

Hotel

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I've always wanted to fuck someone in a hotel.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/hotel.aspx>

It is bitterly cold and pitch black as I leave work. My hands are balled into little fists in my pockets, and I can't wait to get to the hotel where I know you are waiting for me. I don't know what to expect, I've never done this before. You've never seen my face, and I've never seen yours. I do not know if I am your type, or if you are mine. I only know that I have wanted to fuck you since our first online conversation. This morning I had put on my very best underwear; a little black lacy thong and matching bra. I wore my black dress to work so that I could put on my hold-ups underneath, knowing that it would excite you to know I was wearing them all day just so you could fuck me in them later. You have chosen a nice hotel, and I'm excited to see what the rooms are like, what kind of beds they have, how it feels to be pushed down onto it while you climb on top of me. I don't know what you will be like in bed, or if you'll want to go for drinks first in the bar, or if you will whisper in my ear, or if you will remind me of my husband. I wonder if you are wearing a button-down shirt and jeans, or a suit. I wonder if you will want to get breakfast with me tomorrow, and I wonder if you will want to come here again once you know what I am like. I wonder away the minutes as I walk towards the hotel. I can see it in the distance, the bright signs of the city all around its own giant logo floating in the black night air. The streets near to the city centre are crowded and heaving with people Christmas shopping, dragging great bags of gifts around with them, weighed down by their own generosity. I imagine you buying gifts for your wife, and any children you may or may not have, I do not know. I wonder if you actually love her. I suddenly feel guilty, because I know that I love my husband, yet I am still about to let you fuck me. Maybe it is the same for you, maybe it is different. It doesn't matter though, does it? Not really. As I get nearer, I get more excited. I imagine your cock hardening, knowing that I am almost there. I imagine you unzipping my dress for me. I imagine you holding my breasts and kissing my neck. I imagine too many things, and I feel myself getting wet already. I can't wait to get there and I can't wait to feel your skin against mine. I just can't wait to be fucked. Properly fucked; not how he fucks me-because we can and should as husband and wife, but because you want me. And that's it; we have no feelings for one another, just a want. A want for sex. My phone vibrates against my hand; a message from him. He asks if I'm getting on okay while he's away, and that he's bought some presents to bring home for me. I feel guilty and ashamed, but I don't want to stop. I want the best of

both worlds, I'm greedy, I can't make up my mind, I want love and I want lust. I reply with 'I'm fine, and thank you! I love you with all of my heart, and I hope you're having a good time :) xxxxx', and I mean every word, except that maybe there is a small part of my heart that feels I am missing out. I feel a cold flutter on my cheek, and realise it is snowing. It is the first snow of the year. I almost smile to myself as I see it all floating down from the heavens like the soft fluffy down of a baby bird. Then suddenly I am angry with the weather, because now I will have cold red cheeks and nose- not at all attractive. And I so want you to find me attractive. I step up my pace, until I am on the street of the hotel. It is about two or three minutes walk to the end of the road, and anticipation gets the better of me as I feel my legs go weak at the thought of your hard cock waiting for me behind one of the hundred windows in the face of the building. Shops sail by me as I walk, trying to entice me with colourful toys, cakes, beautiful clothes, and other oddities. I ignore them. Tonight I am yours and I will not be distracted. You are waiting. You must be thinking about me right now, but I bet you aren't as nervous as I am. Perhaps I am more nervous than I should be. Again, I quicken my pace, eager to touch you, feel you, breath your scent, taste you, hear your voice, and just see your naked body above me, beneath me, all over me. I'm so wet right now; I need to be fucked so badly. Or maybe I just need to feel something other than love. Maybe I want to hate you, because even that is surely better than the long droning of monotonous love. I don't even care. The entrance to the hotel's reception is ten maybe fifteen paces away when I stop. I try to talk myself out of going in; my husband will find out, maybe you want to hurt me, maybe I'll fall for you and live the rest of my life torturing myself over what could have been. But I can't think of enough reasons not to go in to outweigh the reasons I should. Besides, it's gone too far and I'll never be able to think of a decent excuse. And I will regret not taking the risk. So, I push open the glass door. I'm greeted with a smiling concierge-type person, a young man possibly twenty years of age, who directs me to the reception desk. At the desk, a young girl smiles broadly at me, obviously a necessity of her position, obviously unfeeling. She asks how she can help me this evening. "I'm meeting a... friend, in room 412." I smile at her, and hope that I'm not the only one who has smiled at her today; she must get some snotty people here. "Yes, he said you'd be arriving soon!" She reached behind her for the key and handed it to me. "You are one lucky girl." She said. I smiled and thanked her, thinking about her comment. He must be gorgeous then, if even she is jealous. I suddenly feel quite proud that you are here to have sex with me, and not anyone else. The elevator doors open and a mother and two children step out. That could be me in a few years, my own children clinging to my shirt sleeves. But no, not now, and I don't feel guilty. This is a one-off, will never happen again. I am yours tonight. The elevator smells like lemon Pledge. Clean, sterile, safe. I press the number 4, and watch the doors close in front of my face. I just can't help myself; I reach a hand between my legs and stroke my clit through my underwear, building myself up for what will happen next. The numbers above the door change from G to 1, 2, and 3, and when they reach number 4, I stop touching myself and fix my hair in the mirror, remove my glasses, and undo my top button. The doors slide open. The room across from the elevator is room 400, to the left is a small door with no numbers which must be the cleaner's closet. I turn right, and follow the corridor. All of the even numbers are on my left now. I stop outside room 412

