

A Tale of Desire

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A man and woman meets up for the first time.

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I sat on the edge of the bed and I nervously glanced at the clock beside the bed. Five minutes until he was supposed to arrive. I could already feel my face begin to flush, and the temperature of the room seemingly began to increase. My breathing grew rapid and my hands began to twist together, an obvious display of my nervousness. As I sat there, I tried to calm myself down, but try as I might I could not. Suddenly three raps echoed into the room from a steady knock and I jumped in response. I stood to my feet and took one step toward the door before pausing again. Looking down at myself, I smoothed the wrinkles out of my shirt, my fingers curling around the hem. I knew I had already made you wait too long at the door, so with a sigh, I unlatched the hook and turned the long handle with a click. As you came into view my eyes widened. Until now I'd only seen you in pictures. I had always thought you were very attractive based on your photos, but seeing you here and now in person, not only your handsome features were present but also a very strong sense of masculinity. I pulled the door open further and stepped back, allowing you the room to pass through the entry way. As you advanced into the room, I released the door with my hand and took several steps back in retreat. I watched as you slid the door closed and replaced the extra security lock. Up until this point, I had only dared make brief and shallow eye contact. I knew the color of my face had deepened, and I knew you could sense my unease. Once the door was fully secured you turned, and with graceful steps you drew near to me, stopping just before me. "Look at me" you spoke, your voice commanding but not cruel. I raised my eyes in response, my gaze not quite reaching into his eyes, but rather settling on the skin beneath his lower lashes. I bit my lip in nervousness, my teeth scraping against the soft and slightly moist surface of my bottom lip. "I said look at me." you repeated, bringing your hand to grasp the side of my face. My eyes lifted up, crossing the remaining bridge of flesh, finally reaching into your eyes. I was at once captivated and entranced by the dark irises. My desires were called forth in response to the own dark and primitive desire I saw in your eyes. As your eyes worked to make clear your control over me, your hand joined in as your strong fingers curled around my jaw and chin. Your fingers applied pressure as you used your grip to draw my face closer to yours. My lips parted slightly in response as you pulled me closer and tilted my chin upward. My neck strained slightly at the pressure before slacking as you removed your hand from my chin. My relapse did not last long as you replaced the pressure of your hand in the locks of my hair, making sure to weave tufts of it around

your fingers. The pull of my hair causes my head to tip back further as you maneuver me to how you want me. My lower body presses against yours, and my back arches back to relieve the pressure against my scalp. You held me there, my body's balance dependent upon your grip in my hair, before leaning down to place your lips against the exposed front of my neck. The moist texture of your lips made me shiver in response to your touch. I gulped, the front of my throat moving beneath your lips. You trailed your lips from the front of my neck to the side, biting into my flesh, before placing soft kisses against my jaw line. Finally, you brought your lips to hover above mine. I held my breath as you paused and my body arched, reaching for you, reaching for that kiss. "Show me you want it" you whispered into my lips. I hesitated before bringing my hand up to your hair. I placed my hand against the back of your head and grabbed your hair lightly. My eyes followed the path of my hand and I took in the man in front of me. Your once dark hair was now weaved with strands of grey, showing your age and wisdom. The side of your face showed the beginning signs of a five o'clock shadow. I ran my tongue over my lips before pulling forward, against your grip in my hair, to press my lips against yours. As my lips touched yours I closed my eyes, focusing on the sensation of our kiss. You pulled my head upright as you leaned back to stand up, pulling me along with you. You kept our lips joined, deepening our kiss, as you walked us further into the hotel suite. I felt your tongue brush against mine and I couldn't hold back a moan at the taste of you. I had been longing for your touch since we first began talking several weeks ago. I protested as you broke off our kiss and you only raised your eyebrow at my grunt of disapproval before using my hair to reel my body into the wall. My face and breasts pressed against the cool wall, and the thin material of my shirt did naught to hide my hardened nipples. My head tipped back slightly as you slid the hand from my hair down around my throat, your grip tightening and slackening periodically. I felt my ass and hips being pulled out by your free hand and I moaned at the pressure of your hand rubbing against my ass. My body quivered as you let your hand drop down my leg, your palm rubbing down the back of it. As you brought your hand back up my leg, dragging your fingers up the insides of my thighs, my legs parted in response. My eyes fell closed as you let your fingers slide underneath my skirt and my breath caught as they paused at my panties. You let out a small laugh and I bit my lip, knowing that laugh meant you were planning on teasing me. I could sense your fingers, dancing right below where my panties were, not quite touching me. I began to lift my hips back, trying to press myself against your hand, but you used the hand around my neck to place a sharp slap against my face. "Do not move" you said, sternly. I moved my hips back to where they were before, my eyes looking to the ground. Your hand slid back around my throat and you replaced the pressure of your fingers around it. Your hand felt cool against the heat of my neck, now flushing with embarrassment from being reprimanded. I again felt the sensation of your hand near my panties again, and it took all I had in me not to press my hips back just the slightest amount. I could feel your eyes watching me, waiting for me to move again. To my disbelief your fingers drew even closer, but still managed to not touch me. I groaned in frustration quietly, but still did not move back. My fingers curled into fists against the wall, displaying the will it was using me to not push back. I listened to you chuckle as you rewarded me with a "Good girl" for my efforts. I could feel the heat between my legs grow hotter at your words, and an itch of desire

