

A Sexy Chapter

Chapter 14 - First Time

To celebrate my third Christmas since leaving home, I visit my aunt and uncle who retired to sunny Mexico. As soon as Dad and Mom turned down their invitation, I had jumped at the opportunity. My excuse for not coming home was "Oops. I already bought my ticket."

On my return to school, a snowstorm hits the East Coast, grounding me in the Atlanta airport. Sitting in a hard plastic seat, with only too expensive food for entertainment, condemns me to a day of excruciating boredom. A pleasant man in the seat next to me is my only relief. Steve is about thirty, good looking without being handsome, has an infectious smile, brown hair and eyes, a long, regal nose, and a cute cleft chin. He's dressed in a well-fitting gray suit, white shirt, and navy-blue tie.

With nothing else to do, I listen to his chatty monologue, giving him polite encouragement. He's an architect on his way abroad. He volunteered for the job to spare married colleagues with children and to give himself an adventure. His firm has a contract to design a shopping-apartment complex, which for him is a thrilling opportunity. His contagious excitement at describing the details of his project distracts me enough to make time go faster. When he asks about me, I share only a little, which I prefer and seems fine with him.

Our wait drags into evening. A loudspeaker frequently announces that due to the storm blanketing the East Coast, all flights are delayed. Sitting and walking, we entertain each other with talk about politics, discovering what we have in common, and polite flirtations. At dinner time, he selects an up-scale restaurant and insists it's covered by his expense account. An argument I let him win given I'm nearly broke.

Shortly after 9 p.m., the depressing loudspeaker voice has a new announcement. "All of today's regularly scheduled flights are canceled. All airports along the East Coast are closed due to severe weather conditions. We will do our best to have everyone boarded to their destinations within twenty-four hours after the snow stops and the runways are cleared. There will be no further notices until 6 a.m. More information will be available at that time. I repeat"

A collective groan echoes through the airport. This will be a long, hard night. The frustration of being stranded and my worry about missing tomorrow's classes worsen the ordeal of sitting all night in a hard airport seat. I slouch in my chair, wondering if I can get comfortable enough to sleep. A long night of misery looms ahead.

My new best friend proposes a plan. "My company will pay for a hotel room, but I don't feel right leaving you here. If it's acceptable to you, I invite you to join me. We can get a room with two beds, and I promise to be good."

Startled into silence by such an outrageous offer, my mind frantically sorts my thoughts. There is no way I'd share a hotel room with a strange man I just met. The girls counter with ridicule that I'm prudish and stupid. My enraged Dad-voice condemns me for considering such a proposal. I'm pleased that my God voice doesn't join his tirade.

I know Steve better than most men because we've been talking for nine straight hours. This guy is glib enough that he probably has experience with women, but not handsome or devious enough to be a predator. All night my Geiger counter has registered "nice guy."

Surprising myself, my next thought is that this could be my 'first time' opportunity. Who's the devious one now? I hear Jessica's naughty voice. "Okay Eva, if you're always too afraid, you'll always be a virgin." I start stockpiling rationalizations. No one would know what happens. This guy is leaving tomorrow for the other side of the world. We'll have separate beds. I can call 911 if there's trouble. He's a very sweet guy, and responsible too. He's offering to pay for a comfortable bed. This is by far my best option. Although a wary 'yes' silently arises from somewhere, I look up at him like the innocent college girl that I actually am. "I can't afford my half of the room, so I better not."

"No! Listen. My company pays for the room anyway. The other bed doesn't have to stay empty while you're stuck suffering all night in this hard seat. You'll feel a lot better tomorrow morning. Sorting out this airline rescheduling mess without sleep will be an awful hassle."

Sensing my lack of response might be a "no," Steve adds, "I understand why you'd say no. I want to respect that. But the offer stands."

His lack of pressure and respect for my 'no' is the clincher. Keeping my 'I'm-no slut' dignity, I timidly acquiesce. "Okay, I guess. It's very nice of you."

Steve is pleased and reassuring. "Good. I'd feel terrible abandoning you. This is about you getting a comfortable night. No funny business. I imagine a pretty girl has to be careful."

My smile thanks him for the compliment, and jokingly I let him know he's on a short leash. "9-1-1 handles my security."

