy, just one of their usual tour boats, though we didn't want the tour and we had the red wooden boat all to ourselves. We sat at the back, the middle seats only partially blocking us from the view of the driver and we asked to take the entire route. Over an hour round trip which included riding through the locks. Once we were away from the busy part of town we snuggled close, his hand caressing my thigh as I rubbed him stiff again.

"So how long do I have to suffer like this?" He voice practically cracked as I gave him a squeeze. He smelled wonderful and I buried myself in his neck licking at his flesh.

"You're being such a good boy, maybe not too much longer."

Norman laughed and squeezed my left butt cheek till I was sure he leave a mark. "I'm not sure this is my favorite game." Considering how far we were from town on this beautiful journey, I would have to say that if this had been a normal night, I might have been on my knees right now sucking his dick. Driver be damned.

"Is this better." I unbuttoned his pants and fished his hot dick into the cool night air and began to stroke him. My body blocked any view the driver might have had. I loved how Norman's head tipped back and he let out a sigh that made my pussy ache. Other boats passed us and I'm sure some people realized we were doing more than cuddling, but we were discrete enough to not be offensive. "You want me to stroke your thick cock till it explodes?"

He bit his lower lip and nodded, "Yes please."

I had never felt more powerful or in control as I did in that moment. I let go of him, letting his dick throb in the cool air. He grunted out a 'fuck' as I looked around pretending to be site seeing as he ached. His hand gripped my hip and the other tangled in my hair as he made me look at him. "You are killing me Holly." But this time he didn't look pissed. There was something crossed between pride and amusement.

My hand wrapped around him one more time and I stroked again, finally tucking him back into his pants for our second ride through the lock system, there were people gathered above us watching the water level rise as it brought us to the next elevation. I continued my stroking over his pants till the boat finally returned to its start next to our hotel.

He unlocked the room door and opened it, ushering me in with his hand on my ass. The room had been set for the night. The bed turned down with a basket of fresh fruit on the table, some bottles of water, robes on display by the bathroom door and the massage table in the middle of the room draped in sheets and a blanket. It was perfect. I crossed and opened the balcony doors and leaned at the railing enjoying the view of the Riverwalk below us. Unlike most hotels, our large room was on a lower floor, closer to the action below, not a penthouse suite. If we had wanted to use the pool, we would have had to find our way to the roof in this place. I grabbed a seat on the balcony and listened to the influx of music from the bar next door and the band playing on the other side of the river. Norman joined me with cigarette in hand, having fixed us both drinks.

It was unusual for him to smoke in a hotel room or even on the balcony where it might affect our neighbors but he didn't care tonight. He'd pay the extra room cleaning fee if it meant relief from his sexual frustration. I laughed when he slumped into the chair, not wanting to ask me what was next. He played with his phone while I people watched. He called Sean and Troy and talked for a while, chain smoking through the conversation and occasionally stroking my hair or my back.

"Yeah, it's good.... We did dinner and some boat thing.... So what about the show?" They talked awhile longer about the prospect of a movie spin off to a TV show and I tried to not listen to the details as I like to be surprised as much as any other fan of their work. When I felt the conversation had gone to long I pointed to my imaginary watch telling him that I was still in charge of things tonight and that he needed to get off the phone. "K. Let me call ya tomorrow.... No, you're not talking to her..... I'm hanging up." He finally hit the off button and put his phone down.

When I started to walk into the room pulling my top off, I knew I had his full attention. He put his cigarette out in his almost empty glass and followed me into the room. I was folding down the sheets on the table as he took off his boots. "Is that for me or you?" The way things were going tonight, he had no idea what the plan was.

"Oh baby," I kissed him, "This is all for you. All for your pleasure."

He adjusted himself in his pants one last time, "You mean my torture."

"Norman Reedus," My southern drawl was back in full force. "After all this time, you don't trust me?"

The smile filled his face, "Not tonight I don't." My edging and ruined orgasms were not giving me much credibility tonight. He stripped naked and stood next to the table, the raging hard on he had been sporting all night looked red and painful. I pulled the bolster pillow off the bed and laid it in the middle of the table.

“Face down.” I knew that wasn’t what he wanted but I did, I wanted to prolong things as long as possible. He crawled onto the table, putting the pillow under his hips to keep his dick from mashing into the padded table. I helped him adjust and then I turned down all the lights, opened the patio doors wide and grabbed my travel sized bottle of oil out of my back – three ounces, TSA rules and all. I started on his legs, dripping oil and working it in, taking long strokes up and down his calves and thighs, working the tight muscles as he occasionally rubbed his cock on the table. I was not good at being dominate so I let him do it a few times before I gave him a smack on the ass.

