

One night fall
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I'd do the same for you...

"It's not often I get a man bowing at my feet." A soft voice cascaded down to me as I squatted trying to reach the bottle top that I had dropped, having found its way between a pair of black court shoes. I stood to look into the eyes of a goddess.

"Hi, I'm Chloe," she said, offering her hand.

"I'm Nathan, lovely to meet you," I replied, squeezing her delicate hand gently. A tingle passed through me, setting my pulse racing.

A bit more than lovely, I thought, as I drank in a tumble of blonde hair framing a honey complexion, brilliant blue eyes, and a smile that would stun from twenty paces. If it's like this just shaking hands, I thought, what would it be like to get naked with her? Surely that pleasure was only deferred, as Nathan the Charmer entered the chase. I was captivated.

"I'm a journalist here to cover the conference for your company's PR firm," said Chloe, as she sipped her water. A hint of huskiness in her voice was accompanied by the slightest trace of a south-east accent.

"Let me know what you think of my presentation," I requested, "but be honest! I know what you journalists are like, particularly from down south!" I teased, gazing adoringly at my companion. It was as if she were illuminated by a spotlight; she glowed radiantly. I imagined kissing her, holding her, taking in her scent.

"You might not like what I say, I'm brutally honest" replied Chloe, deadpan and gorgeous. She reached up to play with her hair, twisting it between her fingers. She straightened slightly, pushing her breasts against her blouse, her nipples hardening. I was convinced that she had felt it too, through our touch, the tingle.

“The best policy, in my humble view,” I said, snapping out of my daydream. “Why don’t we grab some lunch before I’m on? We’ve got an hour or so.”

“OK,” said Chloe smiling, “I just need to make a quick call, excuse me a moment?” She looked me straight in the eyes and lingered. The die was cast; the air crackled with instant sexual attraction, and a collision course for our hips and lips was set. I watched her walk away, knowing exactly what she would do next. She glanced back and smiled as she saw that I was still entranced. We were hooked.

The restaurant was seductively perfect; soft Oriental music playing in the background, each table decorated with a delicate vase, holding a single orchid.

We took our place and looked at each other lingeringly until the waiter disturbed our connection. Having taken our order, the polite Chinese waiter disappeared to the kitchen, reappearing silently within seconds with wine, glasses and chop sticks.

“So, here we are!” I began, slightly nervous at being with such a gorgeous woman, despite my bravado. “It’s amazing to meet you, Chloe, there’s something about you that just makes me want to get closer.” I poured us both a glass of house red.

“Good,” replied Chloe, “But I don’t want you to get the wrong impression about me. I’m not usually this forward.”

“Nor me,” I answered, comfortingly. “Right now, I want to get to know you, what makes you tick.” I looked at Chloe, her radiance mesmerising me. We drank our wine, as we drank in each other.

“I guess it’s picking up total strangers at conferences,” she said. I looked at her startled, before she smiled. “Got you!” she said.

“Hands up, you did that alright!” I admitted. “Two egotists making love. She says “God, I’m tight!” He says “No, just full!””

Chloe nearly splattered me with red wine as she tried to control her laughter.

“Got you back!” I followed up quickly. “What’s better than daffodils on your piano? Tulips on your organ!” I smiled as Chloe put her hand to her mouth, in a vain attempt to suppress her laughter.

“You bastard! There won’t be any lips anywhere if you don’t watch it! Here’s one for you, I hope you like daft jokes. Two eggs and a tomato in a frying pan. The tomato says, “It’s hot in here!” One egg says to the other “Hey look, a talking tomato!”

“Nice one!” I replied, laughing politely. “Did you know that sex for a woman is like snow?” Chloe looked at me, lips slightly parted, glass raised, not falling for the same trick again. “You don’t know when it’s going to happen or how many inches you are going to get!”

“You’re terrible!” said Chloe, laughing. “So, how many inches would I get then?” She looked at me expectantly, a curl of blonde hair falling in front of her dazzling eyes.

“Well, I reckon you’d put at least an extra inch on me,” I replied boldly. Chloe raised her eyebrows and took a sip of wine. “I’ll give you a clue,” I continued. “The queen said “Send me a footman”; when he arrived, she said “That’s not a footman.” He replied “No, but it’s a good eleven inches!””

Chloe toyed with the stem of her glass, slowly rubbing it, looking straight into me eyes. “I carry a tape measure with me everywhere, I’ll have you know, and I do not expect to be disappointed.”

“I’ve never had any complaints,” I replied. “I expect you’d report it as “a very pleasing combination of both length and girth, with tremendous staying power!””

“You’re full of yourself, aren’t you, big boy!” said Chloe, as she moved up from the stem of her glass to the rim. “Still, I’ll have to take your word for it, won’t I?”

