The Last Visitor

By asrosie

Published on Lush Stories on 23 Apr 2009

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Wendy is about to leave an old castle, but a tour guide catches her eye and something else

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Wendy stepped into the great hall and looked around, the light was fading and she pulled the trench coat around her slim figure. She had been so caught up in the ancient splendor of Castle Doune she had forgotten the time. Although old and rundown, she preferred it to the other castle she had visited which was undergoing extensive restoration. Doune however was just the way she imagined a castle. She pushed a strand of long auburn hair from her face and turned at the sound of footsteps echoing in the passageway outside the hall. She was one of the few visitors to the castle that day, and had just checked her watch; she was due to meet her boyfriend, David in Stirling soon; they had agreed to go separate ways today. He seemed unmoved by history, preferring the cafe culture of Edinburgh's Royal Mile.

A young man wearing a kilt strode into the hall and nodded politely. Wendy ran a practiced eye over his muscular physique beneath the white shirt and tartan kilt, he looked fit and when she raised her eyes to his face she felt slightly aroused. Bright blue eyes seemed to caress her tanned complexion. She hadn't recalled him being there when she paid her five pound admission fee, maybe he was the afternoon shift. She smiled and his return smile exposed perfect white teeth. He stopped a few feet away and nodded courteously.

"We're closing soon," he smiled, "how have you enjoyed your visit?"

"Fantastic," she replied and fluffed out her hair, "it's so old."

"Very old," he looked past her, "we don't get many visitors, most of them prefer Stirling or Edinburgh."

"I've been to Stirling, and Edinburgh," she mentally translated his accent, "but I prefer this one," she glanced around, "it's more authentic."

“There’s a lot of history here,” he moved past her to the window and she caught a whiff of his cologne, “I’ve often tried to picture what it must have been like a few hundred years ago.”

“Hence your kilt,” she glanced at his buttocks in admiration.

“Oh, we don’t have to wear the tartan,” he chuckled, “but I like to give our guests a bit of culture, a fiver a visit demands something extra, don’t you think?”

“Quite,” she mused as she sidled up next to him, “God the view is magnificent.”

“Aye,” he glanced down at her, “it is a magnificent view.”

Wendy shivered inwardly, the smell of his cologne hinted of fresh summer fruit. David had recently started using cologne but had shunned her choices, preferring scents that made her sneeze, Wendy sometimes thought he wore them just to upset her.

“Traveling on your own?”

“With my boyfriend,” she replied hesitantly, “he’s gone to Edinburgh for the day, I’ve tried to interest him in history but he’s more into cafes and nightclubs.”

He seemed almost relieved and Wendy smiled. Although they had always been soul mates, she had learned over the last six weeks that they were poles apart when it came to traveling. Their trip had started in Rome and meandered on through Europe, before culminating in Scotland and here they had fought for the first time in years. She wanted to stay longer but he had committed himself to another five year contract.

“I don’t think you should sign that contract,” she had flared suddenly, “you’ve spent the last three years complaining they don’t appreciate you, and now they’re about to lose you they suddenly shove this goddamn contract under your nose.”

“But this is my big chance,” he protested, “don’t you see? I’m doing this for us.”

Somehow it always seemed to come down to this, she mused as the bus pulled into Doune. Whenever David wanted to score a tactical victory he always used that line. She had run a studied glance over the gray buildings and felt a twinge of excitement. This was the first time in six weeks she had been away from David, she felt like a schoolgirl skipping school.

“What times do the buses run?”

“Every hour,” the driver smiled, “off to see the castle are we?”

“Yes, I love old castles.”

“Aye, there’s a lot of history round here,” he ran a hand through his long dark hair, “a lot of folk can’t seem to make it out here, they prefer Stirling but Doune is an original, they filmed Monty Python’s Holy Grail at Doune.”

“I remember that movie,” she beamed as she finally translated his dialect, “there was a castle in it, the French one.”

“Aye, well it was filmed at Doune.”

“Which way?” Wendy asked.

“Down the brae, the hill,” he pointed, “and you’ll see a road off to your right, walk down that and the castle is at the end, it’s a fifteen minute walk from here.”

“Thanks.”

The castle had been amazing and as she turned to regard her new companion, Wendy felt herself breathing shallowly. He was lean and bronzed, his long dark hair fell to his shoulder, the white shirt dazzling in the late afternoon sun.

“So,” he leaned against the wall, “you’ve enjoyed your visit?”

“I loved it,” she beamed, “God, it’s so beautiful.”

“Aye, it’s got character, a bit of paint wouldn’t go astray,” he ran a long, slender finger down the wall, “and carpets and double glazing do wonders in the winter, especially around here.”

“I guess,” she propped against the windowsill, “well, I guess I’d better let you close the place up.”

“No hurry,” he shrugged, “I’ve got another half hour before it actually closes, we usually allow visitors the privilege of winding up their visit before we pull up the drawbridge.”

Wendy fluffed out her hair.

“God I never get tired of the Scottish accent,” she purred, “everything is so beautiful here.”

Her eyes widened.

“What’s your name by the way?”

“Stuart, and you are?”

“Wendy.”

He held out his hand and she let him take her slender fingers in his and a moment later her eyes widened appreciably as he raised her hand and kissed it gently.

“A bit of atmosphere to go with your visit, my Lady Wendy.”

“Do tell,’ she sighed, “and thank you Lord Stuart, you have been a gracious host.”

“Allow me to escort you to your chambers?”

“Please do,” she giggled, vaguely amused by his mocking tone, “have your wicked way with me.”

Stuart chuckled as he led her across the hall. Wendy looked down doubtfully for a split second and sensing her nervousness he released her.

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be,” she replied a little too quickly, “it was a nice touch.”

“Call it spontaneity,” he raised an eyebrow.

