



VICTORIA BLISSE

Getting Physical

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A novella of erotic romance by

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Phaze

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GETTING PHYSICAL

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With thumping heart and comfy track suit bottoms, I approached the door. My palms were sweaty and my bottom lip was sore from being nibbled nervously. I couldn't believe I was there. I took a deep breath and walked through the automatic doors and up to the Perspex window.

"Hello, I'm here for a gym induction." And with those simple words, I took the plunge.

Mum was so pleased with herself as I opened my little gold envelope on Christmas day. I plastered on a fake smile when I saw the twelve month gym pass peeking out of the otherwise promising envelope.

Me? In a gym? Pah! Okay, so in the last few months I had lost a tiny little amount of weight from a change in diet, but me, in a gym? The idea scared the life out of my curvy and bumpy body. Anyhow, there I was, struggling to open a locker as I wondered if I was going to be late.

"Hello. I'm here for a gym induction." I never thought I'd ever say that phrase. I'd now said it twice in fifteen minutes.

"Ah, yes. You must be Terri. I'm Mark, and I'm going to show you round the machines."

Mark looked like such a big, fit gym freak, but he was very nice as he took me around the different pieces of (torture) equipment. After a quick go on everything, he left me to my own devices to do a bit more on the machines of my choice.

After the treadmill, I wanted to do something that involved sitting, so I found a rower that was free and sat my fat ass down on it. I didn't feel as massive and blobby as I thought I might. There were a few "real" people in there that evening, but there were also some very intimidating thin and sweaty individuals.

One particular fit fellow caught my eye. He was peddling away on a bike as I rowed, and my eyes were repeatedly drawn to his pumping thighs. His legs were long and lean beneath his black shorts. The arms that showed below his sleeveless T-shirt looked strong and manly. I reckoned they could give a very good hug; also I was pretty sure they'd not let a man down whilst fucking missionary style.

I took a deep breath and turned my concentration to rowing. Such a lean, thin and gorgeous man would never look twice at this boring, brunette blob anyway. Well, I suppose I have some pretty impressive breasts—natural and still quite perky—and my bottom may be big, but it is wonderfully squeezable, or so I've been told. But the kind of guy who hones his body to such an extent was not going to want a gym-shy girlfriend like me. If he's around in the future when I popped in to work out, at least I'd have something nice to look

GETTING PHYSICAL

at.

He was still peddling away like Billy-o as I gingerly got up from the rowing seat. My knees ached, and my back protested loudly. I thought I should use just one more instrument of torture for the day, then I could legitimately call it quits. The exercise bike was not too torturous and could be used to effectively wind down; the problem was the only bike left was next to the health god I'd just been drooling over.

I almost chickened out then and there, but Mark must have seen my move towards the bike and misinterpreted my hesitation.

"Can you remember how to use the bike?" his deep, powerful voice boomed from the reception desk behind me.

"Yes. Yes, thanks." I turned my head and smiled at Mark. Next thing I knew I was peddling sedately along next to the guy with the nutcracker thighs whilst trying my hardest to keep my gaze straight ahead. In spite of myself, I kept glancing to the side to admire the mellow brown of his skin and the deep, dark black of his hair. It was short at the back and sides and peaked into multiple spikes upon his head. Very cool, very fashionable, and another visual pointer to the impossibility of him ever being attracted to me.

Hell, I'm not fashionable. I'm definitely not cool. I never have been. In school and college, I had crushes on all kinds of guys, but they always saw me as just a mate. I don't think any man ever saw me as sexy, and the horrid school uniform I had to wear never helped. My mother always said bigger girls had to cover up their extra bits of flesh, and I would never be seen in *anything* less than two sizes too big for me. I smothered my body and made it look bigger by doing so. Actually, whenever I wanted to feel comfy, I went by my mother's rule, as the baggy T-shirt and shapeless jogging bottoms I wore that night illustrated.

So when I saw the sex god glancing back at me, I assumed he must have been wondering what a big girl like me was doing in a place like that. I suddenly became doubly aware of the sweat rolling down my fleshy body and the red flush to my face and my arms. I decided enough was enough and stopped peddling. I swung my leg over the seat and over balanced; barely catching myself on the handle bar of the bike next to me when I felt his hand clasp around my upper arm.

"Are you okay?" Even his voice was athletic, deep and emotive and very, very sexy.

"Yeah. Just a bit clumsy," I giggled nervously. I felt his hand over mine, another at my elbow.

"Are you sure?" I sensed his body shifting. "You've not over

done it have you?"

"No. I'm okay," I insisted and pulled myself up straight, away from his hot touch. I smiled at him, my cheeks so full I felt they might burst. I felt silly and out of place.

"I'm John. This is your first time here right?"

Oh, fan-fucking-tastic. I looked fat, out-of-place, and moronic. Thanks. Rub it in a little harder why don'tcha?

"Yeah," I giggled again, trying to cover my irritation. "And probably my last." I hiss under my breath.

"Well," he smiled, his own cheeks flushed, probably from his exertions on the bike, "Erm, what's your name again?"

I hadn't told him, but I thought I had nothing to lose in letting him know it. "Terri," I grinned. Or was it a snarl?

"Terri," he smiled. Or was he baring his teeth in challenge, too? "The first time is a bit daunting, isn't it? Anyway, I'm here most evenings, so... so if you need any help give me a shout, okay?"

I thought he was being sarcastic; he was trying to push me out by belittling me.

"Oh, cheers." I gritted my teeth. "See you round." I strode off, my head held high and my blood boiling. Well, if he thought he could intimidate this fat girl out of his gym, he was bloody well mistaken!

* * * *

I noticed her the moment she walked in, the newbie. She was just so different. Even under the baggy clothing you could tell she had lots of beautifully feminine curves. In all the time I'd worked out there, in the gym I'd never seen a woman so wonderfully well-endowed, and my gaze was drawn to her form almost against my own will.

Her gorgeous brown hair was unruly, with mischievous curls that kept escaping from the confines of her simple ponytail. Her green eyes were bright and sparkly, like light reflecting off a leaf on a hot summer's day. She had lips so plump and luscious they just begged me to kiss them.

I watched as Mark led her around the different machines. I felt a stab of unreasonable jealousy as he touched her arm or looked into her eyes. I'd never felt such an instant need before. I ached with the want of her, but I didn't have the courage to approach. A sensual, curvy woman like that wouldn't want to know a stringy bean-pole like me. No other woman had ever wanted me. I was too tall, too thin, and too shy for any of the girls in school or college, and no hard-bodied girl at the gym had ever aroused me before.

My heart nearly gave out when she settled herself on the bike

GETTING PHYSICAL

next to me. Closer to her, I could see even more of her curves as the large, grey T-shirt clung to them and then fell away, rhythmically, as she rode. I couldn't keep my eyes from her and the way her body flowed so sensuously. On one occasion our eyes met briefly. She must have felt the weight of my gaze on her. Oh, hell! I must have been really staring!