I had debated turning on some massage music, but I had a feeling he was enjoying the sounds from the street as much as I was, knowing that we were only a little ways away from couples strolling, folks enjoying dinner, people sharing drinks. It was sexy to know that other people couldn’t see us but were only a stones throw away as I massaged the sexiest man alive. I skipped his hips and butt moving up to his shoulders and her back. His muscles rippled as he reached to caress me and I let him, his hand sliding up and down my thigh under my dress to my panties. I stood and worked the long muscles in his back as he gave the side of my panties a yank. Finally I stepped out of them and went back to my work.

Norman’s hand coaxed my legs wider and he slipped a finger inside of me. I groaned out. He added a second finger and I rocked against his hand. Giving myself the pleasure I had been denying him today. “Feels good Norman. Don’t stop.” I kept working on his back though I knew my touch had lightened and my work was halfhearted. “Make me cum Norman.” I wasn’t honestly sure if he would do it. I had this feeling that he might try and get back at me for leaving him hanging all day. He fingered me for a while, at one point pulling out and licking my taste off his fingers as he adjusted himself against the table.

I moved down toward his hip and oiled my fingers well, spreading his legs I massaged his hips, butt cheeks and finally lower till I found his hole and worked my thumb into him. He moaned out in an animalistic way as my fingers grazed his balls. He was distracted as he fingered me but it all felt good. Plenty of oil and easy sliding in and out of him kept him moaning and each time it felt like he might come close to orgasm, I would stop working him. The edging was driving him insane but I couldn’t help myself. Bringing him so close and then watching him pant and twitch was intoxicating.

This game wasn’t going to last much longer, he was eventually going to lose his sense of humor about all of this, I was going to lose my will power to be with him. I moved away from his hand, made him roll over and I stroked him a bit more, edging and pausing till the pained look on his face became too much for me.

I let go of him, kissed his sweaty brow and whispered, “Get on the bed Norman.” I walked away and laid down, propping pillows and getting comfortable as he strained to get off the table and come to me in a state of agony. “Come here baby.” I opened my arms to him and he crawled into my hold, letting my wrap myself around him, including my hand on his cock.

With a tight grip and a few strokes he was groaning out my name as I finally let him experience his orgasm, hot and raging as the cum shot from him and landed on his chest, my arm, the blankets, my hair. Even with all he had oozed earlier in the day, his load was explosive. I wrapped him tight as he bucked and swore and finally he begged for me to stop

touching him. He cock stayed hard but he was done, physically and emotionally he was spent. I wasn't completely surprised that he was asleep within minutes and all I could do was hold him and stroke his hair as his cum dried on both of us and I eventually fell asleep to the sounds from the street outside.

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Norman woke me with a kiss as he used a warm rag to wipe the dried cum clean from my skin. He was clean already and too awake for the verge sunrise. "Get up." His tone approached scary. My arm held by his hand as he finished wiping me clean. "Shower. 10 minutes." After everything I had put him through yesterday I didn't dare argue even though I was not ready to get out of bed for the day. I let the hot water soak the cum in my hair before I shampooed and conditioned. My clothes were laid out on the bed, my jeans and a t-shirt of his, he was playing on his phone as I dressed. When I was ready I stood by him and waited.

He got up and met me, nose to nose. "Holly. I love you very much, but we are never doing that again. Do you understand me?" I couldn't blame him, it was entirely out of character for me and though it had been fun to tease, I wasn't sure that I could ever do it again. I nodded in agreement. Norman grasped my hand and we left the room.

"You said you wanted to walk the Riverwalk." Hand in hand we exited the hotel onto the sidewalk that was just beginning to see the sun light. All the shops and restaurants were closed and other than a few hotels serving breakfast, there was nothing to do but walk along the stone pathways that lined the river. We crossed over bridges, stopping for nature photos as well as selfies. Joggers ignored us as they made their way past and it was odd to see the river so empty considering the night life it hosted.

I stopped him as we walked through an archway and made him sit on a bench with me. "Are you mad?" I couldn't explain the tension I was feeling.

He laughed, "Really? Mad? No." Norman picked at his jeans, remnants of something from work that looked kind of disgusting. Washing didn't always get out the gross stuff the first time. "You were sexy as fuck taking control, putting me in my place." His eyes shifted down to his boots. "But I'm not man enough for that kind of agony." He adjusted himself in his pants. "That was some fucked up brutal shit." His confession was priceless. "I mean, unless you need that?" He finally looked at me.

"No baby. It felt good to take control in the airport, to take care of you and force you to slow down. You need that sometimes." He nodded his chin just a little in agreement. "The rest of it was just for fun, never planned it. I really just wondered how many times you'd let me do it before you lost control and turned the tables."

