

Butterscotch Part 1

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She was the woman of his dreams and so much more.

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“I ordered butterscotch,” she said, in a voice that sounded like she was unaccustomed to speaking over the meaningless noise of other people. It was a refined, educated voice but it was a voice that gave the impression that its possessor might have been more comfortable communicating in whispers. An English voice; not remarkable in London, and certainly pleasant to listen to with its warm, soft and almost timid tone.

“I’m sorry, I’ll just change that for you,” replied the waiter then hurriedly picked up the cup and departed.

Getting up to leave, I turned abruptly and saw her face for the first time. Her eyes were downcast as she concentrated on sending a text message. I took my time putting my jacket back on and straitening it, while looking at her long, honey blonde hair and lips of pale vermillion. She was smartly dressed in a grey business suite and wore a few discreet rings along with a small gold watch. She now glanced at the watch then unceremoniously tossed the phone back into a small handbag. She looked up. The waiter had just reappeared and I saw her blue eyes catch the light and smile as she noticed that he was heading towards her carrying a fresh cup of coffee.

The British would have called her posh but there seemed to be nothing ostentatious or pretentious about her. Her face simply possessed enough of those indefinable qualities that make a face beautiful. Sure, beauty is in the eye of the beholder; but trust me when I tell you that this woman was beautiful by any definition.

The waiter set the cup down, made a brief apology, and then walked off. After a moment she took a sip and put the cup back down; evidently satisfied that this was now the right flavour of coffee.

I had to get back to the office but as I left the café and for the rest of that day, the image of this beautiful woman stayed in my mind. I don't know why I noticed her voice, quiet though it was, over the general din of the café that day but I am either romantic or cynical enough to believe in fate.

Next day I arrived at the café a little early but she wasn't there. I stayed for an hour, had lunch and two cups of coffee; the second of which was flavoured with butterscotch. I liked it. Just as I was gathering my few possessions and preparing to leave, I saw her arrive. We were about the same height and she walked with a certain confidence that had not been evident in her voice. She took a seat at a table near mine and sat back in her chair. Her honey coloured hair was tied back, allowing me to better see her slender cheek bones, delicately arched brows and the graceful outlines of her face. She wore light make up, letting a few freckles peek through around a strong, elegantly shaped nose. But again, it was her eyes that most captured my attention; large, dreamy and soulful, they spoke of intelligence, passion and cool sophistication.

Eyes insatiable of amorous hours, fervent as fire and delicate as flowers....

Hastily, I pretended to take something out of my wallet and sat back down. An instant later a waitress appeared to take her order.

"A cup of butterscotch coffee please, no sugar," she said quietly.

The waitress nodded and left. I then heard a ring tone. It was a lively tune that I instantly recognized; Bach's *Badinaria*, the concluding movement of his second orchestral suite. It was her phone ringing. She also had taste.

"Hello, Tamsin speaking."

So she had a name. She listened for some time to someone who did most of the talking; her replies being mainly yes and no. Then she said,

"*Artemisia antiqua*, would you like me to spell it for you?....that's right.....dot co, dot UKyes, yes, ok thank you."

Just then my own phone rang. Shit, it was my boss. I was late. I made a mental note of the web address and hurried out of the café into the bustle of London in the early afternoon. I paid no attention to the meeting that I was late for, I cancelled two appointments that I had later that afternoon and I said goodbye to no one when I left the building at 5:15. All I could think about was Tamsin and butterscotch coffee.

The rest of that week passed like a restless dream; a series of vague, unconnected and largely meaningless events revolving around the central mystery of the woman from Artemisia Antiqua. The website turned out to be a very classy setup selling valuable antique artifacts; coins, statuettes, jewels, vases, tribal art and jade from almost every one of the world's ancient cultures. Her picture was there, smiling enigmatically from the screen of my laptop. Tamsin Thorne, she was one of their specialist consultants and her area of expertise was ancient coins. The rest of the staff were a lot of venerable, old professorial types in their sixties. There was also a 'team' photo with all of them together. She was the only woman. Man, did she look out of place!

Days passed and I continued to see her at the café, but not on every day. The days when she was absent made the place look and feel like an ornate picture frame from which a masterpiece had been rudely torn.

Then one day, about two weeks after I had first seen her, everything changed.

She did not make an appearance at the café and I went home in the rain, cold, bored and a little dejected. Luckily, my apartment building was only a few blocks away but the traffic and the crowded streets turned the short journey home into a tedious chore. At length, I reached the door of my building and paused to find my key. I then became aware that someone was standing next to me. It was her.

She looked me straight in the eye and in a quiet yet confident voice she said,

"I've noticed you looking at me at the café." I was speechless and must have only nodded my head. "Well, the truth is, I've been looking at you too. Wanna fuck?"

I then totally lost what little power I had to form a coherent answer and must have nodded again; I can't quite recall. We entered the hallway and I led her to the elevator. I managed a smile which she promptly returned.