She misbalanced getting off the bike, and I reached out in instinct as she fell. I grasped the top of her arm, but she'd already righted herself by clinging onto the handlebar of my bike. I still wanted to make sure she was okay, and so somehow I found myself flirting and flustering like an awkward teenager. I was just being friendly, but I don't know if she realised that. I had verbal diarrhea; words dropped from my lips before my brain acknowledged them. The words kept coming even when I knew I should have shut up. I hoped she didn't think I was weird and creepy.

I'd never been awfully good with women. That's probably why at twenty-eight I was still single and, embarrassingly, still a virgin. I didn't think about it most of the time. I had my gym and my work; between the two I barely had time to get morose. Seeing Terri—it was so good to put a name to her beauty—made me realise how far in the past it was when I actually last flirted with a woman. I was certain the way I behaved had made it completely impossible for me to ever hold and caress that beautiful, feminine body.

Each night after that I arrived at the gym early and didn't leave till closing time, and every time I was disappointed when she didn't walk in. I didn't catch even a glimpse of her, and I started to believe she'd never come back. Then one night as I jogged along on the treadmill, I heard her soft silky voice behind me. It set my heart throbbing and pumping harder than any treadmill ever could.

She didn't get close to me all evening. I watched as she rowed, those magnificent breasts pushing out in front of her each time she pulled back. I feasted on the sight of her rounded buttocks bouncing as she walked quickly on the never-ending road of the treadmill. I wished I could flow over her lips like the refreshing water she took in between exercises. I longed to hear her voice, to see her smiling at me.

I was going to go over and speak to her, once, twice and more times, but my legs wouldn't obey me. Nope, I just couldn't bring myself to approach her. I knew I didn't have a chance with her; she was out of my league.

* * * *

After my first trip to the gym, I didn't return. I decided that as it was an unwanted gift, I didn't have to use the gym pass, but a phone

call to mum changed my mind.

"Hiya, mum." I sighed, as I answered the phone.

"Hello, sweetheart. I'm just ringing to find out how you're doing at the gym."

"I'm not, Mother," I replied. I wanted to get straight to the point.

"Pardon?" The tone of my mum's voice made me cringe.

"I'm not going anymore. I don't fit in there."

"Now, don't exaggerate. I know you're a big girl, but they have them big double doors!"

Mum laughed, tickled by her terrible joke.

"Oh, mum, be serious. I'm too fat for the gym. I feel like a freak on show there."

"That is so not the right attitude, Terri." Mum sighed, exasperated. "You can really make something of yourself there, you know, and I'm not even going to mention how much it cost me to buy you that pass."

"I know, mum, I know." And she then played her trump card. It was an expensive gift, I couldn't be that ungrateful, could I? "Maybe I'll try going back at a different time of day, when it's quiet," I acquiesced.

"You should, love. I worry about you, you know. I know what it's like to be big. I was, wasn't I? Yes, and I lost that weight through hard work and determination and my life improved so much. I just want that for you, love."

"I know." I sighed. Mum's life had not been any better since losing her weight. Dad divorced her for a start, because she'd changed so much, and these days she's obsessed by food, exercise, and keeping her figure. There's got to be more to life than that.

"Alright then, I've got to go now. I need to apply my fake tan 'cos I'm off to Tenerife tomorrow. I'll send you a postcard."

"Have fun mum, bye."

I'll always love her, but she can be so draining sometimes. She wears me down till I do what she wants me to do. She was right, though, I couldn't just stop going after one trip, she must have spent so much on that pass I can't just not use it. So in the end I couldn't bear thinking of the disappointed look on my mother's face when I stayed fat and blobby. Imagining how happy Fitness Freak would be if he never saw my big arse again just sealed my resolve to return, maybe I would even shake it in his face.

Ha, take that Mr. Fitness.

I wanted to simply go in, exercise, and leave again. However, I got caught up watching John entertaining one of his giggling gang of gangling gym girls. No wonder he hadn't noticed me all the time I'd

GETTING PHYSICAL

been there. He hadn't got time as he'd been entertaining a waif like gym goddess, one in a line of hundreds, no doubt. She was wearing one of those expensive designer tracksuits, the ones with the clinging material that showed off her muscled arms and nutcracker thighs. Was it my jealousy that made me think it was unattractive? To me she looked like some poor, starved African orphan. John's eyes seemed to be bugging out of his head over those fried-egg like breasts and I could see his cheeks were flushed, he was obviously excited. The question was, though, why was I so bothered?

Maybe I felt slighted on behalf of all real and realer than real women everywhere. We have breasts, thighs, and curves aplenty that should be worshiped for being so womanly, so perfectly feminine, but instead the world fawns over women who look more like men. Bitter? Yes, I guess I was. I could exercise till doomsday and I'd never look like her. Jealous? Certainly. I might not want that worked out Adonis of a man, but I would like *a* man, and the prospects of getting one in my current shape and form are few and far between. Yes, you hear of men who prefer women with "a bit of meat on their bones," but it seems I have too much of meat for most of those guys, too. I set myself to rowing harder to rid myself of my tummy.

I noticed John glanced at me a few times but he never tried to intimidate me, and so I felt proud to have taken on the battle and won. Even if I did feel a little disappointed that he didn't think me worth fighting against. I did enjoy watching his buttocks all evening, though.

Fine buttocks, indeed, and they certainly helped focus my attention as I sweated and panted and generally laboured to get my lumpy, lazy body to actually move.

* * * *

I was happily gazing into space, trying hard not to look at Terri's abundant breasts wobbling and bouncing as she rowed, when Sam got in the way. I wish the woman would just give up and leave me alone, but no, every opportunity she gets she's right there, in my face, hassling me over one charity run or some kind of club or another.

"So will you be able to make it?"

I shook my head, stuttering and blushing because I honestly didn't have any idea of what she was on about. "I've got to work, I'm afraid."

What, at eight PM on Valentine's Day?" Sam humphed. She's used to getting what she wants, I can tell by her body language. My goodness, she needed a good meal. What a terribly skinny body. It did nothing for me at all. I wish she'd zip up her top higher, I feel embarrassed for her, having such a small amount of cleavage to

display.

"Yes, it's a busy time." I stuttered and shrugged my shoulders and, as a brilliant afterthought, added, "My girlfriend's really pissed off about it."

Sam's eyes shot wide with bewilderment, obviously not expecting a skinny geek like me to have any kind of girl at home.

"Oh, yes. I can imagine." She nodded her head and chewed her lip, probably wondering whom she could bully in to helping her out with all her myriad of social events now that her main sap had miraculously got himself a girl. "Oh well, see you again, John." She simpered.

"Yeah, see ya."

I continued to enjoy watching Terri on the rowing machine, she had obviously warmed up as she was rowing much faster and her boobs were bouncing much harder, making my man bits all the harder too. It was time to go and get a shower, a cold, cold shower, definitely.

* * * *

I think it was those fine buttocks that provoked my unscheduled gym stop after work. I had my gear in the car from an earlier aborted session. On a whim, I turned left instead of right out of the company car park and headed to the gym.

