



Free Read: Sex with the Lady in Red

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Sex with the Lady in Red

The lady in the red dress was hot- blooded. She danced to the beat of the *sa/sa* all alone while men at the party studied every sway of her hips. With every step she gave, Marco wanted to join. If only she didn't sway so seductively, Marco's body wouldn't have tightened at the sight of her.

Marco kept watching from his seat, across the dance floor from her. The sweat trickling down her body was divine, he noticed. "Too bad I was sent to spy on you, *senorita*."

But he was no spy; a real private eye would take pictures and even follow her around. He, on the other hand, enjoyed the party and enjoyed the one woman he would not forget for the rest of his life. Sure, it'd been silly to agree to follow her at the request of his best friend, Sam who was very distrusting of Paola. Although he didn't know her as well as Marco did, he was right when it came to pick the right girl for himself.

He knew how to lure a woman and keep her forever.
“Date the girl and you’re lost forever. You have to know who she really is before giving her the moon.”

Now, Paola kept dancing and being the life of the party. *She’s a party girl*, he thought. Yet when his eyes settle on her sensuous body movements, he thought otherwise.

Her short red dress accentuated her sexuality perfectly. Nothing to do with a party girl, she was just too hot to handle.

“You came to spy on me, *chico*?” Paola snuck up on Marco. *Chico*, which means guy in English, really threw him off. She could’ve called him anything else with less caliber of annoyance.

“Will you get you mad if I said yes?” He reached for her and brought her closer. The music playing in the background was already getting to him. The heat of her body and the smell of her hair, mixed with the sweat, added to his already rising arousal.

“*Si!*” She glanced at him and her eyes drifted downward, seeing the proof of his arousal. “I don’t like silly

horny boys following my every move. You're on dangerous ground, and this close to losing my interest." She put her thumb and index finger close together to signify there wasn't much interest to go around.

Okay, not a good way to know more about Paola or to keep her. Or was it? She was fighting him like she was the one he should watch out for. If she would've said jump right now, he would've asked "how high and how fast you want me to do it?" while actually hopping around the room.

She laughed. Obviously she was mocking him. "Do you want to have sex while dancing? I have a private room in the back, or do you want to see if I'm worth giving the moon like Sam asked you to?"

He was surprised and shocked at the same time. Of course she'd seen his crotch and the look in his eyes must've been that of a sick puppy. She'd managed to make him lust for her, make him feel like her dog and give in to her tempting embrace all at the same time.

“Si...of course, I think.” He swallowed and thought about his friend’s advice. Sam, his best friend, although made to sound like an idiot by Paola was actually a genius!

“You think too much, *chico*.” He never had met such a woman before. The fact he was about to have his share of her, he felt himself stumbling blindly toward a couple who were cursing in Spanish while Paola was guiding him like a puppy by her hand.

When he looked back to apologize, the couple was not there. “I’m sorry.” He screamed at the crowd that was getting bigger at the sound of a new more upbeat salsa song. Their dancing was becoming more intense.

Through a dark corridor, he could still hear the music ringing in his ears. Paola struggled with the door. When she managed to open it, Marco almost stepped back and fled the scene. He was feeling as though he was committing a crime.

“So this is where Paola brings her male guests?” He knew he should’ve bit his tongue and avoided her piercing eyes, but what was the fun in that?

“No one ever made it past the door before, but that doesn’t mean you can’t come in.” She pushed him to the wall. “What makes you think so low of me? I’m not the one your *mamy* warned you about, but I can be if you keep pushing me to the edge.”

“I push you to the edge?” He couldn’t believe it!

“Only when you aren’t trying so hard, right now you’re rubbing me the right way so I’ll forgive your jealousy.”

She turned her attention to the CD player. She pushed the button to open the tray and dropped in a Chris DeBurgh CD. As if on cue, the song “Lady in Red” began to play. Marco’s lips twitched into a smile. It was a familiar song, once which he’d heard many times since they’d met.

Putting her hands through her cascading black hair she smiled. “God, I love this song.” While she hummed the song, she invited him to the bed, where she was now on her knees dancing.

He joined her on the bed also on his knees while she danced sensually and touched herself intimately.

“Do you know what my favorite color is, Marco?”

That was a no brainer. “*Rojo* as in red?”

“That’s why you brought me red flowers on our first date and why we’ll dance so fervently to this song.” She was almost breathless, speaking the title of the song in Spanish, “*La mujer de rojo*”

Marco frowned, although it did sound like a great thing to do for a woman like her, he’d never done such a thing for any woman. Never.

“Paola, I have never done such things for you. In fact, I’ve never done anything romantic for any woman whatsoever.”

She chuckled. “Oh, you’ll learn to do that with me. You’ll learn all kinds of things like how to touch Paola in the depths of her soul, her heart and her sexual needs.”

Without delay, she took his hands and guided him towards her legs, spreading them with his manly hands. Wider. Wider. Then she brought him in with her.

