

An Night to Remember, Part I

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It's not just the steam in the bathroom heating things up...

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He was, once again, nervous. This surprised him, somewhat, as he thought that he—and she—had gotten over the initial butterflies-in-the-stomach after their first meeting. But that was lunch, and this was... well, different. Not that it mattered anyway; she was still new to him. This was all new. Even seeing a new email pop into his box—seeing her name on a message—made his heart skip a beat with anticipation of what teasing the message would hold.

And now, as he paced the room, he wondered what the morning would bring. They'd hinted at this moment for weeks, in their "sex messages", as their emails had come to be called. No "text messages" for them, and it was a good thing that Gmail didn't charge by the temperature of emails, because these had become hot by anybody's standards.

He'd taken the morning off work, scheduling a half-day vacation to 'take care of personal business', and she'd arranged all of her appointments for the afternoon. Anticipating that this morning's activities might leave them hungering for more, he'd arranged a week's rental of a suite—in cash of course—at of those "residence inns" that caters to road-weary business travelers. The practical side of him reasoned that a week for \$180 was better than one night (or, a few hours) at \$120; the hopeful side of him yearned for more after today—an hour or two, stolen here and there, with her naked beside him, as the week went on. Surely today would not be enough to satisfy either of them, he thought.

His nervousness surfaced again, pushing aside this mental rambling, and he wondered—for what must have been the hundredth time since they agreed to this sexy rendezvous five days previously—if she'd actually show up. His nervous mental questioning was silenced when he heard her lightly wrap her knuckles on the door, as they'd planned: four short knocks, a deafening pause, followed by two more light taps... it was her. She did come. " And ," he suddenly thought, in a moment of sexual anticipation, " she'll come again, she will ."

As he approached the door to open it, the nervousness resurfaced, just as quickly as it had left him when she had first knocked.

Still, there was no turning back now. Nor did he want to turn back. She was everything he wanted—a beautiful, confident, sexual creature, and she'd given him a confidence, now, by her acceptance of his advances, slowly at first, and now here, confirmed by her standing at that door.

He reached out and twisted the knob, opening the door to see her, in all her beauty, standing before him in the hall. Her sexy blonde hair, with its subtle brown highlights, cascaded over her brow and framed her captivating blue eyes—where they contacted, he wondered? He'd have to ask her sometime, but not now—those eyes, which now stared back at him and pinned his heart to the floor. He felt his face and chest suddenly flush with warmth, knowing—but not knowing—what would come next.

There was no need to invite her in; that invitation had already been extended, and accepted. And her eyes, now, told him that she was ready. He was ready too. This would be their day. " Does she ache for me as much as I do for her? ", he wondered. His mind, over the past few weeks, had kept returning involuntarily, but willingly, to her self-proclaimed "uncontrolled thought" of him, the fantasy of him that she'd had during their lunch--she seeing him under her, as she powerfully took him, riding him hard--these were the things she'd imagined. He wishfully saw himself now as she had seen him, where she had seen him, how she had seen him. He liked what he saw.

Her "Hi!" slipped past her luscious lips, in a coy and playful way, and spun him around as she slipped

past him and entered the room, walking straight to the bed and dropping the bag she was carrying there. He stood there, door open, watching her in wonder and awe, half unbelieving that she was really there, wondering when he would wake up. But he was awake. And she was here.

He stood there with the door wide open, almost trance-like, captivated by her silhouette as light through the shade-drawn patio window highlighted her in deep shadow, her beautiful curves accentuated by the streaming light. " She could stand on a stage in a smoky room and sing sultry jazz ," he thought. " And I'd stay there all night and listen ." Her reminder to close the door brought him back to reality, and he complied.

He had spent many a crazy trip around his brain, wondering when and how their first kiss would occur. And it already had, several times, between that first lunch and now, as they'd met several times for lunch, lunches that were never eaten, as their appetite wasn't around food, but each other. Still, this moment was different... this kiss would be different.

With the door now closed and locked, they stood before each other, unmoving for a moment, and then, as if drawn by irresistible magnets, they drew instantly across the gap that separated them, and, mimicking the door, closed and locked with each other, latching eyes, arms and lips. Their eyes yielded to the weight of their passion, choosing to close and experience—without the aid of sight—the long-desired touch of each other.

Neither knew how much time passed locked in this embrace, but eventually they surfaced, not wanting to break the moment but in desperate need of air to fill their emptied lungs. She could see the hunger in his eyes, just as he could see it in hers.

"Let's get clean, before we get dirty," he said, and taking her by the hand he led her towards the bathroom. As they stepped into the room, the cold tile floor warmed somewhat by the heat lamp, she could smell the subtle scent of luxurious body soap... a gentle smell, one that could be washed off, for neither of them could afford to leave this location with smells or marks that they didn't enter with.

He reached inside the shower door to turn on the hot water, which sent wafts of steamy vapor spilling over the top of the glass shower door, cascading toward the floor and pooling around their feet. She kicked off her shoes, and he his. He peeled his socks off his feet using his toes, she more gracefully bending over to roll off her socks.

When she stood, he was facing her, and his hand reached out to trace the gentle curve from those blonde bangs, around her ear, down her cheek to her neck, and from there to the first button on her blouse. She gasped in slight anticipation, feeling the warmth and manly roughness of his fingers brushing her cleavage. She'd imagined his hands here before, but now, experiencing it, it weakened her knees in a way she had not foreseen, and she nearly stumbled at the surprise of it.