I'd worked late that day, so it was quiet when I pulled into the gym's car park. I guessed everyone else had somewhere to be on the evening of the day before Valentine's Day. I've always been a receptacle half-full kind of girl, so I buried all the negatives associated to being single at that time of year and concentrated on the positives of the night's work out. I would have the changing rooms all to myself, and I was almost guaranteed there would be hot water left in the shower by the time I was ready to leave.

I parked close to the gloomy, stale bread-coloured building, directly below a street light casting marmalade illumination all around. Typical of me to see nothing but food all around me when I was on my way to exercise.

It was strangely quiet in the parking lot. My heart was thumping a bit too quickly. I strode round to the boot, clicked it open, and grabbed my workout bag. Thumping the door back down, I heard the echo and then focused on the tap, tap of my sensible work heels on the tarmac.

I'd parked near the door, so I didn't have far to walk. But just as I came towards the sliding doors, I felt a hand grab hold of my arm and throw me up against the wall. My breath left me with a groan of surprise. All I could feel was a large, hard body pressed up against

GETTING PHYSICAL

me and a strong hand still squeezing at my arm. My face was confronted by a chest, my nostrils flared against the cotton as I panicked.

"Purse, lady. Where the hell is your fucking purse?"

"I...I..." I stammered. He pulled back from me, allowing me to get a large lungful of air. "HELP!" I screamed once, loudly, before his hand slapped over my mouth, and his other loosened its grip to prod, poke, and squeeze at my flesh.

"Fuck off!" At the sound of that familiar voice, the weight on top of me was gone. I heard the lolling rhythm of someone running away as quick as their long legs would carry them. I collapsed to the pavement, gasping. My mind was filled with black cotton. My body shook. I was still panicking, the material blocking my breathing.

"Terri! Are you okay?"

I looked up and through bleary eyes; I saw him, and burst into tears.

* * * *

How was a man meant to deal with a crying woman? I hadn't a clue.

"Hush now, hush. It's okay." I just said the first words that came to mind. Gently, I touched her right shoulder. She flinched, as if in pain.

"Sorry." I gasped. "I just want to help you into the gym, and then I'll get you a drink."

She didn't respond to my words. Her body shook, and her eyes were glazed with tears.

I was totally out of my depth. I'm not good with women, especially when they get all—you know—emotional. I felt her hand on my thigh and realised she was attempting to stand up. I bent to help, and our heads smacked together with some force.

"I'm sorry!" I pulled her to her feet and placed my arm around her waist to steady her. She shook her head, either to indicate it didn't matter or possibly to tell me that I was a total wanker and should piss off. I plumped for the first option and kept my arm where it was, then gently led her in through the widespread doors of the gym.

I got her to reception, where Frank found her a chair and ran off to get her a glass of water. She was shaking so violently that I looked round for something to wrap round her shoulders. I saw a fleece jacket hanging on the back wall, picked it up, and draped it over her shoulders. For the first time that evening, she acknowledged me with a smile, making my heart pound and my cheeks flush.

I grabbed a chair and sat next to her, my hand resting on her knee.

"How are you doing?" Frank asked passing her a plastic cup filled with water.

"I...I'm okay, now." She smiled, shakily.

"Do you want me to phone the police?"

"No. No thanks." She sighed. "He got nothing; I didn't have my purse on me. He just shook me up, that's all. I didn't see him anyway. No point ringing them, they'd not... I'd only... no, thanks."

The poor girl stuttered and burst into another flood of tears. Frank looked on, his middle aged face covered in the helplessness that I felt. He shrugged at me and I nodded, excusing him to go back to reception and do his job. I would take care of Terri, somehow.

"I just want to go home." The words stumbled from her mouth. Her eyes fixed on mine, then flicked away. "I mean, thank you so much, for...well...you know, but I just need to go home. I'll just go home now."

"I'll drive you." There was no way I was letting her drive. She was still shaking and her eyes didn't seem to be focused in the here and now.

"Oh no, I couldn't possibly let you..."

"Don't worry about it. I'm not letting you out of my sight until I know you're really okay. I'll take you home. Where's your car?"

She nodded. I think she was just too worn out to argue with me. I took her hand, and helped her to her feet. Her fingers squeezed mine, and I felt my stomach tumble over. I smiled down at her and was overwhelmed by a deep need to take care of her, to make sure she never got hurt again. I suddenly realised I'd do anything to not see pain flaming in her eyes ever again. I wanted to protect her. I needed to keep her safe.

* * * *

I passed my keys to John, and he let me into my car. Something awful must have been wrong with me as normally I wouldn't trust anyone, not even the Pope, to drive my pride and joy. But I got in, sat quietly in the passenger seat, and tried to get to grips with what I was feeling.

It was shock; I'd worked that much out. What really bugged me was what was more shocking, the attack or my response to John's hand in mine? I felt like I needed his protection. I wanted him to look after me. For God's sake, I was a grown woman! I didn't need a man to look after me. But as I sat in the gym with John taking care of me, I'd begun to have serious doubts.

I regrouped in the car. I was determined to smile, say thank you, and insist I was okay. I'd wave, say "Bye-bye" and "Thanks for the lift," then head for my freezer and the ice-cream restoratives held

GETTING PHYSICAL

therein. However, John was having none of it.

"No. No, I can't just leave you now. I need to make sure you're okay." I looked at him and his jaw was set in a hard line. "Let me come in and make you a cup of tea at the very least. I couldn't just leave you; I just couldn't. Terri, please?" His eyes begged, and I just did not have the energy to kick the puppy, so I nodded. After all I was enjoying his company. A smile smothered his face as he unclicked his seatbelt and exited the car. I was left—once again—wondering what had come over me. Why was I letting this guy boss me about? The answer was obvious: I was scared and he made me feel safe.

As I opened the front door, John walked in before me.

"You sit down." He bided, walking confidently into the kitchen. "How do you take your tea?"

"Milk, no sugar," I replied as I dropped down into my favourite seat on the sofa. My body ached, especially my shoulder. I rolled up my sleeve and craned my head round to see the damage inflicted by the robber's fingers. His smell, his presence, and the memory of his body forced up against mine jumped into my mind unbidden and tears spilled down my cheeks as I probed the reddened flesh.

"Oh, Terri, let me look." John was suddenly there. Tenderly, he moved my fingers away from the wound, then gently pushed the cotton material of my shirt higher up onto my shoulder. He ran his fingers over the four distinct marks pressed into my flesh.

"Does it hurt?" he asked, his hand resting just above my elbow. The touch fired my blood and made my heart thump like a trapped man desperate to get out.

"Not...not, no. Well, a bit." I flushed as he gently squeezed my arm.

"I'll go and get that tea."

There was barely time for me to take a breath and steady myself before he was back, handing me a steaming cup of warm goodness. He sat directly next to me.

"Thanks." I held the cup in front of me like a shield.

There are some silences that are friendly, that do not need breaking; in fact you feel reluctant to do so. The silence around John and I right then, was as friendly as say, a hungry Rottweiler.

