



# *Sweet Surrender*



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# Sweet Surrender

an erotic romance short by

VICTORIA BLISSE

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He noticed her body language. The way she sat defiantly in her chair, her back straight, her chin (and her breasts) jutting out proudly. *That woman is angry*, he thought, his body showing signs of arousal. She was obviously unaware of her beauty; just the kind of woman he liked. He wanted her, but slowly sipped his beer, knowing that timing was everything.

\* \* \* \*

She was upset, and that fact upset her even more. The prick dumped her days before they were meant to go on this trip. She didn't know why she decided to come on her own. Rebellion? Defiance? She hadn't a clue. Already she contemplated returning home on the next train.

The smiling seaside town of Scarborough seemed to be filled with reminders she was alone, when she should have a partner with her. The romantic double bed in the highest room of the guesthouse, the look on the receptionist's face as she explained that she was on her own. The restaurant table set for two. The seemingly hundreds of couples strolling hand in hand along the bright, sunny seafront. She hated it all, so she retired to her room until the sun was going down and the singles came out in force. It was Saturday night and the bars were packed; she stepped into the first one not hosting karaoke and ordered a Bacardi and Coke. She determined to get drunk and start enjoying this holiday if it killed her.

Moments later she held back tears, realizing how pathetic she must look. Thirty years old, single, and surrounded by happy youngsters flirting, gossiping and pairing up. She prepared to rise, go back to the hotel and pack with the intention of boarding the first train home in the morning when a man appeared at her table.

"Hi, I'm terribly sorry for just approaching you like this, but I noticed you'd finished your drink and wondered if I could get you another whilst I'm on my way back to the bar."

He was smiling, the slight flush to his cheeks giving him a boyish charm quite impossible to resist.

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"Okay, I'll have another Bacardi and coke, thanks." She smiled at him, her tummy flipping. He looked a little older than her, dressed casually in dark coloured slacks and a pin stripe shirt. He was well groomed, smelt citrus fresh with a tempting spicy edge and was obviously interested in her. She wasn't interested in hooking up with another drain on her finances, but spending a moment in his company couldn't do any harm, could it?

"So, you're not a local are you?" He said on his return, sitting down on the stool next to her.

"No, I'm not." She replied, not really wanting to elaborate.

"That's good. I like pretty tourists, they've not heard of my reputation." His easy and encompassing smile lit up his deep, dark eyes.

"And what reputation would that be, then?" She flirted back, involuntary pulled in by his charm.

"Oh, for being a right gentleman, of course," he replied, putting on a broad Yorkshire accent, hiding his posher, milder one.

"Oh, really? I guess I'll soon see. So, Mr. Gentleman, what brings you here?"

"To this pub? To pick up naive tourists of course."

"I meant Scarborough generally, but thank you for the warning."

She had forgotten her ex for the first time in weeks, and was enjoying the first flushes of flirtation, something she'd experienced far too few times in her life.

"I'm an artist," he replied. "I paint, I sculpt, but mostly I take photographs."

"There is a lot of beautiful scenery around here. It's a good place for an artist." She took a sip of her drink, and let her eyes linger over the strong, soft hand gripping his pint.

"And beautiful women." He grinned, his cheeks dimpling. "Scenery is nice, but on it's own it is unimaginative. Now put together an attractive lady and beautiful scenery and you've got magic."

"You just like ogling the feminine form, then." She teased. He was silent for a moment. His solemn face made her wonder if she had offended him until he broke into another unending smile.

"Yeah, that's about it."

The conversation came easily, and the flirting flowed from both sides, mingling and interchanging effortlessly. It was the perfect meeting, everything you want in a first date -tension, controlled lust, shared conversation, and the ease that comes from such a chance meeting. No pressure, and absolutely nothing to lose.

"I've not seen much of Scarborough yet, I only arrived today." She said in answer to a simple question posed to her. "I'm here for a long weekend though, so I hope to see a bit of it before I leave."

"Well, let me offer you my services as a guide. I know all the beautiful places and I would love to show them to you. I'd love to take some photos of you, if you'd permit me to."

The flattery was working, but she was wary of saying yes to a stranger, especially a stranger who evoked such a strong sexual need deep inside her.

He saw the indecision in her manner and added, "We can meet at the harbour of the south bay at mid day. It will be packed at that time on a Saturday, so you'll not have to worry about being alone with me. I promise you'll have a good time."

His eyes captured hers, and there something in their blue lagoon depths made her unable to look away and unable to say no, even though she sensed danger. The madness of it all sealed her decision; she said yes and swore not to regret it for a moment. As they made their way out of the pub, she put her hand on his arm.

"And just so I know, what's your name?"

"Tom." He smiled, "and yours?"

"Helen."

"I shall see you tomorrow, Helen." he grinned, laying a soft, non-threatening kiss on her cheek.

Helen thought about the kiss all the way back to her hotel, then all the time she was showering and putting on her pajamas. She thought about it as she lay in the big, wide double bed and smiled. Tomorrow was going to be fun and she was beginning to really enjoy this holiday.

\* \* \* \*

It took her a couple of hours to decide what to wear and

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she'd only changed her mind about five times. No, she wasn't nervous at all, just very, very aware that Tom photographed beautiful women as part of his day to day life. No pressure on her, of course; no one in their right mind would use the word beautiful in reference to her. She might *just* reach pretty if she made a special effort. Being several sizes above the model standard, Helen knew she was too fat to be considered attractive.