The elevator doors opened to reveal the building's caretaker, a dour, hawk-faced old Scots woman who turned away as she saw us, to face the elevator's control panel. I pressed the button hard for the fifth floor, turning away from Tamsin as I did so. Then the crazy notion entered my head that I was going to turn back and find that she had vanished. But there she stood, a reality of living, breathing loveliness.

I moved and stood next to her as the elevator began its ascent. The old caretaker briefly looked round at us. Then Tamsin looked me in the eye and with her sophisticated English voice full of sincerity, she said,

"Don't worry, I'm not a whore, but I am a slut."

I could not believe she had said this and I instantly realized that she intended to shock the old woman as much as to surprise me. The statement achieved both objectives and I heard a disapproving mutter escape the old woman's lips as she got off at the fourth floor.

I fumbled with my door key and pushed the door so hard that the impact rattled the floor boards. As soon as we were inside and the door was shut, I felt my tie being pulled. I turned to find a pair of full lips and two dreamy blue eyes totally filling my field of view.

Her kisses were long and slow at first, then they grew in intensity. She lightly raked the back of my neck with her nails making it tingle and soon her eager tongue began to explore my mouth. My hands slipped behind her and found her shoulders, I brought her closer, and then she moved me against the wall. It's always exciting when a woman takes the initiative, so when I felt her loosen my tie and unbutton my shirt I began to feel the serious stirrings of lust.

Our kisses became more furious. To add to the drama, she would occasionally break away for an instant to look at me in the eye and smile mischievously. The more she did this, the more she turned me on; it was as if we were doing something clandestine and deliciously illicit.

At last I felt her hands unfasten my belt and she stopped kissing me. She looked me in the eye again for a long moment with that faintly perverse smile. Then she knelt down. She swept her hair to one side and pulled my boxers down with both hands. My cock was already well on its way to hardness as she grabbed it by the head,

“You know, I would have blown you in the lift had that old woman not been there.”

She giggled slyly and for the third time that day, I was struck dumb. But then all thought, all reason and all logic left me as her lips, her tongue and her cheeks began to produce a beautiful rhythm deep in my soul.

Before long, my cock pulsed with life as it was tortured first with gentle instruments of honey, silk and satin, then massaged by strong, supple pressure working its base in just the right way. This woman was good, too good and I knew that I could not hope to resist such a fierce onslaught for long. I placed a hand on her head and she paused. Then the smile returned,

“I’m not going to stop.”

Who was I to argue? She went on, alternately licking and pumping the shaft of my cock. I leant against the wall and tried to tear my eyes away from her beautiful golden head as it

rocked back and forth; faster and faster.

Delicious minute followed upon delicious minute. Her every motion was like the warm caress of a tropical sea and I found myself adrift upon it, sailing closer and closer to the island of dreams fulfilled.

She moaned as I stared at the ceiling,

I looked at some of my paintings,

I thought about my office,

Tax time,

Uhhh, uhhh, uhhh, uhhhhhh hhhaaaa haa!

Her hand squeezed me once more and I totally surrendered.

My eyes rolled back, my teeth clenched, my fingertips pressed into the wall, my back arched and I became rigid all over. I held my breath and unleashed shot after shot of my DNA into her greedy

mouth.

As I came, she stopped moving her head and drank the come from the tip of my cock as though it was a straw. Her hand meanwhile, milked my balls and squeezed the base of my shaft till it felt like I was drained dry. I exhaled loudly and shivered as she stood up; still with her hand on my cock. She smiled triumphantly and licked her thumb with the tip of her tongue,

“Mmmm, butterscotch, my favourite.”

Later we relaxed on the couch and had a couple of gin and tonics; that most English of drinks.

“What’s your name?” she asked me quietly.

“Josh, Josh Mackay.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you Josh,” she said formally, then added,

“I’d tell you my name but then, you already know it. In fact, you know a lot more about me than I know about you.”

I nodded slowly,

“Tamsin Thorne. Ancient numismatics, *Artemisia antiqua*.”

She smiled; it seems I had solved one of the sphinx’s riddles. Then I added, “But I should be careful with the term ancient; I’ve seen some of the guys you work with.”

She laughed.

She then glanced at the window. It was only about 6pm but quite dark outside with a gusty wind rattling the window panes.

“How’s that little Vietnamese place up the street?”

“Umm, good. I’ve only been there a couple of times. Would you like to try it?”

“Certainly.”

I gave her a scarf and a warm overcoat to wear and with an arm around each other, we braved the cold, windswept street.

I guess our trip to the restaurant qualified as a first date, although we said little; taking the time instead to enjoy a steaming bowl of pho and spicy cold rolls. Small talk aside,

Tamsin was good company and in the low light I began to appreciate how beautiful she really was. Not just beautiful either, she was hot; looking just as adorably fuckable in an overcoat as she did nude.

How good she did look I was soon to discover.

