Come With Me

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Carmen likes having fun on vacation and surprises James...

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Carmen's vacations were always interesting. Sure, a lot had to do with the fact that she chose nice places to vacation, but selecting a new lover, which was always part of her vacations, usually made them all the more memorable.

Whenever she arrived at her holiday destination, she had no idea who that lover would be, and she made a point of never deciding until the last minute. It was always someone she'd just met, always someone she knew would be discrete, and, most importantly, someone who would appreciate her. Carmen had no grand plan for this and none of it was etched in stone as something she needed to do, but it seemed to always work out, and that made her happy.

It was now late in her vacation week and Carmen had not met anyone she thought would be her next lover yet. Truth be told, she'd not really met many people on this trip, but she wasn't worried. If she left the resort without having taken a new lover, she would still have had a nice, relaxing vacation.

Returning from a light dinner at a tapas bar a few blocks away, Carmen walked through her hotel lobby and into the bar. She felt like having a couple of drinks and was interested to see who else was around.

She took a seat at the bar and ordered a margarita. She surveyed the quiet room discretely by looking in the mirror behind the bar. There were a few hotel guests, most looked like they were enjoying few pre or post-dinner drinks. A couple of tables were crowded by younger clientele, obviously biding their time before they headed for the hotel's night club for a few more raucous hours.

There were two guys sitting alone, one reading on an e-reader at a table, the other watching a basketball game on a TV at the other end of the bar.

It would be easy to label the night a bust and go to her room, but she had been in this situation before and was comfortable. You just never knew when things would change. Carmen continued to sip her drink and people watch.

Anyone looking in her direction would see an attractive, fit woman in her late thirties. Carmen's hair was jet black and shoulder length. Her hair was naturally thick, wavy and fell around her face in an easy, homely style. Her face, while not classically beautiful, was pretty and sexy. Her eyes were deep blue and lively, her nose shapely but perhaps a tiny bit on the large size. Her mouth was full an inviting, today with subtle, dark red lipstick. She smiled readily, revealing carefully looked after teeth and a soft personality that was always welcoming, for friends and strangers alike.

Carmen always felt her breasts could be bigger, if she wanted to be picky, but she was proud of what she had. She ran regularly at home, so was always a trim shape. She liked being fit and enjoyed being attractive to the opposite sex – not in a self-centered way of a lot of pretty younger women she'd known, just in a comforting way – that she was still desirable at her age.

At home Carmen was an elementary school teacher and single. She lived in the same small town as the school she taught in, so was never able to live the free and easy life of many relationships that she'd like. The PTA would never approve, even if they only had rumors to talk about. So, Carmen restrained her wilder sexual instincts to her vacations. It wasn't that she needed new lovers, or a constant flow of them, just that she genuinely enjoyed new lovers, especially lovers who enjoyed her the same way… freely and discretely.

A few minutes after Carmen ordered a second drink she was joined at the bar by a tired-looking man. He sat two seats away from her, ordered a beer from the bartender and rubbed his eyes underneath his spectacles as he waited for its delivery. Carmen estimated that he was in his mid-forties. His short hair was thin, to be kind with the description, his face a little stressed, his eyes slightly red and covered by small, oval eyeglasses. She figured he carried a few extra pounds, but not too much. It was hard to tell how tall he was, but as she replayed his arrival in her mind she estimated around five-six, the same as her.

"Rough day?" She empathized across the five feet that separated them.

"Another rough day." He laughed. "They're all running together faster than I care to think about. Thank goodness for beer." He lifted his newly-arrived drink in salute to her.

Carmen raised her glass. “Here’s to that.”

He took a long draft of his drink and then looked around the room. Obviously he wasn’t ready to pursue the conversational opening she’d offered him – he was not here looking for female company. Mentally, she chalked this up as a point in his favor.