However, she'd done her best to emphasize her abundant curves. The short, flared red dress showed off her cleavage without being short enough to show off her chunky thighs. She might not feel terribly confident, but her red ensemble at least made her feel presentable. Her flat sandals were not as sexy as the high heels, but they were far more practical for a tour of the town. She was a girly girl, but she was practical, too.

\* \* \* \*

Tom nonchalantly leaned on the model Pirate, watching the children run down the harbour to the docked ship and hearing the worried yells of their parents chasing behind in back packs and pack-a-macks. It was a typical English summer day. One moment you could be risking sunburn and heat exhaustion and the next you could be soaked to the skin.

Tom loved this kind of weather. The clouds whipped around, forming valleys and mountains and sweeps, chiffonier ribbons of soft, silky haze. And, of course, what isn't to love about a beautiful young lady in a sundress getting soaked through with rain?

He was not inclined to panic when she didn't turn up at the allotted time, not even fifteen minutes later. He'd dealt with women like Helen before, and he would wait here for hours if needed. She had to exert some control over the situation; choosing what time she'd show up was part of that. As long as she was comfortable, Tom would be happy.

"I am so sorry I'm late." she flustered when she arrived, her cheeks flushing redder than her dress.

"No worries." Tom smiled, "I enjoy watching the world go by." He took her by the elbow and guided her through the throng of holidaymakers, past the baying and flashing of the seaside casinos and down onto the sandy softness of the beach.

"I'll get sand in my sandals." she squeaked, then smiled



nervously as she realized how silly it sounded.

"You cannot say you have been on a proper seaside trip if you've not walked upon the sand. Besides, you get the best uncluttered views from the sea edge." Tom let go of her, and handled his expensive camera, setting up shots of the bay, shots he must have taken a million times before.

\* \* \* \*

Helen relaxed as he let go of her and grabbed his camera. While he disappeared behind his viewfinder, she had time to slow down her heartbeat and gather her emotions. Surely his fingers gripping her flesh should not have aroused her like that? She'd never experienced such raw lust before; in fact she hadn't thought she was capable of feeling it. Sex had always been a chore, the very last thing on her mind. Now the mere touch of his hand sent visions of naked bodies dancing past her eyes.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Tom asked, making her jump out of her daydream. She looked out to sea, and admired the perfect balance between stirring sea and cloud whipped sky. She nodded, unable to speak, as his hand lay once again on her arm. "Let me capture you in this glorious sunlight."

She shook her head and was about to protest verbally when she heard the first click of the camera.

"Just a few shots. Your gorgeous red dress is lit up so beautifully, your curves undulate like the waves of the sea. So sexy."

His words mesmerized her and she stood still, a half smile playing over her lips. She felt uncomfortable with being the centre of attention, but his charm-laden words calmed her soul. What harm could it do to let him take a few shots of her? He'd never use them; she was no kind of model.

The further they walked along the shore, the quieter it became. No longer could you hear siblings teasing each other or the soft drone of the bingo caller. The smell of fresh cooked chips and donuts dissipated until all you heard was the crash of the waves and the occasional call of a gull.

"What is it like to live by the sea?" Helen asked, the weight of the silence too heavy for her to bear any longer.

"Beautiful." He replied. "The sea conveys every emotion a man or woman can feel, and its surroundings echo that -it's a

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never-ending supply of inspiration to me. Angry, happy, sad or needy, this coastline is beautiful and I'd never live anywhere else."

"I'd love to live by the sea." She sighed.

"Well, why don't you?"

"Work."

"Change your work, live by the sea." It sounded so simple, but Helen knew it wasn't.

"I'd not have enough money."

"Money doesn't matter."

She looked at him and he looked back, unblinking.

"So you have no money."

"No, I have money," he answered, "I just don't really need it."

"Your clothes are expensive." She countered, desperate to get one up on him.

"But old."

"Your camera is expensive." She thought she had him there, and her face broke into a smile of child-like glee.

"That is my livelihood. A man has to have something to live for."

She harrumphed and turned away from him, frustrated that he made her look so stupid without even trying.

"Sorry." his voice spoke beside her, his breath ruffling her hair. She was startled as she felt his hand on her back, and saw his face bent in close to hers. "I see things in black and white. I know it's not always so straight forward."

"S'ok" She shrugged away from him. "I wasn't upset." He wouldn't move away from her despite her attempt, and soon she felt her side rubbing against the rough brickwork of the seawall.

"The way I see you and me, is straight forward. We have chemistry and I want to act upon that. I want to lean forward and capture your lips and kiss you till you can't breathe, and that is only the very beginning of what I want to do."

She let out a shuddering breath. Taken completely off guard, her wanton body reacted to the suggestions in his voice. She tilted her pelvis up to rub against his, her hand, originally raised to push him away, lying passively on his shoulder, encouraging him.

"And I know if I leaned forward now I could kiss you, and I could feel your body and I could fuck you right here and right now."

She wanted him, and she tightened her grip on his shirtsleeve, wanting to pull him in, wanting him to fulfill all these sexy promises.

"But I won't. I won't until you ask me to; do you want me to kiss you?" His lips were so close to hers that she could already feel the force of the kiss. She nodded her head ever so slightly. "Ask me," he panted, obviously enflamed by the situation. She could feel him pressing into her, his body that close to hers.

She was not thinking, only feeling. Desire was the only thing she was aware of as she leaned forward to breathe one short word.

"Please."

As her lips pressed together on the last letter, his lips forced roughly against hers. The kiss was fierce, passionate and attacking, and pressed her against the wall, the sharp edges cutting into her back as she wrapped her arms around him and gave as much back as he released. Their bodies molded automatically together, their chests rubbing and their legs entwined as the passion mounted.

