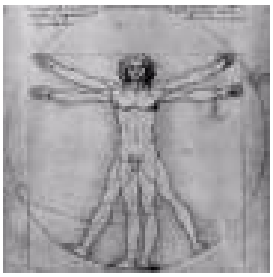
Object of Desire



By NotReallySure

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David decides to act of a fantasy, and Trina rocks his world.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/object-of-desire.aspx

This was also written as a tag-team effort, with a remarkable woman named Trixie:
He:
I stepped out from the elevator into the hotel lobby. I had no idea why I was even there, except that I knew that if I didn't do it, I would regret it the rest of my life.
It all started out so innocently. I had read a story on Lush which caught my eye. This led me to the bio page of a female writer, who had published a number of other stories as well. I found myself looking up from my computer, a half hour later, after finishing the last one.
There was something about the stories which captured my imagination. They were all ostensibly biographical, but the writer had been careful to avoid any description of the main character in her stories. However, there was something about them that conjured up a powerful image, of an incredibly sexy woman.
As I lie awake that night in bed, before drifting off to sleep, I found myself fantasizing about the woman from the stories. In my dream, she was straddled over me, her face close to mine, nipples brushing gently across my chest. Despite the lack of any physical description, I found myself imagining a very specific woman in my fantasies, with long brown hair, soft sensual skin, and breasts which were just large enough to swing pendulously below her as she rocked her hips.
The fantasy unfolded further, my imagination wandering freely as I drifted off to sleep. When I woke up, it was as if I had spent the entire night in the embrace of this mysterious woman.
The next day, I sent my unknown author an email, expressing my thanks for sharing her erotic visions with me. After all, it was the least I could do to repay her for having provided me with such a wonderfully sexy focus for my fantasies. I assumed that it would all end there, or perhaps with a brief note of thanks in recognition.
However, it seems that this woman had other ideas. She seemed to like the idea of being a focus for my fantasies. She even sent me a (censored) photo of herself. And after a brief exchange of pleasantries (and teases), she decided to go me one further – she told me she was sending me a video clip related to my fantasy. Almost without warning, it appeared in my inbox.
I have to admit that, when she first said that she was sending me a clip related to the fantasy that I described to her, I was somewhat skeptical. After all, reality is seldom (if ever) as satisfying as fantasy, and it was hard for me to see how a video clip downloaded from the web could add much to

the experience. So it was with some hesitation that I opened the file that she sent.
I was wrong. Really wrong.
The clip was notLIKE my fantasy. It was EXACTLY my fantasy. It was the woman from my fantasy, down to almost every last detail.
The man in the video (not surprisingly)didn't do much for me. But the woman. Ohhhh, the woman. Grinding herself onto him as she bent over him, nipples grazing his chest. Kissing passionately as every possible inch of exposed skin slid in exquisite contact. Her rightarm wrapped tenderly around his head. And then the little gesture that really got to me - the sensuous flip of the rightwrist, the hand deftly tucking some stray hair behind her lovely ear. Then straightening up to take him deeper,her head rearing back, knees rearranging themselves to clasp his sides and support her weight, herhips undulating with the rhythm.
My mouth was hanging open when it finished. After I got over my original astonishment - and arousal - I rewound itto watch it again. Whereupon I was faced with even more surprises. My thoughts as I watched it through for the second time were:
What a goddess. The most erotic thing I'd ever seen. She looked almostfamiliar, somehow. Hmmm, the shoulder-length brown hair. You know, I must be crazy. I only saw a photo from the front, mostly clothed. If I didn't know better, it could just possibly be the same woman, naked from behind. Hmmmm. The camera angle was fixed,as ifsomeone who setit up in their bedroom totape themselves. Glancing down at the filename - "Trina6". Nooooo, it couldn't be..... Could it????
I have to say, just the thought (however unlikely)that it might actually be her made me instantly..... well, it made me. With chills running up and down my spine at the same time.
I didn't know what to say. Except that I found it incredibly difficult to get any real work done for the rest of that day.
We continued to exchange emails for the next few weeks. I don't know what kept her writing, but I was absolutely enthralled at being let into the mind of a woman who actually liked sex, and was happy to encourage my fantasies. Of course, I knew the difference between fantasy and reality, and was careful not to step over the line. But somewhere along the way, the distinction became blurred – I found myself wondering about the possibility of actually meeting this woman some day. Sex wasn't the issue – I was fascinated at the idea of having the opportunity to round out my picture of her, to experience the whole, to hear her voice and maybe feel the touch of her fingertips.
The opportunity came sooner than I expected. I had a business meeting scheduled in her city, with the chance to extend my trip for a day without incurring any undue curiosity from my coworkers. Did I dare even suggest it?
I agonized over it for a night. As I drove to work the next day, I still hadn't decided. But as I sat down at my computer, I found myself composing a note. I suggested that we meet in a public place, where she would feel safe. I simply wanted to see her, to experience her in person.
I don't even remember what else I said. I only remember feeling like a fool for even entertaining such a silly idea. What woman would put herself into such an impossible position?
And then she said yes. She agreed to meet me in the lobby of my hotel, on the evening after my

scheduled meetings.
I don't even remember the flight, or the business meetings that day. All I could think of was the anticipation of that evening. I made my excuses for not joining my coworkers for dinner that night, claiming fatigue from the long day of negotiations, and hurried back to my hotel to shower and change. As I closed the door of my hotel room behind me, I thought, "What an idiot you are! You won't be able to get even one intelligent word out of your mouth. Do you have any idea of how big a fool you are about to make of yourself?"
The elevator doors opened, and I had no choice but to step out into the lobby. I glanced around the room, trying to pick her out of the crowd, not sure whether she would even show up. And then I saw her.
She:
My friend Jo thought I was stupid. Really stupid. I had only one confidante who was up to speed on my internet erotica project, and the burgeoning email relationship to which it had led. She was incredulous that I should meet him. My boyfriend certainly didn't know how far it had gone, but not even I knew how far it had yet to go.
I had many 'positive' responses to the stories I had submitted to the Lush website, not as many full-on perverts as you'd think. The first four stories were already typed up and ready to post with a few minor adjustments – I had put them in black-and-white many years before as part of a game to titillate my partner – and, right from the first one being approved, the response was immense. I could not believe how many men (and women) were reading about my sordid tales of sex with strangers.
It hadn't crossed my mind beforehand but being a woman and writing such uninhibited tales was giving me an invigorating power. Men wanted me, they wanted to do many, many things to me. They wanted to be acting in the role of the taxi driver or the meter man who got so very lucky in my memoirs. It felt so good. Not that I was lacking in attention at home you understand – I was very happy in all aspects of my life – but I'd always had a wicked side, a naughty, dark, sexual side. This was feeding my need to be naughty.
David emailed me shortly after I had submitted a tale of illicit hotel sex with a bell-boy. He was so polite compared with the others, polite but chatty, and I took an instant shine to him. We exchanged emails and, maybe because he was less forthcoming in telling me what he wanted to do with me, I began to get more involved. First, a photo, with my face blurred out. Then one night, after a few glasses of wine, I felt the urge to send him a one-minute clip of me having sex with my ex-husband. I was on top – David's favourite position for fantasizing, I had learnt – and the camera angle meant you couldn't see my face. So no harm there, I thought, just naughtiness. But over the next few weeks he saw quite a bit more of me on that squeaky single bed, and now here he was - standing in front of me, smiling nervously, in a hotel lobby.
I felt fairly confident in going there. He had emailed me his home and work addresses for me to check him out. He was on a business trip in London and suggested we could meet at his hotel, a busy up-market joint in the West End , maybe have a few drinks in the bar. I agreed, realizing I was perhaps playing with fire. But something had awoken in me. I felt the Trina of 10 years ago resurfacing, I felt