We walk through the airport into the lobby of the adjacent hotel. Steve motions for me to take a seat in the hotel lobby while he goes to the reception desk. I act casual, but I'm listening intently enough to hear the clerk offer, "King or two queen beds?"

Since the storm prevents the motel staff from getting to work, we roll our own carry-on into the elevator and along the corridor until Steve finds our room number. When we enter, he immediately apologizes, "They didn't have any two-bed rooms left." No way I'm going to expose his lie. I'm delighted he has seduction in mind. What I show him is wary anxiety. I've gone from true innocent to totally phony, for which I blame Jessica and Rachel. Steve comforts me. "The king-sized bed is big enough for us to get lost on opposite sides. Is it okay with you?"

I nod my acceptance that also conveys my genuine uncertainty. My feelings are careening from virginal vigilance to eager beaver. Fortunately, my demeanor conveys a middle ground.

We agree that I will shower first and dry my hair while he's showering. I return from the bathroom wearing my silk night gown low and loose enough to allow modest glimpses of my cleavage and short enough to show too much leg. Steve is trying not to stare. I'm squelching a smirk and acting casual. Once he's in the bathroom, I sit on the bed practicing positions, hoping to find the most enticing sight for Steve to see as he exits the bathroom. It occurs to me to be ashamed of myself, except too many other feelings are cascading over me.

Can I trust this man? Will I regret this? Am I safe? Excitement buoys my courage. My instinct, and my only real choice given my inexperience, is to play the innocent that I am and allow him to be the seducer, or not. I don't know what I want except hopeful anticipation is getting stronger.

Steve walks out of the bathroom and slows to drink in the look of me. I'm blowing my hair dry, wearing my white silk gown, with my bent legs splayed to one side. He stands at the foot of the bed chit-chatting about how good the shower is, allowing himself to check me out. My spine is tingling with the adventure. Never have I been so daring. How deflating this will be if nothing happens. Steve continues making small talk, walks to his side of the bed, and sits at a respectful distance.

Tension mounts during a brief silence that Steve finally breaks. "When I made my promise to be good, I had not accounted for how beautiful you are."

My modest "thank you" is accompanied by shy embarrassment. In contrast, my inner sex goddess is doing flips. I'm reassured that this is not totally stupid and dangerous by Steve's considerate question, "Are you comfortable?"

"If you mean comfortable taking advantage of this free room, so far, yes. Sitting in those rigid chairs all day has left me with a headache. Do you have aspirin?"

"No aspirin, but a head massage might help."

We are definitely reading from the same script. "I'm sure you're tired."

“I’m happy to do it. My specialty.”

We turn to sit facing each other, both on crossed legs. Steve takes my head between his hands, rubs my scalp, and with his fingers, draws circles over my temples. He’s patient enough that I close my eyes and settle into the relaxing pleasure of it. His fingers move from my hair to my face. A light touch brushing my lips heightens my sexual craving, as it always does. For a moment, his fingers disappear, replaced by lips gently touching mine. My acceptance gives him permission. Already, I can cross kissing off my wish list.

Absorbed in the variety of his caresses, his hand slides over the sheer silk of my nightgown and gently kneads the soft flesh of my breast, igniting surges of arousal through my body. Still kissing me, his hands slip beneath my gown and squeeze my nipples between his fingers. The sensation consumes me with such pleasure that his lips on mine don’t prevent me from involuntarily moaning. I’m so inflamed with desire there is no room for thought.

Clenched in our embrace, he leans us sideward, letting us fall across the bed, side by side. For an eternity, I dwell in the heavenly spell of arousal. No wonder the girls love this. Already engrossed by my passion, an even more tantalizing delight rises when his fingers lightly caress my inner thighs. As if salivating with hunger, my moist pussy begs to be touched, and only with great discipline can I keep my hands from satisfying my craving.

Although still touching outside the sheer cloth of my panties, his hand at last reaches my vulva, repeatedly passing over it until my hips involuntarily elevate off the bed in search of firmer contact. He responds by sliding two fingers around my labia, with his middle finger tracing the crack between the lips of my pussy, which begins to open like a bud beckoning a bee.