It was a kiss and then some. The whole body was involved and his hands cupping her hips felt as natural as her fingers splayed open over his back that pulled him closer, taking his tongue deeper into her mouth as it tickled and danced with her own. She lost herself in the kiss, fighting to keep her mind open, fighting to think, losing ground as that mouth skillfully manipulated hers and his fingers tactfully scrunched her skirt, higher and higher till she realized her thighs were being exposed.

She wriggled against him, trying to loosen his grip, but he just lifted her skirt higher. Part of her was mortified; someone could walk past. Another part of her enjoyed the thrill of the sea air on her thighs and overjoyed at the sexual contact from this handsome man.

She tried to release her mouth, but each time she worked her lips free, he'd slam his back down onto her, so that they were once again sealed.

She really began to struggle as he hooked a finger in her

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lacy, racy knickers and inched them down. She spun into a panic, gasping for breath and clawing at his back. She was a shy, quiet girl and she certainly didn't have sex in public with a man on their first date.

"No!" she managed to gasp while he was distracted by robbing her of her panties. He stopped, but her knickers were already round her ankles. She was just going to bend and retrieve them when he pressed against her again.

"Shush. There's an old couple walking past with their dog. You don't want them to think you've just pissed up against the wall, do you?"

She thought about it and no, she didn't. Helen was flustered, her cheeks bright red and her heart beating ten to the dozen. She tried to look past Tom, but he was firmly in the way.

"Are they gone yet?"

He turned his head and shook it. "No, not yet."

She was aware of him so close, aware of her tingling pussy, now bare under her short summer skirt. She was aware of this crazy desire to push Tom down on his back and mount him then and there, taking her pleasure like a wild woman of loose morals. The desire spiraled as he shifted his body, his knee resting between her thighs, his breath on her neck, his arms around her waist. She shifted, shuffling her feet back, trying to escape the confines of his masculinity.

"Okay, they're gone." Tom smiled at her, planting a peck of a kiss on her lips.

"Stop it," she snapped, angry at herself and her loose-moraled body for letting him go so far.

He shrugged and stepped back. Bending down he pulled at the skimpy material hooked around her shoes.

No!" she gasped, but his tug threw her off balance and she slipped, back against the wall, one foot flying up and her knickers coming loose. He gripped them in his hand and smiled up at her. Her choice was between lifting her foot and letting him have her knickers or falling on her arse, scrapping her back down the wall in the process.

She lifted her foot.

She was horrified and aroused as he lifted the crimson satin to his nose, then slipped it into his shirt pocket, letting the

abundant material stick out of the top like a gentleman's handkerchief.

"I want to go back to the hotel." she snapped indignantly, pushing herself away from the wall and stomping back in the direction they'd come.

"Stop." Tom shouted, and she surprised herself by actually stopping.

"If you go that way it'll take you ages to get back to the hotels. I know a shorter way. Let me show you."

She looked at him, and she wondered if she could let this go any further. It was a fact that she was highly attracted to this maverick, but could she risk being in his presence any longer? She took a moment and decided. She was a grown woman and she knew she could manage to get back to her hotel room without having to fuck this man, if she held her hormones in check.

"Fine. Lead the way." She harrumphed, wanting him to know she wasn't going to brook any more of his nonsense and just wanted to get back to the hotel. He walked ahead of her, striding up the stairs to road level.

"It's this way, up this hill."

Helen wasn't Spiderman, but some sixth sense tingled and warned her that disappearing along a rough path up into a tangle of bushes and trees was not a good idea. However, she wanted to get back and this was the way she was going to have to go. Moments after starting up the hill the heavy traffic noise all but disappeared. The trees around them blocked out a lot of the sun, so everything was seen through a chlorophyll green haze.

It was beautiful in this forgotten place. Bushes grew onto the path, trees bushed out and blocked views down to the sea and rocks and broken branches lay in the grass and over the rocky path, adding to the air of unkempt isolation. When Helen next looked up, she noticed that the path in front of her was clear. Where had Tom gone?

Had he just walked off without her? Maybe he had gone to find another, loose-moraled tourist to seduce. She had completely freaked out on the beach and she didn't know why. Why couldn't she let go and enjoy it? Was it because of her upbringing or because she was aware her position at work could

be ruined by gossip?

Well, her mother wasn't there and neither were her work mates. Why couldn't she just relax and go with the sexual flow? She had wanted to; she was still feeling the lust rushing through her and her lips still stung with the echo of that kiss. Where was he? She stepped up her pace, and felt a rush of air lift the back of her skirt. Instinctually she smoothed it down and carried on walking up the hill.

When it happened again, she paid it hardly any attention; she was too busy concentrating on climbing the steep, winding path, keeping an eye out for Tom's tall figure in front of her. She must have been paying *too* much attention to looking for Tom. She stumbled over a rock, dislodging the flat sandal from her foot.

"Damn." she cursed, bending over to pick it up, only realizing how exposed she was after she felt the cool air on her buttocks and opened sex lips. She must have been imagining it, but she could have sworn she heard the click of a camera. She slipped the shoe back on her foot and straightened up again.

As she stepped forward she heard a noise behind her. Looking round, she jumped, startled to see Tom standing there.

"How long..." She started, then looked at the massive grin on his face. "You bastard! You took photos of me then, didn't you, didn't you? Give me the damn camera."

She lunged towards him with force. Reaching for his camera, she made contact with his body, pushing him backwards, and crashing to the ground. She lay on top of him, shaking and looking into his eyes.

