

A Bloody Hard Week

by

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About the author

Guy Nickologist is the pen name of an amateur writer living in the United States. By using a *nom de plume* he's more free to write about anything he wants without concern of criticism from friends, family, or employers.

The themes and situations depicted in his works in no way reflects his attitudes towards actual flesh and blood human beings and he poses no danger to society.

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Brad closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. He opened his eyes and through the blur saw the clock. It was 4:38 PM.

"Fuck!" he thought.

He stared at his phone. He reached for the receiver, but then pulled his hand back as if the phone was red hot. He needed to call Laura and postpone their date. But he decided he didn't want to do that. It would be their second date and he didn't want to send her the wrong message. Their first date last weekend was great and he really liked her.

It had been the week from hell. Brad hadn't left before 7:30 PM on all week and yesterday, Thursday, there was another huge layoff. He survived, but wondered if he was really a survivor. On Thursday afternoon, the GM told everyone that the workload hadn't been reduced, just the head count, and he expected everyone to pitch in and do their part. This was met by groans, but what were they to do?

He was supposed to be at Laura's house at 6:45. The phone hadn't stopped ringing all day and he could easily be at work until 10 PM.

"Fuck it! I'll come in tomorrow need be.", Brad said to no one in particular. He couldn't get Laura out of his head. Her black hair, green eyes, long legs. Hell, her nice breasts and gorgeous smile too. His career didn't seem as important as being with Laura.

The ringing phone startled him. It was his project manager changing the specs again. The customer was running them through every hoop they could find. Brad didn't leave the office until a little ahead of 6. He raced home, running a couple of red lights, to get home to change and get over to Laura's. He was ten minutes late.

Laura smiled when she saw Brad. She was wearing a muted pink skirt with a white blouse with a yellow floral pattern. She looked like shit. She actually looked how Brad felt. She hugged him and invited him in.

"I'm so sorry I'm late."

She shrugged. "Oh, it's fine. What's the rush anyway?"

The two went into her living room. She had soft music playing, but turned it off with a small remote control sitting on her coffee table. Brad sat down. Laura reclined onto the couch and rested her feet in Brad's lap. Brad instinctively started rubbing them.

"How was your day?"

Brad told her about not just his day, but his entire week. While he was talking, Laura pulled her right foot away to scratch at her heel. In doing so Brad could see her panties. And something else.

Brad reciprocated the question.

"Same where I work. Everyone is afraid of losing their job, so there's a lot of stress." She paused. "I almost called you asking if we could postpone our date. But I didn't want you to think I wasn't interested in you, because I am." She smiled. She rubbed her forehead and said, "I'm sorry, I'm not usually like this. I got my period and I'm an emotional mess."

"Yeah, I see."

Laura saw Brad's eyes looking up her skirt.

"Oh God, am I leaking?"

"No. No, um."

"What?" She pulled her leg down and felt for wetness under her skirt.

"I could see your... wings.", referring to the tabs of her maxi pad that wrapped around the outside of her panties.

She smirked. "You know those when you see them?"

Brad shrugged. "I don't live under a rock." Brad was so exhausted he really didn't care what he was saying.

Laura put both feet back in Brad's lap and asked him to continue rubbing her feet. Brad felt very self-conscious. Laura wasn't saying anything. After what seemed like an eternity to Brad she spoke.

"Would you be opposed to ordering take-out and just hanging out here tonight? I'm really not in the mood to go out."

"That's fine with me. Want me to go pick up something?"

"I'm not all that hungry."

Brad continued rubbing her feet.

"I don't want to scare you off. I'm not usually like this. This period is just really bad for some reason. I think it's the stress at work."

"You're fine."

"No, I'm not. I'm not any fun to be around."

"I enjoy just being with you. We don't have to go out."

"You're a sweet man." Laura pulled her feet away, sat up, hugged Brad and kissed him. Their first kiss. "Can you try rubbing my back? I don't think it's going to help, but I'm desperate."

"Okay."

After some awkward motions, Brad finally stood up and let Laura sprawl out on the couch. She was taller than most women and took up the length of the couch. Brad sat at the end and rubbed her back through her blouse.

"Lower."

Brad moved her hands lower and was rubbing through her skirt, afraid of making contact with her ass. Not that he feared her ass, but he didn't want to upset her.

"Can you unzip me?"

Brad saw the zipper on the back of her skirt. He unzipped it and ran his hands under. It was an awkward angle.

"Your hands are so warm."

"I'm sorry."

"No, you're like a heating pad." She paused. "Can you put your hands under my panties and rub hard? That's where it hurts."

Brad did as instructed. His body was now off the couch and was kneeling next to her putting as much force into her back as he thought he could without hurting her.

"Is that helping?"

"No, but it feels good."

"Is there anything else I can do?"

