

# Her hotel fling

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*She needed interaction*

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She got dressed in sexy attire, A skirt, nice silk top with stockings and heels. She loved the feeling of getting dressed up sexily, enjoyed the attention she got. She had been at the hotel a week now and was eager for some interaction. She went down the stairs to the hotel bar. A handsome looking man caught her eye. Smiling at him she hitched her skirt a little higher. He watched her and she winked at him. She could see the bulge in his pants appearing. "Can I get you a drink?" he asked her across the bar. "Sure." He motioned the bartender and placed an order before moving down the bar to sit next to her. The drinks came but she paid no attention to what they were. She was looking at the incredible looking guy beside her. She felt his hand touch her thigh. She looked at him and smiled sexily. Moving her hair away from her neck, exposing her flesh to him she winked at him once more. She could tell that he was getting more and more aroused as the bulge in his pants got bigger each time she looked. She tried to tease him to the best of her abilities but it was hard for her to not just stare at him. He was gorgeous. Placing her hand on her thigh she ran it up towards her cunt letting her dress move up her leg as she did. She reached the top of her thigh and arched her neck a little before looking at him and smiling once more. "How about we forget the drinks?" he asked. She wasn't really sure about this. Somehow she hadn't seen this coming. But even with her questioning mind she felt herself nodding. He grabbed her hand after leaving money on the bar for the untouched drinks and let her lead the way. Walking up the stairs he caressed her shoulders and back. They walked down a hall and then she stopped. Her room was right in front of them and her fingers were already curled around the key in her bag. She stopped a moment, pretending she couldn't find it, taking the time to think. Her plan had never been to fuck him. Maybe just some harmless flirting, she wasn't the kind of girl that fucked on the first date. But sexual frustration was bubbling inside her and she knew the moment she put that key in the door there was no looking back. He wanted to fuck her senseless, as he'd so succinctly put it. And she felt a major urge to fuck him right back. She opened the door an inch before he placed his palm flat against it and shoved, using his body strength to push her into the room. Closing the door with his foot, he used his left hand to press her against the wall while his right went to the hemline of her skirt, yanking it up so it bunched around her waist. His mouth bore down

on hers and using his hands, one to grab her arse and the other roughly tearing her pants before he jammed his fingers into her sliding them in and out. The pleasure was amazing and at that point, any will she had to stop him was gone, smothered by her need to feel him inside her. She tugged at his pants and underwear, pulling them down until his cock sprang out gratefully. Taking it into her hands she caressed it, admiring its size and smoothness. Even his cock is gorgeous she thought. Moving his mouth away from hers, he tore at her shirt, sending buttons flying. She noticed him bend his knees slightly, getting into position. "Wait," she panted using his cock to gently tug him to the bed. Pushing her backwards on to the white duvet, he used his knee to spread her legs. He removed his shirt. She stared admiringly at his broad shoulders and hairy chest. She began to lick down his chest; she edged her way down towards his cock before working her way up it with small kisses. Reaching the top, she circled her tongue around its rim, as if licking a melting ice-cream, smiling triumphantly to herself as she heard a groan of pleasure. She was about to push his cock fully into her mouth when he suddenly pulled away and buried his head between her legs. Nibbling and licking everything but her throbbing clit. She pushed her pelvis forward, desperate for him to lick her clit, but he would only flick across it, causing a brief explosion of desire before retreating, abandoning her on the brink of ecstasy. Unable to control her urge she began to masturbate in front of him. He pushed her hand away while using his teeth to tug her bra over her breasts. Moving from one to the other, he gently bit at each nipple, the tip of his cock poised for action. She felt his hands near her centre and then he she felt him ripping off the remaining remnants of her underwear. He thrust his hips forward and then she felt waves of ecstasy as he moved in and out. Moaning with pleasure, she felt him shifting slightly until his pubic bone touched her clit, then rhythmically swaying side to side, rubbing until she felt the familiar rush of warmth spreading through her entire body. Lifting her stockinged legs so they wrapped around his back, her heels digging into his flesh. "Do you want it harder? Do you want me to fuck you harder?" he panted. Not waiting he upped the pressure, barely breathless as he muttered, "Is that good? Do you want more?" She nodded, digging her nails into the firm flesh of his back while pushing her hips towards him. After a few more thrusts another orgasm powered through her and he simultaneously growled, "Fucking hell," before rapidly pulling out and ejaculating over her stomach. Semen ran down her sides from the pool on her stomach. Once he let his body calm down a little he got up and dressed. He muttered something about having to leave and before she could answer he was out the door. She knew that she would never see him again. The thought of the sex she had just had with a random stranger brought a tingling to her clit. Although she felt rather spent she found herself softly caressing her swollen clit bringing herself to a gentle climax. She lay there for a moment, thinking about the experience she had just had. The air smelt of sex and she was very satisfied. She went to the shower and turned it on. Getting into it and letting the warm water wash over her body she knew this was a day she would never forget.