"Oh God, are you okay?" Her rage had passed; she was too concerned about the poor man lying below her ample form. He nodded and smiled, then laughed. She looked bemused for a second then began to giggle herself.

\* \* \* \*

He had known she wouldn't go all the way, there on the beach. He was delighted to have gotten to her knickers. Her anger was expected, and it was a simple thing to nip through the bushes whilst she was contemplating, and walk behind her, taking photos all the way, even lifting her skirt with a stick at one point. He had thanked his lucky stars when she stumbled and

bent over. He barely held back his moan as his cock strained to attention, his eyes fixed on her luscious ass and lickable pussy.

Now she was pressed on top of him. Although he had not planned this and was a little winded and bruised from the impact, he was very happy to be in this predicament. He wanted her and he knew she could feel just how much..

\* \* \* \*

He lifted his head and their lips were once again united. She was surprised by the domination of that kiss. Considering their positions, she should be in charge and in command but no, even in this prone position he was boss. "You're beautiful, Helen. Your skin is so pleasantly pale, your pussy so pink, plump and damp. Yes, I saw how much you were turned on, you naughty girl. You like exposing yourself, don't you?"

She couldn't answer; his gaze stung. He looked up at her flushed face and as much as she wanted to scream *Yes*, the words wouldn't leave her mouth. Before she could act or speak, he shifted his weight, throwing her down on the grass beside him. In seconds he had her pinned,, her skirt trapped around her waist as he ground his erection against her uncovered pubis.

"You like this, don't you?" He asked again before capturing her lips for a kiss, if such a rough, dominant action could be classed as such. Again, he asked. "Don't you?"

"Yes," she whispered as his lips slipped to her neck and his teeth began to nibble the sensitive flesh there.

"Yes," she said, as his hands slid up and down her sides, lifting the dress higher, so she could feel his rough jeans chaffing her thighs and stomach, his erection straining to be released.

His weight shifted again and she was left exposed. He was kneeling between her spread legs, baring his camera.

Her hands darted for her tucked up dress.

"Don't," he commanded and as her fingers gripped the material he growled. "Please." She let her grip loosen, nervously looking to her left and to her right. There was no sign of anyone else in the vicinity.

"You're gorgeous," he crooned. "Lift the dress higher." Helen paused for a moment, her cheeks red, her nostrils flared. Her body was wound up with sexual tension but something deep in her mind screamed *No!* Her conscience was muttering about

her reputation, about her vulnerability, about her being a grown woman. However, Helen chose to ignore that voice. She slowly lifted the dress higher, exposing the bottom cups of her red bra.

\* \* \* \*

"Stunning," Tom gasped. His knuckles protruded as he held his camera tight to stop his hands from shaking. She kept surprising him, taking him off guard. Helen was a sexual beast caged up by propriety, rules and decency. Now that those bars were being slowly removed, she was blossoming.

"Let's see those pretty tits." He groaned, clicking the camera as she ran her hands over her breasts, easing down the cups and scrunching them up beneath her abundant boobs. She was sex personified; she bumped up her hips and gripped her flesh. Tom moved closer, his eye fixed to his camera.

"Beautiful, so beautiful," he whispered as her fingers traced the outline of her large areolas. Deep peach on a background of dairy cream, the nipple was like a luscious raspberry, crying to be licked and bit. He controlled himself, not knowing her limit, suspecting he had already pushed her past it.

Her eyes were closed, and her mouth pursed into a kissable pout as her hands roamed from her breasts, over the verdant hillock of her stomach to the valley and river between her thighs. As she pressed her fingers through the curly reeds, he gasped and held his breath, daring to imagine that she would delve deeper, taking her fingers to paddle in the damp shallows of her wet slit.

He was kneeling and zooming in on her fingers as they pulled and pushed at the soft, pliable flesh and teased the hard rock of her clit, exploring her femininity. He could hear every breath, almost feel it like the breeze as it caressed his cheek. She panted and groaned, her pleasure slowly spiraling higher and higher. His cock was uncomfortable in his jeans, and he took one hand off the camera and reached down to his groin to rub the length of his straining manhood.

\* \* \* \*

At that moment, it dawned on Helen exactly where she was and what she was in the middle of doing. Helen opened her eyes and glanced furtively left and right. Luckily, no one was around. She glanced up and could just see the strong outline of Tom, a shadow against the bright sun. She slipped her hands to her hips



as she became more aware of how naked and exposed she was. As she continued to look up at Tom she realized that one of his hands was not on his camera.

"Pervert!" She yelled, sitting up and straightening her skirt, covering up her throbbing need.

"Say's she, sitting in a public place with her tits hanging out." He drawled sardonically. She pressed her breasts back into the top of her dress, the bra cups still crinkled beneath them. She stood and looked pointedly at Tom.

"You were taking me back to my hotel, please lead the way." Helen snapped, once again caging up her sexual nature, forcing the lust back down to the pit of her stomach. Tom sighed and shook his head, then strode on in front of her.

*He probably thinks I'm such a prick tease* she thought as she huffed up the hill behind him. *What does he possess that makes me forget myself so easily?* She knew he was good looking, charming and witty but she knew many men just like him that didn't make her burn from the inside out with the need to fuck.

There, she'd used that word: *Fuck..* The reaction was visceral, as if her body was zoning out her brain, ignoring its imploring to decorum and taste. As much as she realized she should be appalled and angered by this mans constant sexual advances, maybe to the point of reporting it to the police, her heart raced every time his fingers touched her, every time he looked at her. In fact, she'd never felt so sexual. She was far from a virgin, no stranger to lust. But this, this was something completely new.

