

# Feeling Adventurous (Part One)

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*A true story about my fiance and I this past weekend.*

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My fiance and I are very much in love. Yes, some would say that the fact that we are engaged suggests that in itself, but even though we have been engaged for eight months and having sex for only about a year, the spark has not left our relationship like it does some couples. There is still that wonder and awe attached to these acts; I suppose the fact that he was my first and he is my only has a lot to do with this; he treasures the fact that he doesn't have to worry that I have had better, and we can focus on getting to know each other sexually. Last Friday night was a blast. My roommates and I have a weekly tradition of going to a karaoke bar every Friday night, and this was the first time my fiance Shawn had been able to join us. I am a singer myself, so I especially looked forward to being able to sing onstage, but this week was especially thrilling because he was here; he thought I had the loveliest voice in the world and never tired of hearing me sing. That evening when we arrived, I took his hand and led him over to the table I normally had; it was the one that had the song log that I usually spent the entire evening pouring over. When he sat next to me, he placed his hand on my uncovered thigh. Music was already blaring loudly, so when he leaned toward me and rested his forehead on mine, it created quite the intimate setting. He lowered his lips to my ear, then whispered "You look beautiful." I blushed slightly and kissed him deeply. I smiled at him and then rested my head on his shoulder a moment, watching the first singer of the evening go up and start their song. It was then when I felt his hand creep up my thigh a little further. I felt the muscles in my lower abdomen tighten a bit; my, how such a simple touch could ignite such a beginning to arousal! I raised my lips to his and began to kiss him again; I focused on the softness of his lips and how they seemed to mold so nicely to my own, how his breath caught in his throat if I pressed into his lips more firmly, how warm his embrace was. I finally pulled away; I hated to carry on so in public. He smiled, taking my hands in his on the table and kissing my forehead gently. I was called up to sing for the first time that evening; it was a duet with my roommate Tony. We had chosen the Celine Dion version of Beauty and the Beast; we had done it the week before but I had wanted for Shawn to hear it so we decided to do it again. When I returned to the table, he smiled and whispered into my ear with a sultry edge, "My god, you have a gorgeous voice. Tonight I plan to make that voice very tired... moaning my name over and over." I drew in a breath, feeling the muscles in my abdomen tighten deliciously. He

chuckled, knowing exactly what had happened. "Is my pretty girl getting horny?" he asked me seductively. I nodded slowly, trying to resist the urge to push him to the floor and have him take me there. He took his finger and drew my chin up so he could look in my eyes. He studied my face for a few moments, his hazel green eyes tracing my eyes, nose, cheeks, and then stopping at my lips. He brought his eyes back up to mine, and just stared into them, caressing my jaw for a moment, then slowly pulling my face to his for a kiss. I was happy when the evening was over and we could go home. After an evening of drinking with everyone else, we retreated upstairs to bed. He laid back on my bed, marveling on how soft the four inches of memory foam mattress pad was. He closed his eyes and sighed. I allowed my eyes to wander down my beloved's body, drinking in every detail. His thick, dishwater blonde hair was shoulder length, slightly wavy and layered. His alabaster white skin was silky smooth, flawless, and absolutely delectable. Chiseled Grecian nose, perfectly sculpted lips, and long lashed eyes. His body was perfect; I often told him that from the back he resembled a Greek statue. Muscular legs and toned arms, small feet for a man his age, broad shoulders and a relatively narrowed waist.... I found my eyes wandering to the zipper on his jeans, or rather, what lay beneath. I gently placed my hand over what I found to be a rock hard erection. His eyes opened; he looked amused. He pulled my hand from his pants, looked me in the eye, smiled slightly and said in a domineeringly quiet and sexy voice, "No." I smiled a small, seductive smile. Never taking my eyes off of his, I reached both of my hands down to the button on his jeans and undid it slowly, teasingly. I slowly inched the zipper down, letting my fingertips brush over the tip of his erection, obscured only by the material of his boxer briefs. I looked down for a moment, spread the opening of his jeans as wide as I could, then met his eyes. In a tone to match his, I smiled my seductive smile and said "Yes." He slowly sat up, then began to undress, mimicking what I had done, never taking his eyes off of mine. The jacket, shirt, jeans, shoes, socks... and he stopped, laying on his side. "Go turn the light off, love." he said, smiling at me. I gladly did his bidding; I loved it when he told me what to do.