Carmen wasn’t shy, and felt no nerves about starting up a conversation with male strangers. “I hope you’re not on vacation?” She asked the man. “Rough days aren’t what you want on vacation.”

The man turned back towards her, slightly perplexed at her approach, but it only showed in a momentary delay in his answering, “No, not vacation. I’m a consultant, helping the city with some traffic planning.”

“That sounds interesting.” Carmen turned more towards him and leaned forward, part-way across the empty stool between them.

“Not to the city.” The man laughed and took a drink of his beer. “They’re interested in cutting costs and raising fees through parking fines, not improving traffic flow.”

“I can see that would be frustrating.” Carmen easily slipped off her stool and offered him her hand. “I’m Carmen.”

He shook her hand and there was another momentary pause when she casually sat on the stool next to him. “James. James Breton. Nice to meet you.”

Carmen gently interrogated him on the topic of traffic planning, partly because it was an easy way to empathize with him and get to know him better, but also because it was an interesting topic to her. James didn’t mind talking her through some of his expertise and talked easily about some of the interesting jobs he’d done all over the country. He wasn’t a natural talker, Carmen observed, and noted that she’d have to keep them on topics that he was comfortable with.

She asked him about his wife and family. James talked to her about his two kids with a father’s natural enthusiasm, then he talked about his wife with a beaten-down husband’s beaten-down view of marriage – something that she’d come across so many times. It was one of the reasons Carmen wasn’t married.

She found herself liking James and enjoying their conversation. She told him about her work and answered his questions, but always steered the conversation back to him. They had passed an easy hour talking like that when James excused himself and went off to the restroom.

It only took a moment and Carmen was almost blindsided when someone slid onto the stool next to her and said, “Hey there. Are you going into the club later?”

Carmen turned to see a younger man sitting next to her. He was probably no more than nineteen years old, holding an opened bottle of beer between his hands and flashing her a self-assured smile. His powder blue silk shirt was open half-way down his chest and his jeans were white.

“No.” She said plainly, careful not to be as offensive as she felt like being. “Just enjoying a drink.”

“You should come.” The young man flashed his best smile at her. “You look great and I’m sure you dance. I’d like to dance with you.”

It was hard to do anything but stereotype the boy – on vacation, out to meet an older woman who would be “grateful” to spend the night in the company of such a young and able stud. While his stud credentials were no doubt valid, it was unlikely he knew anything about sharing a meaningful physical exchange with a woman. She felt sorry for him, but not enough to be nice, or accommodating.

“No thanks.” She was just a little firmer this time. “I’m not up for dancing this evening.”

“Shame,” he traced a finger lightly along Carmen’s forearm, “I imagine we could have a really great time.”

Carmen pulled her arm away, not sharply, but with a positive, denying move. “That’s the thing about a good imagination… you can visualize things that will never happen.”

She just had time to see puzzlement cross the boy’s face when she felt James arrive back at his seat. She could almost sense the deflation in his body on finding his new friend being whisked away by these younger, more desirable men.

Without looking around to James, Carmen looked at the stud and picked up her purse. “Come with me James.” She held out a hand behind her. “I believe it’s time for us to see what your imagination has been working on tonight.”

Carmen didn’t look around, but knew James’ face would be confused. She was reassured by the touch of his hand though, when he took hers. The stud’s jaw dropped a full inch and he looked dumbfounded as his prey stood up and started to walk out of the bar with… Mister Freaking Average. Carmen smiled. Some moments are priceless.

As they emerged into the lobby Carmen felt James loosen his grip on her hand, but she encouraged him to hold on as they moved away from the bar and towards the elevators.

She slowed and turned to face him when they far enough away from the bar. “Sorry if that was confusing.” She smiled, noting that James’ composure was intact again. “I just thought that would be a fun way of getting rid of his unwanted attentions. That guy was just a prick.”

“It’s okay.” He smiled, but now sounded truly deflated, and maybe a little used.