What she couldn't work out was why she kept falling for it. She'd known Tom for less than twenty-four hours and already he'd seen her masturbating. Her ex had never seen her masturbate, and they'd been together fifteen months. Not only wanking, but in public. Anyone could have seen.

As Helen walked, she continued to mull it round in her brain. Every time she thought of a negative, every time she berated herself for acting in such a slutty way, her body would protest. Why shouldn't she have sex with this charming, handsome man? She was single, after all. Helen was confused, her body filled with conflicting emotions. All she wanted to do was get away from the man who was causing them.

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After a while the quiet, disused trail turned into a proper path. Houses stood on either side, tall and white. Some had hotel signs and as more of the hotels appeared, the path turned into a road.

"Down here," Tom turned to her, and indicated a small side road. He waited until she walked past him, then followed close behind.

"Why are we going this way?" Helen asked as they passed between the backs of hotels, bins and discarded boxes littering the way.

"Short cut," he replied, curtly. Helen knew she shouldn't feel guilty, that he was the one who had tricked her into the sexual situations, but for some reason she could not shake the idea that she was being a cock tease and Tom's standoffishness wasn't helping.

"Why is that door so high?" She asked, stopping beside a roughly hewn square in a wall. Just either side of the opening were long, curved iron bars, like long handles, and below the opening were four strong, rusted steps. As she moved her hands up and down them, she sensed Tom standing behind her.

"Deliveries, maybe. The vans would be high up, so the door being high up will make it quicker to unload. Or maybe the front of the hotel is higher. I'm not sure." His hands covered hers and she froze. "Step up."

Again, with the commands. Why did her legs obey? It's not as if she had the right body for climbing up random ladders, but before she knew it she'd taken a step up and was holding on for dear life, dangling a few feet above the floor with her round arse sticking out into the side street. His hands were cradling her hips, encouraging her to take another step, she took one and then stopped. Slowly, she became aware of his breath on her neck, softly caressing her erogenous zone.

"Oh, shit," she gasped, trying to step back down, but his fingers dug into the flesh of her hips.

"Stay there, please," he asked. This time it was the plea in his voice that made her obey. She stayed put and enjoyed the cool breeze against her hot skin. The sun was high in the sky, and when she looked up she could see the corner of it over the top of the building. The passageway was mostly shrouded in

shadows.

"Tom, someone could come past." His hands slipped from her hips and she heard the subtle click and whirl of his camera.

"No one comes out the back of a hotel at dinner time; well, except if someone comes out for a sneaky fag. Imagine that. Some poor unsuspecting young man coming face to face with your glorious legs." His hands slipped up her thighs again and flipped her skirt up. "Actually, lets give him something proper to look at."

From the way he talked Helen couldn't tell if it was just conjuncture or if there were really a young man on his fag break, staring at her pale buttocks as they hung in midair. However, Helen forgot all about the guy, real or imagined, when Tom's fingers ran up and down the length of her exposed slit. Her mind went blank, the pleasure coursing through her, wiping away all traces of rational thought. His finger rested there, between her wet, feminine lips, tempting and teasing in their stillness, promising so much but delivering very little. When she heard the sound of a zip, though, she realized why he had suddenly paused.

She thought briefly about protesting, but as soon as she felt the thick head of his cock pressing between her butt cheeks, all protests were forgotten. She wanted this man; it might not be logical, it might not be proper and it certainly wasn't right, but fuck it. She was going to have some fun. Why not?

As her inhibitions slipped away, he slipped inside her. Not so slow it was torturous, but not so fast she missed the excitement of her walls stretching to accommodate him. She savored the feeling as he hung on to her hips, his fingers gripping tightly. She clung on to the handles for dear life as Tom's pace mounted.

"Oh fuck, you're just as sweet as I knew you would be." He groaned as he pistoned in and out of her. "So, so good."

She mewled, so very turned on, more alive than she had ever been. Was it the danger? Was it the public exposure, or was it the man? Helen didn't rightly care. She clung on and thrust her bum out and in again in time to his thrusts. She was abandoned and wild, purring and yelping like a wild cat as she was fucked.

That was it, she was being fucked. She'd never given herself over so thoroughly to the act of sex, she'd always been in control

in some way, never relenting. Now she had no control and she didn't care. Right up until she heard a car horn beeping close by, she didn't care. But in that moment she realized where she was and what she was doing.

"No!" She yelled. "Stop, stop. No." He stopped. "I might fall, someone might see me. We can't do this, not here."

\* \* \* \*

He gritted his teeth and pulled out from the erotic, warm nook he had been so enjoying only moments before. She was wet, tight and so much better than he'd ever thought. He'd known she was holding a wild animal in check, but he did not realize exactly how much she was holding in. She was wild in a darkly submissive way that set his blood boiling. She gave herself over to him completely and he knew of no better aphrodisiac in the world.

Patience, all he needed was a little more patience and he'd reach the ecstasy that was calling him so strongly. He'd never wanted anyone like he wanted Helen. He'd photographed and slept with models of all shapes, sizes and colours but this big, beautiful bundle of sexy curves and curls was by far the most attractive.

Many a man would have given up by now, denounced her as a cock tease and gone on to new pastures. Tom enjoyed a challenge, however. Even as he forced his still erect dick into his jeans, painfully squeezing it in and fastening his zipper, he looked forward to breaking through the barrier and feel her orgasming around him.

"Come on then." He said, more gruffly than he meant to. "It's not far to your hotel, now."