Placing his hand on my stomach, licking and squeezing my nipples between his lips, he reaches under the waistband and rubs above and below my pubic bone. In response, my hips roll up, leaving both of us no question where he should go next. Resting one finger below my vagina, he waits. All my attention concentrates on that spot with eager anticipation. Before I embarrass myself by begging, the finger parts my labia at the bottom, barely dipping between them, and slowly, deliciously, he brings it up, over my vagina and clit to my pubic bone. He returns to the bottom and dips his finger a little deeper into the soft moist flesh between my labia. On his third slightly deeper pass, I grab his arm and hold him above my erect clit, causing near orgasmic spasms that propel my hips into an undulating dance.

Correctly reading the signs, Steve positions himself between my legs. This is it, goodbye virginity. Rachel and Jessica are cheering me on, bolstering my courage.

Poised above me, his protruding erection large by my non-standards, Steve produces from somewhere a condom. Stunned by my lack of precaution and appreciative of his, I watch fascinated as he stretches the tight white sleeve over his cock and rolls it down. Looking me in

the face, as if asking permission, I'm impressed with how good he is, in all senses of the word. Putting my hands on his forearms, I squeeze as hard as I can, and he gets the message.

He leans over me, with his cock in hand, positioned to penetrate me. I panic. I've already rid myself of my hymen, thanks to Jessica and Rachel, but nothing bigger than two-fingers and a small vibrator has been inside of me. How much might this hurt? Lifting my head and shoulders off the pillow, I instinctively put my hands on his stomach, just above his pubic bone. As he enters me, I press back, allowing him to penetrate only a little. To my relief, Steve doesn't force himself any deeper than my hands allow. Knowing he could overpower me, I feel very blessed to have chosen such a considerate man. The stimulation of this first inch, sliding from clit to g-spot, is exquisite. Stay there. Never do I want this to stop. Now I get heaven.

As my pleasure turns to yearning, I reduce the pressure of my hands on his hips, letting him go deeper. The satisfying sensation makes me want more of him inside me. Reversing my strategy, I grab his hips and pull him into me.

My permission, demand really, launches him into full stallion mode. Looking down at me from arms-length, he grabs both breasts in his hands and thrusts into me. My pelvis rolls to bang against his, matching his pace and intensity. Taken over by our frenzied dance, my mind and body unite in their oblivion, fully devoured by the thrill being pumped into me, caught up in my primal adventure, anticipating the gathering storm, my fingers find my clit, strum back and forth the way I like it, bringing me to the edge, poised at the peak, mesmerized by this summit, reaching the crest, ready to crash into waves of pleasure, a primordial energy as wild and wonderful as all women, all animals, have experienced from the beginning of our existence. I leave this world. Me and the universe are one. Nothing exists, not Steve, not me, no one, only primal being itself.

While I linger in paradise, yearning to plunge over the edge, Steve rhythmically grunts and collapses on top of me like a dead body. The tender comfort of being covered by warm flesh lasts until his crushing weight prevents my lungs from breathing, and the desire to live brings my mind back to normality. I look at his closed eyelids, hoping he will regain consciousness before I expire. To my relief, his eyes blink open, look into mine, and see my distress. Quickly, Steve rolls off me toward his side of the bed. "Sorry."

I give him the gracious appreciation he deserves. "No apology necessary. You were 'good', just like you promised. Suffocation would be a small price to pay."

That compliment was clearly the right thing to say and worth remembering because Steve beams at me with a proud smile.

What I did not want is a return to our respective corners of the bed. Deciding that he has seen me naked, fucked me, watched me choking in the throes of near orgasm, cuddling couldn't

shame me further. I slide up close with my head on his shoulder. We are comfortable in silence. After all that, what more can two strangers say?

Never did I imagine what I just did. This one-night stand smashed my sexual shackles to smithereens. I'm free to be me, whatever that turns out to be. Still waiting for sleep, I'm aware of a new voice, calling herself 'Siren,' and she isn't satisfied. If only he'd lasted a moment longer. Such a great ride deserves a proper landing, even if I do it myself.

In the morning, I accept his invitation to join him for breakfast. We have nothing to say to each other except how great our night had been. We hurry back to the airport not to miss the first flights. Walking side by side, last night succumbs to the realities of today and tomorrow. Our paths crossed, but our lives are going in different directions. To reach our separate airline counters, we say goodbye, like friends, shaking hands, no kiss.

Steve is too old for me, but I'm ready for more sexual adventures. Siren teases me, "You can always go to an airport when it snows."