After 8

by SassynachNicole

Summary

Claire Beauchamp, a pretty bookstore owner and aspiring herbalist with a secret lifestyle meets Jamie Fraser, a gorgeous distillery owner from a small town known as Lallybroch and she quickly gets swept off her high heeled feet...and into some restraints.

Starts out slow but will soon be all Smut, fluff, and not much drama. What can I say? I'm a pleaser ;-)
Someone New

Claire Beauchamp owns a quaint bookstore in Edinburgh. On the roof of said bookstore she also has her locally famous garden. She is an aspiring herbalist, after all. At only 29 years young (old is such a rude word for someone so full of life), running her own business is like a dream come true thanks to her Uncle Lambert who left her a nice sum in his life insurance policy and also thanks to her parents. Claire has never had to worry about money. She's never been rich but she has always been content and happy. She has always had enough to survive, thrive, and have fun. Though Claire's idea of fun is different, to say the least. She has never been a prude, having lost her virginity at 16 while traveling abroad with her Anthropologist Uncle, Lamb. Claire discovered early on what she enjoys in the bedroom (or backseat, bathroom stall, wherever the fun takes her). Vanilla sex was NOT it. Not always anyway.

It was Friday afternoon and Claire was ending her shift for the day. She usually only works days during the week and has a handful of other people, friends actually, that run the bookstore when she's not there. Those are nights and weekends mostly. Reading is her first passion, then comes her garden. Locally, they call her La Dame Blanche, The White Lady, because often she has helped her friends with certain issues they didn't want to visit a doctor for. Rashes, breakouts, headaches, burns, cuts, insomnia, and whatever else seems easy to remedy with a few herbs or a homemade salve. Sometimes she feels she could have been a nurse or a doctor in another life but that those types of careers would have taken up too much of her time in this life and severely hindered her lifestyle. She prefers to sell books and offer her special herbal remedies to her friends instead. And of course, her nighttime activities.

The clock finally hits 4pm and in came Geillis to take over. The fiery redhead knew about Claire's after dark activities and has joined her in exploring a few times. After their last outing together she admit that she saw the appeal and has officially declared herself of like mind. Claire waved goodbye with a wink (Friday was always club night for Claire and Geillis knew so). Claire stepped out the front door and quickly walked to her car to go home. She already checked her garden for the day and Geillis will check it again before she leaves for the Night. Her other part-time employee, Joe, is opening the store in the morning so Claire knows she has nothing to worry about. Her two best friends have it covered. Her usual weekend employee, Mary, is scheduled to work the nights this coming weekend. Her last employee, Louise, only works when nobody else is available. She's a trust-fund baby that Claire has grown very close to over the last few years. She recently offered to work whenever needed because her schedule is always open. She's a big flirt and it attracts many of the eligible bachelors of Edinburgh into the store, day and night, and Claire is definitely not against that. More business, more money, more work for her and her friends. Win, win, win.

Joe has some idea about Claire's sex life but he has never judged her. He loves her no matter what. He's a doctor at the local Hospital but he loves to run the Bookstore on the weekends when he can and this weekend is his. She met both Joe and Geillis together one night when she first arrived in Edinburgh. Her goal was to meet new people and make some friends as soon as she settled in so that's just what she did. A local bar with live music and good whiskey brought them together one Thursday night (it's much less crowded during the week). This was 8yrs ago, just before she opened the bookstore and before she officially entered into the Swinger/BDSM lifestyle. She met Mary and Louise in the bookstore on separate occasions. A little over 5yrs ago for Louise, she was just a customer looking for a Kama Sutra book (obviously) and 3yrs ago Mary came in after seeing the Now Hiring sign in the window. Mary has no idea about Claire, she's always in her own head. She's super sweet, young, and naive. Louise knows but only because she too has visited The After 8 Club in Edinburgh and bumped into Claire a few times. They have a mutual agreement not to talk of it in
the store but anywhere else outside of work and in the company of like-minded people is fair game. Claire isn’t or ashamed of her sexuality but she knows that a lot of people aren't comfortable with or accepting of what she enjoys. It's not her problem but she won't rub it in their faces.

The club doesn't open until 9 so she decides to go home and make dinner. She's a relatively good cook and loves to try new recipes. Especially since her flat has a large chef's kitchen with a nice 6 burner glass top stove, double oven, and marble counter tops. She really loves the large island the most. She’s able to invite friends over and they can all eat there instead of setting up the dining table in the much smaller dining room. She really prefers casual dining over formal. She tells Alexa to play her Favorites playlist on Spotify (on Shuffle) and one of her favorite songs starts up, a song by Freya Ridings called Ultraviolet and then she’s ready to cook.

Claire pulls out the ingredients for one of her favorite Peruvian dishes, a quick, simple stir fry called Saltado that can be made with practically any protein of her choosing. Shrimp or steak are her favorites. She already has a bowl of fresh shrimp ready to go so she grabs that. The rice goes into her Instant Pot (lifesaving kitchen tool she cannot live without in 2019) and she starts it cooking as well as some frozen fries in the air fryer (lifesaver #2). She then chops the tomato and red onion in wedges, a bushel of cilantro into tiny bits, getting it all ready to go. When the rice and fries have only 5 mins left on their respective timers, she starts the shrimp then adds the veggies a minute later and cooks them with the shrimp until they're hot but not soft (the veggies must still be crunchy for this dish). She measures out her soy sauce, red wine vinegar, and aji amarillo paste and adds it to the shrimp and veggies. Careful not to cook off too much liquid, she turns off the heat to the pan and adds the cilantro to the mix a minute later. Soon the rice and fries are done and she plates her meal and packs the leftovers for tomorrow’s lunch. This dish is traditionally served with the protein and veggies poured over the fries and the rice on the side. She always makes extra because she enjoys eating Saltado hot or cold leftover as it carries over very well.