"Oh, well." She stuttered, "If you could, just, you know, direct me to it. I...I don't want to waste any more of your time."

"You're not a waste," He replied, turning and looking her straight in the eye. His hand reached out and grasped her arm. "Not in the slightest." He pulled her to him, and Helen didn't struggle. She couldn't. She needed to feel his arms around her, comforting her.

She was so angry with herself for panicking, for yelling at him to stop. She felt alive, passionate and free for the first time ever and her stupid insecurities pulled her right back into the

cage and locked the door. Her heart sank, and when Tom was so gruff with her, tears stung her eyes. She felt pathetic and her body was angry at her for stopping its ecstasy.

His lips met hers, instant balm for her wounds. His kiss made everything better. It was soft and pliable. It was not created from lust alone, although they both could feel the sexual frisson between them. This kiss was the oral equivalent of a long, comforting snuggle. It was a warm blanket wrapped around cold shoulders, a hand to pick you up after a fall.

"Come on." Tom said tugging on her hand as the kiss faded, "let's get back to your hotel."

"Okay." She smiled, squeezed his fingers and settled into his stride. It took only minutes to reach the front of her hotel, and Helen was only slightly surprised when Tom walked straight in the front door with her.

"Well, thanks for the tour, Tom," she said, stopping at the bottom of the wide spread stairs.

"My pleasure," he replied. "Now I could just do with a cuppa and a sit down. You do have tea making facilities, right?"

"Erm, yes," Helen replied, trying desperately to think of a way to say *go away* tactfully.

"Oh, good. Lead the way then."

\* \* \* \*

Tom knew she wanted him to go, but he also knew if he did, he'd likely never see her again. He had to get to her room, and keeping her off kilter seemed to be working.

"Okay."

\* \* \* \*

She couldn't believe he'd tricked her into taking him up to her room so easily. A few words and her barrier had collapsed. Part of her suspected she didn't really want to protest, that it was just the last vestige of her instilled propriety talking, not her. It's not like she was normally such a walk over. She was seen as a bit of a bitch at work. She would brook no nonsense and even the most enthusiastic sales person faltered under her weighty stare. Tom seemed to bring out the vulnerability in her, and Helen was so busy wondering why that she missed the top of a step, and toppled forward.

"Are you alright?" Tom's hand was instantly on her thigh,

preventing her from falling further.

"I, I, I think so." She gasped, turning to her side, and resting one thigh on the stair, before shifting her weight so she could perch awkwardly on the little ledge. Tom knelt before her, running a hand up and down the front of her leg, checking the knees for scratches.

"You might have some interesting bruises come tomorrow, but that's all."

"I'm so clumsy." She shook her head, the tears threatening to spring forth again.

"It's easy done, love," he soothed, "Don't worry your pretty little head about it."

Tenderly he dropped his lips to her knee. Gently he kissed the reddened flesh, making Helen's heart jump with delight and her pussy clench with arousal. A little moan escaped her lips, and a wicked glint entered Tom's eye.

His lips slipped higher, tracing up the inside of her thigh, lifting her skirt higher and higher as the kisses climbed, making her tummy flip like pancakes tossed by a showy chef.

"Not here." She hissed. "Anyone could come up here at any moment."

"In the middle of the day?" Tom paused for a moment, glancing into her eyes. "The tourists will all be out; the maids will have made the rooms already." He continued to kiss up, and Helen placed her hands on his shoulders to get him to stop, but as her lips parted to protest, his lips kissed hers.

An electric pulse flickered up and out, engulfing her whole being but focusing between her thighs. His tongue flipped out and she let go of a little gasp, then a low growl as that tongue lapped up and down, parting her lips and caressing the damp velvet concealed inside. Again, her mind went blank, and not until she became aware of the hard pressure in the small of her back did she remember where she was.

"No," she said, once again and once again he stopped. He pulled down the bottom of her skirt and smoothed it out over her thighs. He stepped back a step, allowing her the room she needed to stand and turn around. He squeezed her bum as she moved to take the next step, and her face flamed with the heat that diffused her body.

"God help us when I get you into the privacy of your room," he growled, walking up the stairs directly behind her, eager to taste and touch all he was craving for.

She couldn't wait to get to her room. In her room she would be able to let go, she was sure of it. She ignored her nagging wife of a conscience as she raced up the stairs to the top floor. She smiled to herself as she remembered they had booked a room so high, on a floor of its own, so they would not wake up the neighbours. The ex would not be impressed that the room was serving its purpose even without him.

When they reached the front door, it seemed to take forever to find her keys, digging around in her handbag. When she pulled them out they clacked against the large plastic fob noisily, her hands were shaking so much. It took a long moment for her to steady her fingers enough to fit the key into the lock and turn it.

It was a typical hotel room. Practical and almost comfortable, with a small double-bed, a couple of white painted chests of drawers and an old wardrobe in a corner. What made the room special were the beautiful bay windows. A wonderful view of the south bay, expanses of sea and sand rolling out to the horizon. The cloudless sky seemed to imitate the calm beauty of the North Sea.

"I'll put the kettle on, then," Helen said, more to fill the silence than anything. She felt twitchy being in such a confined space with such a charming and larger than life man.

\* \* \* \*

"There'll be time for that later." Tom strode away from the window and to Helen. He pressed her up against the wall and kissed her with more passion than he knew he possessed. He fell into her soft womanly folds, feeling her envelope him in a hug that brought them together, completely together.

Lips locked, chests pressed so close that they could barely breathe, groins nestled against each other, joining through the clothes that tried to keep them apart. Hands roamed free, caressing and stroking, ever moving and ripping at clothes.