powerful again, and it was quite possible David was going to get both barrels.
I traveled into town the week before our meet to check out the hotel – reassure myself that it was a suitably bustling environment in which to meet a stranger. All seemed well and there was one final email off David before he left for his trip just to check I hadn't changed my mind. I hadn't, he hadn't. See you in three days.
I was thoroughly nervous all day before our 7pm meeting time. I suddenly realized that what I had long been planning to wear might be construed as a little too 'eager'. I spent all day thinking and re-thinking – this was a difficult one for a girl to call. I genuinely did not know how far the evening was going to go, but no matter how politely we spoke about the meeting there was always the underlying factor that had driven us together – sex. It was hanging gratuitously in the air above us, slithering below us, suffocating the air around us as we exchanged emails. There was an unwritten promise that something might happen.
That being the case, my best lingerie was a no-brainer. I started from scratch in planning my outfit and, for underwear, dug out a black lace ensemble that I was fond of, with tiny red roses embroidered along every edge of the panties and bra. I had been wearing hold-up stockings in the video clips David had seen and wondered whether he would like me to do the same tonight. They always seemed to make me feel extra sexy so I went for it, black with lace tops of course. A stylish knee-length charcoal grey skirt, my favourite black boots and a low-cut black shirt were each laid out on the bed. Perfect: sexy and stylish, slightly mysterious yet saying 'come and get me', not too obvious yet catching the eye of any heterosexual man. It was only 3pm …
After at least six changes of mind I was leaving my flat at about 6pm, perfect make-up, glossy hair bouncing as I walked to the station in just the outfit I had laid out on my bed a few hours earlier. The evening was fresh and still, full of people on their way home from work or on their way out to dinner … or on their way out to meet a strange - married - man at a hotel after emailing him videos of you getting screwed.
I was sat on a leather chair in the lobby when he showed up. He smiled down at me, saying a rather hoarse "hi". I stood to shake his hand, not knowing what else to do, and we looked at each other for what seemed an age. I could tell he was trying hard to look only at my face, and not be a typical man, so I thought I'd rescue him. "Shall we go to the bar then?" I said with a smile, and walked on ahead.
We sat with our drinks in the corner. He was typically complimentary about me, I asked about his meeting, he asked about London , I asked if we could do another story together… A few hours, and drinks, later I suddenly realized we were still laughing and chatting and – more pertinently – there was touching of each other's arms, knees and hands as the flirting escalated. I decided to let a foot dangle by his shin under the table, let the hard toe of my knee-high black boots prod and eventually stroke his leg.
He smiled and looked at me as I grazed his trousers under the oak table. "You're much sexier in the flesh you know," he said.
"That's a lovely thing to say," I replied. "Flattery will get you everywhere." I let out a chuckle. "I'm off to powder my nose."

I rose from my chair, picking up my bag, and concentrated on leaving the table and walking over to the ladies' room with the maximum slinky sexiness. Despite three or four glasses of wine I thought I carried it off well – surely well enough for him to be staring at my ass as I walked away.
In the confines of my toilet cubicle I took a few deep breaths and tried to think clearly for a moment. He seemed a totally genuine guy – and I liked to think I was a good judge of character (though don't we all?) – and on top of that I was getting hot for it. I did some minor adjustments to my lingerie, checked my hold-ups were still clinging perfectly to my thighs and went out to touch up my make-up. I thought I looked good, and replacing the lipstick that had been deposited on the evening's wine glasses only served to boost my confidence further. Back out I went…
I approached the table and noticed he had finished his drink. He looked up: "I think it's my turn to buy, Trina."
"Or we could just take a bottle of champagne up to your room?"
He sat and stared. His mouth moved a little as if he was going to reply, but nothing came out. I began to wonder whether he wasn't too keen. "Shall I sit back down?" I laughed nervously.
"No no no no," he said, standing. "Sorry I was just shocked. I mean, I wasn't really expecting… um, I'd love to obviously." He took a deep breath. "Look, sorry. I've just been convincing myself you wouldn't want to 'see my room' so that there was no danger of me being disappointed tonight. I guess I wasn't expecting you to suggest it, either. Let's go get some bubbly."
With that we were on our way up in a lift to his room, a bottle of iced champagne and two glasses on order with room service. Thankfully the lift had a few other guests in, heading off any chance of an uncomfortable moment. We got to the fifth floor and I followed as he stepped out into the corridor. Just a short walk, through the fire doors, and then he pulled the card-key from his pocket. Room 512 opened with a click.
He:
She was what a hack writer would have described as "a vision of loveliness". No one feature stood out, but the whole was everything that a man could dream about. She was breathtaking – literally so. I found myself unable to speak an intelligible word.
She put me out of my misery by standing up to shake my hand, and then suggested that we move to the bar off the lobby, where we could talk. I gathered what few wits I still had about me – those that were still left after her touch on my hand drove most of the remaining intelligent thoughts that I still had right out of my head – and followed her into the bar.
Only two minutes into our first meeting, and this was not going at all as I had expected. I had underestimated the power of my fantasies, and the effect of confronting them head-on. I barely noticed the barmaid who took our drink orders.
The conversation started awkwardly. But within ten minutes, I was relaxed and enjoying myself. She had a way about her – simple, direct, and unaffected. We exchanged stories about the restaurant that she managed, and the projects that I'd been involved in, laughing together at people and things. We shared experiences about raising children, some hilarious and others not so at all.
I quite literally lost track of the time. And I felt completely at ease, just enjoying the opportunity to be

with a warm, articulate, and appealing woman who seemed to be enjoying herself as well. Somehow, she was no longer the "object of my desire" who left me tongue-tied; she was a friend, sharing herself freely and expecting nothing more than that in return.

I realized with a start that over three hours had passed, almost unnoticed, and thought that, while I had no desire for this evening to end, she probably needed to be on her way. I was just about to say something that would give her an opportunity to make her excuses and go, when something happened to distract me entirely.

I felt the tip of a boot stroke my leg once slowly. And then again.

All at once, sex reared its ugly head once more. Except that it wasn't ugly at all – it was wonderful and overpoweringly seductive. The "object of my desire" had returned, with a vengeance. Except this time, it wasn't in the guise of some fantasy figure – it was a real live flesh and blood woman, who turned me on and made me laugh at the same time. The combination was irresistible.

I looked up at her, and her eyes were sparkling, with a wicked gleam. Without thinking, I said the first thing that came to my mind: "You're much sexier in the flesh, you know."

I regretted the words almost as soon as they left my mouth, fearing that they would put a damper on what had been such a lovely evening. But she just smiled and said "What a lovely thing to say! Flattery will get you everywhere, you know."