She’s playing hard to get now, I thought, as I shifted gear, trying not to look too disheartened at her apparent rejection of my advances.

“Someone once told me that the best way to learn a foreign language is to go to

bed with someone who speaks it," I continued as Chloe kicked me playfully under the table. "How's your Chinese; I always struggle in restaurants, as you probably noticed!"

"I can't speak Chinese," said Chloe, "But my mum was Welsh, if you've any call for that."

"I love Wales, had some great times there swimming off the beach at Conway."

"I'm not too keen on swimming," Chloe said. "I prefer to lounge on the beach, as naked as possible of course, and get a tan."

Mental images of Chloe, semi-naked and oiled with suntan lotion, triggered a bout of spontaneous localised rigor mortis in my trousers, which unlike Blackpool Tower had no ball room.

"I'd love to see your white bits," I said warmly.

Chloe removed her watch to reveal a slim band of paler flesh. "That's it" she said.

"So you're not too sensitive to the sun, then, with being blonde?" I asked, genuinely.

"I'm not blonde everywhere," replied Chloe, mischievously, "want to find out? I'm staying over tonight, how about you?"

"I'll need to make a call, but shouldn't be a problem," I replied, not believing my luck. Sophie, my partner of three years was away on business anyway, so the timing couldn't be better. "Excuse me a moment?"

Later that evening, after knocking on her hotel bedroom door, Chloe planted on me the most welcoming, moist, passionate, lingering kiss. I got undressed and climbed into the huge bed, dimming the lights. I leant back to find an uncomfortable lump in my pillow. I reached under it and came across a tube of KY jelly and a strap-on dildo. The evening just got better.

After a few minutes, the door opened, and Chloe stood silhouetted by the

moonlight streaming in through the bathroom window. She was naked, except for hold-up stockings and nipple tassles. I could see the outline of her body, which was exquisite. She moved slowly towards me, and I saw what she meant by not being blonde everywhere. Her pussy was shaven, revealing her outer labia as a peach waiting to be caressed, and its juices released. Her breasts were small and pert. I pulled off the tassles to reveal large dark nipples, swollen in anticipation. I folded back the sheets and she gasped as she saw my erection, which she took gently in her hand as she knelt on the bed, and kissed me. My hands reached up to pull her close and she lay on top of me, grinding herself into me, rubbing her breasts into my chest, grinding her pussy mound against my knob.

Her scent was overpowering, as we embraced passionately, our tongues and limbs entwining. My hand moved over her breasts, tracking every contour, committing them to memory. Chloe ran her tongue across my chest, whilst her fingers caressed my back, and then moved down to delicately stroke my arse. I rolled her onto her back, and kissed her stomach, moving back up to kiss her breasts, as she writhed and moaned softly. I flicked my tongue around her aureole, tasting her, teasing her nipples with my teeth. My fingers drifted between her legs, stroking everywhere except her clitoris, gently probing her swollen labia, which were becoming wetter by the second.

“How do you like the fresh peach?” she whispered.

“Delicious,” I murmured, as she continued “Move around so I can reach you.” I lay on my side, and within seconds felt her tongue sliding around my stomach, her fingers playing with my balls. I kissed her moist pussy gently, my tongue and fingers moving in harmony, exploring every part of her. I felt a warmth envelope my bell-end, as Chloe began to gently suck my cock, and I reciprocated by flicking my tongue around her clit. She pressed her mound against my face, as I teased her with a slow,

circular motion. Chloe's rhythm on my knob increased, her hair gently caressing my stomach. I slid a finger into her, and rubbed her clit with my thumb. I slipped another finger inside, as her breathing intensified, and she took my throbbing penis deeper into her mouth, her tongue rolling around my shaft.

"Roll one on then," whispered Chloe breathing heavily. Seconds later, I entered her gently, then drove in full length, as our lips and hips locked together. She arched her back to get every centimetre of me inside her, and we rocked gently, as I felt her warmth penetrating the unwelcome but necessary rubber sheath.

"Let me go on top," she suggested, so I rolled onto my back. Chloe took my pole and guided me in, riding me with increasing urgency. I reached up and fondled her breasts. She rubbed her clit as she abandoned herself to the moment. She stopped briefly and turned round, so I could see myself entering her, as she leant forward to suck my toes.

"Do me doggy," she said in total control. She knelt down, with her pussy beckoning. I obliged, and pushed home my rod, increasing the rhythm, then slowing, two quick, five slow, as she pushed back against my hips. I placed my hands on her buttocks, and used my thumbs to part her lips wider as I thrust inside her. Our bodies slapped together rhythmically, my balls banging against her clit.

"Did you find the KY?" gasped Chloe, expectantly.

"Under the pillow," I replied breathily, as she reached it and passed it back.