She sits down at her island and turns on the TV to her favorite channel, The Food Network. Its barely 5:30pm so she catches a rerun of Guy's Grocery Games, one of her favorite cooking competition shows. She finishes her meal in about 15 minutes. She’s very full and happy but needs a shower and really needs to brush her teeth after eating. She takes her time in the shower, using one of her LUSH shower steamers and shaving every bit of her body that needs it. Shes also careful to deep condition her curls so they don’t get knotted up while she’s enjoying herself at the club (or elsewhere) tonight. This week at the bookstore has been busy due to a Whisky convention of some kind being in town so now she really needs to let loose and enjoy someone new. She washes her face with her favorite homemade honey cleanser and scrubs her elbows and knees with her newest homemade sugar scrub scented with coconut and pineapple. She loves creating new little concoctions for herself. She’s hoping to add some of her own products to the shelves in her bookstore one day but she’s still trying new recipes all the time and she needs a brand name as well. Until then, she’ll be the only one to try them out...unless Geillis steals some next time she’s over. Claire laughs to herself thinking about her greedy best friend. She still loves her, even though she likes to ransack her bathroom from time to time.

Claire finally dries off from her shower, applies her favorite moisturizer from La Mer (Soft Lotion to keep her skin perfectly hydrated and glowing). Pricey but worth every penny. She deserves to treat herself, she works hard and plays harder. Claire’s newest top is hanging on the rack on her bedroom door, red, cropped, and very sexy. She was shopping at a little alternative store a few nights ago and found the perfect top for the club. She already had a high-rise asymmetrical black pleather skirt that would match it perfectly. She pulls it from her dresser and puts it on the bed beside her new top. She rummages through her top drawer for some comfy yet sexy panties, finding one of her favorite pairs near the back. A pair of high waisted lacey Brazilian cut (not quite thongs but not briefs) that look great on her pale, round arse and finds a sheer bra of similar style in the next drawer. She admires her
curves in the mirror. She added some extra squats to her workout routine recently and says out loud to her reflection “Fuck, your arse looks great! I'd tap that!” and then laughs at herself. She put on an extra 10lbs recently and loves the way she has filled out. Skinny isn't fun if you're starving all the time.

She gets dressed and checks herself out in the mirror again. Her dark brown curls fall below her shoulders in a riotous fashion, wild and free, just as she likes them. The red cropped twist style stop is perfect for her night out, her breasts are just the right size to fit it nicely, showing just enough cleavage with the lace of the bra peaking out. The skirt looks skin tight but is very comfortable and easy to work around or take off and put back on. She slips on her favorite red block heels to match her top. Her skin is looking great lately so she foregoes foundation and doesn't need blush because she'll develop a flush to her cheeks as soon as she drinks the whisky from her flask and gets going later that night. She adds 2 coats of waterproof mascara and a red lip stain with a clear gloss on top. She's really into her look tonight and suspects her next suitor will be as well.

It's just about 7pm so Claire still has 2hrs until the club opens. She decides to just watch some more TV. This time she chooses to watch something on her DVR and sees that the newest Episode of Jane The Virgin is waiting for her. She props her feet onto the ottoman and watches intently, skipping commercials as needed. It was yet another cute episode but she still has time before she has to leave so she decides to watch The Food Network again until 8:45. When the time comes, she gets up, checks herself in the mirror, grabs a black cropped elather jacket from her coat rack and her wallet and purse and leaves her place. Her car is parked right out front since she got home early today so she is able to get going quickly. About 15 minutes later, Claire turns onto Spittal street and uses the Valet to park her car. Soon, she's inside The After 8 Club heading for the comfy bench in the Meeting Room, ready to find someone new.
A True Scot

Chapter Summary

Claire and Jamie meet. No slow burn here! But this is a much longer Chapter than the first. Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

Advice and criticism is welcome!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Claire sat on the cushioned bench closest to the middle of the meeting room. This area was for meet and greets and conversation only, not any of the sex related stuff. Anybody could dress however they wanted in here though. There are showers and a changing room inside the club for those coming straight from work or school that want to get ready here or those that want to clean up after and get back into their "normal" clothes before they leave. It really is a wonderful place for anybody. The After 8 Club is technically labeled as a "Swingers" Club but the Swinger lifestyle also is an opening for other fetishes. So, not everybody that frequents the club Swings. Claire has tried many different things looking for her niche, enjoying the Swinger and D/S (Dom/sub) lifestyles the most. She has been in 8 D/s relationships since she first started going to the clubs, often Swinging with her mate at the time (sharing with another couple of like-mind). She wasn't super picky about who she was with, as long as they were respectful, clean (she used a long-term birth control so getting pregnant wasn't a problem but condoms were a must with new partners, if the relationship turned more serious, they'd get paper proof that they were STD free), fairly attractive, and willing to give her what she wanted. And they were always willing to giver her what she desired, some pain with her pleasure.