He sat up straight and pulled my arm. "Really, just for fun, get over my knee." He was pulling but I knew he was playing. "Fuck that, shit woman, just for fun. That was torture, but..." He looked around, we were still alone at this hour of the morning. "Seein' that look of control. You had it that time you cuffed me to the chair. It's sexy as hell."

Norman stood up, took my hand and pulled me to keep walking. "Don't be afraid to do it sometimes." He pushed his sleeves up and we kept walking finally getting back to our hotel and back up to our room. We called for room service and ate on our pretty public balcony,

politely chatting with the couple in the next room who were doing the same thing. The clock was ticking on our impromptu layover and I was done packing when he stepped up behind me.

I felt his hand on my back as he forced me to bend at the waist and he yanked at my yoga pants. I could feel him hard against me. “Still haven’t gotten laid on this layover ya know.” He slipped a hand into the back of my panties and inside of me. “We got time.” I let out a meeping sound as he ran the pads of his fingers over my clit.

“You sure we have time?” I wasn’t positive we would make our flight. He grunted out a yes as he half undressed me and himself. His dick seemed less pained this morning than it did last night. “Am I allowed to touch it now?” He had forbid me to do so after he came last night.

I loved how he put his hands on my shoulders then pushed me to my knees, “Just your mouth and your pussy.” He was laughing. I gripped onto the edge of the bed as I opened wide and he guided my face to his dick, pushing deep till he found the back of my throat. That’s how it went, deep face fucking as spit pooled, gagging sounds were made and he gripped at my hair. Without warning he stepped away from my mouth leaving me hanging as he stroked himself and smiled.

“On the bed, naked.” His eyes were half shut as he directed what he wanted, back to the in charge and in control Norman I knew and loved. “On your knees.” His words made me ache, we had been sharing a lot of missionary sex, face to face or spooning lately, love making as we had been reconnecting these past weeks. But not right now, it was back to dirty, hard banging sex – at least it promised to be. My ass wiggled as I got on all fours and he came along side me, reaching for my swaying breasts and gripping them. “Fucking love you boobs.” He whispered in my ear as he gave them a hard squeeze. I had never minded being manhandled when it came to my breasts, he twisted at my nipple and I moaned at the pleasure it caused me.

When he was done with his distraction he knelt behind me, smacked my ass a few times then checked to see if I was wet enough for him. “Nice, dirty girl all drippy and shit.” He scooped at the wetness the fed me his fingers as he slowly pushed his dick inside of me. When his fingers were clean and I was pushing back against him he gripped my hips and began to fuck me. There was no other way to say it, he was plowing me from behind as he took his own pleasure and occasionally reached around to finger my clit. He was focused, he wanted to fuck, he wanted to cum and he wanted me along for the ride.

Dirty words came from my mouth as he pounded into me. “That’s right, fuck me good. Bang me hard.” He pulled my hair as he pounded. “Ouch, fuck, harder. Fuck me harder. I’m such a bad girl.” That made him smack my ass again, never losing his rhythm or determination. “Oh yeah Norm, that’s it, I’m your little slut, fuck me.” I wasn’t usually this wordy during sex, but not much about this weekend had been typical for us.

When he pulled out of me, my head spun as well as my body as he flipped me onto my back, his biceps bulging as he kneeled over me and stroked himself, looking into my eyes as he begged him to cum all over me. “Do it, cum on me, soak me, I want it so bad.”

He shot off, ropes of cum hitting my flesh. First my face than my tits and then he dripped onto my pussy. I watched as the vein in his neck had pulsed and he panted till his orgasm subsided. He was still kneeling, his weight on my hips as he composed himself.

“Fuck, that was good.” He was happy, smiling and content. His fingers played in the cum that dotted my pussy, rubbing it inside of me as he fingered me. I hadn’t gotten off and after what I had done to him last night, I didn’t expect to. But he made an effort, fingering me, spitting on my clit, rubbing it in then leaning forward and licking at his own cum till he started to suck my nipples. I had already been close to orgasm when he had been inside me, but there was something about the dirty way he licked me clean that brought me to the edge. When he grasped my nipple between his teeth and pulled I was done for. I came around his fingers as he sucked hard and deep.

In true Norman fashion he licked the side of my face, only this time he ended up with a mouth full of cold cum. He made a face of disgust.

“I know, that shit's nasty cold.” I commented. I hardly ever licked him clean once it got cold, I had to laugh. Norman leaned over me till I realized what he was doing, I opened my mouth and he let the cum slip from his mouth to mine before he kissed me.

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We missed our afternoon flight but enjoyed the time in the airport lounge as he chatted with a few fans, took some photos and we shared a late lunch. “Thanks for this weekend.” He picked at the food on my plate as well as his own.

“You’re welcome.”

## Chapter End Notes

For my favorite slave driver!!



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