and wonder whether I should knock or use my key. It is the little things which agonise me. I decide to knock. The seconds between my knock and your answer are unbearable. I feel like I am being pulled apart, or crushed, or suffocated. The handle moves downwards and there is a click. The door opens. I realise I am looking at the floor; I see your smart, shined shoes, the neatly pressed trouser legs. I feel a finger beneath my chin as you lift my head. You have a kind face, sparkly green eyes, almost scruffy curly blond hair and the most perfect smile. You look like some sort of male Adonis. You are wearing a shirt, like I thought. A white one with tiny grey vertical stripes, pushed up to your elbows. Your arms are defined by slightly bulging muscles- again, perfect. I am still cold from the snow, and self-conscious that my face is red, and that I am not beautiful enough for you. You could do so much better than me. "Hello, Imogen," you say, and my knees feel weak at your voice. "Hello, sorry I took so long to get here; I had an extra report to read." "Well, you've certainly kept me waiting in anticipation." You say with a cheeky little grin. "You look cold, let's warm you up." You take my hand and kiss my frozen cheek before leading me into the room. The bed is as wonderful as I'd imagined. It has crisp white sheets and a cosy looking duvet. The headboard is simply, yet effectively carved to resemble a fleur de lis with other flowers around it. There are sliding doors onto a balcony which are covered by floor to ceiling white satin drapes. There is a table on which stands a mirror, a television, an electric kettle and a small basket full of teabags, coffee sachets and sugar packets. Your bag is beneath the table- a large leather hold-all. You take my coat and hang it on the back of a chair. I put my handbag on the table, and next to it, my mobile phone. I hope I don't get any calls tonight. I want to relax and enjoy this night, because it will not happen again. I feel your hand on the side of my thigh, gently stroking under the hem of my skirt. You feel the stocking tops and I hear you laugh slightly. You wrap an arm around my waist and kiss the part where my shoulder and neck join. I lean into your kisses, and you work your way up to my mouth. Your lips are softer than his. I reach a hand to your belt and unbuckle it. I know what I want. Your lips form a smile even as we kiss. There is still a niggly of guilt in the back of my mind, though, and I push a hand into your chest to tell you to hold on. "Do you love your wife?" I ask, looking straight into his eyes. There is a long silence. "No. I never did really- it was merely a convenience for our families." I don't reply, but I kiss you again. I feel less guilty now, because I imagine she does this to him as well. One of his hands is on my lower back and the other is holding my face. You are much gentler than I would have liked on this adventure of mine. I rip your belt through the loops on your trousers and throw it to the floor. As you move your lips to my neck again, your hands find my zip, and undo it all the way down. I shrug off the sleeves and let it fall to my hips. I love the feeling of your hands running all over my body, from my back to my tits, to my waist, pushing my dress down to the floor. You stop kissing and take a small step back to look at me, standing in my underwear. Then you pull me close and whisper in my ear- "you're fucking hot." I'm surprised by this, in a good way. I laugh quietly, and undo your trousers, pulling them down to your thighs. Your boxers can hardly contain that huge cock of yours, so I pull them down too. I grasp your thick shaft with one hand, gently stroking it up and down while you continue kissing my neck and shoulders. You breathe into my ear, which sends a shiver down my spine. You move one hand to my hip bones, trailing a finger along them just above my panties. Then, that finger finds it's way inside

