

Revenge ...Best served HOT

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The passion of revenge, especially because of someone you love.

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I needed you. I waited outside of your house an extra thirty minutes until I knew he was gone and wouldn't be back until tonight. He had apparently gotten a late start on going to work, and I wasn't sure of his state of mind. I walked towards the side door and took the key from your special hiding place and let myself inside. The side entrance, sheltered by the huge weeping willow, was right off the kitchen and I was hoping for a hot toddy or a naked you to get me warm.

No lights on in the kitchen should have been my first clue, but the thought of seeing you was the singular purpose clouding my observations. Walking further into the house I saw the light coming from the stairs and made my way towards them almost tripping over the phone table in the short hallway. I proceeded up the stairs and saw the light coming from under the bedroom door and continued.

I needed you. I heard you before I actually saw you and questioned why there was sobbing. I had come tonight to be with you and soak up the passion and love that we shared. I needed you every day since we had met and my thoughts and feelings depended on having you.

It is strange how these things happen through no effort on anyone's particular part. Two individuals, desperate for connection, compassion, solace or just warmth, are attracted to each other and despite obstacles seek to establish and eliminate those desperate conditions in their lives. We knew in a short period of time that what each of us had the other needed.

I needed you. The sound of my knock on your door must have startled you because I heard you gasp. I pushed the door open as you turned towards me suddenly; I thought you may have forgotten I was coming tonight. After the initial surprise I saw the recognition in your eyes, you let out a sob and sprang from the bed almost jumping into my arms. Placing my arms around you I hugged you close as your sobs gave way to wails and your body shook as you struggled to catch a breath.

The only other time I had held you while you cried was our first night together. After meticulously planning our first evenings' activities for weeks, when the moment finally arrived all was abandoned as we fell into each other's arms and would not be separated. The intimacy was immediate, raw and driven. Two people hungry for each other, we couldn't wait for any type of dance that occurred with clothes. As we kissed and stroked, licked and bit, sucked and suckled our passion was overwhelming and culminated in a release that consumed. Afterwards entwined with each other caressing and kissing, amid the sweat and syrup, the tears of came.

I needed you. The intakes of breath had begun to quiet as you clung to me. The silk strands of your hair stuck to your face and neck and when I brushed them away to gaze into the green eyes that I get lost in, I noticed the bruising. In complete shock I registered the swelling around your left eye and a small cut above your cheekbone. Holding you out at arm's length I gazed at that sumptuous body, every curve of which I had explored with my hands, tongue and teeth, now spotted with cuts and bruises to the arms and legs with red marks to the stomach that would bruise in a few hours.

I lifted you in my arms and made way to the bath. You relaxed and placed your head against my chest and I could feel your hot tears on my skin. Placing you gently on the lounge chair I reached for the faucet to draw a warm bath. Still holding you in one arm I cupped my hand to gauge the warmth of the water and began to wash your face and neck with a soft cloth. Kneeling in front of you, I placed the wet cloth on your stomach bruises as I removed your gown and panties. I lifted you and gingerly placed you in the tub.

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You needed me. Once in the tub I turned to get up but you threw your arms around my legs as if fearful that I was leaving. Gingerly I moved to your hands as I kissed your forehead and moved down the side of your face to kiss the bruising and cuts. Your lips sought mine and we met in a soft kiss. Your mouth opened and my tongue entered, passion growing, your fingers ran through my hair and pulled me closer to you. The soft kiss became consumption as we tasted and teased each other's lips, face and neck. Seemingly spent we separated with an even softer kiss on our lips. I took your hands in mine and kissing each finger, said I would be right back.

True to my word I walked back into the room with a glass, three fingers of whiskey and a bucket of ice. I placed three cubes in the whiskey and told you to sip and let the warmth spread from your stomach. With one sip and two gulps you gave me back the glass and asked for a camera and more whiskey. Coming back with the bottle you took the camera and shot several pictures of the bruising. Pouring you another three fingers, you eased yourself back into the tub and turned off the water. I sat on the edge of the tub and stroked your hair as you closed your eyes and sipped.