As she sat on the bench, a waitress offered her a soda of her choice or a water as this club gives out non-alcoholic drinks for free but allows you to bring your own Alcohol if you want. Settling for a coke, she pulls a flask from her small black purse and adds some Macallan 12yr, just to take the edge off. She's always 100% ready for the night until she walks into the club and starts to look for someone to play with, then her courage falters. A little liquid courage always does her some good in this situation. As she sips her drink and fiddles with her necklace (a lace choker with large fake rubies she put on after she remembered it was left in her car after her last visit here). A small parting gift from a previous suitor she hasn't seen in over a year since he moved to Paris to "find love". She obviously didn't love him. Claire has never been in love. She's not against the idea but she's 29, if it hasn't happened yet then she isn't going to go looking for it. She's just fine with allowing fate to run its course. So far, fate has given her a beautiful bookshop, a wonderful garden, and the best friends a girl could ask for. She's content in her life right now. She realizes she's finished her drink and the room is starting to get a little busier. She recognizes a few past playmates and couples but she isn't looking for a repeat tonight. They all know not to approach her if she hasn't tried to speak with them first and that's how she likes it.
Claire stands up from her spot and starts to explore the room to find someone new to talk to. The collar style choker necklace is a low-key way of saying she's a submissive so as long as the people she speaks with are familiar with the lifestyle, they won't have to ask what she's here for. Though, they will find out later that she isn't the typical "take whatever she gets" type of sub. She does like to keep some sense of control during her sex play. It's nearly 9:30 and the room isn't quite full yet. Her eyes explore the bodies in the room and she watches as 2 couples that were eyeing each other from across the room earlier are now leaving together through a door to one of the upstairs private rooms. She quietly wishes them luck, there's enough sex to go around here, no need for jealousy when the night is still young.

Suddenly, Claire sees a familiar face she wants to talk to. She quickly walks up to her and blurts out "Hi Lulu! I didn't know you were coming out tonight." Louise looks surprised until she realizes who called her by her nickname.

She flashes a wide grin and responds with enthusiasm "I know! I'm sorry, i was going to text you but I was preoccupied with my new friend, Charlie. He's never been here before but he has visited other clubs. He just wanted to see what After 8 had to offer. He's across the room introducing himself to that gorgeous couple, my idea of course. You know me, I always get what I want." Louise winks and giggles then takes a long drink from her cup. Knowing her, she mixed some rum into her Sprite. She really loves the sweet stuff. Claire looks over at Charlie and the couple, they are pretty attractive, not familiar though. They're probably new to the club as well. She looks back over at Louise again and asks

"How long do you plan on staying? If you two are interested later, and I'm not preoccupied, maybe we could get a nightcap before going home?" Louise nods "Of course! If it's still early we can go to Blue Blazer or if they're too full, Footlights. If I see you before you leave, we'll go."

"That sounds great, but hopefully neither of us will be free." Claire winks and gives Geillis a kiss on each cheek. "See you later, babe." is Claire's last comment before waving bye to Louise as Charlie comes back, pretty couple in tow. Louise waves her adieu and smiles at the new, eager man already striking up a conversation with her.

Claire continues to walk around the room, looking for a tall newbie to spank her tonight. She needs to cum. Especially after seeing Louise and Charlie get on with someone so quickly! She finds another seat closer to the door, better to keep an eye out for late arrivals. It's not quite 10pm yet so she thinks she still has time. Claire checks her phone for new emails and texts but there isn't anything important. She accepts a water from the waitress. Sipping and waiting, the door opens and she sees a...kilt. Lord have mercy there's a tall man in a fucking kilt walking into the club. He's already drinking from a flask and she wonders if it's whisky. She also knows this man will be her date tonight if she has to beg him. She'll bring out all the stops, no shame. She pushes out her chest, readjusts her cleavage to stuttering form, crosses her legs so her skirt rides up on her thigh and turns to face the man that just walked in. Luckily, she's the first woman he sees and as soon as his ocean blue eyes lock with her honey irises, she knows she's done well. He all but runs to take the open space beside her. Claire can't help but notice the long, lean legs beneath his kilt as well as the slight bulge just below the belt. She wonders if he's a true Scotsman underneath.

"Hello, my name is Jamie Fraser. And ye are?" He IS a fucking Scot. Claire nearly swoons, like real life swoons. 'Who is this man and where did he come from?' Claire thinks to herself, and gets lost in her thoughts, forgetting that the beautiful man sitting right beside her just ask for her name.

Jamie asks with a smirk "What's wrong lass, cat got yer tongue?" He flashes a megawatt smile and
uses his Scottish brogue to his advantage. Claire quickly takes in his auburn curls and blue eyes. Yes, she'll have him tonight.

She finally responds "Sorry, I was distracted by you, honestly. You're obviously Scottish but I've lived in Scotland for over 8 years and we've never met, I would definitely remember someone like you!". Jamie finds this lass funny and laughs at her odd statement.

"I live near Inverness now but I was out of the country for a few years, growing my business. I own a distillery and whisky is my specialty. Have you heard of Lallybroch Whisky? That's mine." Jesus H Roosevelt Christ. Claire is speechless. He makes whisky for Christ's sake!

"Of course I've heard of it! It's a favorite for many I've met, I've never had the chance to try it myself though. Maybe you can change that for me?" She smiles back, her straight, white teeth catching his attention but he shifts his eyes back to hers and grins.

"Why, of course, whatever you like mo nighean donn."

"Wot?" Claire asks in her strongest English accent. With a sweet smile Jamie replies "Tis nothing. Just a nickname I like for you, lass. If that's fine wi' you?"