them, between my hot, wet pussy lips, rubbing my clit hard and fast. I nearly come there and then, but you stop and take my hand off of your throbbing cock. You lead me to the bed, and I lay down in the center as you gently push me back. Your fingers peel my panties down my long, smooth legs and leave them hanging from one ankle. My little lacy bra becomes the next object of your affections; you trace your fingers across the edges, up and down the straps and beneath the cups. Without much effort at all, your hand have reached underneath me and unfastened it, slipping my arms out of it. You take one breast in your hand, the other you lick, kiss, nibble, and suck, making me squirm and moan with pleasure. I'm getting wetter and wetter as each second goes by. You thrill me. I feel your hand leave my breast and wander down my body, making it's way to my wet cunt. Your fingers are inside me, rubbing quickly over my g-spot, your thumb resting on my clit. I gasp, moan, and grip your arm, digging my nails in. You bury your face into my neck, biting it as you do. I am not disappointed when your fingers vacate me pussy; I know what they are making room for. You use your cock head to rub over my clit, slowly, gently, teasing me in the most delicious way. Then without warning, you are ramming into me, right on that sweet spot, over and over. I am near screaming, I can't control my muscles; they spasm and clench and grip your cock as you pound me. Your right hand is holding my thigh, almost on my ass, and your left hand is balled into a fist beside my head; you're enjoying yourself. Veins are standing out on your arms and neck; there's something about a man exerting himself to pleasure me that is so hot. I clench my pussy muscles even harder around your cock, and you close your eyes. "That's good. So good." You whisper in my ear through gritted teeth. "I want you to feel good. I want you to fuck me, and I want you to cum inside me." I whisper back. I start playing with my nipples with my free hand, while you're still holding my ass. I close my eyes and concentrate on the feeling of your cock against my g-spot, pounding my pussy, my fingers on my nipples. I throw my head back ad wait; I can feel my orgasm building. You sense this, and speed up your magnificent thrusts, making each one harder and faster. I wrap my legs around your toned body, squeezing you tight. I imagine how we look from above; your muscled back and buttocks tensing as you fuck me, my feet resting just above your lower back, hair spilled out over the pillows. You utter a low groan from your throat, and I realise how close you must be. I pinch my nipples harder, bringing myself closer- ladies first after all! "Cum, hard." You grunt into my neck. The simple sentence spills all sorts of thoughts into my head, and after all, orgasms are made in the brain. A few more of your amazing, hard thrusts deep into my soaking cunt and I am coming on your cock. Every muscle in my body is wracked with spasms, and every nerve is on fire with it. I rake my fingernails down your back and moan into your ear- "I'm coming! I'm coming, oh my God, I'm coming..." My voice is taken over my squeals and moans caused by the intense pleasure you have given me. My eyes closed, I see hazy colours and shapes burst before me, as if I were high. Another groan from you, and I can feel you shooting your hot load of cum straight into me, filling me right up. Your hand squeezes tighter on my ass and I can tell that this is good for you. For a second, you relax into me, and I hold you, stroking your hair. "You are so good." I say. We untangle our bodies, and get cleaned and dressed. We share a final kiss, although it means nothing, and go our separate ways. It has been one of the most amazing nights of my life, but I know it can never happen again. But, at the end of it all, I have made

up my mind; I do not feel guilty. I needed that.