The passion took over; Helen and Tom stopped being separate entities and became one. They moved in unison to loose the clothes that were keeping them apart. Helen's dress was

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pulled high over her head, and as she struggled to free her arms, Tom attacked the bra, freeing her breasts and burying his head between them.

They were as soft and sexy, as he had known they would be. He couldn't get enough of their sweet teats. He sucked one and then the other and then back again. His hands flowed down her hips and thighs. One hand slipped back and grasped a smooth buttock and the other slipped between her thighs and touched the steamy haven between them.

\* \* \* \*

She was lost. Her propriety had deserted her and she was in the wilds, surrounded by desire, lust and passion. She wasn't scared any more, every touch of his hand reassuring her as well as arousing her. She knew, and had known all along, that he was something special, that Tom would look after her. She surrendered herself to the emotions, flowing with each touch of his fingers, each suck of his lips.

She was aware they were moving away from the wall as their flamenco of foreplay continued. As they grasped and pulled, their bodies twisted and turned until she came to a stop in front of the window. His hands held her there as she came to terms with being naked, completely naked in full view of the people walking along the road.

She didn't cry *stop!* She didn't want to. She enjoyed being displayed here, far enough away from the viewing public to be anonymous. Even if one of those tourists tripping along the front looked up, they'd not know who she was, or be able to see her face. They'd just see her body and see her having sex, and that, she found, was a massive turn on.

"I knew you liked being watched," he purred in her ear, his hands leaving her sides to pull the belt from his jeans. "Raise your hands," he commanded, and she obeyed without second thoughts. Her hands shot up above her head and came into contact with the curtain rail. For a moment, Helen was intensely aware that her breasts were bouncing around unfettered and anyone could look in and see them. Her pussy actually twitched with excitement at the thought, her clitoris hummed and she moaned softly.

A gasp forced its way from between her lips as she felt the



supple leather of Tom's belt being wrapped around her wrists and attached to the curtain pole. He fastened it, tightening it just enough to hold her fast. She was sure that if she really wanted to, she could escape. It was deliciously decadent to realize she did not want to.

"Right, I'll be back." He said and Helen heard him walking away from her.

"Where are you going?" She cried, trying her hardest to look over her shoulder and see what was happening.

"I'm going to take a photo." Tom replied, and pulled the hotel door shut behind him.

Helen panicked. This was surely Tom's revenge for the cock teasing she'd put him through all day. He was going to leave her hanging here, naked and struggling until someone walked in on her or she managed to free herself. The belt wasn't giving as much as she thought it might; she was well and truly stuck.

Not just stuck but naked. Naked in the bay window of a sea front hotel at a busy seaside resort. Someone was going to see her up here, eventually, and then what? Would they run to her rescue, or gawk and move on? Her whole, large body was exposed. Her breasts hung and wobbled with her every move; there was no hiding her wide hips and broad thighs, or the soft curve of her stomach. Helen was more than a little perplexed by the fact she was turned on. Her nipples were hard and straining, he pussy tingled and her skin glowed with the flush of arousal.

She was taking a break from pulling on her bonds when she saw Tom on the street below. He had his camera in hand and was directing it towards her. Images of brown envelopes slapping down on tables in front of her family and boss, pictures of her bound in her current position spilling out across the shiny surface, leapt to mind.

"Bastard." She cursed and struggled in her bonds once more.

\* \* \* \*

Tom could see the look crossing Helen's face through the strong lens of his camera.. He could see her displayed there for him and anyone else who might happen to glance up. Positioning Helen in the corner of his shot, he filled the rest of the picture with glorious sky. This was his masterpiece. As soon as he had

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the shot he wanted, he bounded back into the hotel and raced up the stairs to Helen's room.

\* \* \* \*

The door clicked open and Helen froze. "Hello?" She questioned, not being able to turn and see who had come in through the door. "Is that you Tom? If it is get me down this instant, you pervert!" She raged at him, but in her mind she was begging to be fucked.

Finally she felt him behind her. She knew it was him. Maybe she recognized the sound of his breathing, or the pressure of his footfall. Her arms were aching now, and she wanted relief. Sexual relief, if she was honest with herself, even if it meant hanging around like this for some time more.

"You are so beautiful." Tom crooned. "I had to have a photo to remember this by, to remember the beauty of you hung up and displayed for all to see." The sound of clothes rustling, was followed by his hands on her breasts, his fingers seeking and pinching her nipples. His naked body pressed into the curve of her back and his hard erection prodded at her buttocks until it slipped between their plump curves.

She had wanted to say so much to him. She'd thought up so many things to call him, to yell at him as she hopelessly dangled in the window. Now she could only moan in pleasure as the hard cock she longed for was roughly pressed into her dripping hole.

"You're so wet," he panted, rocking back onto his heels then to his toes to fuck her. He held on tight to her hips as they swung together, joined intimately by pleasure. He could feel as well as see her breasts as they wildly bounced and jiggled and he hoped someone was watching, getting the voyeuristic pleasure of seeing those beauties so animated.

Helen had become unaware of her arms, except for the pull on her shoulders as they swung-fucked back and forth. Her mind was lost in thought, focused on the sensations caused by Tom slipping and sliding his cock inside of her. With every move her breasts jumped, the slapping sound as they bounced, echoing through her mind, erotically hypnotizing her to higher heights of pleasure.

She barely felt the movement of Tom's hands until the fucking motion suddenly swung to a stop. She felt his hands

working on the belt and suddenly she was free. It caught her off guard and she stumbled forward, her hands pressing down onto the wide windowsill, saving her from injury, though her arm muscles protested somewhat at the jolt.