Claire can't help but smile. This man is gorgeous and he's speaking Gaelic. "It is. I do know some Gaelic, you know. So you like my crazy brown curls?" and then she winks.

Jamie is surprised, he has never met an Englishwoman that knows any Gaelic in his 31 years of life. He thinks he may be smitten. "You know the Ghàidhlig? I think I may marry ye! I dinna want to scare ye though. Mebbe we should get to know each other first?" He laughs loudly, making the woman standing behind him jump. He apologizes and gets back to his conversation with Claire.

"Marriage?" She laughs right back but continues with "I don't know about that but I know I would like to share a room with you tonight. Would you like that?" Jamie could never refuse a woman of such beauty.

He eyes the choker around her neck "Judging by that thing hiding yer beautiful, white velvet neck from my eyes and lips, yer a sub. I'm no' gonna refuse a lass as lovely as you. I'd be honored to share a room with ye, Claire. You lead the way and I'll follow."

Claire suddenly feels butterflies in her stomach. She has never felt this way with any man she's met in a club. Not even those she was seriously dating. She decides that she likes the feeling and grabs one of Jamie's hands, he freezes and looks at her intently. Did he feel what she just felt? It felt like a tiny shock yet completely painless. What the hell was that?! Claire looks away from his face and down to their hands then pulls him to her, much closer than before and whispers "I don't know what the fuck that was but I want to feel it everywhere, come with me, now." She pulls him to the door leading to the private rooms, it's still early and luckily the Dungeon room at the end of the hall is still free. Her body hummed with anticipation as she entered the room, Jamie following close behind her. The room was dimly lit with deep violet walls adorned with gothic erotic art. There's an ornate black cabinet in the corner boasting a basket of condoms of all sizes and materials (polyisoprene and latex) on the first of 2 shelves near the bottom and hanging from hooks were various ropes, handcuffs, floggers, and other bondage and pain play implements. There wasn't a bed in this room. Just a black leather cushioned bench in another corner against the wall and a red cushioned specialty BDSM bench in the middle of the room. It has a seat or knee rest closer to the floor and a cushioned top for a person's back or elbows. There's a door to a small adjoining room with a queen size bed to the left of the doorway.

As soon as she turns toward Jamie, he pulls her body close to his and crushes his mouth to hers in a
fierce, commanding kiss. Claire melts into it and lets her arms fall to her sides, allowing his hands to wander and roam her body, pulling down at her skirt and up at her top. She feels lightheaded and before she can even register all of his movements, she's in only her panties and her bra but he has her breasts free from their lacy confines and he's twisting and pinching her nipples slowly. He's not being rough enough for her, she wants more so she whispers "Harder!" into his mouth.

He takes her bottom lip into his mouth and bites down while he pulls more roughly on the hard buds underneath his fingers. Soon she starts to pant and whine. Jamie loves the wee noises she's starting to make. He releases one nipple and reaches his arm around to her back and pulls down hard on her long, soft curls so she's looking up at the tall Scot. She feels the moisture building up quickly between her thighs. "I want ye, Claire. I want ye so much I can scarcely breathe. Will ye have me?" Claire barely manages a response as she can barely breathe now. "Yes. Yes, I'll have you." He stops for a second and asks "How? I need yer rules. I'm not going to suddenly force myself on ye in a way ye don't like, I dinna want to be a savage. And I'd like ye to leave yer shoes on."

Claire smiles and points to the basket in the cabinet "Condom, please. Pick one and then take me hard, however you want, i'm wet enough for you already. Don't hold back. Feel free to use any other implement in the cabinet. My safe word is 'Outlander'. " Jamie smirks when she says her safe word but doesn't respond, he grabs a Trojan Magnum XL and then looks over at her. He sees her eyes widen and her mouth drop a little at the small gold package in his hand. This is going to be fun. "Oh fuck!" she whispers. His cock twitches in anticipation. He lifts his kilt but doesn't remove it. Claire notices that he IS a True Scot underneath and marvels at how wonderful it is. She turns around to face the bench, waiting for what he chooses to do next...

Jamie watches Claire turn back toward the bench, he swiftly opens the condom and puts it on his cock, it's a smooth motion as he has been ready since before they closed the door to their room. He wants to taste her nipples, to lick her from top to bottom, spank her round arse until its pink and swollen, then fuck her until she can't speak. He needs her naked, now. He deftly unclasps her flimsy bra, she takes the hint and slides it down her arms where it drops to the floor. Next, he hooks his thumbs under the band of her ridiculously sexy knickers that leave nothing to the imagination and pulls them down her long, beautiful legs where she kicks them to the floor as well. 'Next time' he thinks, 'those thighs will be wrapped around my head and she'll be screaming my name.' Hopefully there is a next time but he'll try not to get ahead of himself. He quickly removes his royal blue dress shirt but forgetting to undo the buttons, he feels one pop as he jerks it off over his head and throws it to the floor. He'll deal with that later.

"Lean over the end of the black bench, I want to see your body in all its glory. Christ, Claire, you have the roundest arse i've ever seen. I need to mark it." Claire feels a small gush between her thighs yet again, this man is driving her wild. She does as she's told, stretching her arms above her head and slightly spreading her legs to balance herself and lie comfortably on her chest. The bench is cool but comfortable, she likes the feeling of the cool leather against her skin. Jamie grabs a pair of soft leather restraints and attaches them to a hook on the wall above Claire's hands. She offers her wrists and he hastily wraps them in the smooth, worn leather. They have velcro closures so he closes them easily but not too tightly and she can get out of them anytime she pleases.