She got up and excused herself to go powder her nose. I found my eyes riveted to her bottom as she sashayed across the floor, hips swaying seductively under her skirt. The promise was unmistakable, but I was reluctant to break the spell of such a wonderful evening by suggesting that it might turn into something more. I gulped down my drink, and tried to come up with some clever way out of my dilemma.

I was still debating my next move when she returned. Not wanting to make a mistake, but not wanting the evening to be over yet either, I said the first thing that came to mind: "I think it's my turn to buy, Trina".

Fortunately, she was a woman who knew her mind, and wasn't afraid of speaking it. "Or we could just take a bottle of champagne up to your room?"

It was like looking my fantasy right in the eye. I was speechless. Trina must have thought she had said something wrong, and I saw she was about to get flustered. I liked her too much to let her feel uncomfortable about having made such a wonderfully bold suggestion.

“No no no no,” I said, standing. “Sorry, I was just shocked. I mean, I wasn’t really expecting… Oh, hell yes - I’d love to!” I took a deep breath. “Look, you turn me on more than any woman that I've ever known. I’ve just been convincing myself that you wouldn’t want to ‘see my room’, so that there was no danger of me being disappointed tonight. I guess I wasn’t expecting you to suggest it, either. Let’s go get some champagne.”

That wicked smile returned to her lips, and the sparkle to her eyes. I had to have her. I would return tomorrow to my family, and she to her boyfriend. But for just this moment in time, we only wanted each other.

I stopped off at the register to sign my bill and order a bottle of champagne to my room, and we

moved off to the elevator, with her arm linked sexily in mine. As the doors opened, I leaned forward to enter the elevator and sweep her into my arms, until I suddenly realized that there were an elderly man and woman standing there. I stumbled into the elevator, pulling her behind me as I suddenly checked my "move".

"Pretty suave, sailor!" she laughed. The elderly couple raised their eyebrows, but didn't say a word. They didn't have to. I pressed "Five" and we rode the rest of the way up in smirking silence. As the elevator doors opened, I grabbed her hand and we ran down the corridor laughing. The key card worked the first try (thankfully), and I let her into my room.

I turned to throw my jacket over a chair, and I heard the bed creak. I looked back to see her spread out on the bed, leaning on one arm with her legs stretched out deliciously. I sat down next to her on the bed, and all hesitation disappeared.

I leaned over to wrap my arms around her, pulling my head down to hers. Our lips met in a wet, open-mouthed kiss. All of my passion released itself in that embrace, her body molding itself into mine, the softness of her arms folding itself around my neck and the ripples of her muscles under her clothing promising unspeakable delights.

An irreverent thought popped into my head – I bet this is what she'd call 'snogging'! I found myself smiling as we kissed.

She broke suction as she leaned her head back, with one eyebrow raised: "So what's so funny?"

I laughed and took the simplest way out – I pulled her face back to mine and buried her mouth in another kiss, my tongue searching for hers. She relaxed and melted into my arms. I was just about to slide my hands under her blouse when a knock came at the door.

"Room Service!"

I jumped off the bed, her head falling back on the pillows, and ran to the door. I signed the slip and took the tray with the bottle and two glasses from the bellboy's hands. Before he could protest, I reached into my pocket and shoved a few bills into his hands. I think it must have been the best tip he had all night – he tipped his cap and said "Have a good evening, sir!" as I almost slammed the door in his face.

I walked back into the room and put the tray down on the table. And I turned back to Trina, waiting for me on the bed.

She:

We were sharing a delicious kiss when the champagne arrived. David hurriedly tipped the bellboy and virtually threw the tray on to the table. A drink was not on his mind. I smiled as he came back over to me on the bed and lay down next to me, facing me. His hand went instinctively to my waist as he moved to kiss me again, pulling me towards him. I reached round and held his ass, my leg wrapping around his knee, my skirt riding up slightly. We lay there on our sides kissing for what seemed an age, exploring each others mouths softly, and his hand began exploring beneath my top, first up and down my back, then gradually around the front to my bra. I could feel him getting hard, through his trousers and my skirt, against my thigh.

I pushed away slightly and began unfastening his belt with my hand, then the button and the fly. I

looked right into his eyes as I reached into his trousers, delving inside his pants to seek out his cock. I found it, throbbing and hot, and squeezed as I leant forward for another kiss. His hand had roamed upwards and was gently squeezing my breasts as I toyed with his dick, both of us now letting out gentle groans as the stimulation increased.

I pushed myself up and began unfastening my shirt – he watched transfixed. “I’d ask ‘how do you want me?’ but I think I know the answer to that,” I said with a smile as I threw the shirt to the floor and readjusted my bra. I intended keeping my lingerie on for a little while yet.

“I think ‘any way’ would be a fair answer,” he replied, subtly kicking off his shoes over the side of the bed.

I unzipped my long black boots on kicked them to the floor, then stood by the bed and slowly unzipped my skirt, letting it fall slowly over my hips to reveal my finest panties and the black stockings. I stood for a moment, a pause for him to stare, then crawled slowly and deliberately onto the bed on all fours, heading for the open fly of his trousers.

I pulled them down, expertly hooking away his socks too as they left his legs, and then returned to drag away his pants. An attentive cock lay there for me, waiting, twitching with anticipation. David sat up and pulled his shirt off over his head, not even bothering with the buttons, and lay back down all the while his eyes fixed firmly on my curves in black lace.

By now I was poised over his groin, and his left hand had reached out to stroke up my leg to my ass and up my back. I placed a hand on one of his thighs and began kissing the other one softly, working my way in the obvious direction, slowly and surely, as his hand traced the contours of my body.

When my lips finally reached his groin I glanced up to check that he was watching my mouth rather than my body. He was staring as I placed the first soft kiss on his balls, then another at the base of his stiff cock and worked my way up the underside, turning it into the wettest lick I could muster when I reached the end. My right hand pulled his dick upright so that he could see perfectly my wet mouth closing over the end, my left hand reaching up to pull my hair to one side. I opened and looked up at him as I lowered my lips to his throbbing head, working the end of my tongue on his hole as he entered my mouth. He sighed loudly, and I continued lowering till I had as much of his cock in my mouth as I could handle. I sucked a full-mouth suck, a loud gurgling suck, and my left hand pushed his thighs apart so I could caress his balls.

I lifted back off again slowly, making a point of leaving as wet and slimy a coating on his cock as I could. I knew full well we weren’t going to need it, I was almost leaking into my panties, but I knew how horny that would look. My mouth released the end with a gasp, I squeezed his balls and licked and re-licked the throbbing tool in front of my face. He smelt of man. And now I was beginning to get hungry.

I indulged in one more long suck around the end of his cock, gradually building the pressure as my mouth tightened, and then sat back. He had a look of pure lust, which only grew as I reached behind to unfasten my bra, tossing it away. I crawled between his open legs and knelt upright, hooking my thumbs into my panties and slowly pushing them past my stocking tops to my knees.