“What I wouldn’t give for a bit of that,” Wendy rolled her eyes, “we like a bit of spark.”

“Well this place has seen sparks,” he reached the entrance, “I’ve often wondered what it would be like to be a fly on the wall and see how they lived hundreds of years ago.”

“There would have been rugs on the floor,” she pointed.

“And a fire in the hearth.”

Wendy sighed and stepped across to a window and folding her arms, stared at the grounds below, picturing the knights riding into the courtyard their pennants flying in the stiff breeze. Her waiting for her lord to ascend the staircase his boots echoing on the stairs, his grand entrance as he swept her into his arms.

She turned suddenly to find Stuart looking at her smilingly.

“What?” Wendy blushed.

“Nothing, you looked like you were away.”

“I was,” she flicked her hair over her ear, “I was just imagining what it would have been like.”

“This place will do that to you.”

Wendy wasn’t sure how that first kiss happened. On reflection she recalled stepping forward and brushing against his chest, feeling the silk shirt and then she turned her head, not seeing Stuart but instead a highland warrior come to stake his claim on her maidenhood. She had pulled back suddenly as the vision faded to find Stuart blushing.

“I’m sorry,” he tried to step back but Wendy turned towards him and pulling the belt free, raised her hand to the top button of the coat. Stuart swallowed and she cocked her head to one side as she regarded him. He was devilishly handsome and she was all alone. Her hand dropped into the deep shoulder bag and a moment later pulled out the cell phone. Stuart stared at it as she thumbed the switch and turned the screen in his direction so he could see the display fading into nothingness.

“What a shame,” she murmured as she took a step forwards, “I can’t be reached by my handsome boyfriend,” she brushed her lips across his throat, “who would no doubt rush to my aid if you were to put your hand on my breast.”

She grabbed his hand and put it over her breast and smiled as she let the bag fall to the floor.

“We’re all alone,” she kissed his neck and worked her way up to his earlobe, “I could scream and scream and no one could come to my aid.”

A flickering tongue slid over his earlobe and he shuddered as she unbuttoned her coat to reveal the purple, satin blouse and tartan skirt. She pulled the coat over her shoulders and kissed his cheek and then his lips.

“A buxom wench, just so alone and helpless, waiting to be overpowered by a handsome prince such as yourself.”

A bead of sweat dripped down his brow. Wendy slid her hand up under his kilt and slipped her other hand around to his buttocks.

“Anything could happen,” she whispered, “you could put me up against a wall and fuck me so hard and there’s not a thing I could do,” she felt his penis and grinned.

“Oh, so the secret’s out, you don’t wear anything under that fine kilt.”

She tickled his balls and he winced.

She stared into his eyes.

“Well, are you going to take advantage of me or do I have to go back to Stirling and my sad little man who thinks only of web design and chatlines?”

He groaned.

“You’re crazy.”

“Crazy for sex,” she grinned, “crazy to be bent over and fucked like a whore, what do you say? Are you going to farewell your last visitor in style?”

His next move elicited a gasp from her pouting lips as he grabbed her buttocks and hoisting off the ground, kissed her fervently.

“I could lose my job if I’m caught.”

“And I could lose my boyfriend,” she wrapped her arms around his neck, “but what a way to lose him.”

They hit the wall and she reached back and undoing her skirt, pushed it over her hips and let it fall to the stone floor. Stuart kissed her throat and pinned her to the window frame. She unbuttoned her blouse and let him bury his head between her breasts as she pulled the shirt from the kilt, her nipples hardening from a combination of arousal and the cold. He pushed her hands away and undoing the kilt, let it fall to the floor. She stared down at his glistening head and licked her lips smilingly.

“Oh, you are going to make me cry for mercy, and it’s been so long so be,” the last word, “gentle” was ripped from her lips as his penis slid between her moist lips and inside her. She bit down as he filled her completely and a whimper escaped her as she made room for him. He began moving in and out, every thrust causing her to cry and moan softly. She dug her fingernails into his shoulders and held on for dear life as he picked up the pace, and then suddenly she was there, her pelvis moved in and out in perfect time with his thrusting strokes until their bodies were as one. She felt him break and shudder and wrapping her legs around his legs, pinned him to the wall to stop him falling and interrupting the pleasurable sensations of his penis inside her. She felt hot spunk spurting inside her and she screamed with pleasure at the look on his face. She held him tightly as she moved up and down, while he tried vainly to recover and then she started peaking and saw white lights. He was beginning to recover strength in his legs now as she began to orgasm. She dug her fingernails into his back and let herself go.

She came to a few moments later and exhaled noisily as she released him. He stepped back, his hands on the windowsill and looked down at the spunk dripping from his penis, and laughed out loud.

“I’ll bet the lord of the manor did this a few times.”

“Hmm,” she slid down the windowsill and planted her feet on the floor, “God that was brilliant.”

They stared into each other’s eyes.

"It’s getting late,” he sighed.

“Yeah,” she replied, “and I really should turn my phone on again.”

“Must you?”

“Well just to let him know I’m still here,” she checked her watch, “when’s the last bus due?”

“Another hour,” he picked up his kilt and wrapped it around himself, “I could run you back, I live locally.”

Wendy pondered the situation as she dressed and when she had rearranged herself, she pulled out her phone and turning it on, tapped out a brief message.

Bumped into an old friend, will stay over at her place tonight, catch you tomorrow, love me.

She turned and smiled.

“Well I’ve missed the last bus and I’m all alone in the Scottish wilderness, what chance a handsome young Scotsman might put me up for the night?”

She held up the phone and let him read the message.

“Well, your chances are looking good.”

Wendy giggled as they descended to the courtyard.

It looked like her visit to Scotland would last a little longer than she’d planned.

Written by Alastair Rosie