"No, the pain is just too deep." She opened her eyes and saw how Brad was kneeling and his awkward angle. "Oh, you can stop." He did and Laura sat up. She patted the couch inviting Brad to sit next to her. He held her. She kept shifting around. She finally stood up and let her skirt drop to the ground and snuggled back up to Brad. "I'm sorry, I was all twisted up and my skirt was too snug anyway." She grinned and added, "Plus you've already seen my panties."

"I'm not complaining." Brad grimaced at what he had just said. He was sure James Bond would have said something more classy.

Laura closed her eyes and brought her lips to Brad. They kissed. Passionately. They ran their tongues along each other's lips. Brad realized how hard he was holding Laura. He didn't seem to be hurting her and she was holding him just as tightly. She adjusted her body so she was more on top of him. She held each side of his face and kissed him. Brad ran his hand down her back and massaged her butt cheeks. She pulled her body up and rubbed Brad's chest. She giggled.

"What?"

She giggled again. "I know what might make me feel better."

"What's that?"

And leaned forward and whispered in his ear. "An orgasm."

Brad kissed her neck and said, "I can do that."

She nibbled his earlobe and said, "I remember, I have my period."

Brad playfully bit her neck and said, "I don't care."

Laura sprang up and pulled Brad out of the couch. Brad did most of the work of course, but Laura was leading the way. They entered her bedroom. She pulled the covers back. She then reached under her blouse, unhooked her bra, and through the magic of womanhood removed her bra without removing her blouse. Brad stripped down to his boxers. He was obviously very aroused. They climbed into bed and embraced. Laura ran her hand into the loose leg hole of his boxers and felt his erect dick and gasped. Brad felt around her crotch and let two of his fingers slide under her panties and pad and found her clit. She felt very wet. He wasn't sure if it was excitement, menstrual blood, or both. She seemed to enjoy each circle he made with his finger tips. He alternated between stimulating her and letting his fingers explore the opening to her vagina. She sat up breaking their bond and started unbuttoning her blouse.

"I'm sorry, this is new and I don't want to get blood on it."

While she was dropping her blouse to the floor Brad removed his boxers. When Laura caught sight of his naked body and pulled her panties off. The two resumed. Brad rubbed her left breast and then kissed it.

"Careful, they're a little sore."

Brad pulled away and let his hand find her twat again. They continued stroking each other. Laura was thrusting into his fingertips which more than once almost made him cum.

"Can you play with my breasts again? With your other hand?"

Brad pulled his other hand up and started lightly playing with her enormous tits while she thrust into his fingers.

"You can be rougher with them."

Brad found himself squeezing her breasts like he was making orange juice by hand. The rhythm of his hand was in sync with her pelvic thrusts. He let his thumb go as deep as it would go into her vagina while he used his fingers to stimulate her clit. She all at once quit, he breasts heaving from the exertion.

"I just can't seem to cum." She tried to catch her breath. "This is so frustrating, I'm so close."

Without a word Brad started kissing her sweat glistened neck. He moved down her left breast and stopped to chew on her nipple. In doing so he forced her onto her back. He ran his tongue down her flat stomach. As he got closer he could smell her scent, a mix of sexual excitement and blood. It crossed Laura's mind to protest, but her objections never made it to her lips. Brad could see blood smeared along her inner thighs and all over her vulva. This didn't sicken him. In fact he relished running his tongue all along her. Laura quickly grabbed his hips and guided his cock into her mouth. Brad continued squeezing her breasts and twisting her nipples. He allowed his tongue to dart around trying to lick up every bit of smeared blood. Laura relaxed enjoying every sensation. Her swollen sore breasts being rubbed. Brad's tongue finding every crevice of her womanhood. His long dick in her mouth, the musky taste and smell radiating down her throat and into her sinuses. The weight of a man on top of her in such a vulnerable position. Her orgasm exploded out of her in all directions from her womb. She felt her uterus and vagina spasm and it radiated down her legs and into her abdomen. Waves continued to wash over her. She felt Brad get even bigger in her mouth which only triggered more surges. When she couldn't take another second she let her body go limp. She relaxed her jaw. She was barely aware of Brad rolling off of her. She fanned herself with her hand.

"Oh. My. God." She turned to Brad and added, "I think you just cured everything."

Brad didn't answer, instead he rested his hand on her side above her hips. She smiled reading his mind. "I can't get pregnant during my period. If you want to continue."

He felt so good inside her. His dick was red hot, the warmth radiating deep into her. She felt his body tense up and could feel him pulsating inside her and then his entire body relax, enveloping her. My unspoken mutual consent they rolled onto their side, but still connected.

They held each other. His erection didn't relax a bit allowing him to stay inside her. She enjoyed the feeling of being penetrated. Her stomach rumbled.

"I think my appetite is back."

"Want me to go pick up something?"

She kissed him.

"No, I want to throw a frozen pizza in the oven and make love to you the rest of the night."

Brad didn't object.