“God you’re divine,” he said, as I returned to a crawling position and moved slowly towards his face. I

worked the panties down my calves and kicked them away as I did so, my knees then moving either side of him to straddles.
I kissed him briefly, then sat back and smiled down at him. “I do hope the reality can match the fantasy, David.”
“It already does, Trina,” he smiled back. I reached down beneath me, raised myself with my left leg, and held his dick upright. I wanted him to watch as he entered me for the first time. I made a point of watching too, gave the base of his shaft one last squeeze, and lowered the mouth of my pussy on to him. As he entered his whispered something I couldn’t catch, and I kept hold of the base as I slid all the way down, taking him centimeter by centimeter, my hot wet tunnel devouring its prey.
I let go when he was all the way in, and my hands returned to being either side of his shoulders. I held the position for a moment, merely squeezing him gently inside me, and we kissed a soft, tender kiss. His hands were on my back, his strong arms holding me, and we both moaned softly as I began to move on him.
“I can’t believe we’re finally fucking,” I said as I grazed my erect nipples over his chest, gyrating my body with him inside me, varying the pressure on my clit as I pressed against him. “It could be a long night.”
I pushed back and sat upright running my hands over his chest and switching to more pronounced movements as his hands slipped down to my hips. I was determined this first fuck would be all he imagined.
He:
When she stood up to wriggle out of her skirt, I think I stopped breathing. There she stood, a sexy apparition in black lace bra and panties, with sheer black thigh-high stockings accenting her shapely legs. Every man's wet dream. There was an aura about her - she positively glowed with sexual promise.
I was still frozen by her incredibly erotic visage, when she crawled slowly back onto the bed, and up between my legs. She wasn't waiting for any more signs. She wanted sex, and she wanted it with me. I had never been with a woman who wanted me like that. I felt like a fly caught in a spider's web. Except that this fly was very much looking forward to being captured.
I watched mesmerized as she pulled my pants down my legs, my cock springing to attention. I felt the delicious touch of her fingers on one thigh as she reached down to touch her lips to my other thigh, mouth beginning a slow crawl up towards my groin.
I sat up part-way so my hands could reach over her back, tracing the curves of her body, feeling the oh-so-soft skin as it yielded to my touch. I leaned back as I felt her lips touch the underside of my balls. For the moment, this was all her show, and I allowed myself to luxuriate in her touch.
I stared at her mouth as she took my cock in hand and swallowed me whole, sucking me deeply into her throat. She tickled my balls, slurping and licking my rock-hard prick. The sensations were overwhelming – I didn't know whether I could hold out much longer. I hated the idea of coming so soon, but I was no longer in control of myself – my body was her tool to play with.
Just when I thought it was going to be too late, she sat up licking her lips with a wicked grin. She

reached behind to unhook her bra. Her breasts bounded out naughtily, as perfect as their promise – two luscious handfuls with erect nipples bouncing at their tips.
There was no wasted motion. She crawled up my legs, hooking her panties with her thumbs to pull them down in one fluid motion as she moved forward, lifting one leg and then the other. The panties trailed off her leg and were tossed to one side as she reached her goal, her perfect ass perched at the base of my groin, with my cock captured at the juncture of her thighs.
She hesitated just a moment, and as I caught her eye, I said, "You really are a Goddess." She leaned over to kiss me, our mouths sucking as she pulled away again.
“I do hope the reality can match the fantasy, David.”
My smile of happiness was plastered across my face. “It already does, Trina”. In fact, it was way beyond anything that I had imagined. For once, reality had totally trumped any possible fantasy that I could have had.
She didn't wait any longer. Reaching down to grab my cock in her hand, she lifted one leg and slid my cock slowly into her wet pussy, one inch at a time, shifting her weight to bring her hips down over mine. Her slippery wet heat engulfed me, her pussy lips spreading in an erotic embrace around my cock.
When I was completely inside, she leaned over to take my lips in hers in a surprisingly tender kiss. Her shoulder-length brown hair fell like a scented curtain around our faces.
I reached my arms around her, pulling her to me, wanting to feel every possible inch of her exposed flesh as her body molded itself into mine. She raised up slightly against the pull of my hands, her erect nipples grazing across my chest, as her hips began a slow grinding gyration against me. And then she said the exact words that had popped into my head: "I can't believe we're finally fucking".
I had nothing more to add to that. And even if I had, the sheer bliss of her fucking had rendered me speechless.
She pushed herself back up, bracing her hands against my chest, beginning a delicious twisting motion with her hips. It wasn't just up and down, or side to side – it was a constant rolling and pumping that kept me in exquisite contact with her inner core, rotating her pelvis to stimulate every nerve ending in my cock, while maintaining a constant pressure from within to inexorably incite her own arousal.
I wanted this feeling to last all night, but I didn't know how much longer I could keep from coming. The sensations were too intense, and kept building without letup.
I reached up to stroke her bobbing breasts, tweaking her nipples alternately as she raised and lowered her hips over my rock-hard and almost bursting cock. I stared at the juncture of our bodies, mesmerized by the slick surfaces sliding within and around each other, the lips of her pussy flexing wetly around my prick.
I forced my gaze up her body, past her flexing stomach to her breasts dangling with pointed tips, jiggling in time to the rhythm. I looked past her slender neck, over her pouting lips framing her half-open mouth, the tip of her tongue peeking out as she panted slightly in her exertion. But my eyes then locked with hers, riveting my attention for good. There was a look of sheer lust. And mischief. And

tenderness. It was a look that pierced me to the core – a look that I knew I would carry with me forever.

There was something else, as well. Her arousal framed her face like a halo. She positively glowed. Her hand came up to stroke my cheek, and then, with a seductive flick of the wrist, her fingers tucked the strands of her swaying hair behind one ear. It was a subtle, almost insignificant move, but the beauty and the grace of her motion burned itself indelibly into my memory. I knew instinctively that the images of her lovemaking would continue to provide me with many happy memories for a very long time to come.

Just when I thought that I had managed to bring my arousal under control, she reached back behind her ass to stroke my balls. The move caught me by surprise, and I knew there would be no holding back for me. I grabbed her, pulling her down to my chest and burying my face in the hollow of her neck. I made a motion to lift her up and slip my cock out before it was too late, but she clamped down tightly and whispered into my ear, "Come inside me, it's OK."

My hands slipped down to her hips, which began a wild gyration – an indescribable combination of twisting and rolling which brought her pubic bone into exquisite contact with mine. A few moments of this and I was driven over the edge.

My hips thrust upwards into her straining thighs, driving me deeply inside of her pussy, as my cock spurted again and again. This seemed to drive her over the edge as well. I felt her pussy contracting around my cock as she trembled against me, first once and then a second time. My cock kept spurting, in smaller and smaller ejaculations, and she milked every drop of come out of me. Her arms were wrapped around my head, as she slowly relaxed onto my chest, her body trembling occasionally from the aftershocks of her own orgasm.

My cheek nuzzled against hers, my lips nibbling gently at her ear. Her body lay limply in my embrace, my hands running slowly over her soft curves, from her thighs over her ass to her shoulders and back. I felt her breathing slowly relax, as her heartbeat returned gradually to its rhythm at rest. I was at total peace.

I don't know how long we remained like that, but she eventually slid off me, whispering in my ear, "I have to use the loo." She left a huge void next to me, as she shifted her weight and swung her legs off the bed. I was too drained to open my eyes, but I heard her feet padding across the carpet, and the creak of the closing door. Then came the cute tinkle, and the sounds of water running.