began to drive me wild. I knew I was wet...soaking wet. Even with my face pressed against the wall I could smell my desire. Finally you gave me what I wanted, what I needed, when you let your fingers press against the outside of my panties. The material soon grew slick with the fluid of my desire, soaking through to coat your fingers. My breath strained as your fingers tightened around my neck, applying enough pressure to tilt my head back. My nose crinkled as you brought your soaked finger beneath my nose, the thick, musty smell of my need wafting into my senses. You tilted my head back just enough, so that my lips brushed against your finger, the wetness of my vagina rubbing onto them. The rough texture of your finger brushed against my soft lips. You let the tip drag against them, pulling them out slightly, before releasing them back to their natural form. You bent your knuckle and scraped it against my lips, circling it with the coarse texture of your skin there. You pulled your finger away before speaking. "Lick your lips". My tongue, responding to your command without a second thought, ran out to taste the moisture you had left on my lips. I slowly circled my tongue around them, being sure to lick up every taste of myself. You brought your finger back, this time placing it inside of my mouth. I eagerly sucked on it, sliding my lips and tongue over its entirety. I felt you curl your finger in my mouth, hooking my mouth with your finger and pulling. The hand around my throat, slipped down to slide underneath my shirt and grasp at my breast. I moaned around your finger as you rolled my nipple through the material of my bra with your fingers. I arched further, and my ass pressed against your groin. I could feel the length and hardness of your erection straining against the fabric of your slacks. I shifted my hips slightly so that it would press in between my legs. I blushed as you chuckled at my efforts. "Eager, little one?" you asked me, and I could only nod in response. I bit down on my lip as you slid your finger out of my mouth and brought your hand down out of my sight. I could hear the rustling of material, but I could not see what you were doing. Suddenly, I felt your mouth at my ear. "Well, I will not make you wait any longer" you said in a growling tone that made a shiver run down my spine. I started to reply, but my words were cut off as you quickly swiped my panties to the side, not even bothering to remove them, and thrust the thickness of your penis into me. I yelled out in response, the invasion of your penis a very pleasurable surprise. My vagina walls clenched at you as you pushed in further, the thickness of your manhood pushing apart my opening. Once you were fully inside of me you paused, and I could feel your heartbeat inside of me as we stood there, still and silent. The moment seemed to last forever, but I'm sure it was only a few quick seconds before you brought the hand around my throat up around the front of my face. One of your fingers slipped into my mouth and the others wrapped around my jaw. My mouth closed down around your finger as you began to thrust into me with strong thrusts. I could feel your hips press against my ass as you shoved forward with them, the sound of our skin clashing echoed through the room. Your pace heightened and my moans slipped out with each thrust of your hips. I could hear you grunting behind me, causing me to bite down on your finger from the sheer sound of your pleasure. My breath grew fast and deep as we continued on, my hips had long ago begun to buck back against yours, craving more of you. My face and breasts pressed against the wall with each powerful thrust of your hips. Without warning your hand slid from my face to my hair yanking my head back and without breaking the contact of our hips, you dragged me over to the night stand. You swiped the clock and note pad off of it before

shoving my body down upon it. My shirt had ridden up and I could feel the cool wood surface against my skin, an extreme contrast to the heat emitting from my body. My head hung over the far edge of the nightstand and your hand kept my head lifted and pulled back. Your thrusts continued without mercy. I could feel them both in my vagina and against my head as you lunged, using my hair for leverage. My hip bones dug into the edge of the table as you pressed into me with your weight. My eyes rolled back into my head from the absolute pleasure you were giving me. Your grunts began to grow deeper, more animalistic as you ground into me. Your free hand pushed my skirt up and slapped against my ass, causing me to jump back against you. I could feel the sting of that slap, and I grasped at the blankets on the bed as you continued fucking me. I felt your hand come against my ass again, and it pushed me over the edge. My muscles trembled and spasmed around your hardness, as the throes of an orgasm overtook me. Pleasure shot through my body like lightening, quick bursts of pleasure, over and over again. My body grew slack and my forehead sheened with sweat. You continued to fill me, over and over again, making my orgasm drag on, almost giving me too much pleasure when you paused. I felt your balls tighten and your penis begin to twitch. Jets of hot fluid began to squirt into me, and I held still, wanting to soak in the sensation completely. Afraid any movement or any sound would cause me to miss the moment; I held my breath as you emptied into me. I opened my eyes to look up at you as you finished, my lids were heavy and only parted slowly. You leaned down to kiss me, not breaking the contact of our hips and I smiled weakly against your lips. You gave a grin and a wink. "Keep up your strength, My Dear, the night has only begun."