

The Deal

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Is it her lover . . . ?

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The cool breeze wafting across her inner thigh snapped her attention back. How on earth could she have drifted off like this, in this place, in her situation. Then realisation dawned that the breeze could be important. Meg strained through the silence to hear any sound that would indicate movement by the door, but all she heard was the swoosh and boom of the blood in her ears. A natural breeze, a natural consequence, putting goosebumps of cold on her goosebumps of anticipation. Her mind went off again, the same question, the same imponderable; what compulsion had led her here . . . to this. Shopping . . . what a ridiculous way to start an affair. If someone had told her that she would have accepted the offer of a coffee from a complete stranger in a supermarket, she would have thought they were stark raving bonkers. But Jonathan was not just any old stranger. The look in his eyes as he apologised for knocking her cereals to the floor, the static shock as his fingers touched her hand, meant that when the deep brown timbre of his voice offered her coffee by way of apology, she accepted before she realised that she had. It was such a natural liaison that it wasn't until she was on her way home that it struck her that not only had she had an intimate tête à tête with an unknown (well almost unknown) man, but had, casual as you like, agreed to meet the following week at the same time! Oh well, Meg thought, lets see. Jonathan felt completely mesmerised. It had been a long, long time since he had felt the reactions that he had felt earlier that day. The woman, Meg, had exuded power, control and subdued eroticism. It had been many, many years since he had seen that combination in a woman and he knew full well what it could mean. If he had wanted to take the time to judge whether it was prudent to take the risk of contact and . . . whatever else, he didn't. Even he was surprised at the speed with which he had moved on the 'in-control' Meg. Now it remained to be seen if next week's meet was to happen. Meg shifted on the bed, she wasn't uncomfortable but it was hardly a natural position. She felt thoroughly exposed, which she supposed was the point, it certainly was having an effect. Whether it was her blatant sexual exposure or the anticipation of what may happen she had felt her nipples rise at the beginning and was fully aware of the dampness growing between her legs. Her arousal took her mind on to their later meeting. Jonathan was aware his role would be reactive. He could only hope that he could follow and work alongside the power and erotic charge that had existed the previous week. He wasn't disappointed. Meg's eyes glowed. Her sharp mind and quick conversation couldn't hide the sense of a barely contained erotic volcano. The

conversation, inevitably, turned to matters sexual. It really did seem the most natural thing in the world to arrange a hotel meeting for the following week. True enough, the next week seemed to take forever to arrive. Meg, who had been trying for months to keep sex out of her thoughts, now had a battle to think of much else. Quiet times away from man and family were spent with a silver bullet and a vivid imagination. She had thought a number of times that here was a chance to call it all off, to fail to turn up and continue life as it had been, but even in the pragmatic afterglow when the silver bullet had stopped buzzing and her breathing had returned she knew it wasn't an option that she was going to take. The click of the door closing sounded to Meg like the clank of a prison cell, not that it was a foreboding thing but a finality. Jonathan made a point, a conscious act, of the finality of closing the door. He turned and kissed her. They had kissed before but they were more pecks, this was an absorption. He took complete control. The kissing remained just short of frantic and the removal of clothes was the same, just this side of desperate! Jonathan's hands and lips seemed to work in synch. The spots were just right, almost as if he had prior knowledge of her body and its needs. She felt comfortable naked, comfortable with his lips on her neck, stretching back – subconsciously offering her neck, a primaevial reaction . . . and he accepted, nibbling at the centre of her neck, expecting an involuntary withdrawal and surprised when it didn't happen. As his lips travelled down he moved Meg toward the bed. Coming back for air and a last kiss he felt for the first time a reticence, a moment, the hiatus said much, the last barrier. He laid her on the bed and moved slowly. Opening her legs and stroking the inside of her thigh he felt her following his movements. His lips traced the same lines following his fingertips up to the dampness of her labia lips, the outer lips swollen and glistening. The scent of her excited him and he had to remind himself to take it slowly, to savour every moment and every reaction. He spent time. First on the outer lips stroking and sensing. Feeling her excitement mounting, picking up as he moved inwards, tracing every intimate crease with his tongue whilst his mouth and lips caressed the whole of her. In a detached way Meg realised that he was avoiding her clitoris, building a need that seemed a little unfair at the same as it seemed right. As Jonathan moved in, the warm circular movement of his stroking tongue was enough to set the chain of sparks that brought on her orgasm. He moved up her body slowly but purposefully. Stopping and lingering in strategic places. Nipples were the last port of call. Blown on, touched gently by his tongue, drawn on softly, then harder proving the connection between them and all the other erogenous zones, all just building the pace, increasing the pressure that was building again inside her. He finally reached her face. Kissed her cheeks, her eyes, her neck, her throat, and then her lips . . . and then asked, actually asked if he could enter her. She knew now, of course, that permission was everything, that permission gave the granter of those rights the real power, but then . . . she just said yes . . . and the flow of feeling and sexual tension just overwhelmed her. Even then, he didn't let her go. He asked her if he could enter in to her, to her being, to her core, and she granted the wish, allowed him in, in to that place where she kept her sensation, and he talked to it and caressed it. He brought her from the pit of her being . . . to orgasm, and to satisfaction and to peace and then to sleep. There is something about showering with someone, thought Jonathan, that is completely sexual. The flow of hot water as lips kiss and fingers explore. Soaping intimate and non-intimate places, the glide and feel of it all.