When she exited the bathroom, I was still in bed, leaning back on a pillow. I drank in the simple and unaffected beauty of her incredibly sexy body, and realized with a sinking feeling that the evening was probably not far from being over.

She walked over to her purse, pulling out a cellphone, and hit a speed-dial button. She listened for a minute, and then spoke into the phone: "Hi, Jo. Is everything all right?..... Great…….. Yes, everything is fine here." She flashed me a wicked grin. "Listen, I might be very late. Would you mind staying the night and getting her off to school in the morning?..... Oh thanks, you're a doll. See you tomorrow."

With that, she closed her phone and placed it back in her purse. She turned back to me with a shy

smile, her face seeming to frame an unspoken question. I couldn't speak, myself – I just lifted the blanket and patted the bed next to me. She slid into bed, wrapping her arms around me and burying her face in my chest.

I reached over her to turn off the light, and we snuggled into the bedsheets. She sighed and then twisted around in my hands, grabbing my arms and wrapping them around her like a cloak as she snuggled backwards. Her warm body fit perfectly into my embrace, her back pressed tightly against my chest and her rounded tush nestled snugly into the bend of my groin.

There are many types of heaven. I had already experienced one of them that night, when she undulated above me as we made love. Now I experienced another type of heaven, with her luscious body engulfed tenderly in mine. Every square inch of touching skin was a center of exquisite sensation. I buried my face in her hair, breathing in her intoxicating scent, cherishing every minute of this gift that I had been given.

I didn't want to move, so as not to break the spell. My hands seemed to have a mind of their own, though, as they slowly stroked her body, tracing the line of her breasts, past the curve of her stomach, over the softness of her thighs, and then back up, fingers lingering to briefly entangle themselves in her pubic hairs. My lips also seemed to be acting of their own accord, pursing themselves to plant occasional kisses on the back of her head.

I would have been perfectly content to spend the rest of the night like this. However, another part of me, surprisingly, seemed to acquire a bit of new life. My prick, which was nestled between the globes of her asscheeks, twitched slightly, growing slowly harder as it started regaining some of its former robustness. She must have become aware of it, because she started undulating her tush gently back against me, further stimulating my cock's revival.

I was still only semi-hard when she turned her head back to me and said sleepily, with a smile on her lips, "It seems like someone isn't yet done for the night."

I had no idea if I had it in me to go another round, but I suddenly felt the need to taste her. I kissed her cheek, nibbling down her chin and onto the soft curve of her neck. I pressed her shoulder down gently to the bed, turning her onto her back as I lifted my leg over hers and buried my nose in the hollow of her armpit, kissing her upper arms and then licking upwards. The heady smell of her scent and sweat aroused me even more.

I touched my lips and tongue to her neck, trailing them downward towards the hollow between her perfect breasts, then following their curves to her nipple, which rose slowly to harden under my insisting tongue. I rose up to kiss my way over to her other nipple, which responded in turn.

Her flesh was intoxicating. My hands trailed down to her hips as my lips continued their way downward, kissing and licking their way over her belly to her navel. They dawdled for a brief moment here, my tongue inserting itself into her bellybutton, but the scent of her gradual arousal drove me onward.

She placed her hands on my head, pushing me downward, urging me towards her parted thighs. My lips reached the top of her curly pubic hairs, licking at the salty skin at their juncture. She entwined her fingers in my hair, and I heard a slight hiss escape from her lips as I nibbled briefly at her mons,

but I wasn't yet ready to dive in.
I lowered my head past her hips to the inside of her thigh, just above her bent knee. I nibbled at the soft skin of her inner thigh, working my way back upward towards my ultimate goal. But just before I reached there, I bent back down to her other knee. She let out a tiny groan in frustration.
The groan turned into a moan as my lips and tongue worked their way up the inside of her other thigh. I reached the her groin, my nose buried in her hair. I could feel the wetness of her secretions, like dewdrops on her trimmed pubic bush, and I could smell the sharp scent of her arousal. There was no more teasing – I lifted my head and pressed my mouth to her cunt.
She:
My post-sex urge to use the loo kicked in after about five minutes of us lying, just holding each other with David falling flaccid inside me. I climbed off him and padded over to the en suite bathroom, his cum dripping out of me, down the inside of my thigh and on to the carpet as I did so. Sitting on the toilet behind the closed door I looked across to the mirror and smiled. That was a good fuck. I rolled off my hold-up stockings as I peed and kicked them away. One landed in David's toiletry bag. "Ha! A nice souvenir for him!" I thought, wondering naughtily what might happen if his wife found it.
I washed my hands and tried to rescue my hair from being a total disaster. I had already decided to stay – assuming I was wanted, of course – and I resolved to call Jo straight away so everyone knew where they stood. I wanted more.
Jo sounded concerned but didn't hassle me - which was fine, friends do that. I climbed back into bed and was surprised when David turned out the light. I thought for a moment and opted for subtlety – relatively speaking, of course – curling into a ball with his arm around me and pressing my ass back towards his cock. He was touching and stroking and kissing my head softly, though, and such was the sensuous nature of his caresses that I eventually started drifting off involuntarily.
A hand reaching gently between my legs dragged me back out of my slumber, and I became aware of the growing pressure between my asscheeks. David was hardening against me and I responded, rocking my ass slightly against it, offering myself.
I feigned sleepiness as I rolled over to face him, saying: "Seems like someone isn't yet done for the night." OK if you must use me some more I'll wake up for you, I smiled to myself. I shifted towards him reaching down with my right hand to trace a line around his groin, not touching his semi-hard cock just yet. He kissed and nibbled at me, eventually gently pushing me on to my back.
He leaned over me, his kissing and biting on my neck making me squirm with delight, and soon he was working his way further down to my chest, seeking out each nipple in turn as my heartbeat quickened. His tongue continued its journey south, full of promise, teasing in its delayed journey to my pussy. I pushed him down, further between my legs, wanting him to suck on me.
He enjoyed teasing some more, going past my aching cunt to kiss and lick each thigh in turn. I was about to reprimand him when his face finally hit me between the legs. He kissed my lips, and then buried his mouth in me, his tongue delving into me, tasting me, exploring my wetness. My hands were gripping his head, my legs opened wider, I moaned with relief as his tongue left my dripping hole to trace a path up to my already exposed clit, gently massaging it with the ample lubrication between me