We left the restaurant after about an hour and a half, by which time the weather had eased considerably, so we took our time strolling back towards my building. I fought the urge to ask her to come up but I hoped that my arm around her shoulders would make it clear that I didn't want her to leave. I needn't have worried for as we reached the building I noticed her waiting patiently for me to open the door. Once in the elevator, she made some favorable comments about the beef and noodle soup we had just eaten then I felt her hand rub my cock through my jeans. Again that devilish smile told me exactly what she had in mind and when she proceeded to unzip my jeans, I protested lamely.

"Ok, but I will convert you."

Tapping her foot with a mild look of impatience, she turned to face the doors of the lift. As soon as they opened, she strode out briskly and took off the overcoat. I quickly opened my door and did not even have time to set my keys down. She gripped my collar and led me to the couch. Next she quickly shed her clothes and kicked them aside almost with contempt. I looked at her in awe. She saw the look on my face and decided to tease me by swaying from side to side while rubbing her sides slowly with her palms spread. She then cupped her breasts with both hands, raised them slightly and turned to the side. With her hair covering one eye she said,

"You like?"

She didn't wait for my answer but went to the gas heater, squatted in front of it and turned it on. As I looked at her squatting there with her hair running down her back like a golden waterfall, my blood temperature must have risen by several degrees. She turned around and came up to me. She had that seductively crafty look on her face again as she started removing my clothes. I helped her and we finally stood in front of each other, totally nude.

“Mmmm, it looks like the rest of you, Josh Mackay, might be just as delicious as your cock.”

I chuckled then shook my head in disbelief,

“And you, you look.... totally awesome.”

That must have been the understatement of my life.

From her luscious grapefruit sized breasts with their pert rosebud nipples, to her discreetly pierced navel, to an almost invisible brush stroke of blond pussy hair – such as Renoir might have painted, Tamsin was exquisite.

She took a step closer and I put my hands on the curves of her hips then ran my palms up her sides, over her back, across the cheeks of her butt and down her legs. It was my turn to look her in the eye,

“Every turn and glance of thine, every lineament divine.”

“You’re quite the romantic I see,” she whispered and our lips locked.

I kissed her passionately and she seemed a little surprised at first, but she soon outdid me

and it was quite a task matching her intensity. Our tongues wrestled and our lips burned, I bit her chin, and her cheeks, she reciprocated by licking my earlobes and biting my throat, she ran her tongue down my neck to my chest and back again; leaving cool tingling lines as her saliva evaporated. The whole time I massaged her shoulders, caressed her waist and occasionally, I gripped her butt cheeks and parted them with both hands, bringing her body snugly up against me.

I now felt a slender hand close around the head of my cock and tug it gently. But she was only leading me to the couch where she sat back and spread her legs.

That same beautifully manicured hand reached down and now rubbed and tugged at the delectable object that I had tried to imagine many times since I first laid eyes on her. I knelt down like a devotee before the image of a goddess. Her eyes narrowed and in a loud whisper she said,

“Lick me.”

Her pussy was as beautiful as the rest of her and I took the time to appreciate its delicate pink loveliness. Moist as it was, it might have been some rare tropical flower glistening with dew. I took her hands and made her spread the lips, then with my tongue I explored her every fold and plunged it as deep into her as it would go. She responded with sweet sounds of lust and delight, the like of which I

have seldom heard. Encouraged, I renewed my efforts; putting heart and soul into the task of bringing bliss to this nymph. I lapped up her juices and made circles around her clit, gently at first, taking time over this most precious of all her manifold treasures. My tongue danced over it, teasing it more and more until I felt her hands grasp the back of my head and push my mouth still deeper into her. Then the nails of one hand dug into the back of my head while with the other, she gripped my shoulder. I realized that she was about to come so I continued licking her clit furiously.

Again and again she cried out and it was a long time before her cries subsided. Her voice was pure music to me; in it I heard triumph and tragedy, ecstasy and elation, exultation and vulnerability. It was the voice of unsullied truth.

When at last she was silent I slowly raised my head. I fought the urge to dry my chin lest she take this as a mild insult. I was met by two eyes; dark, unfathomable, framed by more than the usual measure of white. Had I surprised her? She said nothing but drew me towards her. Now there was need in her eyes. She put her arms around me and rested her head on my shoulder. I could feel her breath on my chest; long, slow, cathartic, contented. I smiled to myself; we didn't need words.

After we had lain on the couch for a while, gently touching each other, she got up and asked me where the bathroom was. I watched her pad away lazily like a leopard replete after the kill, with her head to one side as though she was lost in thought. My eyes savored legs, hips and butt, shoulders swaying and most potent of all, tumbling golden hair; beautiful beyond words. I heard water running in the bathroom then she returned looking like the other side of loveliness, but now there was purpose in her stride. She bent over, kissed me on the forehead and grasped my shoulder.

“Carry me to bed; I think it's time for your reward.”