“No, it’s not.” She took his other hand in hers and stood facing him, holding both of his hands in a somewhat plaintive pose. “I don’t want you to do anything that you don’t want to, but I’d like to spend the night with you. I promise, I’ll never contact you after tonight, and would just like to share the time. You strike me as someone who could use a little diversion time, and I hope you’ll want to come up to my room with me.”

He didn’t accept immediately. Apart from anything else, it was a lot to take in. She’d seen the considered reaction before and gave him a few moments to consider. His moment of deliberation was another mark in his favor.

“I…” James stumbled.

Carmen pressed a finger to his lips. “It’s okay. Come with me if you want to. Stay here or leave, whenever you want to. Enjoy yourself with me if you come, enjoy your life if you don’t come. It’s all okay James.” She smiled warmly and then turned towards the elevators.

At first she thought he’d decided not to follow her but as she pressed the button she heard footsteps behind her on the tiled floor. Carmen didn’t turn around, just watched the stainless steel doors as they started to open. When they both stepped inside and she selected her floor, she said simply to James, “I’m glad you decided to come with me.”

“I…” he continued to struggle for words. Carmen wasn’t surprised. Part of the delight in this situation was that an hour ago he couldn’t possibly have dreamed… “Maybe we can just talk a little?”

“That’s just fine.” She took James’ hand as the door opened and they stepped into the corridor. Carmen knew James wanted to do more than talk, but in his surprise it was hard for him to be as free with his thoughts as she was.

Once inside her hotel room Carmen continued to be calm. She was physically excited, sure, but she knew from experience that two nervous people in this situation was not the ideal. James hesitated as

she closed the door behind them and then walked to the bed. He was still stuck for words. “I…”

“Sit here.” Carmen patted the part of the bed closest to her and James dutifully sat next to her, close enough that their thighs brushed against each other. “Don’t be nervous. I don’t bite.” She took his hand and held it in hers as they talked. “I sense that you’d like to spend the night with me, but you’re unsure, because you have a wife and a family.”

He nodded, obviously grateful for her understanding so far.

“I don’t want you to regret anything, and I certainly don’t want to come between you and your family. I promise you, stay with me tonight, we’ll have a lovely time and they will never know. I can’t help you with the guilt, but that’s what you make of it. You just need to decide.”

James looked into her eyes and saw the softer side of her that she enjoyed so much at times like these. His answer was to lean towards her and kiss her.

Carmen let him kiss her with increasing intensity as she wrapped her arms around him and pulled him close to her. She adored that feeling of closeness to a new person, and the anticipation of what was to come next… the pleasure she could give James and the eagerness he almost certainly harbored to pleasure her. It was all delicious.

She let one of her hands loosen the caress and come down to rest on James’ thigh. Feeling no resistance or hesitation to her move, she immediately moved to his crotch and found the familiar shape of an erect cock under the material of his pants. James’ lips and tongue stuttered against her mouth as she felt him, first cupping her hand against the bulge, then holding the outline of his cock between her thumb and fingers.

James made a move towards her breasts but Carmen eased him back onto the bed with a smooth but strong push of her hand. “It’s okay,” she reassured, “all in good time.”

Carmen immediately unbuckled his belt and pulled down his zipper. Before pulling his pants away from his legs she ran both of her hands up his bare chest, under the material of his shirt. James stopped trying to incline his head and watch what she was doing and sighed as he let his head fall back to the mattress.

He eased his hips up to help her as she pulled away his pants and underwear, leaving his full and throbbing erection lying horizontal and reaching up to the bottom of his belly. When she’d got his pants off his feet, Carmen came back to take a firm grasp of his cock, changing its position to vertical. It wasn’t the biggest cock she’d ever held, neither in length or girth, but it sure was hard – like it had a

bone up though it, a bone surrounded by the softest skin. She let her hand move up and down the skin, feeling the way her reacted to her movements, naturally picking out what he liked.