and his hungry tongue.
My head rolled back and I closed my eyes, David's hands had gone either side of my thighs and were now holding me on my front, pinning me to the bed as his mouth worked me into a frenzy, occasionally reaching up to gently squeeze my tits as my body undulated on the bed with the movements of his mouth. My muffled moans told him he was doing good, his tongue still tracing lazy patterns in my slit, the pace still sedate, the occasional suck on my lips and clit enabling him to drink more of me in and apply that bit more pressure on me.
His tongue began flecking my clit faster, his mouth open. I could feel I was soaked down there, and I could feel another orgasm coming on with this kind of clit action. As I groaned and looked down into his eyes I lifted my legs further back and apart and pushed his right hand off my waistline and around the underside of my thigh. He began stroking the underside of my raised thigh, but I whispered down to him: "Finger me please."
His hand slowly stroked all the way down to my ass, cupping it momentarily, before shifting across to my cunt. I felt his middle finger slide slowly into me, adding to my sensations, and then work around and in and out slowly, creating more wet noises between my legs.
"Two," I said, sounding almost desperate. I loved being sucked and fucked at the same time, and I wanted to cum on David's face so hard now. His tongue began rubbing my clit harder, faster as his fingers worked in and out of me. His breathing was becoming as stilted as mine as I wound towards another inevitable climax.
My hips were lifting off the bed, I was pushing myself up, offering more of myself to him, greater access. His position shifted, presumably to help him thrust into me faster because his hand was suddenly pumping rapidly as his mouth sucked hard on my clit, not letting up. I cried out knowing it was going to be a big one, both my hands now above my head, pushing up against the wall at the head of the bed, helping to lever my crotch up and into David's face as he sucked.
"Ahhhhhh, Jesus…" I cried out as I collapsed down into the bed cumming over and over with guttural groans as David's hand slowed and his mouth sucked gradually softer on my aching clit.
My body bucked on the bed, like a victim of massive electric shocks. The twitches gradually got less pronounced as the orgasm subsided until finally my raised ass fell back to the bed. "Mmmmm that was great," I whispered with a smile as I opened my eyes to look down at him, reaching to stroke his hair between my thighs.
As he raised his head he smiled back: "It's nice that you seemed to cum harder than in that video."
"Well it was much better than in the video."
He slowly withdrew his fingers from my pussy, watching them slide out as he did so. I moaned softly, and pulled him up to me. He was on all fours over me and we kissed softly. I licked along his lips, wanting to taste myself on him. I could feel his cock was rock hard against my thigh, and reached down to try and pull him into me. He resisted. "No we don't have to…"
"I *want* to," I said, and raised my legs to use my calves to pull him into me, his cock sliding straight in to my slippery cunt. He breathed deeply as he felt my heat again, I squeezed him inside me and pulled him down to kiss me again. "I want *you* to fuck *me*."

He began slowly, and kissing me softly on the neck. His tongue traced a path down to my nipple and sucked, one hand reaching under my back to hold me close as he moved in and out. I moaned, not just for show, it was a massive turn-on being able to smell myself on him. I wasn't going to cum again so soon but the sex felt great.

I reached across for his free hand, the one that had been in me moments earlier, and moved it towards me. He collapsed a little on to me without the hand to lean on, but at least he was closer to my face as I began licking the two fingers smeared with my juices. With my mouth wide open, I groaned hungrily as I lapped at the fingers, licking each one from top to bottom, working my tongue in the gap between them.

David moaned and began fucking me harder, it seemed like he might cum soon. And who could blame him? I was as hot and wet as I could get around his cock, and I was putting on quite a show with his soiled fingers and my wanton mouth. I slid the fingers into my mouth and gave one soft suck, breathing heavily through my nose as I savoured the taste, before pulling them away and planting a desperate, lust-filled kiss on David. He responded with relish – he seemed more turned on than earlier, even – and started coming down harder on me as I raised my legs and reached round to grasp his ass. My knees were bent, my calves again holding him in position between my legs.

"Oh God… harder!" I demanded, as he bit and dribbled on my neck. I threw my hands above my head again, the perfect image of a victim being nailed by an eager, hungry man. His hand moved from behind my back and reached to hold my arms above my head, completing the scene without him realising. We kissed again, tongues everywhere as he pounded me with abandon, then suddenly he was cumming loudly, desperately emptying into me, biting my neck, gripping my ass.

I felt him shoot twice before he collapsed completely, then I squeezed gently as he went limp inside me again.

"Oh God, I can't believe we just did that. I can't believe I managed that," he said after getting his breath back.

I laughed as he rolled off and flopped on to the bed beside me. I was happy just to roll over and let his cum seep from me on the sheets as we kissed tenderly under the blankets. Somewhere in the midst of each other's arms we both drifted off into a sound sleep…

He:

She was intoxicating. The smell of her arousal, the texture and tangy taste of the slippery folds of her cunt against my lips, tongue, and face. The hard nub of her clit rolling against my tongue.

And she was incredibly rewarding – positive feedback of the most erotic kind. Her twitches told me whenever I did something right, and her moans urged me on in an increasing crescendo. I wanted to eat her all night. I had never had such a responsive lover, a woman who reveled in her arousal, and who wasn't shy about letting her lover know exactly what she wanted, and how she wanted it. And the more she got turned on, the more I became turned on myself.

"Finger me", she said, and so I did - first one finger and then two. I shifted up between her legs onto my knees, bending over her to maintain suction with my lips on her clit, while I bent my right arm and plunged my fingers inside her, twisting and then pressing upward, searching for that mythical G-spot.

I don't know if I found it, but I must have been doing something right, because she cried out and started coming.
Her orgasms came in waves – I could feel them rippling through her body. Her hips twitched and convulsed, lifting up as if to bury my face inside her, her luscious thighs clamping around my ears. I was in awe of her capacity for loving – it was like having a front-row seat on an incredible erotic performance. I kept sucking and licking, wanting to absorb every bit of her, as her orgasms subsided gradually beneath me.
Her hips finally fell back onto the bed, and she went limp in my arms. "Mmmm, that was great!" she sighed, and I felt her fingers twining themselves into my hair, stroking my head softly. It was the simplest of gestures, but my heart melted.
I lifted my head up from her thighs with a smile – "I think you came even harder than in the video."
"Well, it felt even better than in the video," she murmured.
Knowing that I was able to give her such pleasure made me feel wonderful. I thought ironically to myself that the ego was a man's most erotic organ, but stimulating it felt awfully good. I had never been so turned on in my life, and I had another raging hard-on to prove it.
I watched my fingers as they slipped out of her cunt, glistening with her wetness in the semidark of the room. I climbed up over her body, holding myself up on all fours so as not to press my weight onto her. I wanted to kiss her, but I didn't know whether the taste of her own juices on my lips would turn her off.
I touched my lips to hers, and she answered my question. She pursed her mouth in a tender, clinging kiss, then licked my lips with her tongue, reveling in the taste. My cock leaped again, brushing against her thigh as I became aroused even more.
She slipped her arm down to grasp my prick in the palm of her hand, pulling me towards her welcoming cunt. I hesitated, not wanting to force myself on her, preferring instead to let her bask in the afterglow of her arousal. But she was insistent, and she was used to getting her way.
"I want you," she said. "I want *you* to fuck *me*."
She punctuated her demand by wrapping her legs around me, pulling me inside her in one smooth movement. I collapsed onto her body, my cock buried deeply inside of her, as my mouth sought hers once again. My tongue traced its way hungrily down her neck, and I leaned to one side so I could duck my head down and grab one of her stiff nipples between my lips and tongue. She grabbed for my right hand, pulling it to her face and sucking my fingers - which were still dripping wet from her cunt - into her mouth, sucking and licking them as if they were a popsicle.
I lost it completely. Just when I thought I could get no more aroused, I found myself surging toward a new peak of eroticism. My slow, rhythmic penetrations turned into violent heaves as I buried my prick inside of her. I pounded into her, withdrawing almost entirely and then thrusting hard and deep, as she opened up all the way to me. I was afraid that I might hurt her, but she grabbed my asscheeks in her hands, urging me to fuck her even harder.
All rational thought ceased. She enveloped me in her body, hips thrusting as her calves locked behind my thighs. Her hands flew up over her head, reaching towards the top of the bed. I needed to