His other arm reached out quickly, steadying her, and with an unconscious tilt of his head and hers, approval was granted, and he began methodically, but slowly and seductively, unbuttoning her blouse, allowing his fingers the pleasure of feeling the warmth of her breasts and bosom as he did so. She could tell that he was trying to evoke quiet, strong confidence, but the slight tremble that she sensed in his fingers—not quite a tremble, but she could sense it—along with the pulsing of the artery in his neck, which her eyes were glued to (when they were open); all of these told her that he was just as nervous with excitement as she was. The pulsing artery, large and pounding and hot, made her imagine what would await her later...

The lace of her bra was capturing his imagination... he knew what wonders lie hidden behind them. He tried, unsuccessfully, to push those thoughts to the side and concentrate on the job at hand: unwrapping his glorious treasure. When the last button was released, she dropped her shoulders, yieldingly, and the blouse slipped off her silken arms and hit the floor. The waft of air around their ankles produced by this sudden drop of clothing tickled the hairs on their legs, sending chills down both of their spines in unison.

His hands returned to her hips, and his eyes locked on hers. The steam from the endless boiler of hot

water in this hotel was now overwhelming the room, and threatening to submerge them. He reached behind him and pulled the door open a little, letting some of that heat, but not theirs, escape. She couldn't shower in her jeans, so he unbuttoned that top button and started to unzip them. Her hand quickly reached down and grabbed his, pulling it away. "Damn it," he thought. "I should have gone slower."

But that was not why she pulled his hand away. God, no. She wanted him to rip her pants off, but she'd be damned if she was going to let him fully undress her while he stood there fully clothed! His hand still in hers, she moved it to his side, and let it go, gently, as she ran her hand up his arm, to his shoulder, feeling his biceps and shoulders underneath his shirt. "Those need to be freed, so I can look at them," she whispered.

She had already noted how many buttons he had to be freed, almost subconsciously, but then the mind has a way of knowing, almost without thought, what must be done. As she unbuttoned his shirt, she counted backwards from eight, in a seductive countdown to pleasure... "Eight." She smiled at him. "Seven... Six...." She stopped, running her fingers through his now-exposed chest hair. "I'm going to have fun with you," she teased, before continuing. "Five... four..." He was finding it hard to catch his breath as her hands proceeded down his abdomen, closer to his manhood. God, she was just taking off his SHIRT, and he was about to explode. "Three... Two...." She stopped again, playing flirtily with that last button, twisting it, her fingers low and playful, diving slightly behind the button on his jeans, then out again, but not unbuttoning his shirt.

Now it was her turn to reach out and steady HIM, as he almost lost his balance, dizzy with excitement. "Are you going to take it off, or what?" he pleaded. "YES!" she said, loudly, as she grabbed both sides of his shirt and pulled hard, popping the button of his favorite shirt, and exposing his bare chest to her longing gaze. He didn't care about the damn button or the fucking shirt. He just wanted to be naked with her, now!

Now, he grabbed her arms, stopping her progress further south, and holding them at her side, he engaged her in a long passionate kiss. His tongue gradually explored her, and she melted when she imagined what that hot member might do to her later, in the bedroom.

Never breaking the kiss, he released his grip on her wrists, and his hands went to her navel, as hers went to his, fingers struggling to find buttons in a hot steamy room, unaided by sight, guided only by passion and needful desire. Buttons released, his pants dropped effortlessly to the floor and he stepped out of them, now wearing nothing but his shorts, behind which her eyes detected a still-hidden longing for her.

Her hips, so curvaceous and wonderful, made extrication more difficult, and her jeans clung stubbornly to them, refusing to drop. He came to her aid, his hands running around the waistband of her pants, sending shivers up her spine. He loosened the zipper, his fingers boldly but not presumptuously brushing her soft pubic hair during their downward descent. Her breath quickened as her pulse raced. His hands now grabbed hold of the left and right edges of her jeans, and with one fluid motion he bent at the knees, keeping his arms locked, and her pants went down at the same time as he did.

He stopped, on his knees, her pants around her ankles, and bent over and gently lifted her feet out of what little was left of her clothing.

Looking up into her eyes from his kneeling position, he raised a shiver of goosebumps to her skin as he ran his fingers lightly up her leg, starting at the inside of her ankles, then lightly around to the back of her calves, and then tracing the inner reaches of her thighs, and almost but not quite ("dammit, TOUCH ME!" her heart silently screamed) touching her swollen and very wet expectant pussy. His hands continued up, as he arose with them, along the sides of her abdomen, his thumbs inward as the hands rose, brushing lightly over her still-clad lace-covered nipples, then on to her neck, til finally he held her neck and face in his hands again and stood, fully erect in more ways than one, before her.

They lost each other in a molten kiss, again. He started wondering if they might actually run out of hot water for a shower, but that thought was quickly dismissed by her hands, running down his back and pulling him close to her. He fumbled, as men always do, trying to undo the clasp that held her lacy bra to her hot body. "Why don't they use Velcro, goddammit?!" She pulled her shoulder blades together, relieving some of the tension on the clasps and signalling her desire, too, to be loosed of the remaining clothes.

When now her bra joined the jumble of clothes on the floor, he stood in awe before her, and slowly stepped forward to feel her hard nipples impregnate themselves on his chest. As he kissed her, his right hand, steamy from the room, and sweaty from his passion, moved around to her front, slipping between he and her, and he cupped her left breast with a firm squeeze. She sighed in pleasure inside their kiss. He slid his cupped hand to the side, allowing his forefinger and thumb to trace the areola around her nipple, in tighter and tighter circles, til his finger began to brush the nipple itself as it continued its travels around her breast. She pushed her chest outwards, willing her breast to find his hand, but he anticipated her forward thrust, and did not allow her the satisfaction of his fingers touching and squeezing her throbbing, aching nipples until he was ready to satisfy her. When he did finally do so, her knees gave way, and he caught her, steadying both of them on the vanity.

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