

You put down your scotch on the rocks and kick off your sandals towards the door. Not sloppily, but with intent. Intent to let her know that you are planning on staying a while and making certain she won't object. She notices, you are sure of that, but her demeanor does not change. She just sits there, sipping her red wine, listening to the inviting music. Acid jazz. No lyrics, just mellowed out tones with pizzazz, reflecting the mood and the setting perfectly. Her, sitting in an armchair, wearing halter top, knee length, red dress, which has been driving you nuts all night. Now, even more so because it had somewhat lifted up revealing her thighs. The only light in the room is coming from the floor lamp next to her, casting a dim yellow light on her face and body. You are standing in the other corner, leaning, one foot pressed up against the wall.

She is not looking at you. No, she is far more suave than that. She appears to be waiting for you to resolve whatever it is you need to resolve. In her mind, she has made the decision. You just wish you knew what it was. She did not twitch when you kicked your shoes off, so you hope.

You decide to move forward, but look up into the ceiling one more time to summon strength when she startles you.

“You know what is the best part about a fantasy?”

“What?” your voice cracks.

“The shred of hope that it may become true. When that hope is gone, when it's certain it will never realize, the fantasy just simply disappears.”

You thought you had it in you, but she came out of the left field and you find yourself still in the shadow, almost afraid to come into the light. She continues to taunt you, daring you to do it.

“And you know what else?”

“Hm?”

“That always kind of sucks!”

You waited too long. She looks straight into your eyes and makes the decision for you. You have been trapped, but it offers you relief. Decisions of some magnitude were never your forte.

And then, as if the wall pushes you away, you bounce off it and slowly walk over squatting right at her feet. You clasp your hands together and lean your elbows on your knees. You are looking at her, but she closes her eyes, seemingly growing impatient.

So you leap, head first and firmly grab her bare knee with your hand, traveling slowly up her thigh. It takes you some second or two to make your way to the edge of the dress, but then you slow down slightly as your hand ventures underneath. Once again, your reason takes over and you pull it back, revealing your indecisiveness.

“Thirty more seconds and I won’t be able to stop.” you whisper.  
She smirks, almost unexcited, and with her eyes still closed, begins.

“Thirty, one thousand, twenty-nine, one thousand...”

In your mind, her mocking is unforgivable and you swiftly grab her by the waist and toss her onto the white sheets of a turned down, king sized hotel bed. The contrast of the dress against the white sheet was appealing, but it is not the bed that excites you. The throw has lifted her dress even more, revealing no underwear. She expects you to react, but you don’t. Still, you can’t keep but wondering whether she was without them all night. The walk, the restaurant, drinks with your friends.

Pulling one of her legs straight up and leaning it on your shoulder, you lick the muscle defining her calf. At first, it is slow and sensuous, but as the closeness of her warmth irks your appetite for more, you begin to gnaw, to graze and suck. Your hand travels on

the inside of her thigh, as if it had a mind of its own, until you reach the luscious core of her femininity and your fingers part the heavenly gates and begin to tickle the soft flesh, already swollen with desire.

Her breathing deepens, but she does not make a sound. She keeps winning battle after battle, but you know you possess the strength to be victorious in the war. You have an advantage. She lacks patience and you know you can focus on that weakness. She drove you nuts all night, now it is your time to shine.

Your mouth leaves her calf and begins its descend. Your target is obvious, but you take your time. She squirms a bit, but you don't give in. The crime fits the punishment and you have all night to execute your sentence. As your mouth reaches her inner thigh, you slip two fingers inside her.

This time, she moans. Audibly. 'A mistake' you think to yourself and take your lips away from her body and your fingers out of her heat. She opens her eyes just in time to see you lick her nectar off your hand. Her gaze is strong, but you begin to see the desperation. You smile triumphantly and extend your hand towards her open mouth. The fervor with which she takes it, the fire with which her tongue flickers about your fingers tells you that she is losing. But, the look remains strong and you realize that she will fight to the last ounce of self-control. You have been patient a long time tonight and your stamina is high. You are slowly gaining grounds.

You continue your path along her thigh with your mouth. She hangs her knee on your shoulder preventing your retreat, but retreat was never on your mind. To her surprise, you make haste and beginning at her opening, moving upward with your tongue, pausing a second to make a twirl around her clit only to continue towards her belly button while you take her dress off over her head. Her pear shaped breasts bounce back in your face, momentarily causing you to pine. You cave and delve in, closing your mouth over her erect nipples. First one...then the other. She tries to push you

downwards, back between her legs, but that is not part of your plan. You grab her hands and pin them down beside her head while your mouth continues to savour her plump tits. You begin your climb, passed her collar bone and up her neck, reaching her earlobe. While you softly nibble at her ear, she lets out a frustrating sigh.

