

Redeeming Lust Part One

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I can feel it, things are slowly starting to defrost.

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Now my whole life, I have wanted nothing more than to be accepted. From the moment I was brought into this life, I was bound for failure and disappointment. As many other young women, I had constantly found myself to be overwhelmingly lonesome. However, I was alone to the extent that I was almost dysfunctional. With a low self-esteem and major trust issues, it was always difficult finding my way into relationships. However, I had found what I seemed to have been looking for. His name was Vincent, and he was sweet enough. He was my first serious relationship. However, he always had a way of ripping that void of isolation even larger. Every time we were together, he would tell me the usual "Baby, I love you." and "I want to be with you all the time." But words are nothing. He proved that to be true. He was never around, and could barely make time for me. Eventually I felt that my every attempt to deepen our relationship was more like another stab of annoyance in his hectic life. As time went by, our lusty little relationship slowly diminished... but neither of us decided to break it off. Time and time again, I avoided potential relationships with other men as I still believed I only wanted Vincent. I wanted nothing more than his acceptance, just as always. I wanted him to want me... and an aching fear of being left by him was always on my mind. I was so alone. Day after day I had waited for him... What started off as regular, romantic dates, eventually turned into a few sappy text messages saying "Miss you xoxo." I was finally starting to give up, even having thoughts that he found something better... Or someone. As my melancholy kept clinging to me, I kept clinging to anything from him. Reluctant to leave, and dying for more.... I was out of my mind. To fill the agonizing time between my encounters with Vincent, I often read smutty romance novels to pass the time. My collection began to accumulate over the months. I made weekly trips to the book store in order to purchase these novels. Often embarrassed and afraid that someone I knew may catch me in this section. I had a tendency to keep my eyes averted to the floor and act lost whenever another person would enter the tremendously long isles. I seemed to find myself being attracted to the more dominant submissive sort of novels. I assumed it was due to the lack of attention I received from Vincent. The thought of a man wanting me so much to the point that he would be passionately vigorous towards me, drove me wild with infatuation. Walking through the usual isle, I managed to find a novel called "Captive Hearts." I didn't really bother looking past the raunchy hot pink cover as I was in a rush. Vincent had promised that he would come see me that night, and I was overly excited

to rush home, and doll myself up for him. I put the book close to my chest, in case of others witnessing my purchase, and walked quickly in the direction of the till. That is when everything changed. As I ventured towards the register I managed to run smack right into a man carrying a hot coffee. The cup toppled all over me, my yet to be purchased book, and the man too. I felt the liquid ooze through my clothing rapidly changing temperature as it soaked in. "I am so sorry!" I exclaimed, looking up to see the man was okay. Shaking off his sleeve, he laughed simply and said "No need for apologies, are you okay?" He asked in a thick European accent. He glanced up at me and I could have died. Everything about the way he looked took my very breath away. He had dark hair, feral and untamed with intense hazel eyes, and a perfectly formed face. It was like my romance novels had come to life. As though it was my new response to everything, I averted my eyes to the ground again. 'Y-yes... I am fine. " I laughed nervously, shamefully covering the large coffee stain still spreading on my ugly coat. Of course I had to dress like a bag lady, the day I run into a tall dark stranger. He reached down and picked up my smutty novel which I unconsciously dropped. "You seemed to have dropped someth—" he began to say as I snatched the book out of his hand. "Oh yes, that is mine. Thank you." I said quickly, hiding the pink disaster behind my back. "I am very sorry about your jacket sir, please allow me to pay for a new one." I regretted the words before I had even said them, his jacket was clearly very expensive, and I was still attempting to pay off my student loans. "Please give me your number so that I can contact you." I added. "Well aren't you very forward, already asking for my number?" he mused. Another stunning crooked smile appeared on his dazzling face. Too shocked by his presence to even think of a witty response I clumsily started rummaging through my pockets looking for my wallet "How rude of me, just let me pay for it now." I told, pulling my wallet out of my pocket. Just as I pulled my wallet out, he placed his hand over mine. It was so warm. He looked into my eyes with his and said in a not so friendly tone of voice "I will not accept your money, is no good to me."... So he was chivalrous too? We starred at each other for a good moment and I was the first one to break the gaze. "But there is surely something I can do to make up for this. I've ruined your jacket." He looked down at his sleeve, the stain was not going to come out any time soon. "That you have, what do you plan on doing about it?" He asked. I stupidly stuttered. "Well... I was going to pay for it, but I don't know what else I could do..." "Give me your hand." "What?" I asked, confused. "I said give me your hand." I reluctantly reached out my hand towards him. He grasped my wrist a little roughly and pulled me towards him. Pulling a gold pen from his pocket, he wrote down an address on my wrist "If you are so eager to make up for this, come to this address tonight, and have dinner with me." He flashed yet another crooked smile, kissed my wrist, let go, and was gone. I didn't even have time to refuse. The sensation of the ink resting on my skin made my entire body ache for more.