Carmen moved further up the bed, allowing her to kneel over him and watch closely as she stroked him. It was always such a delightful sight, watching a cock in her hand. She felt powerful, like she had power over the man the cock belonged to, but she also felt a responsibility – to provide pleasure to her lover.

She made a few long licks up the underside of his cock. She heard him groan with pleasure and her face broke into a smile as she continued to lick him. When she brought her other hand over to cup his balls, she slowly eased her mouth over the head of his cock and down the shaft. James groaned louder and his hips shifted slightly. Carmen held onto him tightly and bobbed her mouth up and down, letting her tongue rub against his skin and increase the pleasure for him.

After a few minutes of playing with him in her mouth, Carmen came off him, still holding him tight in her hand. “Has it been a while since she took you in her mouth?”

James nodded, kind of sad. “A long time.”

“You taste good.” Carmen reassured him, taking another lick as though it was punctuation for her words. “She doesn’t know what she’s missing.”

She went back to licking him, first holding him up in the palm of her hand while she ran her tongue along the underside of his cock, then closing her mouth around the head his cock and sucking on him. All the time she was stroking him and feeling his balls. She wanted to make sure that she didn’t make James cum too quickly. This was about being memorable for all the right reasons.

“You want to cum like this?” She asked. “You can, it’s okay. You can cum like this, or you can come inside me, whatever you like.” She was content, knowing that they had all night and if he wanted her to make him cum with her mouth she could get him hard again to be inside her.

“I want to be inside you.” James leaned up a little and looked at her while she licked him. His cock was glistening with her saliva, pink and glistening against her tanned skin and red lips.

Carmen let go of him gently, letting his cock fall back against him. She continued to look at it as she pulled away her top, straight over her head. James was watching her and she met his gaze as she reached behind her and unclipped her bra. When she released her breasts to his gaze he smiled. Carmen loved that he showed no disappointment in her moderate boobs. She lifted them up with her hands as much as she could and thrust them forward for his approval. “You like?”

James nodded slowly and sincerely. “You’re beautiful,” he whispered.

He brought his hands up to her breasts and took them from her hands. He felt their softness and moved his fingers against the nipples while she undid the buttons on his shirt. She shuffled backwards so James could sit up further and she could pull his shirt off. When his hands lost contact with her boobs Carmen shuffled back, stood at the end of the bed and started to peel away her tight jeans.

She let him watch and made sure he noticed that she hadn’t worn any panties. That was her preference most days, but she’d found that many men found it very sexy. When her jeans were off and she was naked Carmen stood at the end of the bed and let James look at her. He looked down at her pussy, bare lips proud and easy to see as she was clean shaven. James shook his head slowly as he looked at her. “Beautiful,” he whispered again.

Carmen slowly got back on the bed and crawled up to where James lay prone. Without saying anything she straddled him and moved up far enough that when she sat down on him her pussy rested on his cock. She could feel his rock hard cock as it pulsed under her wetness.

“You feel so hot.” James looked intently at her.

“You feel hard,” Carmen smiled back, “You want me to put you inside?

He nodded, almost dumbstruck by the situation and the freedom of the moment. Carmen loved that look on her lover’s faces. There were not used to having a considerate and free lover.

She eased herself up, reached down and pulled him vertical. As she positioned him at the opening of her pussy Carmen could feel the heat from her pussy on her hand and some of her juices coated her skin. She eased the tip of his cock to part her pussy lips, letting him feel her hot and slick skin, and then she took her hand away from him. James looked down from her face and saw his cock held to attention by her pussy, with Carmen’s body poised to engulf him.

She slipped down over him slowly and deliberately. She was so slick there was no resistance as he parted her and sank into her delicious warm folds. Once he was fully inside her Carmen paused, squirming slightly to make sure she got as much of him as she could and ground her pubic mound onto him. James made an entirely predictable gasp of, “Oh God.” Carmen smiled. She was certainly not God, but there were wonderful moments like this when she felt like a Goddess.