"So, erm, thanks." It wasn't the snappiest of ice breakers, but I couldn't bear the weight of that quiet anymore.

"You're welcome. Are you okay?" He turned in his seat to face me, his thigh brushed against mine sending tingles up it that nestled in my crotch. Why was I feeling horny at that moment? No idea. John was eliciting all kinds of reactions from me that I didn't expect.

"I think so." I took a deep breath, and smiled feebly. "It's just taken the wind out of my sails. I'm so careful. I try to avoid that kind of thing at all cost and there I was, walking through a well lit area and some...some thug attacked me. I just can't get my head around it."

"I can understand, I think. It must have been very frightening. I know it would shake me up if it happened to me."

I had to laugh, and John crinkled his brows quizzically.

"Like anyone would be daft enough to try and tackle you," I chuckled.

"What? I'm a beanpole. Some thug could snap me in half if he had a mind to."

I continued laughing, and John joined in, his mellow, masculine chuckle melding with my manic giggling. Suddenly I sobered up.

"I didn't know what he was going to do. He wanted money. I had none. Well, twenty pence for the locker, but that's not a lot. I thought he might, you know..."

I couldn't bear to speak what I was thinking. Rape. I mean, they don't just rape good looking young things. He could have done it to me if he'd wanted to. I was so out of control, so very vulnerable.

"Well, he didn't." John interrupted my morose musing. "I heard your call for help from the gym window, and ran down as quick as I could."

"Thank you," I said, sincerely.

"It was my pleasure."

It went quiet again. The silence was a little less threatening that time, and I was beginning to wonder why I'd been so anxious to see the back of John in the first place. It was nice to have someone around, especially a someone who was good eye candy. I wouldn't let myself get carried away though. I was just a big blob and he was gorgeous, so my lusting would only end up frustrating me in the end.

* * * *

What was it about me that made women go silent? There was a strange atmosphere in the room, and I didn't know what it was. In movies it'd be sexual tension but not here. She's gorgeous; I'm not. I had to say something, anything.

"I was surprised to see you at the gym tonight. I mean, it's Valentine's Day tomorrow and all."

"Why surprised?" She snapped the reply, and I wondered what I'd managed to say wrong.

"Oh, because I thought you'd be busy preparing for your big, romantic date with your boyfriend, tomorrow." I explained what I thought was the obvious.

GETTING PHYSICAL

"No. I've not got a boyfriend."

"Really?" I couldn't keep the surprise from my voice. "I can't believe a beautiful woman like you is single."

She blushed, and ducked her head in the most appealing way.

"Well, I am single," She replied, a wry smile on her face. "Are you going to be busy tomorrow?"

It was the question I dreaded being asked. My face fell, and I shrugged.

"Nope, single here, too. No one wants a clothes prop for a boyfriend." Which is what I had found to be true over the years. I had a few girls who were my friends, but any woman I'd ever shown interest in turned me down because I was too tall, too ugly, and too geeky.

"Oh, come off it." She shook her head. "I bet you have a whole gaggle of appreciating females lining up to go out with you."

I blushed at the compliment, not quite believing it had fallen from her lips. "I'm afraid not. I'll be at the gym tomorrow evening, on my own, just like I always am." I sighed, sadness filled my heart, and the loneliness of my life hit me all in one hard punch to the gut.

"Well, I might join you then. I have nothing else to do. And maybe, if I persevere with the gym, I might be slim enough to get a date next year."

She was smiling, but I could detect the same kind of loneliness in her eyes as I felt in my soul. "No, don't you dare slim away to nothing! You're beautiful just the way you are."

"Thank you for repeating that often said, but more often disbelieved, piece of political correctness," she replied, stiffly. "But I know that I'm not attractive. Not looking like this."

She shifted away from me and I couldn't bear to think I had upset her, even if I didn't mean to. "Terri." I looked into her eyes, compelling her to look into the depths of mine. "You are beautiful. You're perfect. Your body is soft and sensual. Your curves are so very attractive. When I first saw you, I thought you were the most beautiful woman to ever step foot inside the gym. I still believe that."

The words just spilled out of my mouth, and as I replayed them through my mind, I could have kicked myself for inviting the "Thanks, but no thanks" already. When she didn't reply, I lifted my gaze and found her pinning me with hers.

"You have the most kissable lips..." I sighed, and as if I was under some external influence, I leant forward and closed the gap between us. I could feel her breath on my cheek. I waited for her to move, or to voice a rejection, but she didn't and I pressed on.

I drifted closer. My lips brushed hers, barely touching them, but

my body was electrified all the same. Every inch of me strained towards her, including my cock. I was so hard, and I wasn't even kissing her yet. I pressed closer, expecting a slap, but her lips moulded to mine. I wrapped my arms around her, bringing her close to me.

I was delighted to feel her fingers embracing my bicep on one side and my shoulder on the other. Her touch signaled her acquiesce, and I stopped worrying and just kissed. It was sheer instinct that pressed my lips harder onto hers. It was my first real kiss, all the other pecks faded into insignificance as I reveled in her gentle touch.

Something changed, suddenly she was pressing harder against me, her tongue slipping between my lips to tango with my own. It was exquisitely strange, and I loved every moment of it. I could feel her breasts pressing against my chest. The hard little nipples dug into the flesh covering my ribs as her hands traveled up into my hair and held me to the kiss.

She didn't need to, though. I wouldn't have stopped that kiss for anything. I didn't want to gasp or even breathe; a man could die happy that way. She pulled away first, her hands suddenly dropping to her side. The space between us lengthened.

She yawned, and stretched her hands into the air.

"It's getting late." She remarked, her cheeks flushed and her eyes never even looking my way. "I need to be up for work in the morning."

"Yes, me, too." Suddenly I needed to get away, to think this through. Did this abrupt end to the kissing ecstasy mean she didn't enjoy it?

"I'll see you tomorrow, at the gym, maybe?" I stuttered as I stood up and she led me to the front door.

"Yeah. Well, possibly." she replied.

The door shut. I stood in the freezing air under the cold stars and nearly wept. I walked home in a daze. I went to bed then tossed and turned and wriggled and worried. I relived the kiss a million times and analysed it to hell and back.

Did she fancy me? Was she just feeling vulnerable? Did I force myself on her? Did she not enjoy it? Did she enjoy it too much?

In the end I made a decision, with that decision came sleep.

* * * *

The questions haunted me all night. Did I kiss him? Did he really say he was single and that he was attracted to me? Did I press my advantage? Did he pull away from me? I'd drift off to sleep only to wake up moments later, mulling over the same damn questions.

As I groggily made my way to the front door in the morning I

GETTING PHYSICAL

noticed a red envelope lying on the mat. It was too early for the postman, and as I picked it up, I saw it just had my first name written on it. How strange. I wasn't expecting to receive anything at all, as I'd been single for many, many months. Who could possibly have sent me Valentine's card?