feel all of her – my hands flew unthinkingly to seek out hers, grabbing her wrists, and then intertwining her fingers in my own as my arms pressed hers down onto the bed.
I pressed my mouth down onto hers, my tongue lashing out furiously to seek hers as our lips mashed together. I buried my hips into the juncture of her widespread thighs - once, twice, and then I was coming. My hands flew down to her hips and behind, grabbing and separating her buttocks as I pulled myself into her, her legs grasping me for leverage as I ejaculated deeply inside. I wanted to live in that moment forever, our bodies merging into one inseparable whole.
The moment passed, as such moments do, as our panting subsided, and I rolled off of her to release her from my weight. I had to wait a few seconds before I was able to speak. "I can't believe that we just did that. I mean, I can't believe that I just did that again!"
She laughed, a sound that warmed me deep inside. My heart rate slowed gradually, as my breathing slowly returned to normal. I felt happy, and completely at peace, with her warm body lying next to mine. I drifted off to sleep before I was able to say another word……..
I awoke to the pressure of daylight streaming around the sides of the window curtains. These hotels are all the same, I thought. You can never get those curtains just right – if you don't pull them enough, the light gets through the crack in the middle, and if you pull them too far towards the middle, the light always gets in around the side.
I rolled over and then awoke with a start as I found myself pressed into the warm, soft flesh of the sweet-smelling body beside me. My eyes flew open.
"Morning, darling!" she murmured, her face turning sleepily toward mine. Her lips brushed mine, and I returned her kiss, pressing gently and inhaling her loveliness. So it wasn't a dream, after all…..
I was now completely out of my depth. My fantasies had always ended at the climax, drifting off into nothingness. But here I was, on the morning after, waking up with my object of desire, the sexiest woman whom I had ever had the good fortune to meet. I didn't have a clue as to what to do next.
"Did you sleep well?" I asked her.
"Mmmmm, *very* well, thank you," she murmured.
I found my hands wandering up and down her body, my fingertips lazily tracing the delicious curves from her shoulders to her hips and back as we nuzzled together. Her hands were on my chest, her fingers tracing lazy circles in my sparse chest hair. I buried my face in her hair, inhaling her sweet smell. I just couldn't get enough of her. I knew that the day beckoned for both of us, and we would soon have to go our separate ways. But we both seemed content to let time stand still, for just a little while longer.
She reached down with her hand to tickle my prick, and I realized with a start that I was very hard. Once again.
"Don't you ever give up?" she giggled. Not waiting for a response, she pushed me over onto my back, rolling over and lifting her leg to straddle me, slipping me inside her once again. She was not yet entirely wet, so the head of my cock stopped just after it slipped inside, lodged at the entrance to her pussy. She groaned as she slowly added her weight, letting my cock spread her as it sank in. I could feel her cunt lips opening and the exquisitely smooth walls of her vagina spreading around me,

absorbing me into her interior. Her ass came to rest on me as I bottomed out inside of her, her weight spread deliciously onto my thighs.
She placed her arms on my shoulders, straightening herself up to gaze down on me. I looked into her eyes, and thought to myself, "I'm the luckiest man in the world!"
She:
I was lying semi-awake for what seemed an age before David stirred - being used to rising with a kid for school had my body tuned to a particular routine. I had plenty of time to think about 'what I had done' - but also how much I had enjoyed it. Things had gone better than either of us could have wished for, but it seemed such a shame that we would soon go back to our lives. I reckoned I had a few hours before I would have to hurry home, and I knew David had a flight this morning. A goodbye fuck was a must, it seemed to me.
When he eventually murmured something and rolled over towards me I was ready with a smile and a kiss and a cuddle. His morning glory was awaiting orders between our clammy bodies, deep under the covers, and I reached down to let him know I had every intention of saying goodbye properly as his fingers traced suggestive paths over my body.
"Don't you ever give up?" I asked with mock incredulity, before pushing him back and climbing on to him. I had to work him into me - I was nowhere near wet yet - and when he was finally all the way in I rested my weight on his thighs and slowly worked and subtly gyrated as his hands held my hips and mine pressed on his chest, our eyes locked.
I leant down to kiss him once more, rubbing myself against his pelvic bone, gradually working myself into a more pronounced circular motion as our tongues sought each other out and reacquainted themselves after their five-hour separation. Then I glanced sideways and saw the clock. It was later than I thought. I stopped.
"What is it?" he said, full of concern.
"Nothing, really. It's just much later than I realised... Um, I have an idea. Shall we continue this in the shower, sexy?" And with that I climbed off and scampered into the bathroom to start the shower. It was hot instantly and I jumped in, ducking my head under and splashing my face.
"I have to get going real soon!" I shouted, reaching for the complimentary body wash. "The least you could do is come and say au revoir!"
"No need to shout!" he chuckled, right behind the steamed plastic of the curtain. He poked his head round to smile at me and watched as I slowly soaped my front, hands massaging breasts, washing underarm, reaching between my legs and behind to my ass.
"Oh good!" I smiled. "You can wash my back for starters." I winked at him and passed the bottle. He climbed into the bath and squeezed some of the milky white soap into his palm, watching me as I washed the more mundane parts of my body - arms, shoulders, neck - and still carrying an erection that was crying out for attention.
I rinsed my hands and arms, slicked my hair back under the jet of water pouring down from my left, and raised myself on tiptoes to kiss him while reaching down to squeeze his cock. He groaned as we kissed, my hand jacking him gently under the hot water as the room filled with steam. I took the bottle

of bodywash from him and squeezed a little into my hand before tossing the bottle aside and sending the hand down between his legs to soap up beneath his balls. My mouth returned to his and I stepped closer, pressing my soapy front against his stomach and chest as my hand began spreading the lather to his cock and working up and down.

He broke away from the kiss to look down at my hand greasing his pole and muttered something - "oh god" was the gist of it - so I stepped back and released him.

"My back, David?" I smiled, and slowly turned around so that I was facing the wall, the hot water now cascading from my right. I leant forward and placed both hands against the tiled wall, bending a little and placing my feet apart for effect. I felt his hand begin to rub the soap into my back between my shoulder blades as he stepped forward, pressing his slippery cock against my asscheeks as his other hand joined in the hot, wet massage of my back.

I let his hands slide over my back, across my shoulders, down my sides and over my ass. I felt his cock stone-hard against me, slipping in the groove where the base of my spine turned to my ass. I was aching for him again now. As his hands ran up my back again I moaned: "And my front."

His right hand was round there and kneading my tit in a flash - he must have been waiting for an invite - and his left soon followed when he heard the approving groans I was directing at the wall. I removed my left hand from the wall and reached behind me to shift his stiff, soapy cock between my legs then reached down to my crotch from the front to hold it against my cunt. I was getting wetter by the minute - in every sense - and as his hands played with my nipples I held the underside of his cock and twitched and pressed down on against it with my parting pussy lips.