"You okay?" Tom asked, as his hands ran down over her hips, his cock gently pressed between her buttocks.

"Yes," she replied, "and no. I need your cock inside me again, please."

\* \* \* \*

Tom did not need to hear that twice. With one strong push he was inside her again and they both moaned in unison at the relief. The moment of relief did not last as the burning desire to come overtook them both. They swung back into a hard, fucking rhythm that made Helen's dangling breasts sway pendulously.

Tom wanted to see her face; he needed to see her, to witness the enjoyment in her eyes as they both succumbed. He stopped plunging into her sweet depths, and pulled her up. She swung around, perhaps reading his mind in a moment of sexual clarity, and pressed her body into him.

They tussled, swirling round; in full contact, blissfully unaware of anything but their bodies joined but yet not joined enough. It was sheer chance that brought them crashing down onto the bed, Helen pinned beneath Tom's body.

She shifted her hips, shimmied her body higher up the bed, splitting her thighs wide for him. Her fingers sneaked up off the bedcovers and under the swell of her belly to slip down into the soft damp curls, and further still to the nub that was screaming out for her touch. She bucked in pleasure as she gently massaged her clit. Her eyes opened and she looked at Tom. As their eyes met, lust leapt between them and he lunged between her thighs. It took but moments for Tom to slide back into that familiar place and back into the pleasurable rhythm he'd set before.

Now, with every thrust he felt her fingers against his pelvis as they stroked up and down, bringing her close to orgasm.

Tom looked down at her and saw her eyes screw closed, her mouth lolling open, her face a mask of delightful concentration. He watched as her body exploded in ecstasy, a long, satisfied groan forcing from between her lips. The clenching of her muscles around his cock combined with this heavenly picture

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tipped him over the edge. His eyes closed as his orgasm pulsed through him and shot out into her hot, spasming pussy.

\* \* \* \*

She opened her eyes just as his eyelids snapped shut. She watched his body arch away from her as he pressed himself deep inside, releasing his come to drench her pussy. The sensation of his cock swelling and releasing prolonged the sweet sensations coursing through her, **extending** her orgasm a few seconds longer.

He lay still for a moment, and then slipped out of her. Out of the entanglement of legs he freed himself to lie next to her, pulling her into a tight embrace.

\* \* \* \*

She didn't remember falling asleep, so waking up was a little bit of a shock in itself, but she was even more shocked to find the bed empty. Where had Tom gone?

She sat up, her lack of nightwear another reminder of the torrid sexual activity of the night before. She looked around and noticed a small card on the bedside table—a business card. She turned it over and over in her hand, trying to find something personal, a hint that Tom actually cared. But as the tears welled up in her eyes she gave up, flung the card back down onto the bedside cabinet and ran to the bathroom.

A hot shower did not make her feel much better and as soon as she was dressed she packed her bags. Just as she opened the hotel door, she looked back and noticed the card.

"I'm going to bloody well give him a piece of my mind," she cursed, swinging back round into the room and grabbing the card. "The bastard is not going to get away with this."

As she made her way to Tom's house, via directions given by a typically friendly Yorkshire local, she plotted what she was going to say. She had every line of it perfected, all about how he'd played with her, assaulted her and led her on. How he was a bastard of the highest order and she hoped his genitals would shrivel up and fall off. When he opened the door all she managed was...

"Hi."

"Helen, you got the message then, come in."

She tightened her resolve as she followed him into a large,

bright room with stripped floors. It was easy to remember those vitriolic words as his back was turned to her, and as the bile and anger bubbled up once more she began to spit it out.

"Now look here..." She got no further, her melody of malicious thoughts going unsaid as she saw the giant canvas propped up against the wall. It was a photo of the front of her hotel, the tall white building mimicking the colour of the clouds scudding through the bright blue sky, and in the very top window stood Helen, hands above her head, her naked breasts thrust forward and her head thrown back.

"Beautiful isn't it? I'm calling it *Sweet Surrender*." Tom's voice came from beside her; he laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"I'm sorry I left before you woke, but I had to work on this, while I was still fired up. I left you my card, but I had no pen to write you a note, I'm glad you're not mad at me."

"But I am mad at you," she replied, her eyes still glued to the work of art before her. "I've got this whole spiel where I tell you that you are a bastard and other such derogative terms. I curse your genitals even."

"Oh. Well, do you think we can have hot sex before you tell me that one? Looking at this photo for the past several hours has gotten me so horny for you that I want to pounce and rip your clothes off right now."

She turned and looked into his smiling face. "Sure," she replied. "I can't remember what I was going to say now, anyway."

"It's okay. I'm planning to fuck you for a really long time. You'll have remembered it by the time we've finished."

Their lips met, still hooked into smiles. Helen knew this would not be the last time she surrendered to this sweet, sexy man; in fact she was quite sure this was only the beginning.

## About The Author

Victoria Blisse is a mother, wife, Christian, Manchester United fan and erotica writer. She is equally at home behind a laptop or a cooker and she loves to create stories, poems, cakes and biscuits that make people happy. She was born near Manchester, England and her northern English quiriness shows through in all of her stories. Passion, love and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her busy life. If you want to know more about Victoria and her books please check out her website at <http://www.victoriablisse.co.uk> Victoria loves to make new friends, so if you're on Myspace pop over and say hello: <http://www.myspace.com/victoriablisse> Or send an email to her at [Victoria@victoriablisse.co.uk](mailto:Victoria@victoriablisse.co.uk) ..