Terri,
If you'd like to be my Valentine please meet me
at the gym tonight.
Love,
John x

I smiled, my cheeks flushed. I slipped the card into my handbag. It is nice to be proven wrong now and then.

I placed the card on my desk at work, sat straighter in my seat, and beamed at people all day. I'd gotten a Valentine's card. Somebody wanted me, and even better, I wanted that somebody, too. I tried not to let my mind dwell on it for too long; my natural pessimism would pull my good mood to pieces if I did.

I'd convince myself it was a joke, or a mistake or that I'd scare him off with my flabby body. No, I wasn't going to let that happen. I was going to enjoy this day, sod the consequences.

Even a phone call from Mum didn't spoil my mood.

"How are you doing now, darling?"

"I'm fine, mum, I'm also at work." I replied, smiling apologetically at my boss.

"Well, I know that. I rang your work number. I just wanted to check you were okay. I worry about you."

"I told you last night that John scared the bastard away before he could hurt me." I smiled, remembering how my knight in shining armour sprang to my aid.

"Language, Terri!" my mum exclaimed. "Just because he was an uncouth robber, doesn't mean you have to lower to his level, dear."

"Sorry mum."

"So, did you get any cards today? I got a lovely red rose from a barman named Enrique last night."

"Very nice, mum." I rolled my eyes; it's not unlike mum to have picked up some foreign toy boy while on her holiday. "Yes, I did get a card actually."

"Oh, really?" Mum sounded far too surprised at my answer.

"Yes, from a gentleman I met at the gym."

"Oh, that John who rescued you. How romantic. And see? What a wonderful Christmas present I gave you. Not only do you get slim

with it, you get yourself a man, too."

"Yes, mum. Thanks." My eyes rolled once more and I shook my head.

"My pleasure." Mum replied, completely missing the sarcasm in my tone.

"I've got to go now, love. My euros are running low. Bye."

"Bye mum."

I love her to bits, but boy, she drives me crazy sometimes. However, I do have to admit that her gift did get me to meet John, I have to give her credit for that at least.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if they made really sexy work out gear? I mean, for women with curves and bumps and excess flesh. I can't exactly don cycle shorts and a crop top; I'd scar the poor lad for life. As it was, I changed into my jogging pants and, for the occasion, a red baggy T-shirt, and headed into the gym.

It took only seconds for my eyes to rest upon his pumping buttocks. He was facing away from me, peddling for all he was worth on an exercise bike. I took a deep breath then a step, and another step, till I reached the bike next to him.

"Evening." I muttered, my heart already pounding without any kind of exertion.

"Hey." He smiled, slowing down his blistering pace. "I am so glad to see you."

"I'm glad." I replied, unimaginatively. I began to peddle, trying to cover my nervousness. "So, what've you got in store for me then?" I asked, it wasn't till his gaze met mine I realised just how suggestive that sounded.

"Well, unless you want to stay here, I was going to suggest going back to my place. I'll cook us a meal and maybe we can watch a film, or... or something."

Bless his sporty cotton socks. He was far more nervous than I was, and that—kind of sadistically—made me feel much better.

"That sounds good. Let me just work up a bit of a sweat now I'm here, then you can take me home. To, er, watch a film, or... or something." I amazed myself with my brazenness, but John's obvious shyness seemed to boost my confidence.

"Oh, okay. I'm just gonna, you know, wind down, then I'll go change. I'll meet you by reception, okay?"

"Sure." My legs pumped up and down on the bike. I was determined to work up a bit of a sweat. I really wanted to turn round, get changed, and enjoy my Valentine's night, but some strange pride gene kicked in. I had to do a little workout or it would look like I only turned up for the date. Which I did, I know. It still doesn't make

GETTING PHYSICAL

any sense to me, either.

I heard him behind me as he stretched out the chinks from his own workout. I moved to the treadmill as he headed to the door. I took a few, hesitant steps then leapt off. I didn't cool down; I jogged to the door and headed for the showers. As I walked passed the disabled room I noticed it was vacant. I got my gear out of the locker then came back to the open door of the still vacant room. I knew it was a bit cheeky to use the disabled facilities, but I liked the privacy of them much better than the ladies changing room. In there, women would walk in all the time, sporty women at that. I'm not that ashamed of my body, but I always felt like a freak around there. My curves didn't fit in with the lean bodies around me.

I locked the door behind me and dashed over to the bench. The room was lovely and warm; someone must have been in recently. Quickly I stripped off my clothes. I was down to my bra and knickers before I realised I could hear the sound of water running.

"Erm, hello? Is there someone in here?"

"Yes," a familiar male voice replied. "Is that you, Terri?"

"It is. I'm sorry, John. I didn't realise you were in here, the door wasn't locked so..."

"No need to apologise. I must have forgotten to lock it in my haste," he shouted over the sound of the water.

"I'll get my things and go over to the ladies..."

"No, no. I'm nearly done now. Just pass me my towel. I'll keep my eyes shut, and you can shower whilst I dress."

"Oh, okay." I quickly slipped off my bra and kickers, very aware that a hot, wet male was just on the other side of the plywood divide. I found his towel strewn over the far end of the bench and walked towards the shower curtain.

I waited for the water to stop and stuck my hand through the curtain. "Here you go." I smiled, shut my eyes tightly and held my own towel over my private parts. My hand brushed past flesh—soft, warm, male flesh—and I withdrew my hand quickly.

"Damn," he cursed. I guessed that he'd dropped the towel so I bent to retrieve it. As I waved my hand just above floor level, my forehead bashed into the back of his head.

"Oh, damn. I'm sorry." Flustered, my eyes flashed open, and I dropped my own towel in the confusion.

"It's okay." He straightened up, a towel in each hand, his eyes still closed. "I've got them both." He held my towel out towards me, but my eyes were busy drinking in the heady vision of his tight and toned body. His chest was hard and practically hairless. I could see the definition of all his muscles in his long torso. The delicate dip at

his tummy just begged me to dip my tongue in it. Lower still, I was amazed by his gorgeous cock. Wow, just like the rest of him it was long and hard, very hard.

"Erm, Terri, can you find your towel?"

"Yeah, I'm just feeling about for it now." I grinned mischievously as I stepped forward and reached out towards his midriff. Very purposefully, I brushed past his taut hardness. He gasped, his cock jumped, and I pulled the towel from his hand. I darted round him and under the shower head.

"Thanks." I panted hard, my body tight with arousal as he stepped forward, and I swished the plastic curtain shut as quickly as I could manage. My body was shaking as I pressed the button to release the warm prickles of soft, soothing water. My skin was hypersensitive, seeking out touch with a sexual need I was in awe of, maybe even a little afraid of.

Even though John was still in the room, I couldn't help letting out a low moan as the water teased and tickled me. I was breathing hard as I caressed my body with soap-slicked hands. My breasts, my stomach and lower with every sweep I bit my lip, trying to keep in any more tell-tale noises.

"I'm... I'm gonna go and wait out side." John's voice echoed round the small, steamy space. "Don't worry; I'll stand guard so no one will walk in on you."