Meg revelled in it, wondering if it had been a dream, being woken in the early hours by a warm mouth. The remembrance of the sensation made her shudder. Half dried, Jonathan laid her back on the bed . . . front down! He started to explore her with his tongue, opening secret places, the tip of warmth and sensitivity playing on the rosebud of her backside. For a second she took another breath, she came so close to moving him away but whether it was the building feelings or the sense of impending adventure, she relaxed and let the strange and insistent sensation wash over her. He turned her over as his mouth moved away to her inner lips and clitoris, and was replaced by his finger. All slick, his finger slowly entered her anus and she came, Jonathan felt her contract, she drew his finger hard into her passage. He felt her start to come down and at the same time as she started to relax he stroked her clitoris and withdrew his finger from her backside. She climbed, ecstasy overcame her, her pelvis drove in to the bed and she fought, subconsciously to keep his finger in place. Jonathan hadn't seen her come like this, totally, completely, transfixed. He smiled to himself as he thought how doors were opening up. Cuddles are important. The warm afterglow of sex is naturally complemented by a nestling of heads in shoulders, of hands and fingers languorously touch bodies with no more intent than just to rest where they stop. Meg, though, had other ideas. She moved down the bed, smiling, touching, getting him hard. Nestling between his legs, smiling behind her fringe, she played Jonathan's cock like a musical instrument. Licking the head and swirling her tongue, picking up his pre-cum and sliding her wet lips down over its full length, following with her hand, masturbating him with her mouth and hands at the same time occasionally in opposite directions, feeling him build, torn between wanting to finish him and feel him fill her mouth but finally gave in to her basest desire and climbed on board. After all the attention, Jonathan thought he would explode. Meg rode his cock drawing it up inside her and using her muscles to massage it. It was never going to last long and as he felt the old tingling sensation creeping in through his loins to his cock, having held on for so long he pumped his hot spunk deep inside her. It felt like it would never end and she did her part in drawing every last drop into herself. Remembering that first time had increased Meg's excitement. She was, though, in no position to do a great deal about it. She had been tied up before. Jonathan had identified and homed in on the submissive trait that she had barely known that she had. Over their subsequent meetings he had expanded on it. Making her use words, dirty words, to heighten her desire. Spanking her in role play scenarios, tying and blindfolding her, showing her how to knot scarves and ties, he had shown her a side to erotic intensity that she had only fantasised about. Physically she could now hand over control of her body, could give him permission to let her react, or even come, only when he allowed. They had moved on, talking though fantasies imagined and far removed (not that anything now seemed far removed), though anal sex, confirming what had been apparent to Jonathan on his first play, culminating in the 'deal'. The 'deal' was how she came to be here. She had booked into the hotel room and left the second key-card with reception. As agreed, she had stripped stark naked and tied the ties to the four corners of the bed. She got on to the bed, feeling the material of the cover on her back, all her senses refined, all heightened. She had rested the blindfold on her forehead and locked her feet and left hand into the ties before drawing the blindfold over her eyes. Then she hesitated. It was all about trust. She trusted

