

AN ANNIVERSARY SURPRISE

Mags and Lane's First Anniversary Bonus Scene

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Lane felt thoroughly sated, emotionally and physically. Between Mags' declaration of love and the lovemaking that followed, she wouldn't be moving for several more minutes, which left her mind to wander. And wander it did, right to a fantasy she hadn't shared with anyone.

She wasn't sure Mags would be receptive, but at least Mags wouldn't run for the hills permanently. That didn't mean she could be careless. Lane reached out and lightly stroked Mags' abdomen, eliciting a pleasant moan. She continued, watching Mags for a sign she was ready for more. When Mags' breathing quickened, she found her courage.

"I'd like to give you a present," Lane whispered, letting her hand move lower.

"I'm always a fan of your presents," Mags answered with a lazy grin.

"You weren't at first. If I recall correctly, you fought me every step of the way." Lane wiggled her fingers, lightly tickling Mags so she rolled over and trapped Lane's hands.

"Yeah, well, I didn't know what I was missing. And you were persuasive. Lucky me."

Lane couldn't believe her luck. Mags was making her argument for her. "I'm glad you feel that way, because I'm asking you to trust me."

The change in Mags' body was instant as she tensed, and her eyes grew wary. "About what?"

Lane tried to lighten the mood. "That doesn't sound very trusting. Relax, it's nothing bad. In fact, it could be quite good. Exceptional even, if my experience is the norm."

Watching Mags school her features was always fascinating, a feat that Lane didn't think many could do.

"You're right and I do trust you. So, what is your present?"

Lane leaned in to whisper in Mags' ear. "I want to fuck you...with the strap on."

When Lane leaned back, she couldn't unpack what she found in Mags' eyes. Was that genuine fear? Mags seemed to struggle for a response.

"I don't know, Lane."

"What's there to be afraid of? You've fucked me countless times and I'm still standing. Well, sometimes I've not been able to stand immediately afterwards, but that's the point, isn't it?"

Mags smiled but not with her eyes, which remained wary. "I'm happy with our current arrangement."

"But what if this makes you even happier?" Lane rubbed her thumb along Mags' hand. "What if this is another thing you didn't know you were missing?"

Mags took a moment before responding. "Is this present actually for me or you?"

"Why can't it be for both of us?" When Mags didn't respond, Lane tried to find an argument that would calm Mags' fears. "Look, I think you're going to enjoy it, but if it's not working, I'll banish it from the room and make it up to you until you're too exhausted to move."

"Look Lane, today's been a special day. An anniversary I never expected to have. I told you I loved you and gave you the keys to my house. You add in this and I'm so far out of my comfort zone I'm going to need a GPS to find my way back to it."

Lane laughed and leaned in, gently caressing her lips, and Mags sighed. When Mags' body had finally relaxed some, Lane pulled back. "I'm not going to hurt you, but if it makes you feel better, we can have a safe word." Lane held her breath in anticipation of Mags' answer.

"I'm still not sure, but a safe word would help."

"Is that a yes?"

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but yes."

Lane leapt up and did a happy dance, making Mags break out into a full smile. Lane swayed her hips to entice Mags before crashing back onto the bed. "So, what do you want your safe word to be?"

Mags' thumb and forefinger stroked her chin as she made a show of pretending to think. "Can it be more than one word?"

"I don't see why not as long as it's one that clearly means stop." Lane shuffled closer to her.

"Okay then, my safe words will be, get the fuck off me." Mags managed to maintain a straight face as Lane's lips curved up in amusement.

"I'll take it." Lane leapt off the bed again. "Do you want to help me with the straps?"

"And rob you of the full experience? Never."

Lane glared playfully, encouraged by Mags' teasing. Besides, how hard could it be?

Mags didn't mean to laugh, but listening to Lane cuss at the straps while trying to reach around herself to make everything line up was too funny. "You know what, you were right. I didn't know what I was missing. This is a memorable present."

Lane shot her a genuine glare and Mags jumped into action before the night ended badly for an entirely different reason. She covered Lane's hands with her own and waited for Lane to meet her gaze.

"Everyone struggles the first time. Let me help."

Lane nodded and relaxed her grip on the straps. In no time, Mags had everything in the right place. She stepped back and took in the surreal sight before her, one she'd never even imagined. But there was Lane, standing proud in all her naked glory, wearing a strap on.

"Is this how it feels for you?"