He walks back to the cabinet as Claire watches. She sees old, light pink and silver scars across his back and wonders what happened. She quickly puts it out of her mind, reminding herself to ask him about them later, outside of the room. She doesn't want to put him on the spot or make him feel embarrassed. He is the Dom and she is the sub so it's not her place to ask questions of her Dom while they are playing anyway. He turns around and she sees that he has chosen a soft leather flogger to start. Her excitement is building and she can see the result of his arousal behind his kilt. He is the largest man she has ever been with, both in height and cock size. It's exhilarating.
Jaime walks back over behind Claire and softly runs the flogger from the back of her neck down to her wet center. He can see her juices on her thighs and they're dripping from her pink pussy. She has the perfect snatch. He leans down to smell her arousal and it's just as heavenly as he imagined. Sweet and musky and he eagerly wants to taste it. But first, he needs to flog her. He deftly brings the flogger down on her lower back, with plenty of practice, he has learned to flick his wrist at just the right moment to prevent severe welts or pain. He knows she wants it to hurt but not to mark. It has to bring her pleasure as well as pain. She groans and her breathing starts to deepen. He does it again, this time on her left cheek. She starts to move into the flogger, begging for more. He does the other cheek. Then both at the same time.

At this point Claire feels like she'll cum at the slightest caress of her cunt. She squeezes her thighs together seeking some sort of friction. He really knows how to flog a lady the right way. Little can be said for some of the other men she has played with. It's refreshing and amazing, she wants to feel his hands on her. Without thinking she suddenly blurts out "Hands! I want to feel you touching me. Please, baby." Surprisingly, he obliges her. He throws the flogger down to the other bench and smacks her arse, hard. The shock surprises her and turns her on even more and she waits to see what else he does.

Jamie caresses the cheek he just reddened with his hand, it's already showing a nice mark. Happy with his handiwork, he does the same to the other side so he has a matching pair. Claire has been restrained for a good 10 minutes now so he slides his hands up her back to her shoulders and starts to massage the strained muscles. He lens over her back, pushing his hard, muscular body against hers. His arousal is evident and he allows it to push his kilt har against her left thigh.

Claire starts relaxing into the massage as she feels his hard cock against her thigh. She shifts her body to be closer to him, if that's at all possible. He has his bady flush against hers, teasing her. "Claire, are ye my little slut? What do ye want me to do to ye?"

"Fuck me, mark me, I don't care how, just make me cum and I want to feel you inside me for days after." She waits for his response.

"Yer the woman of my dreams, hold on to the straps of your restraints."

Claire does as she's told. Then she spreads her legs again, ready for his assault. She feels his hands roaming over her arse and down to her center. Suddenly, her pussy is filled, but not with his hard member, it's his fingers instead. She's stretched around at least 3 digits and it is exquisite. He's massaging her G-Spot when she feels his tongue on her clit. He starts to moan in tandem with her. She didn't even realize she was making noise, she's so lost in the feelings he has brought forth. Only seconds later she starts to feel the familiar tightening and contracting inside her sex. Jamie can as well and he doubles his efforts, plunging 3 of his long, deft fingers inside and curving against her g-spot while sucking her clit and massaging her ass with his free hand. He keeps pounding her with his fingers straight through her climax, all through the tight contractions in her center, she very nearly screams as he's pumping in and out with reckless abandon.

Claire can't believe how quickly she just came around his fingers. She wants more though and she tells him so. "Oh my FUCK! That was amazing. Fuck me, now! I want you inside me again but this time it better be a cock or else."

Jamie is a little taken aback by her topping from the bottom. he's never met such a demanding sub. Surprisingly, he likes it very much. He pulls his fingers from her tight entrance and he decides that he doesn't want his kilt to hinder anything so he unbelts it and drops both belt and kilt to the floor. Claire hears the clunk of the belt landing and smiles. Jamie slides his cock up and down her entrance once and then slams in all the way to the hilt. Claire lets out a sexy guttural noise and a "Jesus H
Roosevelt Christ!” then braces herself for more. He goes again, even harder and faster than the first. He's watching and listening to her, making sure he isn't being too rough. She takes it easily and doesn't fight back. He keeps going as hard as he can without finishing himself off too quickly. 1 thrust, a squeak, another thrust, a whimper, a 3rd thrust, a loud release of breath. Then Claire arches her back and pushes up on the tips of her toes to take him deeper and he lets out a Scottish noise from deep within his chest. He can't believe how sexy she is and how they only met less than an hour ago. He starts to go faster, lifting her hips off of the bench a few inches so he can hit her g-spot better. He promptly reaches around and starts to massage her clit with all 4 fingers. He feels himself getting close, she's so wet yet so tight and takes all of him like she was born for him. He wants her to finish a 2nd time before he is done.

Claire is nearly overwhelmed with the full feeling of him inside her, bruising her cervix and pounding her g-spot all while massaging her clit with his skillful fingers. This is going to be a 3 way orgasm and she wants it so badly.

Jamie leans over her back and buries his face in the junction of her neck and shoulder, nipping at her shoulder and sucking at her skin. She smells so good, he can't help it, he must mark her. He bites her hard on her shoulder. 'That'll leave a mark.' he thinks.