The heat began to permeate the air as they found each other undressing, the music fading to the background and Chris DeBurgh singing louder and louder.

She kissed along his chest, down his abdomen and belly, making her way to his cock. He'd been so hard all this time, Marco actually felt relieved when her tongue traveled his length.

"You're very hard, Marco. Absolutely perfect. Just the way I want my men."

"Hard and hot as hell!" He almost laughed at this, but restrained himself knowing he was just like he'd explained. "I want you as wet and hot as you make me feel."

"What are you waiting for? *Estoy aqui.*" Here I am, she murmured in his ear.

Marco thought he'd go crazy from her words, the heat emanating between them was almost unbearable.

He got hold of her arms and legs and started singing:

"The lady in red is dancing with me

Cheek to cheek

There's nobody here

It's just you and me

It's where I wanna be

But I hardly know this beauty by my side

I'll never forget the way you look tonight"

His face fell over her breast and he thought he'd die admiring her beauty. He really loved the way she looked tonight.

He started to plant kisses all over her breasts until he caught one with his mouth while stimulating the other one with his hands.

Paola shivered at his touch and he continued suckling on her breasts. Before letting himself go any further, he raised his head to see her reaction. She loved being touched that way, he noticed. Now, if only he could take hold of her lips.

"Te voy a besar." I'm going to kiss you; he spoke, hesitating to see if a kiss from him would seem rather small when all she seemed to want to do now was to have sex and leave the romance for later.

"What are you waiting for?" She challenged him with her piercing eyes, as if it was the only way she could dare him to do it.

Marco was angry at the way she treated him. Did she think she could get him horny and expect any less than a kiss from him? He also made love his way. With Marco sex was not just sex.

He kissed her hard on the lips while bringing her with him. She'd no longer be in command; he wanted to lead the way without words getting in the way.

Prompting her legs wider; he used his cock to stimulate her womanhood, all the while deepening in the kiss. His tongue found its way to play with hers.

He sighed while he enjoyed her. He was finally taking the lead! Paola didn't say anything, she seemed more happy and relaxed to be on the bottom, although he thought she'd be crazy and enjoy herself more at the top.

Touching every curve of her body was a delight. But when he got hold of her legs, that's when he went down on her.

He sucked on her pussy, a sweet torment for both of them. All the while his cock ached for her tight secret place.

Instead he stroked himself, faster and harder every time, making sure he was hard enough for her. He was ready to go deep inside her.

Not waiting for her approval, he penetrated her and they both began to moan. It'd been a long time since Marco had been with a woman who made him this hard. She drove him to great ecstasy.

And what he knew would happen next, did.

They pulled each other close and before Marco realized it, she rolled him to his back.

She rode him with such passion and such determination, the bed squeaked at the sound of his balls slamming between her legs.

He groaned in pure delight and she squealed her own pleasure.

"Yes, yes!"

Once they both reached their peak, she fell into his arms, as breathless as he was. A thin sheen of perspiration covered them both. The song still playing was the only other sound in the room.

“Is this supposed to be a tribute to the song?” he asked, kissing her temple, her lips and brushing his nose with hers. “Because if it is... Got any other favorite songs in mind?”

“You have no idea.” Paola took a few deep breaths, still trying to calm herself.

“Good because I’d really love to give you the moon one of these days.” He chuckled, “I know, I know my friend is a nut-case, but he proved a point and I really mean it.”

“I don’t mind you saying that, Marco.” She snuggled close to him. “In fact; I was actually worried this might end as a one night stand. But do you also have other songs in mind?”

“I do, but next time, we really have to dance to at least one of them.”

He frowned. He really wasn’t aiding her worries. Instead the longer he didn’t say anything about the pink elephant in the room, the more it bothered him. “You’ll never be a one night stand for me, Paola. This, us, you and I, has

meant more to me than any other woman or thing on this planet.”

“I know I came on too strong, but I’m also a very emotional person.” She looked him straight in the eye. “It’s not everyday a man like you, who I have been at the brink of dating, but who has not yet asked me out --sleeps with me in this very bed.”

“You’re right. I’ve been a coward. That’s why I came to check up on you tonight, even though I admit it was Sam’s idea-”

“Shhhh, it doesn’t matter anymore.” She silenced him with a finger to his lips. “I actually knew you’d come tonight and prepared everything special for the both us.”

He marveled at the idea. The red dress, the song, the bed for two. Every trouble she went through to make everything special and romantic for him, although it didn’t look like that at first.

“Te *quiero* my lady in red.” He said he loved her in Spanish, all the while thinking of the ending of the song and these lyrics:

"I never will forget the way you look tonight...

The lady in red, the lady in red,

The lady in red, my lady in red,

I love you..."

About the Author

Milena Gomez is a new voice in fiction. Her stories range from many topics of no specific genre. She started writing poetry before she finally moved on to write short stories and erotica.