It is time for you to make your next move.

“Beg!” you command in whisper.

“No!” she retorts, pissing you off even further.

You abandon her face and return to her moist center, your tongue parts her and you softly encircle her engorged clit, ensuring torment, but not satisfaction. When you feel her body begin to shudder under your arms, you stop and once again, make your point!

“Beg! Now!” your commands are stronger.

“Never!” She shrieks in your face, but her glazed eyes cannot hide her lust and desire.

You know she is at her last straw, but, much to your own surprise, you can continue this sweet torture until you get it your way!

“We’ll see about that!”

You rid yourself of your clothes, revealing your last ace. Your firm, long and hard cock stands fully erect, ready, willing and able to satiate her evident craving for you. Her eyes are fixed on your fleshy mast, but you assault her mouth with yours, making her realize what your tongue is capable of, a preview of things to come, if she only begged.

“Do you get it now? Are you ready to beg?”

“Dream on!” she hissed at you, pushing the last button.

You dive in between her legs with full might. Mere moments later, she begins to growl in reaction to fierce magic of your tongue and just as you let her think she has overpowered you, you stop once more, your body hovering above her and the tip of your cock positioned at her opening.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” She stared at you, amazed.

“I have never been more serious. Are you going to beg?”

“Mhhmm.” She mumbles.

The tip of your cock slowly enters her and quickly retreats.

“I did not quite hear you.”

“Yes!” She yelled. “I’ll beg. Please fuck me senseless. I want you inside me now! All of it! Fuck me, please, fuck me and make me come! I can’t take it anymore.” Her voice turned from vindictive and angry to genuine, desperate and submissive. Those few moments of hearing the agony in her plea made it all worth it. You pushed yourself into her, fully and suddenly. She arched her back to accept you, you advanced your pelvis to give and for next couple of seconds, neither of you moved. All that pent up frustration and hostility was melding your bodies together.

You released virtually at the same time. Still inside her, you pick her up. Her arms wrap around your neck and she kisses you. She takes you by surprise, but you return the favour. This kiss, however, was not about proof, it did not matter who came out on top. It was a lover’s kiss, full of passion, enthusiasm and even emotion.

For the first time that night, you are both on the same side. You discover that you like it

this way, but you also know that everything had to happen the way it did. She is a tough customer, and you obviously passed the test.

You take her to the table and lay her down. She wraps her legs around your neck and throws her arms over her head completely giving in. As you slowly begin long, deep thrusts, your hands are exploring her body, playing with her nipples and squeezing her breasts. You realize, you will not last much longer, but the moment was to be savoured. She was a sight and for the time being, yours to do what you please.

Her moans are euphoric as you deliver. You can tell from the expression on her face. It was you that caused that face, that grimace of rapture and it pushed you over the edge. You clenched together as waves of passion propagated through your sweaty and trembling bodies.

You stay over. You even hold her close to you throughout the night. Her body smelled of moisturizer and you caught yourself a few times inhaling deeper to catch a whiff. Coconut.

She is fast asleep in your arms, but it takes you a while. You know that the first rays of light will break the magic, so you artificially prolong the night. It is not love, you are aware of that. It was lust at best, but you can't help wondering. Just 'what if?'

You open your eyes. It takes you a second to orient yourself. The side of the bed next to you is empty and mere moments later, she comes out of the bathroom, dressed and ready to go.

"Morning!" She said in a friendly voice, but that tease that she played all night was gone. You knew it was in there, but she had managed to push it down, tucked away from the light of day.

"Want some coffee?" she asks you.

“Yes, please!”

Neither of you is awkward, but at the same time, there is no mention of what happened. It is probably better that way.

You take her suitcase and carry it to the lobby. The valet brings her car and you know that in a few moments, she'll be gone.

“Off to the airport!” She says, extending her arms around your neck in a friendly hug, much like the one you received from her first time you saw her.

“Have a good flight!” You say, courteous, pointless.

“I will. Thanks. And...” she pauses for a second, then cranes her neck and places a soft kiss on your lips. “It was fun. Thanks.” And she winks at you before she enters the car.

You wave goodbye, get back to your car and before you drive off, you notice the little box that she gave you last night at dinner. It looked like a jewelry box, but you knew that it could not be it. She asked you not to open it until she was gone.

You untie the bow, lift the lid and burst out in a hearty laugh. It was her thong. The ones she was not wearing when you got back to the hotel room. You take it out, lacing the string between your fingers and subconsciously bringing it up to your face, when you notice a note at the bottom of the box.

*The only string that ever was and ever will be between us.*

*Play hard! Play safe!*

*Love,*

*Skittles*

Just 'What If

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