Claire jerks at the sudden pain. "Oh shit, Jamie, oh my GOD. I'm cumming. Harder! Slap my arse!" He feels her walls tighten around his cock and feels like he won't be able to hold back much longer, he moves his body back to his previous standing position and smacks her arse, hard enough to bruise. She screams and contracts tightly around him. He can't hold it any longer, he grabs her hips and pulls her tight to him so he's deep inside and grinding against her cervix during her orgasm. She's squeezing every drop out of him, trembling and shaking, a minute later she slumps down against the bench, completely spent. He holds himself inside her for a bit longer, riding the waves of his own climax while feeling the aftershocks of hers. When he feels that they're both finished, he pulls out of her and removes the condom, ties it in a knot and throws it into the rubbish bin by the door.

He comes around the the front of the bench and frees Claire from her restraints. She has a smile on her flushed face and he returns it with a fervor. "Would you like to rest in the bed for a bit? I dinna ken what works for you but i'd like to issue some aftercare for your wrists and arse if ye like? A massage in bed mebbe?"

"Yes, Jamie, that would be great. That was wonderful by the way. You're an expert. I hope I was as good as you expected." She sounds a bit breathless, to be expected after their activities. He helps her move to a sitting position on the bench.

Jamie reaches down to her fert and responds as he slowly removes her shoes and rubs her ankles. "Claire, ye're perfect. Everythin' about you was and is exactly what i've been lookin' for. Can we talk while i massage ye'?"

She stands from the bench but her legs are a little wobbly and she giggles. "Only if you help me walk to the bed. My legs are like jello! I'll be skipping my workout tomorrow." Jamie smiles and says "Yea, me too. I dinna ken how i'm still standing right now, ye wore me out ye vixen!" She giggles again and slaps his arm. "What about that bite, huh? That is going to be a bitch to cover up for work on Monday." She says with a mischievous wink. She loved every bit of it.

Jamie pulls the top sheet from where it's tucked under the mattress and motions for Claire to climb in. She crawls in and cuddles up to the soft pillows while Jamie follows. He lies on his side facing her and she's in the same position so they're facing each other. He reaches for her wrists and slowly starts to massage them. There are slight red marks from the restraints but the soft leather prevented them from causing anything remotely permanent. She moans with pleasure. Eyes closed and mouth parted,
she smiles. Jamie thinks he may be falling in love. Claire is the most beautiful woman he has ever seen. But he can't tell her that, he'll just have to convince her to continue seeing him on a regular basis. He whispers "Rest well, my Sassenach. We'll talk in a bit, for now, I'll take care of ye."

To be continued.

Chapter End Notes

It's still early in the evening ;-}
The Best I've Ever Had

Chapter Summary

The night continues...

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long delay! It has been a crappy month and I just haven't felt up to writing but I figured i'd at least get you a short chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Claire relaxed, Jamie continued to smooth his fingers around the red marks left on her wrists, eliciting soft sighs and moans from her beautiful mouth. He couldn’t believe this woman just let him do what he wanted to her the first night they met, only minutes after introducing themselves to each other. He wanted to take advantage in every way she would allow. Seeing her there, lying naked beside him after being very thoroughly fucked only aroused him more. But this time, it would last much longer. He wanted to make her cum and scream his name over and over before the night ended. He knew she wouldn’t want to see him again after, that’s usually how this worked. He finds a pretty girl, dominates her, and then she’s on to the next one. With Claire though, he wants to make sure she remembers this night, inside and out. He can see the bruises starting to form on her perfect, rounded hips and the hand shaped mark on her arse, red and splotchy. He’ll need to bring out the Arnicare from his sporran left in the other room before long. It will ease the bruising and promote faster healing for her. He’s already getting another cockstand. What this woman does to him is remarkable.

Jamie wonders if she'll let him take her again. Only this time he'd like it in the bed, with her lying on her back, her legs spread wide beneath him, his lips on hers, and her wrists held tight in his hands. He decides it wouldn't hurt to ask. At this point, she has been dozing for about 20 mins and he's full ready to sink himself inside her again. She's lying on her side facing him. Her wild curls have fallen over her perfect porcelain face and her red lipstick is smeared from their previous kissing and fucking against the leather bench in the other room. He thinks it may be the sexiest thing he's ever seen. There's a mark on her shoulder where he bit her as well. Just knowing that he's the cause of her exhaustion and smeared makeup makes his cock twitch.

Jamie gives her a few more minutes then he shakes Claire's shoulder gently, "Claire, wake up." She smiles and responds quickly "I'm awake. I could feel you staring at me. I must look a mess." Then she turns her face into the pillow and stretches across the bed. "No, ye are irresistible. I want ye again, Claire. Is that ok? I dinna want to hurt ye." She looks at him then, and with a smirk she says "Hurt me? I'm not new to this you know. I enjoy it." and she winks at him. "Lord Jesus, roll onto yer back then. Now." "Yes, master." and she giggles and does as he says.

Jamie decides to take his time with her this go around. As he pulls a nipple into his mouth and sucks hard, she arches into him. He pinches and rolls the other between the fingers of his right hand as she whimpers and squirms. He moves his left arm underneath her head and pulls her hair down hard so
he can get to her neck easier. He releases her now puckered nipple from his mouth and kisses and licks his way up to her neck eagerly, all while still fondling her other breast. The noises she makes has him feeling heady. He reaches the junction of her neck and shoulder and her smell has him breathing deeply. Her skin and hair smell of coconut and pineapple, like the beach. He loves the way it mixes with the smell of their joining. He lightly sucks and nips at her soft, sweaty skin, rubbing his stubbled jaw all along it as she writhes beneath his mouth and fingers. He slowly moves his right hand from the puckered peak he has been kneading and slides it down to her center. He parts her pussy lips with eager fingers and enters her swiftly with his two middle fingers, curving them just so as he massages her sweet nub under the heel of his large, smooth hand.