Mags lifted her eyes and shot Lane a puzzled look. "Care to elaborate?"

"I don't know, like I'm more powerful now."

Naked, Mags couldn't hide the way her muscles tensed protectively. "Yeah, that's not making me feel better about the situation."

Lane took a step forward and Mags forced herself to remain still.

"I love you. I want you to feel as good as I do. Trust me."

Just like a year ago, when she inexplicably let Lane take control, she did again. Despite her fear, she trusted Lane. And if things went awry, she had her safe phrase. Mags cupped the back of Lane's head and pulled her in for a kiss. Soon Lane leaned into her, deepening the kiss. The cool silicone was foreign against Mags' skin, but Lane didn't let her stay distracted for long, moving her onto the bed.

Lane took her time kissing down Mags' body, allowing Mags to relax into the familiar sensations of Lane's tongue and lips on her. By the time Lane was fully between Mags' legs, Mags couldn't remember why she'd been hesitant. When Lane sucked Mags' clit into her mouth Mags groaned, her arousal building under Lane's expert touch.

Lane's tongue teased Mags' entrance before being replaced by one finger, then two. Mags' hips rocked against Lane's hand, her body making its needs clear. But unlike before, Lane didn't reciprocate.

Mags lifted her head and was startled by the sight of Lane holding the strap on in her hand. Lane met her eyes and held them while she ran the toy through Mags' sensitive folds. The smooth tip created entirely new, surprisingly pleasant sensations and Mags relaxed, letting her legs open wider. Lane must have been nervous because she visibly relaxed in response.

Lane parted Mags folds and steadily inserted the head of the dildo into Mags' opening. The pressure was unfamiliar, but not painful.

Lane stilled. "Is this okay?"

"Yeah. It's different, a little weird, but not bad," Mags admitted.

"Should I carry on, then?" Lane asked.

"I haven't used my safe words, have I?"

Lane smirked and began slowly rolling her hips as she leaned down to kiss Mags' neck, hitting all of her most sensitive spots. That left Mags thoroughly distracted until Lane withdrew almost completely and thrust fully into Mags, sending waves of pleasure through her. Mags moaned and Lane repeated the action, the dildo moving easily through her arousal.

"Do you like that, Major?" Lane asked in a husky voice while she thrust into Mags again. Before Mags could answer, Lane dropped her head and took a nipple into her mouth, robbing Mags of the ability to speak. When Lane slipped her hand between them to lightly rub Mags' clit she wasn't sure how long she could last.

"Fuck," Mags said more as a groan than an actual word.

"What was that, Major?" Lane asked, making it clear she knew exactly what she'd said.

"Fuck, Lane."

Lane slowed. "What, I can't hear you?"

Mags released a frustrated sound. If she didn't let go of her pride, Lane might keep her on the edge of orgasm all night. She clasped Lane's ass firmly and pulled her tight, forcing the toy deeper. Her voice was husky but clear. "Fuck me harder, Lane."

Lane's eyes were practically on fire. She immediately responded with a deep thrust that sent a wave of pleasure deep through her body. Mags opened her legs wider.

"Harder!" Mags demanded.

Lane released a groan and resumed the onslaught, lavishing her breasts while pounding into Mags with fervent passion. The pressure built, every nerve ending firing so Mags couldn't control her writhing body.

"Yes, Lane! So close" Mags managed through strangled breaths. Lane bit down on a nipple. The pleasurable pain was all it took to send Mags over the edge, eyes rolling back as she screamed Lane's name. Lane slowed, each thrust making Mags' body tremble.

Once she could breathe more steadily, she looked at the impossible, surprising woman above her, covered in a sheen of sweat and looking oh so proud of herself.

"Up to Marine standard, Major? Or do we need to continue?" Lane's smirk was so damn sexy Mags briefly considered another round. But she didn't miss Lane's trembling arms, which had just performed an impressive feat.

"Oh no, I'm good. So good."

"Thank God," Lane said, collapsing on top of Mags. Mags chuckled and wrapped her arms tightly around Lane, one hand resting on Lane's head.

"So, was it everything you hoped for?" Mags asked.

"God, yes. But I think my arms are done for, so if you don't mind rolling me over later, I'd appreciate it."

Mags laughed and kissed Lane's cheek. "You were amazing."

Lane lifted her head. "Does this mean we can do it again sometime?"

"We'll see. But one thing is certain. We're never going to beat this anniversary."