We laughed nervously together. The door shut tight, I sighed and rushed to get dressed. All of a sudden I was feeling wicked and I couldn't wait to tease John some more. I realised, for the first time ever, that I had the upper hand in the dating game, and it made me feel sexy. Really sexy.

* * * *

I got up extra early, bought a card, wrote it, and slipped it through Terri's letter box. My stomach churned with nerves for the rest of the day. I got to the gym early and began to work out like crazy, trying to keep my mind off the stupid thing I'd done. I knew she'd just laugh at the card, and then I'd never see her again.

I can't seem to stop my mind from wandering as I cycle like the clappers, hoping beyond hope that Terri will walk through that door at any moment. I can see her in my minds eye, cycling on the bike next to me, I can see her thighs pumping and I imagine her naked, pumping up and down on me. I shake my head and carry on cycling. I better not think like that, she probably won't even turn up tonight, but if by some miracle she does, thigh pumping will not be on the menu for a long time.

Then she turned up and started to flirt with me. I think it was

GETTING PHYSICAL

flirting; I'd never experienced it before. I pretty much ran away from her to get some space. I needed to ease the eager erection in my shorts, and I was doing just that in the shower when I heard her voice.

So there I was. The opportunity to seduce her suddenly fell into my hands. I was naked, hard, and aching for her in the shower, and I turned into a stuttering fool. Where was I when God handed out suave and sophistication? At the end of the queue, obviously. Then the towel fiasco ensued. I had to open my eyes to retrieve the towels and when I saw her beautifully naked legs, my cock suddenly became all the harder. I nearly came when she accidentally brushed pasted it and took her towel from me. I got out of there as quickly as I could instead of grabbing her and kissing her and... I'm a damn fool.

When she walked out of the door—her hair damp and smelling of flowers and sweeties and all things nice—I just stared. She was beautiful. Her skin was glowing and her eyes sparkling. I mean, she had always been stunning, but at that moment I was completely and utterly taken by it.

"Right, I'm ready." She smiled. I gawked.

I gave her directions to my house as we stood in the mild-light of the car park. She nodded and assured me that she knew where she was going. I enjoyed the cycle home; I had to really push myself as I did not want her to arrive there too far before me. I knew my bicycle could take short cuts that she couldn't, so I was pleased to draw up just as she finished her maneuvering into the space before my house.

"Come in, come in." I beckoned. My heart pounded from the hard ride as well as nerves. I led her into the living room and made sure she was comfortable on the sofa.

"Now then, what do you fancy?" She looked at me, and although she said not a word, the barrage of silent innuendo was dazzling.

"I mean to eat." I walked over to the telephone and picked up a pile of pamphlets from beside it. "I've got a great choice of gourmet ingredients right here." I strode over to the sofa and sat myself next to her. Choosing which takeout company to order from is probably not normally considered a romantic thing, but as we huddled together, our heads touched and our hands brushed against each other as we pointed and flicked. I thought it was very sensual.

We decided upon pizza and I dialed, ordered, and disappeared into the kitchen to get wine. As I chose glasses, I took stock: a beautiful woman, good food, and sparkling wine on Valentine's Day. I couldn't possibly muck it up, could I? I could see my mother nodding her head vigorously from her sneering seat in Heaven. I remembered the dead cert of three years ago, where I managed to

send the poor girl to casualty. It couldn't possibly get that bad, could it? I took several deep breaths and walked back into the living room.

Terri had found the stereo and was flicking through my CD collection. Bent at the waist, her shapely bottom was straining towards me through the material of her dark-blue skirt. The glasses in my hand clinked and clattered, alerting her to my presence. She turned her head to the side and smiled. The glasses clinked some more as I placed them on the coffee table; one fell to its side.

"You okay?" Suddenly she was beside me, her hand hovering beside mine and righting the fallen glass.

"Yeah. Just a bit, you know, nervous." Before now, all my worst experiences involved women finding out I wasn't as experienced as I pretended to be. This time I decided I was probably a lot safer working it the other way round. I sat down as I didn't trust my legs to hold me upright at that moment.

"Nervous?" Her lips lifted at a quizzical angle. "Why?"

She grasped the neck of the wine bottle firmly, tipped it, and the contents spilled forth in effervescent streams. It bubbled up higher and higher, 'til she stopped, and everything calmed down; the air still agitating the liquid, but its movement resting just below the surface.

I took the proffered glass and cradled it in my fingers. In for a penny, in for a pound...

"I'm not very good with women. I manage to insult them and sometimes even injure them—accidentally of course." My eyes flicked up, and she was leaning forward, bent at the waist, pouring wine for herself. My gaze rested in the cleft of her bosom.

"There's no need to worry," she replied, straightened up, and then slipped into the seat next to me. "In fact, I'm kind of nervous, too." She reached out and took my hand and laid it on her breast. "My heart is thumping."

And it was. I could feel it: ba da bump, ba da bump, ba da bump. I could feel her nipple pressing into the palm of my hand, too. I licked my lips.

"I can feel it." I gasped, lifting my gaze from my hand on her breast to her face. Then I felt her lips press against my own. Soft, plump, and giving, they undulated against mine which were hard with shock. The constant pressure worked on my lips until they were as soft and malleable as hers. My hand was still over her breast and experimentally I gave a gentle squeeze. I was rewarded by a sexy gasp that tickled all my senses. I squeezed again, cupping and moulding as my other hand grasped onto her waist. I needed to hold on, because I was afraid that if I didn't, I'd be shaken out of the dream and back to my lonely reality.

GETTING PHYSICAL

Her hands were in my hair, fingers splayed, pulling me closer in a fiercely sexual way. One hand slipped down to my chin and gently cradled me there, comforting me, encouraging me. If I sat for a million years, I'd never be able to name every emotion and sensation that ran through me at that moment. I was a bundle of confusion, but I trusted her.

I trusted her to lead me, and I would follow anywhere.

"Stand up," she hissed, our lips parting. "Stand up, stand up!" I stood up, wondering if I'd done something wrong, but she followed me. Stretching her whole body along the length of mine, she kissed me again as her fingers tangled in my buttons and pulled them apart one by one, until my shirt was totally undone. Her fingers ran up and down my thin, gangly body and as she pulled out of the kiss and looked at me. I wanted to cover myself up. I felt awkwardly exposed.

"No, don't hide. You're gorgeous," she rasped, her voice heavy with emotion. I shook my head and looked down, but left my shirt open. I heard a rustle and looked up. She was undoing her blouse.

"I don't think I'm beautiful," she said, popping one button after another. "Do you think I'm beautiful?" She let the material fall from her shoulders.

"Yes," I gasped.

"Thank you." She smiled. "And I think you are gorgeous, even if you feel self conscious."

She reached behind herself and unclipped her white bra. Pulling it forward, she threw it to the ground, and I felt my cock bob with pleasure as I watched her breasts wobble and settle on her chest.