Claire is overcome with sensation. Jamie still has her hair in his left hand, pulling her head back as he ravages her neck and expertly moves his fingers inside her. She has never felt so responsive to just a hand before. As he expertly rubs all of the parts of her that get her going, she starts to arch her back and lift her hips, grinding against his hand in a steady motion. Claire feels the tingling heat starting to spread from her insides and threads the fingers of her right hand into his hair, scratching his scalp as he doubles his efforts. They both know she's almost there. "Oh, Jamie, yesss...right there! Don't stop!"

"Cum for me, Claire. I want to watch you." Jamie responds to her request to keep going. Seconds later her mouth is open wide into a silent scream and her wet walls are like a vice around his fingers. He continues his efforts until she lets out a few loud airy moans and relaxes into the bed. He slips his fingers out of her and looks at her face. She's looking right back at him with the most amazing smile he has ever seen. He trails the fingers of his right hand up her body and takes his two middles fingers into his mouth tasting her on them. She's sweet like honey, with a little bit of tang. It's perfect. Claire is watching him with a smirk on her face. "Do you like it?" she inquires. "You're the best i've ever had." he answers her in complete honesty.

Chapter End Notes

TO BE CONTINUED. The night still isn't over.
Psych, It's just My Birthday!

Chapter Summary

Just wanted to let you know that today is my birthday!

There won't be another chapter for maybe 2 weeks unless inspiration hits me earlier. You can probably tell that I'm a slow writer. I also work 2 jobs now and I'm a single mom so finding the time to sit and write uninterrupted is rare. Thanks for reading, I love all of you! 😊
Ch 4 Longer

Chapter Summary

Claire experiences something amazing and Jamie is to thank for it.

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the delay. Who knew that writing smut was so exhausting?! Lol!

As Jamie continues to lick his fingers clean, Claire blushes a deep shade of fuchsia. Nobody has ever told her that she tastes better than anyone else they have ever had. She knows she just came seconds ago, but she wants more of this mysterious Jamie. It’s like she just can’t get enough. This copper haired Scot will be the death of her and she gladly welcomes it.

When Jamie sees Claire turn pink he very nearly cannot control himself. Without delay he says “Just a moment, I’ll be right back.” as he swiftly moves off of the bed and disappears into the next room. Returning only seconds later with another little gold packet, “I’ve only had to pleasure of being inside ye once so far tonight but I intend to fuck ye hard and make you cum around my cock screaming my name at least once more before we part.” He sees her smirk and shift in the bed. He’s sure his words have made her ready for him again. “On yer back, a nighean. And don’t forget your safe word. If you canna talk, tap my arm 3 times.” She nods, looking up at him through her long dark lashes.

At the mention if her safe word, Claire’s excitement is renewed again. She does as she’s told and waits for more directions. She’s too exhausted to do otherwise and if she’s honest with herself, she’d do anything he asked of her at this point. Jamie has already put the new condom on and has climbed over Claire, his body is fully covering hers, touching from feet to forehead but oddly enough, not smothering her in the least. Claire welcomes the comfortable weight of him on top of her. He grabs each of her wrists and moves them above her head, snugly wrapping his large right hand around both and securing them there. “Spread yer legs for me. I canna be gentle Claire. If ye don’t like anything I’m doing, use yer safe word.” Nearly overcome with desire she manages to respond with only a whispered “Ok.”

Jamie takes hold of himself, hard as steel again already, positions it at her entrance and slams hard into Claire's warm and ready slit. Causing her to scream out his name and arch herself into him, begging for more. "Holy God, you're always so ready for me, sassenach!"

Jamie continues holding Claire's wrists tight in his own, pounding into her at a fast and steady, deep pace. She can feel him deep inside, against her cervix at the end of each and every thrust. She thinks about how much she'll be feeling the after effects of him being inside her all day tomorrow. Maybe even on Monday too, while she's working. The thought makes her greedy and she arches up nd meets him with every thrust, urging him deeper and telling him "More, harder! Fuck, Jamie! Please!" "Please what, sassenach? This?" He moves his mouth to her nipple and caresses it with his tongue just before he bites it hard enough to bruise. She cries out and tears prickle the corners of her eyes but
she has a delirious smile on her face. Jamie moves his left hand to her neck and positions his middle finger and thumb each on a carotid artery, gently to confirm he is in the right spot on each side. Not faltering in his assault on her cervix, he looks into her eyes questioning if it's ok. Claire opens her own and looks back, her smile never faltering. She knows exactly what she's in for and he is about to show her.

Jamie gently presses on her carotid artery with his thumb, watching her face as he does so as not to hurt her. When he sees that she seems to enjoy it, he presses with his middle finger on the other side avoiding her trachea in the middle. For about 5 seconds at a time he presses both arteries. taking a 5 second break in between. Then he hears Claire whimper and ask for more, for longer. He starts to feel the heat in his balls from low in his spine. He holds his fingers steady but firmly against both of Claire's carotids for 10 seconds and he starts to feel her clench around his cock. He knows he's done for now and as he slams into her as hard as he can and as he releases her neck and covers her mouth instead, she cums hard around him, wrapping her legs as tight as she can around his hips while he slams into her, their sweat mingling between their bodies. Claire's mouth open wide in large O underneath his hand and then he releases her wrists and uncovers her mouth. She screams in ecstasy and as she finishes, Jamie does as well and collapses on top of her as the aftershocks cause her walls to tighten around his softening cock, bringing small waves of pleasure after their tandem orgasms. Jamie is officially spent and from what he can see of Claire, she is as well.