You needed me. You reached your arm out of the water and traced your fingers on my thigh. I lightly stroked your hair and your face tracing my fingers gently around your jaw line and ears. While I slowly massaged your ear lobes, you shivered slightly as a sigh escaped your lips. My fingers went to your chin as I raised your head and brushed my lips with yours. I leaned back against the shower surround and gazed at you trying to determine what things you were thinking. Your cheeks were flush from the alcohol and despite the bruise and the cut, you looked beautiful. You opened your eyes bringing your leg out of the water and placing it on my lap.

I started massaging your feet, beginning with your toes. As I rolled the individual toes with my fingers, the other hand began with the shapely ankles. Kneading softly on the calf with both hands, I could feel the tendons start to release and you purred with contentment. Looking up at your face, the eyes had closed once more, but the flush in your cheeks had grown and a small smile had started on your lips. The water rippled when you moved your hips and I was granted a full view of your mound as your thighs wanted some attention. My hands circled your thighs and began with a little more pressure, searching for knots and tension release.

You needed me. The water rippled again as you positioned your hips so that your lower lips were brushed by my fingers as they made their way up your shapely legs. A slight gasp escaped your lips as I crossed your mound and continuing my massage I moved down your other leg with both hands pressing and pulling while your breathing was getting deeper. Your hips were now moving in and out of the water as my massaging of both legs moved from feet to thighs. My hands came together at the top of your thighs and I used my thumbs to gently massage your clitoris as it began to peak from underneath its fleshy hood.

Slowly I rotated the rosy bud it had become and used my fingers to massage the flesh and muscles around your mound. Your hips spread and knocked against the tub surround signaling no more access could be encouraged and a disappointing grunt could be heard. Sitting up you got out of the tub and your hands reached for my face and a hungrier kiss was placed on my lips. Your mouth and tongue biting and licking my lips and tongue continued to move towards my neck. Your hand began unbuttoning my shirt and you ran your tongue down my chest, settling your lips and teeth on my nipples. The pains from the bites were distracting me from concentrating on your hands as they moved and began undoing my pants. Lifting myself up from the seat, my pants moved below my knees as my penis was grasped by your soft hands.

You needed me. A soft guttural sound came from your throat as your mouth left my nipples and you sat on your haunches in front of my wide open legs. Licking the head of my member caused a small shudder that was nothing in comparison to the engulfing feeling of your mouth. Your lips moved up one side and down the other placing small little nibbles along the way. Your hand massaged my sac as I moved my hands to stroke your hair. Your lips parted and all at once you had taken me in your mouth slowly moving down as your throat

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muscles relaxed and you tried to swallow me whole. Your hands milked my sac and I grabbed the back of your head and ran my fingers through your silky hair.

You slowly moved up and down on my shaft coating me completely with saliva and teasing the head with your teeth. You worked your way back up my chest and my penis brushed between your breasts, tracing a line from chin to clitoris of moisture. Your hips began to move in a circling motion and the bulbous head worked its way from your button around and parting your moist lower lips. Slowly you lowered yourself on my shaft and stopped as the head was surrounded and held in place. The circular motion began again and I could feel the walls of your tunnel constricting and holding me in place. The pink button of your clitoris was large and almost red as I reached down between us and pressed my thumb against it. An escape of air from your mouth as you bit my lips with tiny bites as I cupped your breasts and thrust inside you, burying my shaft inside.

You slowly moved up and down tilting your torso and placing my head between your breasts. I kissed and bit until your nipple was in my mouth and I sucked and licked reveling in the hardness between my lips. Your breathing began to shorten as the pace of your movements quickened, and you thrust yourself harder and harder. Gasping as you rose and grunting when you slammed into me your nectar and essence flowed from you and the wetness coated both of our thighs. Your legs quivered and your muscles contracted as you came and slumped against me kissing my neck and chest.

We did not move for a few minutes. You clung to me as I stood up still inside you and moved into the bedroom. I could feel hot tears on my shoulder. Laying you down on the bed caused the sobs to start and your body began to shake uncontrollably. I moved in behind you and took you in my arms, stroking your hair and planting tiny kisses on you cheek and neck until you fell asleep.

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