"I am standing here, exposed," she continued as she slipped off her skirt. I saw those perfect curves and moaned. She was, and is, a goddess. "And I don't like how my body looks. I look down and I see saggy tits, drooping stomach, and fat thighs."

"No," I began to protest but she pressed a finger to my lips and silenced me.

"But, I want you to see me naked. When you look at me, I feel sexy."

It hit me then, what she was trying to say. I shouldn't hold back. She certainly wasn't. I was sexy in her eyes, and she wanted to see me—nothing hidden.

I slipped the shirt off my shoulders and was rewarded by a sweet smile. I pulled at the belt of my trousers and heard her gasp. Letting my trousers drop away was difficult. I had been made fun of at school. I'd been called lanky, string bean, long streak of piss. I didn't want her to be disappointed, but I needn't have worried. Her response was more than positive. She moaned and hooked her fingers inside

the waistband of her white, cotton knickers and looked into my eyes.

"Together?"

I nodded and inched down my boxers. My eyes were glued to her thighs and the material rapidly disappearing from between. I forgot all my insecurities as she stood naked in front of me.

"Beautiful." I gasped and reveled in the visual bounty before me before reaching out to caress it. My hands moved over her flesh, enjoying the softness of her creamy skin. I skimmed my fingers down her back, curved over her buttocks, then moved my hands to her feminine hips. I was in awe, and I just wanted to worship her, every inch of her womanhood.

However, I was being distracted by her hands skimming all over me: my back, my buttocks, my chest and down to... *Oh, fuck!*

She gripped me in her hand, and I was hard, harder than ever I was in between my own fingers. I couldn't think; I couldn't breathe. I was gulping air, digging my fingers into her abundant curves. Her fingers were winding around me, teasing my flesh. I whimpered and then she was on her knees and her lips—Oh, those sweet lips—were wrapped around me. I was so surprised by the plethora of pleasurable pulses that I nearly came right then and there. I wasn't aware of anything but her warmth around me, and as she pushed me back, I sat down heavily on the thick, hard, cold wood of the coffee table.

Her lips left my cock and traveled up my stomach, over my chest and to my lips. I cradled her face in my hands and kissed her with all the thanks and emotion I could muster. I wanted her to know what this meant to me. I wanted her to know how very glad I was to have this with her, for her to be my first. I don't know what she felt, if she got any of that, but I felt her cheeks dampen with tears, and I wrapped my arms around her. She pressed hard against me until my back hit the cold coffee table and I heard the bump, splash, and tinkle of the glasses and bottle falling to the carpet. I didn't care.

She was on top of me, and we were moving on the table. My chest was draped over the side, my head thrown back, the blood rushing to my brain. She slipped off the table and pulled on my arm. I gave in to the insistent pressure and rolled onto the floor next to her. She grasped my cheeks between her hands and pressed a series of rough kisses to my lips. As we writhed and moved, those kisses shifted and stretched over my sensitive body. I was on fire in a million places. Everywhere a kiss dropped threw me into ecstasy.

When I felt her thighs spreading around mine, I held my breath. This was it, I was going to lose my virginity.

"I'm so glad it's you." I whispered as I looked up into her lust-crazed eyes.

GETTING PHYSICAL

"You're a virgin?" The light dawned, and she didn't look disgusted. "Wow!" she exclaimed, and I saw many things in her face, but nothing like repulsion or upset or mockery. She shifted her hips, and I felt my cock rubbing against her soft feminine lips. She pressed down and took me inside her. I gasped and grabbed her arms, as if to stop myself from falling.

"I'm so honoured," she gasped as I slipped deeper and deeper into her.

"No," I panted. "I am." Our gazes locked as she lay upon me. I was buried inside of her, joined in a way I had only dreamed about before. It was perfect, she was perfect, and I couldn't believe my luck. I couldn't believe the sensations as she lifted up and I felt her hot, moist flesh pulling away from mine. The coldness of loss followed by the heat of discovery amazed me with every thrust. I was in another realm. I promised myself to pamper her, care for her, turn her on in any way she wanted each and every time we made love in the future. I knew I was being selfish, but I just couldn't think of anything other than the pleasure she was giving me.

"Terri," I moaned. "Oh, Terri." I felt her muscles squeezing me tighter, and I couldn't take a moment more of the pure, unadulterated ecstasy. I growled as I filled her. I pulled her body down onto me, and I buried my head in her neck. I held her as my hips strained up to keep me deep inside of her—as deep as I could be.

She stroked my hair, kissing the curve of my neck as I came down. Our breathing was synchronized, and our bodies melded together. I was perfectly content.

Then the door bell rang.

"Shit, it's the pizza guy." I cursed and Terri lifted off me.

"You get the door; I'll clean up the floor." She laughed. "What a romantic rhyme, huh?"

I laughed, too, and pulled on my trousers.

* * * *

I bent to the task of tidying up the floor and thought about what had just happened. I could not believe that he was so shy. A virgin? No, I didn't believe it until the words virtually fell from his lips. I had never been so bold before. I seduced him, initiated everything, and I took his virginity. I was his first. He was so good. His fingers traced all my hot spots; his lips were tender but demanding; his caresses were just what I needed. At every move he met me, and he met me well. I didn't expect to orgasm since I was completely focused on giving him pleasure. So it came as a shock when I felt the vibrations and spasms of intense ecstasy shaking me to my core.

Then, the pizza arrived. Great timing. I just finished tidying up

the mess our spilt drinks had made—Thank goodness it was white wine and thick carpeting—when John came back into the room with the pizza. I've had sex with men before, and the time right after sex had always been awkward, but not with John. We ate, we joked, and we drank some more wine. I was naked. I never thought to redress, and I enjoyed in the attention he lavished upon me. It was amazing how good I felt. With every other lover, I'd had I barely uncovered my body for sex. I'd never trusted anyone enough to show them all of me. John made it easy to reveal my body as he adored me and every inch of my less-than-perfect skin.

"I want to..." He started the sentence, then changed his mind. "Come with me." He stood and held out his hand to me. I took it and enjoyed the feel of his strong, slim fingers wrapped round mine. John led me up the stairs and to his bedroom. He signaled for me to sit on the bed and busied himself lighting the candles arranged on the cupboards beside it.

"You're not as innocent as you look, are you?" I grinned and he chuckled, the sound vibrating through me in the sexiest of ways.

"Well, a man has to have a plan," he replied, then slipped off his pants and joined me on his bed.

"Oh, I see! You planned to have your wicked way with me, eh?" I reached out to him and pulled him tight to me.

"Yes, I had planned that, but you got there first and had your wicked way with me." He used the strength in his lithe, cat-like body to roll me over onto my back and pin me down beneath him. "Now, it's my turn." His breath tickled my ear as his lips plunged down onto the flesh of my neck.

I couldn't move. I couldn't do anything but take all he gave me. His lips skimmed down my neck and along my shoulder. With each kiss, my skin tingled. As his lips slipped down to my chest, my nipples ached and reached out for him. They called to him in their desperate need to feel his lips caress them.