James felt good inside her. This wasn’t entirely charity on her part. She always knew that her lovers

would please her. James was rock hard and warm inside her, his body was eager to move inside her pussy, stroke and pleasure her.

Carmen lifted off James' cock by pushing up with her legs. When she felt the head of his cock get near to her opening she paused, then slid down on him again – a little faster this time, but she still felt every fraction of an inch as she descended. As soon as she had him into the hilt, she lifted off again and started a slow rhythm of full body strokes on James' cock.

He was so hard it was easy to maintain a rhythm of lifting almost all the way off and then sinking back onto him. Each time she sunk onto him she ground her clit against his pubes, making sure they both got the best out of every movement. "How's that feel James?" She asked, looking down at him, his face obviously lost in ecstasy. "Been a while since you felt like this?" Carmen liked to know she was giving her lover something he was not used to, but wanted badly.

"Feels damn good." James reached up to take one of her nipples in his fingers as she moved on him.

Carmen closed her eyes and smiled as the pleasure of having her nipple squeezed ran through her and mixed with the wonderful feelings her pussy was generating all over her body. She felt James begin to thrust upwards to meet her pussy early with each stroke. She wasn't ready to cum yet, but recognized that James was probably closer than she'd thought. Carmen settled on him and used her arms to calm his movements.

"No," she said softly, "let me. Just enjoy." Then she went back to her solid, slow rhythm, smiling now that she felt his urgent movements dissolve to a more relaxed pose.

Carmen watched the slow build of climax on James' face as she continued to slide up and down his length with her pussy. His face muscles tightened as he got close, then his legs straightened as she built his pleasure closer and closer to release. Just when she thought he was about to burst she slowed her strokes down, just enough to slow his momentum slightly and, hopefully build a bigger climax for him. She watched James' face closely as he made a series of short breaths, then a long, sigh-like breath that signaled the start of his climax. Carmen whispered, "Good baby, good." and continued to ride him solidly as he came.

James gasped twice, his hips bucked slightly twice and then Carmen felt the hot rush of his cum surge inside her. She rose up and slid back on his twitching cock a few more times before settling on top on him, his cock still deep inside her. Carmen leaned over and kissed him lightly on the lips, a reassuring kiss that she hoped would ease any second thoughts he might have as the urgency of his physical need receded. She never wanted a lover to regret being with her.

“That was,” James caught his breath, “so good. You…”

Carmen smiled, content that she’d done her job well. She slipped off James’ cock and snuggled next to him, but she immediately reached over and took his deflating member in her hand, caressing it gently. She knew it was the little things like that made all the difference to a lover’s experience with her – the little things that all too often got lost between lovers, and spouses, after a while.

She knew the “why” questions would start soon, as they settled in their post-climax comfort. Carmen knew how to answer them, but was interested in postponing them if she could. She squeezed James’ cock a little harder and leaned up so she could bring her other hand back to caress his balls. His cock was slick with their juices and not quite soft. There was always the possibility that no amount of attention would be able to revive him quickly, but Carmen was hopeful that James could recover while she was still aroused.

“You have a nice cock.” She said softly. Every man like to hear those words, but in James’ case she was being entirely truthful. He had felt good inside her.

“You have nice hands.” James replied. “You were wonderful to me.”

“I’m glad.” Carmen smiled at him. She though she felt just a small twitch in her hands. “You think you can get hard again? Would you like to come inside me again? I’d like to feel you some more.”

While James mumbled something about it usually took a little while, Carmen felt some more encouraging twitches. It was nearly always the same – a man with a new lover was so much more virile than with a more familiar one. She let his cock lie along her palm while she stroked it up and down with her other hand. James was watching her, fascinated by the attention he was receiving.

