

The wall

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I pull you inside the door, and fuck you against the wall of my hotel room

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I was looking out the window, waiting for you to arrive. I was fluttering with the anticipation of seeing you exit the cab, and walk across the sidewalk.

I remember once when we were talking you said, "I fantasize about pure sex, raw sex, just fucking raw up against the wall. Just fucking with no thought except for the feelings."

Today I was going to give you that fantasy, give us that fantasy. It turned me on enormously to think that finally it would be possible, we would be together for the second time ever. And we had no inhibitions, we shed those yesterday.

I pressed the call button on my cell phone, and you answered. "Hello my love, I am leaving now. I can hardly wait to be in your arms. The taxi is outside," you said.

"I am shaking with anticipation," I said. "I want you more than I want this air I am breathing. I can hardly wait to be inside you, inside your cunt, fucking you with my love."

"Instant wet," you exclaimed.

"That'd good because I want you wet when you arrive. Not just a little wet, soaking wet. Horny wet, emotionally horny, like we say," I said.

"Getting there," you said, in few words as usual.

"Remember how it felt, when you slid down my cock, and I entered you for the first time, yesterday," I asked.

"Hot, that's fuck, yes, I mean. Aching." your slightly confused but delightful reply.

"Come to me my shy, horny little cum lover, come to me, come feel my love," I knew you liked words like this, they excited you more.

I heard you giving directions to the cab driver. Then I heard you say "It's Soaking wet," to me on your phone.

The cabby must have heard, because I heard him via your phone ask "What's that miss?"

"Just telling my husband that he can't wear his blue jacket today because it was washed," you thought quickly.

Of course I knew, our love, our words, and the anticipation of our love-making had you soaking wet.

"Good, tell your husband your lover likes his blue jacket wet," I joked.

"I am going to smack you," you said, and I could almost see that wry smile. "See you in 10 minutes," you said, and hung up.

They were the longest 10 minutes of my life. I sat down. I stood up. I walked to the window. I brushed my teeth for the fourth time. I ached. My cock was wet with precum. I got hard, I went soft. Finally I just sat down in a chair by the window, then stood up and leaned on the back of it.

My heart skipped a beat, a taxi pulled up in front of the hotel, and I saw your yellow jacket through the window.

Then you were out and you disappeared from view as you entered the hotel lobby. I walked to the door, and stood there waiting, looking through the peephole. I saw you approach, about to knock, I opened the door and you were in my arms. It was the most amazing sensation, holding you, feeling your body against me.

"Inside," you mumbled, through a mouth full of kisses.

"Of course," I said as I moved back pulling you into the room and closing the door against the dangers of spying eyes.

I helped you out of your jacket, and put it in the closet. You were wearing the green dress that I had seen you wearing before in a photo, and the same light brown suede boots that I once said I wanted to fuck you while you were wearing.

I grabbed you, held you close, and pushed you back against the wall, pressing my knee into your crotch as you relaxed against me. I grabbed your wrists, and pushed them over your head, my pelvis pressed against you so you could feel the hardness of my cock. The effect was instantly obvious, your eyes big and wide, and full of anticipation and desire.

This was not going to be our usual sensual love making, this was your fantasy of being taken.

Suddenly though, you wriggled, trying to get away from me.

"No, not like this. Not now," you pleaded.

I pressed harder against you flattening you to the wall, my erect cock pressing against your pelvis, my knee parting your legs. You wriggled, but you were not getting away.

I had to let go your wrists, to grab the hem of your dress, and lift it up so my knee could press between your legs, parting them to give me access to your wet pussy. You pushed against my chest, but it was not a serious push, easily countered by me just leaning on you harder, pressing you against the wall.

I knew you had fantasized me pushing you against the wall, and I know that once you masturbated for me imagining me pushing you against your bookcase. I knew you wanted this badly, still the game had to be played, so I pulled aside the crotch of your pale yellow knickers, wet with the juices of your arousal, and I put my hand in there, opening you up, and getting your wetness on my fingers.

Practically lying against you, I put my fingers, wet with your cunt juice in your mouth. You pretended to try to push them away, but you did not bite as you would if you were really serious.

"You have been thinking about sex, haven't you my shy greedy thing," I said. "I am going to fuck your cum-hungry cunt now, right here, against the cold hotel room wall."

I pushed apart your legs with my knees, and pulled aside the crotch of your knickers, and put the tip of my hard cock between your cunt lips. Then I grabbed your wrists, pushed them over your head, looked in your eager eyes, and slowly entered you. Your eyes got bigger and darker, and a little wetter, the look of pleasure I know well.

"Squeeze harder," you moaned as I began moving inside you. "My wrists, squeeze harder, make it hurt a little."

It was hard for me to do that. I love you so much that I never want to hurt you even when you cry out

for me to do so. But I squeezed as hard as I could, and you sighed, and moved your pelvis towards me, towards my thrusting cock.

I pressed against your pelvis, and flattened you to the wall. I couldn't get at your nipples, you were still wearing a bra, and all I could do was bite them through the layers of material.

"Squeeze harder, and bite them," you said.

I did that as best I could, and it must have been right because you moaned.

"Fuck me, Stormy," you said. "Fuck my greedy cunt. Push harder. Squash me, oooooh."

I moved in and out of you, pressing you against the wall, your breathing that of a woman in the middle of intense sexual pleasure. Your body practically wrapped around me as you struggled to get my cock to stop almost coming out of you on the out stroke.

I could tell by your breathing that you were getting close. The heavy intake of breath and soft out-breath with a small sigh in it, the shortening of the duration between, the dilation of your beautiful pupils told me that you were close.

"Ah, I'm so close now Stormy, so close, fuck me hard with your cock in my cunt, fuck my cunt so hard, close now close to the edge, fuck me squeeze my wrists, flatten me, fuck your shy, greedy little cum lover, fuck my cunt hard, ah, wan... na... cum... soon... feel me... edge..."

All that with your body thrusting to meet my thrusts.

"Hold me and fuck me hard, I want your hot cock to make my wet cunt cum."

I love it when you talk dirty to me.

"I'm so close now," you said over and over as I fucked you against the wall.

"I'm cumming, Stormy, I'm cumming for you," you said, your voice deepened by the orgasm.

"Ah, ah, ah, oh," were the sharp sounds you made between intense breathing.

"Cum with me, my love. Cum in my cunt," you said.

I let go then, blowing my load of cum inside you.

"I'm still cumming," you moaned, as I kept pumping into you, "I can't... stop... cumming."

You suddenly exploded in a loud, scream of pure pleasure, and a second orgasm got hold of me and we reached that peak together.

"Oh my, I never came like that before," you said. "I am still feeling the aftershocks."

Pulling my cock out of you, I lifted you up, and carried you to the bed. We lay like that for about 10 minutes, basking in the afterglow.

I felt you get up, and go to the bathroom, and I assumed you just went to pee. However, when you came back, you were wearing THAT purple nightie, the one we shared on web cam so many times. Seeing you, wearing it, here in the flesh, I knew the joy of our time together had just begun. My cock was already stirring.