Claire just had the best orgasm of her life and it involved choking, otherwise known as Edgeplay. She only ever tried it once before in a long term situation but that man couldn't time it correctly with her Orgasms so it didn't really do much for either of them and so they never tried it again. For some reason, she trusted Jamie to try it with her and she was pleasantly surprised if not absolutely delighted. She got lightheaded but it was as if everything she was feeling and hearing was magnified times 10. She heard every slap of his balls against her ass as if they were right in her ear, every violent thrust of his cock into her pussy felt like they were one, joined together permanently and moving as one. The pain was so pleasurable that she wasn't convinced that there was any pain at all. Then she saw stars, her vision went almost black and she convulsed around him. She heard someone scream in intense pleasure. Was that her? Or him? Then he collapsed on top of her and she ran her small, delicate fingers along his beautifully muscled yet scarred back. She decides then that this will not be a one time thing....
Chapter Summary

Sorry, I haven’t finished this chapter yet but I didn’t want to make you wait any longer. Part 2 to come soon.

Both Claire and Jamie were still lying in bed naked after their last incredible joining. He was halfway on his side, partially lying on top of her with his face resting in the crook of her neck. Breathing hot breath against her goosebumped skin. Even though their activities caused them to sweat from all the exertion, the rooms were well air conditioned and her bare, sweaty skin was cooling quickly. Hence the goosebumps (and maybe the feelings she was having in regards to Jamie caressing her arm were partly to blame as well).

Before she could doze off again, she asks him “Did any of this feel different for you? I mean. Different than any sex you’ve had with anybody else?” Then she quickly closed her mouth, chastising herself for being so forward with him so soon after they met. Then she remembered that they just had sex multiple times in a space of less than 2hrs.

Jamie surprises her, quickly lifting his head to peer into her eyes, responding in a way she didn’t expect. “Yes… though I didna think you would feel the same. There’s a connection between us, is there no?” So, he felt the same way that she did, she wasn’t just imagining it.

Claire’s heart started to race and she felt an unfamiliar fluttering in her stomach. “Oh… yes. I think so.” She might as well be honest with him as well. She was the one to ask him first after all. “Do you think its too soon to plan another…date?” Claire inquired while Jamie was still eyeing her intently, now twirling his right index finger in some of her curls.

“No. But this wasn’t a date. We only just met and then, by some miracle, you invited me to bed. What is yer idea of a date, mo nighean donn?”

As she started to finger the mop of wavy red on his own head, she responded with hesitation “I’m not really sure. Nearly every man I’ve ever had a relationship with has started after I met him in the club. And all of them had their own ideas of what a relationship should be. Some didn’t want to “date” at all.” She said the word date while air quoting with her fingers.

Jamie snorted and replied honestly. “I haven’t been on a real date in years. With me growin’ my business and my sister havin’ bairns one after the other, I haven’t thought about trying to find anyone anyway. My nieces and nephews have taken up most of my free time.”

Claire smiles back at his admission. She’s glad to hear that he is a hardworking family man and it tugs at her heartstrings. How rare his type was to find, especially the way she seems to have found him.

Claire thinks for a moment and then says “Maybe we can try something different? Are you comfortable coming to my place for dinner tomorrow night? I’m a decent cook and I promise I’m not an axe murderer.”

At her last comment, Jamie chuckles and pulls her closer to him “Whatever ye want, Sassenach. I’m
at yer mercy anyway.” She grins and goes in for another kiss. He still smells and tastes of her and he
moans as her tongue seeks his. They make out like a couple of teenagers, pulling hair, biting lips,
sucking tongues, and squeezing all manner of body parts. They go on for what feels like forever,
finally breaking apart to breathe.

Claire turns onto her side and props herself up on an elbow, resting her head in her hand. She looks
at Jamie again as he does the same. “What’re ye thinking now, Sassenach?”

As he swipes a rogue curl back behind her ear, she replies. “Just about this. It seems so quick but
there’s just something about you. When you touch me, something happens that I can’t explain.”

Jamie contemplates for a moment. “Aye, I felt it too. I thought mebbe it was just a static shock from
the carpet in the meeting room.” Then he chuckles again and she grins
“Maybe. But I liked it. And everything we did after. It was perfect.”
“Aye, you were. And Outlander? Yer safe word was a surprise.”
Claire giggles again and responds “Well, I’m an English lady living in Scotland. I figured I would
take control of the nickname. You seem to like calling me ‘Sassenach’.”

“I do. Because ye're exotic. Ye are nothin' like the scottish women that throw themselves at me when
they learn that I have money. Its refreshing. You want me for my body instead.”

Claire softly punches him on his right shoulder and retorts “And you’re an insufferable Scottish male.
How typical.” followed by a wink.

“It's still a bit early. We can relax here for a while longer if you'd like. Then maybe we can get a
drink at the bar next door?” She hopes he agrees.

"Aye, we can do whatever ye like. I'm at yer mercy, milady.” He tries to wink but he just looks like a
large ginger owl. It only endears him more to Claire…

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