

Eight AM Wake Up Call

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A young woman decides to stay at the wrong hotel. Dedicated to WayneGibbous.

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"You're just a mistake," Eva thought, as she looked upon the Polaroid. It was showing Andre and herself smiling and lovingly holding each other at his sisters birthday party. It was a teenage marriage, and had lasted six years. But now Eva stood in the driveway carrying an old red suitcase containing a bit of clothes and jewellery. She was 23 years old - a petite woman with olive skin and a perfect hourglass figure. Her curly dark red hair framed a heart shaped face. "Six years and you don't want me no more," she cried at the house. Tears were running down her face, because she really loved him. But Andre had become so distant. She had first noticed in bed, for they had always had such a rewarding sex life. She recalled how Andre used to get her there three times before he even got there himself. But he did not seem to take care of her at all. She had some expensive, sexy, pink lingerie, because she knew how he loved seeing pink on her. She had done everything she could to please him, but he shunned her. All he did was yell at her for spending all the money on underwear. Eva heard no reply from the house. She, however, realised she might have woken the neighbours, and decided to get moving. She went her car and drove down the lane. The had suspected an affair, but she wasn't sure. Why? Wasn't she good enough? She realised, she did not know where she was going. "Maybe I'll just keep heading vest," she thought. It was dark. There were surprisingly few people on the highway. She had been driving for about two hours with tears in her eyes. She came off the highway and on to a smaller country road, where there was no traffic at all. She was beat. She passed through a small town, which looked like no one lived there. A little outside the town were a rather large house. An old sign read "Hotel Violet". "Perhaps I'll just stay here the night," she thought and drove up to the house. The reception was dusty and lit with candles. An old woman slept behind the desk. Eva coughed to wake her up. "Oh, what's that, dear?" the old woman asked. "I'd like a room," said Eva. "There you go, sweetie," said the woman and gave her the key to room seventeen. Eva paid her in cash. "Have a great nights sleep," said the woman. Eva began to walk up the stairs, then she turned and said, "Oh, Ma'am? Can I get an 8 am wake up call?" The woman smiled. "Sure." Eva threw her suitcase on the bed. It popped open and she went strait for the Jack Daniels she had bought on the way. She turned on the radio and turned the volume up. She took of her dress and danced around in her underwear to Slades "Come On Feel The Noise". She was getting drunk. Suddenly pulled her bra of, letting her DD cats out of captivity, she strutted around ending in front of a

mirror. She posed and said to herself, "I'm too hot for you anyway. Yes, I am. Oh, yeah. I'm gonna go find me some huge cocks! They'll make me come, like you never could!" Eva was an excellent bellydancer, and she was swaying in front of the mirror watching her body move in fluent motions. She threw herself down on the bed and curled up on top of the bed cover. Aided by the alcohol she fell to sleep. It was dark, when she woke to the distinct chiming of a phone. She sat up and stretched. Could it already be eight am? "Impossible. I just went to sleep, didn't I?" She found the switch and turned on the light. "Weird, I could have sworn I never turned it off," she said. Her head was already hurting, and she made her way over to the table where the phone was. She picked it up, but nothing seemed to be at the other end. When she put it down, she realised that the phone was not plugged in, as the wire was lying unconnected on the floor. She was a little scared, but she calmed herself. "Maybe I just dreamt it all," she thought. Suddenly she heard a sound. She turned and screamed, when she saw a figure. "Oh, good god." Then she realised it was only the reflection of her own near naked body in the mirror. Her eyes seemed dark. The room was cold and her nipples stood out hard. "Go back to bed, Eva," she mumbled. She crawled under the cover and blankets after turning the lights back off. But she could not sleep. She lay completely still listening, to what sounded like a deep breath. She held a hand up in front of her own mouth to investigate, whether what she heard was in fact her own breath. But it was clearly not. She jumped out of bed and cried, "Who's there?" There was no one. Something cold - like a cold wind, blew against her. Her nipples turned hard. She slid back into bed, unaware that something came with her. As she lay on her side, facing away, she did not see how the bed cover clearly was covering something behind her. She closed her eyes. Then she felt an icy arm suddenly pulling her backwards, holding her against a frozen body. She tried to say something, but another placed itself over her mouth. The other hand began massaging and slightly pulling her nipples. The breathing had turned to moaning in her ear, and she found her self making sounds too. Someone began slowly kissing and sucking her neck. She relaxed her body. She realised that the man was getting warmer. She sighed as something slid between her thighs. She calculated that it was longer and thicker than anything she had ever seen in real life. So very much bigger than Andre. She shuddered. The hand in front of her mouth ventured down her stomach. "Who are you?" she whispered. "Mmmmm," the man groaned in her ear. Eva was afraid, but strangely turned on. After all was this not exactly, what she had missed? The slight pinching of her nipples drove her wild. The he stopped and pulled off her panties. She turned to face him. Was it just that she could not see in the dark? No, the phone was blinking. This should have been hidden by his chest. She gasped, as the invisible man lay her on her back. He was warm now. It was like he had a fever. Like he was on fire. He pulled her legs up and forcefully thrust himself in to her wet pussy. Deeper and deeper. Her body was the unexplored depths of the ocean. He filled her like she had never been filled before. She panicked. Surely he would break her. "Eva?" he seemed to whisper. She moaned in return. He reached her inner sanctum, and did not rest there. He took her hard. She felt him and clung to him, her arms wrapped around him as she cried, "Yes! Take me! Take like no one else can! Make me your whore!" He clawed at her with his nails. Teeth sank into her shoulder as he came in her. His orgasm was so massive, that he pushed her backwards with his hips and cock alone. She

screamed in ecstasy. Eva sank back in to the bed - exhausted. But he was not yet finished with her. He pulled her up by her arms, and she pleaded with him to let her rest. When he did not seem to have any intention of doing that, she momentarily freed herself from his grasp, and made for the door. But she did not get far. He took her back to the bed, and placed on the stomach. He pulled her ass up to the tip of his huge penis. "No, don't do that!" Eva thought. But he knew her better than she did herself. Slowly he began penetrating her tight asshole. She tried to resist and tightened her muscles, but she was no match for his cock. It found its way deeper and deeper in. Eva thanked god, that this creature came like a horse, so that his penis was lubricated with his own sperm. "Oh, my god. This is wonderful." she thought. He's gonna go all the way up my stomach," Eva thought. The warmth of him had won her over, and she could not resist moving her hips against him. He groaned in gratitude. She closed her eyes, biting her lip. Her breasts moved with the rhythm. He pulled her head a little back by the hair. Her asshole was burning with pain and desire. She gasped and came. Her body shivered, and he held her firmly. It was not long until he followed her. She felt as if she would burst, as he came in her ass. He pulled out, and she could feel his cum running out of both her ass and vagina. She lay down on the bed and he lay on her. He was above her. He rubbed the head of his cock against her clitoris. He lifted her up. She lay on her back on top of him, and he pulled the bed cover over them. His cock was sticking out between her thighs, and as she fell asleep, he lovingly fondled her breasts. The phone was chiming. Eva woke up alone in her bed. She stumbled to the phone, sore and drowsy. "Hello?" she asked. "Miss? This is your 8 am wake up call, sweetie! Also your husband has called."