Suddenly I couldn't feel the blast of water against the back of my head and my shoulders, and David's mouth was on my neck, biting and sucking gently as his body covered me and took the brunt of the unrelenting liquid fire from above. His left hand reached down over mine between my legs and his cock withdrew from my grasp before pushing back, up and in, redirected inside me with his own hand. He was taking control and I loved it, giving him an involuntary "oh yeah" as he slid right into me to the hilt first time. I readjusted my hand to hold his down between my legs, indicating that his soaped fingers could be very useful down there, and turned to kiss him as he began to fuck me from behind. What began as a kiss soon turned into more of a wanton mouthing of each other as our wet bodies proceeded to slip and grind against each other, his right arm around my chest, holding me tight as his cock withdrew and re-entered with purposeful, forceful strokes. I was in heaven, feeling him go deeper than before, repeatedly seeking his mouth with mine, intermittently feeling the hot water on my face when his head changed angle as we licked each other's tongues and mouths, biting lips and groaning deep into each other's throats.

His fingers were rubbing my clit, sliding in a heavenly rhythm over my cunt and above a layer of gathering lather. The pressure was just right. I opened my legs wider, slipped a little due to the soap on the floor of the bath, and blindly searched for more grip with which to push my shorter body higher and take in more of his fucking. My feet somehow gravitated to his, standing on them so that my legs were at the same stance as his as he fucked me, my ass raising that little bit higher and improving the angle that little bit more - certainly for him it seemed, for he let out a staggering groan as he began to

bang me harder and deeper.
I returned my left hand to the wall, my head down as I doubled over, letting his hands each gradually move to my hips for him to grip me as he pounded from behind.
I growled at the sheer perfection of it all. I squealed as he hit me in just the right spot over and over for 10 or 12 strokes. Whoever was in the bathroom next door would have been jacking off just listening to my noises. I was all over the place. "I'm going to cum David," I half-shouted, desperate for him to climax with me.
He growled something back - I didn't hear, the water had returned to my head and back, sending my hair down around my ears and shoulders, an unforgiving soundtrack to a scene of pure lust. He had leant back now to screw me as hard as he could - and as I threw my head back and tensed when the first convulsions of orgasm hit me, he pulled my hair back and collapsed on to me, shooting and screaming and biting my neck, his right arm clenching ever tighter around my stomach, lifting me into the air from the floor of the bath along with his thrusts into me as he began trembling.
When we had both finished screaming, when he had let me slowly back down to rest on the tops of his feet, when his cock began to go soft once more inside me and his cum seeped out from around the spent tool, he collapsed on to the floor of the bath, visibly shaking. I slowly straightened myself, also a bit unsteady, also panting. I sank to my knees before lying next to him on the floor of the bath, our bodies from the waist down taking a cleansing hit from the shower head far above.
"Thank you so much," he said, kissing my forehead, his arm around me.
"Thank you so much," I whispered back. There was an easy silence as the water splashed our bodies, our minds each far away but both almost certainly in the same place.
I knew he would want to see me again. But would it happen? Should it happen?
He:
I was embarrassed at how hard I had come, and how much I had "lost it". No one had ever gotten to me like that before. I only hoped that I hadn't hurt her when I grabbed her like that. But she didn't seem to mind.
We lay there in each other's arms, our breathing slowly returning to normal. I didn't want to move. But I also knew that she was right – we really both had to get moving.
I stood up reluctantly, helping her rise from the tub. The next few minutes were a blur of motion, as we each tried to put ourselves back in order. I have one clear memory of her, stepping out of the bathroom with a fluffy white towel tucked around her midriff, and another in a turban wrapped around her head. She looked achingly beautiful with her head tilted to one side as she rubbed the towel in her hair.
A few minutes with the hotel bathroom's blow dryer and some hastily applied makeup, and she was ready to go, before I could even finish packing up. I looked at her, standing at the door in her black shirt and charcoal skirt, and thought how easy it had felt to be naked with her. She caught my smile and said, "Penny for your thoughts?"
"Um, I was just thinking how much I liked being naked with you," I stammered.
She laughed, and gave me a leering smile. But a glint in her eyes hinted to me that she really did

understand, after all. "Walk me out, love?" she asked.
"With pleasure," I answered, happy to gain a few more moments with her.
Neither of us said a word as we stood side by side in the elevator. But just as the elevator doors opened, she linked her arm in mine. We walked out together through the lobby to the curb. The doorman said “Where to, madam?” and reached to open the rear door of the first taxi waiting in line.
"Paddington Station," she said to the driver as she got in, and the doorman shut the car door behind her. She turned back towards me, putting one hand over the rolled-down window, and I saw her open her mouth to say something as the cab started to pull away from the curb.
Without thinking, I blurted out the one thought that came into my head: "I love you."
Her eyes opened wide, and her mouth shaped into an "O" of surprise, as the taxi moved out into traffic and pulled away.
I didn’t have any time at all to reflect on the events of the past twelve hours. I rushed back up to my room to finish packing. As I picked up my suitcase, I noticed the bottle of champagne on the table, still unopened. Oh well, the maids would enjoy their next coffee break…..
I spent the next three hours in one constant blur of movement, checking out of the hotel, taking the train to the airport, getting through security, checking in, and boarding my flight. The first opportunity that I had to think about the unbelievable night that we had just spent together wasn't until I was 35,000 feet in the air, as the plane droned its way eastward, with the sun shining through the window over the clouds below.
It was only then that I realized with a start what I had said to her as she left. Oh God, I thought, she must have freaked!
Why did I say that? The last thing that I had any intention to do was to complicate anyone's life, either mine or hers. But as I thought about it, I realized that I had meant what I said.
I had the good fortune to experience many kinds of love in my life so far. The love of a parent, who sees only the good in you. The love of a good friend, who sees every fault in you but couldn't care less. The love of a spouse, where youthful passion transforms over the years – hopefully – into the long-term respect of a fellow-traveler. The love of child, who is secure in the knowledge that you'll always be there when they need you.
Each love had its own unique defining characteristics, and they all seemed to thrive quite well, independently and in parallel, without interfering or being in conflict with each other. It seems that Trina had given me a new category to add to my list – the love of a lover.
The sex had been great. Better than great. But it was more than just two people indulging their sexual appetites - we had each also reveled in the sexual satisfaction of the other, focusing as much on our partner's pleasure as our own.
We had created an oasis together - a bubble in time, where the pressures of our respective daily lives had no real relevance. Those pressures and obligations were not forgotten, they were merely suspended for one night. For one brief interlude, nothing else existed except for the joy and pleasure that we could bring to each other. And afterwards we would return to our respective realities, no worse for the wear and (at least for me) a lot happier. I smiled just thinking about it.

I had started off with a fantasy – a snippet of an imagined sexual act – but the reality had, to my great surprise, far exceeded my imagination. We had enjoyed one perfect moment together. I found that it was more than enough for me.

Would I ever see her again? Who knows? Maybe, if the opportunity arose, and if both of us were willing, and interested. Part of me certainly hoped so. Or maybe not – that was a lot of “ifs”. I decided to just enjoy the memory and let the future take care of itself.

I wondered if she knew that she glowed…….