"John?"

"Mmm." he mumbled, a nipple between his lips.

"Before, when you said you had fantasies about me, what fantasies did you have?"

He sucked a few times more on my engorged nipple, then let go with a pop.

"Well. Things like imagining you naked on the rowing machine, with me stood in front of you so that every time you come forward your mouth would run down onto my cock, and then you'd release it as you push back, like an extended blow job. Over and over you'd suck me, and the anticipation of feeling your lips around my cock

would drive me wild as I waited for you to row your way back to me." His fingers glided over my breasts tickling and pulling, being as demanding as the lips they just replaced. "Or, I'd imagine you warming up on the exercise mats, again with nothing on, doing squats. I'd lie down between your legs and stretch my face up so that every thrust down would push you onto my face. I'd imagine that leading to you sitting on my face and leaning over me to take my cock in your mouth; we'd suck on each other, echoing each other as we got more and more excited. Oh, and then sometimes I'd think about you bracing yourself against the wall to do your leg exercises, but I'd push into you from behind, fucking you against the wall. I'd slam into you so hard that you'd scream with every thrust, driving me harder and faster inside of you. I felt so dirty fantasizing about you like that."

"I feel wonderfully dirty hearing about you fantasizing like that," I gasped, then moaned my appreciation as his lips busied themselves once again by kissing my sensitive body. I could see each of those situations in my mind's eye and they were all so delicious that I couldn't wait to get to the gym and try them out.

"You know," I gasped, as his lips slipped lower, "I've fantasised about you, too. One of the first thoughts I had about you was that your arms are so strong they'd hold you up well in the missionary position. You know, you on top of me, braced above me with those strong, muscled arms. I imagined myself trapped underneath your hands, stretched below you as you plunged into my open pussy. I imagined struggling as you bit my neck, sucking me like you were wanting blood." His lips slipped up to my outstretched neck and nibbled there, his hard body rubbed against my softer places and drove me crazy. "I imagined your lips all over my body that night as I lay in bed and masturbated. As I played with my wetness I imagined it was your tongue, lapping and licking at my juices, begging to taste more as I writhed on your face."

His skin pressed against mine, his lips swept lower. His hardness pressed into my soft curves as his teeth bit and nibbled. I arched my back and offered myself to him. The way he touched me, the way his mouth moved lower, fired my blood. It fed my confidence and made me love my body—every curve and wobble of it—simply because it was being worshipped by him.

Every kiss, every touch, communicated the passionate awe stirring within him. He slipped down my body, his own shaking with desire—or fear. I reached my hands down and stroked his hair as he spread my thighs. I felt his breath on my moist lips as he lay there, admiring the view.

I was aching to feel him kiss me there. I strained to hold my buttocks down to the bed, not wanting to rush him, but desperate to feel what he was promising me. A surprised yelp squeezed its way out of me as he pressed his lips to my wet, engorged flesh. His tongue stroked tentatively at first, and then with a hungry growl, he explored every part of my open pussy. His tongue snaked inside of me then flicked over my clit.

"Yes." I hissed and lifted my hips up as I'd wanted to do all along. His movements were not practiced; they were exploratory. I knew it was his first experience and hearing his moans of appreciation worked better than many, many years of practice ever could. I closed my eyes and luxuriated in his attention. I concentrated on each lap and kiss, every swipe over my clit. He used my gasps and noises to work out what I liked, and soon he had me on the brink of orgasm.

Louder and louder I moaned, then I gasped, groaned, and at last I screamed as I squeezed his face between my thighs and covered his lips and chin with my orgasmic juices. My thighs loosened, and I could still feel him lapping.

"No. No, no more," I gasped. "Too sensitive now."

He stopped, moved up between my thighs, and dropped a kiss on my lips. I could taste my muskiness, and I eagerly kissed it off him. I wanted to express how much I'd enjoyed his ministrations and let him know I wanted him inside of me.

I grasped his hips and lifted my hips up off the bed until I felt his cock brushing over my pubic mound. I heard him moan.

"Fuck me," I begged, continuing to arch up, offering myself to him. He didn't hesitate. He knelt between my knees and grabbed his cock. He rubbed it up and down my slit, seeking out the place that would give to his inward pushing. He found it, and slowly, smoothly slipped inside my spasming pussy.

"Oh, God!" I exclaimed as he moved back and forward with his hips, slowly, hesitantly as he uttered words of praise. I was feeling similarly transcendent and let out a grunt of sheer pleasure. I'd have been too embarrassed to make such a base noise with past lovers, but I was completely free of all shame. For the first time ever I completely let go.

I opened my eyes, wanting to see the beauty of his body above mine and was instantly pulled into his eyes. He was looking at me with lust, pure unadulterated lust, and it slid down instantly to my pussy which contracted around him. He hissed, closed his eyes, pressed hard inside me, once and then again, and he roared. His head thrust back, his neck stretched out, his pubis pressed hard against

GETTING PHYSICAL

mine. I felt him come inside of me, and it was divine. He slumped onto me, and I held him close, feeling his heart thumping and his breath tickling my neck.

I stroked his hair, his back, and his shoulders. I was totally happy. I didn't have to add an "except" or a "but" to my happiness; it was unadulterated.

* * * *

I lay there on top of her for the longest time. I slowly slipped down to her side and rested my head on her shoulder, completely sated and content. I watched her as she slipped into sleep. I didn't sleep for a long time myself; I was busy replaying things in my mind. I could still taste her on my lips, still smell her musky scent. I could hear her sex noises in my mind and feel her soft curves rocking me to ecstasy.

"I love you," I whispered. I could not deny it a moment longer. I was startled when she mumbled back.

"I love you, too." A smile spread across her face and her eyes cracked open. "Now blow out those candles and let's get under the covers. I'm tired."

"Yes ma'am," I joked, leapt from the bed, and obeyed her instructions.

"That's what I like to see," she quipped, moving under the bedcovers. "A man who does what I tell him to."

"I see things getting a lot kinkier in future," I replied, scurrying to the bed and stretching out beside her.

"Oh, yes, indeed." she replied, kissing my cheek. "I'm going to show you everything."

I couldn't wait for her to carry out that promise and as I kissed her back, I knew I wanted to see it all, but only with her. Always with her.

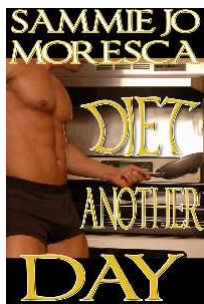
VICTORIA BLISSE

About the Author

Victoria Blisse is a mother, wife, Christian, Manchester United fan and erotica writer. She was born near Manchester, England and her northern English quirkiness shows through in all of her stories. Passion, love and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her life. For more information on Victoria, visit her site at <http://www.victoriablisse.co.uk/>.

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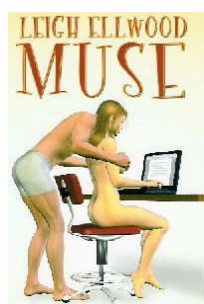
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