Jonathan, but the last step was some form of finality. She had placed her hand into the loop and, with her fingers, slowly drew the tie closed. Meg didn't know how long she had been stretched out on the bed, exposed, wet from her reminiscences. She tried to get some satisfaction by rubbing the tops of her thighs together but it only made it worse. It hadn't been long but sexual excitement and anxiety had filled the time. It was now 'deal' time. They had spoken through enough fantasies, would it be one of them come to life? She knew all about permission. She had her word, her safe word. She knew that 'stop' or 'no' were impotent words, words that could be said in passion, not meant as the once and for all finishing word that would end all proceedings. A word that needed to be thought through and said in cold realisation. Deep down she believed that she wouldn't need her word, that this was another fantasy, that it would be him that rode her into the sunset. Would he send in a woman, would she feel the softness of lips, the tracing of manicured fingers around nipples the very knowing stroking and contact. Would she stop it, would she? Or would she allow the knowledge that she was physically helpless to stop herself enjoying the pure sexuality of another woman, the build to orgasm, the taste of the woman on her lips. And if he was watching at the door? What if he joined in? Made the twosome that she had fantasied with him. Two pairs of hands, twenty fingers, two lips in different places at the same time . . . and the things that she couldn't see but could imagine and hear? Or another man. Would he watch at the door whilst she was taken by another man? Holding all the sexual desire in, to be given back to her a little later – the sexuality of a shared experience from a different perspective? Or what if Jonathan joined in? Two men, Jonathan taking a secondary role. Men's hands stroking feeling, this side of rough, a tongue stroking while both breasts are squeezed. Being entered – she knew he wouldn't use them himself, but he would insist on condoms for another - and having a cock sliding between her lips at the same time. Jonathan had always joked about whether she could concentrate sucking cock whilst being fucked. Would she stop? Would she use that finality? Or would she give in to pure erotic ecstasy? The door clicked open and the air around the room moved and cooled slightly. Meg jumped, should she use her word now before anything could really happen? Sounds were muffled. Impossible to hear what was happening by the door, the shuffling of feet, but how many feet? She was quite sure that she could not hear heels, but would they be stupid enough for the woman to wear heels. Meg jumped again as the bedside radio came to life, quietly, but enough to mask incidental sounds, oh very clever, just enough to be background and not interfere. The first thing she felt was hands, stroking hands. Meg felt quite sure they were Jonathan's hands, but, it struck her, how we take things for granted, she really couldn't be definitely sure. It was amazing, unnerving and sexually overpowering to think that she was naked being felt by someone and not sure who that someone was. Lips touched her nipples and she felt the old familiar connection as the tongue stroked and pulled. Yes, it was . . . aftershave? Jonathan didn't wear aftershave or cologne, ever! A little feeling of panic overtook her, she searched for her word. It was a finality, that word, and she had given herself up, was washed in whatever feelings were coming over her and hell, none of this was her doing. If he was standing by the door watching she'd give him a show! Fingers had picked up her wetness and was working from her outer lips in toward her clitoris, it really did feel like him, she used the anxiety and the unnerving sensation to push herself over the top to her first

orgasm. They had agreed, that whatever the situation, if she was accepting of it and not stopping it, then she would draw every ounce of pleasure from it. No holding back, no enforced delay. She lost herself in orgasms and feelings and intensity. She was brought from her reverie by an unzipping by her head. Her head was gently turned as a cock, insistently pushed itself against her lips. She licked and sucked as she knew how, missed the use of her hands whilst at the same feeling increased sexual tension from not having them to use. Now she was sure . . . almost sure. It was a cock she had come to know well and she was reasonably sure that this was it – funny though how the lack of sight and voice made it lack certainty. Hands started working again. She was picking up pace, thrusting down into the mattress, she could feel him moving between her legs. It was all happening at once, she started to ride his finger, begging for him to fuck her, she felt his cock slide in as she started to come, falling, noisy, body shrieking to fulfilment, one word echoed though her conscious thought . . . CONDOM! Meg came back down to earth with the radio a little higher and her right hand undone, she had a vague recollection of his weight moving and the door shutting. She moved slowly, trance-like. What, she wondered, if any of the other scenes had played out? Would she have stopped them? She had, without doubt had one of the great erotic experience of her life but . . . ? She showered and changed, felt calm, sexy, controlled. It was some time later when she walked into the hotel bar. There was Jonathan, smiling, enrapt, not a clue showing in his eyes or face. Meg's mind asked, “tell me, tell me”, but she touched his cheek and smiled into his eyes. “Lets go to dinner”.