"Go gently," she said, as I applied the jelly to both my rubber and her starfish, gently easing my finger inside. I reached around with my other hand and gently massaged her clitoris.

"Ok, I'm ready," she gasped, as I probed an inch at a time, still massaging her clit, as I entered her arse hole.

After a few strokes, Chloe pulled away, turned round and whipped off the

rubber. As I knelt in front of her, she went down on me urgently, one hand and mouth on my knob, the other playing with my balls and rim. I rubbed and fingered her pussy, and we came simultaneously, as a huge spurt of jizz showered her face. I leant forward and licked it off, then locked onto her mouth.

We collapsed onto the bed, and Chloe snuggled over.

“Hold me tight, Nathan, please?” she asked. We lay there basking in the afterglow. She hugged me tight; I could feel her wet pussy against my leg. My knob throbbed as it grew firmer. I rolled Chloe over and went down on her. I licked her clit and slid a finger into her arse as she moaned softly. I sat up, and she rolled on another condom and mounted me. We rocked together gently, as she ground her hips against mine. Her breasts rubbed against my chest, as my hands massaged her back, running my fingers the length of her spine, down to her buttocks. I spread them wide so I could push deeper inside her. I could feel the soft fluttering of her pussy around my shaft as she neared orgasm. She gasped, and fell back onto the bed. I whipped off my condom and wanked until I came over her tits. I lowered myself gently on top of her, feeling the warmth of my come against my chest as we held each other close.

Chloe stroked my arm, and reached up to run her fingers through my hair. She looked at me, and stretched up to kiss me.

“My turn,” she said, reaching under the pillow. She pulled out her strap-on from under the pillow and wagged it in front of my face. “Ever been taken up the arse?” she asked matter-of-factly.

“There’s a first time for everything,” I admitted, nervously.

“I’ll be gentle, I promise,” she whispered, as she buckled up. “Lie face down, and leave it to me,” she said. I did as she asked, and raised my arse slightly, not knowing what to expect. Her tongue started to flick around my arse hole as she rimmed me delicately. A cold sensation followed, as she applied some KY jelly, and

eased her finger into me. She reached round and tickled my balls with her other hand, then reached up to massage my shaft. The combination of her finger up my arse and my shaft being massaged was incredible. I was about to burst when she stopped, and knelt behind me. I felt the dildo's tip gently probing, as Chloe gripped my arse cheeks and spread them wider. She pushed forward and I gasped as she entered me deeper. She withdrew slowly, and pushed forward again, this time leaning forward and reaching around to stroke my straining knob. Two more strokes and I couldn't hold myself back. I came massively, as Chloe slid in and out of my butt, and wanked me off simultaneously. I collapsed face down into the pillow and into the damp patch. Chloe lay down on top of me, holding me.

"That was awesome," I said quietly, "Thank you!"

"My pleasure," murmured Chloe, as I felt her rubbing herself to a climax. She shuddered as she came, and we drifted off to sleep.

I awoke to the sound of an alarm call, and a pair of sparkling blue eyes.

"Morning, handsome," soft words emitting from the mouth of an angel.

"How long have you been awake?" I asked, rubbing my eyes, and sidling over to feel her warm nakedness.

"Long enough for this," she replied, and drew my hand down to her pussy, which was wet, warm and welcoming. She pushed against me, as I responded instantly, the smell of sex still strong. She guided me inside her, unprotected and uninhibited.

"Are you sure you're ok with this?" I asked, as she murmured inaudibly and continued to kiss and grind. It was heavenly to feel her skin to skin, and the gentle pulse of her pussy as her orgasm beckoned. We came together. I held her close, and ran my fingers down her back and squeezed her bum.

"Chloe, you are amazing," I whispered after a few precious moments of post-

coital intimacy, “but I really do have to get ready and leave.”

Chloe looked at me, doe-eyed and beautiful, hair all tussled and framing a more natural beauty than I had seen before. “Chuck a sickie and stay here with me,” she suggested.

I laughed, throwing the bed sheets over her as I made for the shower. After a couple of minutes, I heard the bathroom door opening.

“Mind if I join you?” she asked, almost politely.

“Please do!” I beamed delightedly. I soaped her breasts, and held her close. She reached round and slid her finger up my arse.

“Have I converted you then? But only with me, promise? No playing hide the sausage up there with your mates, ok?” She was fun, great in the sack, and I felt truly happy about what had happened.

My one night stand with Chloe was my one night fall. I was hooked, I had to see her again, and soon, whatever the risk to my relationship with Sophie. My phone rang. I didn’t recognise the number.

“It’s me, Chloe,” she said. “Can you be in London this week-end? I’ll make it worth your while.”

“I’ll be there,” I said instantly, without a clue about how I would explain my absence to Sophie. But that was my problem. The reward was there to be taken, and Chloe was irresistible.

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