Carmen continued to silently, gently move her hands over his cock and balls, and James continued to respond. He wasn’t as hard as he’d been a few moments earlier, but there was no doubt that he was at attention again. She loved the feeling of a growing cock in her hand – physical proof that she was making her lover feel good.

Calmly, she kneeled up, still holding him and said, “Here, come let me feel you inside again.” She finally let go of him when she got on all fours on top of the bed, offering him her pussy from behind.

James didn’t need a second invitation and moved into position behind her. Rather than simply pushing his cock into her, he took a moment to look down at her pussy from a new angle, pushing her ass cheeks apart to get a better look. Carmen opened her legs some more, enjoying him getting such an intimate view of her.

He brought his cock up to her pussy lips and rubbed it up and down her several times, using his hand to move him against her. It felt like her was fully hard again now and Carmen smiled, thinking that it was probably a while since he'd experienced a recovery that quick.

This time it was in his control as he slipped deep into her. Carmen gasped as he thrust fast and hard. "You are so good," she whispered, "hard again so quick. Let me have more of you James. I want more."

James gave her more. His rhythm was solid, but faster than she'd been. As he pushed into her over and over his hands grasped her ass cheeks again and pulled them wide, looking down at his shaft pushing into her pussy. Carmen started pushing back as he thrust forward, feeling his balls swing and hit her clit as he continued his relentless strokes. She looked back through her arms and past her jiggling breasts at James's cock as it slipped in and out of her. Carmen felt the first stirrings of climax now. "That's it baby," she urged, "give that to me. Make me cum for you."

James heard her and increased his pace, adjusting his knees on the bed to get more leverage. His strokes were shorter now, but his forceful movements were exciting her and the way his balls swung and hit her swollen clit was taking her up the climax ladder quicker than she'd expected. She could hear James panting, almost like he was chasing his own orgasm again. The room's mirror caught the corner of her eye and she looked over to see a full image of her, ass way up in the air, and James slamming into her, as he was now.

The mirror took her over the edge quickly. James continued to pound into her as the fireworks of climax started to shoot all through her body. Carmen stopped pushing back on him, paralyzed by the power of the orgasm as it burst through her and concentrated it's red hot sensations in her belly. She gasped several times and felt a massive contraction in her pussy as she reached her peak.

Carmen panted a few times as the climax subsided in her, then looked back at James as he continued to thrust deep into her. She could see from his face that he was close to cumming again. She reached between their legs and felt for his balls, letting them run back and forward through her fingers with his strokes and hoping the sensations she was creating would be enough to make him cum again.

James didn't let her down. He came hard into her with a grunt and a pause in his rhythm. She felt him twitch and start to fill her with his cum again. Not as much of a rush as the first time, but she could tell it was satisfying for him from the mumbling she heard behind her and his heavy breathing.

He slipped out of her, obviously deflating at a quicker rate this time, and fell back on the bed. Carmen

saw that his face and upper chest were red with exertion but his face was grinning with pleasure. She knew she was glowing also and crawled up to lie next to him. She took his hand and draped one of her legs over one of his.

I know," she said after a few minutes, "you want to ask me why. Why you, and just plain why." She looked over and the slightly awkward smile told her she was right.

Carmen squeezed James' hand. "You are a lovely man. I wanted to be with you. I wanted to share this pleasure with you. I thought you would enjoy that, and I knew that I would." She watched his features soften as he took in her words.

"I did." He said sincerely.

She knew that the next question would be "did she do this often" but didn't want to start down that road, so she simply told him, "I'm glad you enjoyed. I hope you always remember me as a friend you met and shared a wonderful evening with. I know I'll always think of you like that.

"Yes." James nodded his head slightly. "I couldn't put it better myself."

Carmen smiled and closed her eyes, soaking up the comfort of the moment and still feeling the last vestiges of her climax running around her body. She knew she could take a lover at home, but she knew if she did the moments they shared like that were unlikely to last, and there was no better feeling in the world to her than being on vacation and having a new lover.