

Lunch time treat

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The beginning of a short story that is the compilation of two lovers separated by an ocean

Published on
Booksie

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The opening act.... She sits quietly in a straight-backed metal chair in the middle of his workshop. When she'd gotten his note in her lunch bag this morning, she hadn't expected to turn up to his empty workshop with just flower petals, feathers, a few neck ties and a burning candle that was on its last leg as the only evidence that anyone had recently been in the room. Where was he she thought? She'd gotten there a bit early, but still, the space certainly did not seem prepared to entertain. It looked more like the end pieces of some crazy project. The captain was one for projects, so she was certain some feathered thing would pop up sometime sooner or later. She pulled the small written note out of her clutch and reread it - meet me and the workshop on your lunch break, be prepared to call out for the rest of the day. Please have a seat in the metal chair and I will take you on a journey to paradise. Well, there wasn't too much there she could mess up. It was 1215 and she was sitting in the metal chair, awaiting her journey to paradise. She let out a deep breath and began to relax - she had no idea what she was doing here. Although her initial thought of being whisked away to a weekend retreat seemed increasingly unlikely, she found the anticipation of the unknown to be quite thrilling. As she looked down at her watch once more, the room went pitch black. So much for that candle, she said to herself. It had burned out moments before and now left here staring into pitch blackness. Darn black outs she thought! And darn him for working in a room with no windows! She set her clutch down on the ground and let her arms hang heavy on either side of the chair. She slouched in the chair and looked up in the direction of the ceiling, staring into the darkness, awaiting the return of the light. Things usually righted themselves in less than five minutes, instead of wandering around in the dark, she decided it best to just wait for the lights to kick back on. Perhaps by that time her captain would be ready to sail her away! She was so preoccupied with her own thoughts that she didn't hear the captain slip into the room quietly, but she felt the energy in the room change, she could feel someone else in the room. Captain? She called out into the darkness. Yes, my love? Came a smooth, sly voice. Just as smoothly, she could feel the captain come to stand next to her and felt his fingers tiptoe onto her forearms and trickled up her arms to her shoulders and up to her head. He raked the fingers of one hand through her hair and grabbed a hand full, gently pulling her head toward his. He bent down and kissed her deeply, fingers firmly entangled in her short, dark locks, as he let his free hand roam down the front of her body, caressing each breast before sliding his hand down to her mound, pushing the fabric of her skirt down between her legs with his fingers, letting the heel of his hand rest firmly on the top of her mound. He could feel her breathing change in his mouth as they kissed. He felt her start to slide down the chair, pushing herself into the heel of his hand. He pushed back, and pulled his lips away from hers. Don't move. He commanded. She whimpered in protest, but a playful tug on her hair and a firm swat on her mound sent sensations of pleasure rapidly through her body and quickly redirected her attention away from protesting further. The captain smiled in the darkness, completely erect, but keeping his rod from her. He relished in the idea of what was to come. He'd been planning this for quite some time now and was glad she finally had a day where she could skip out early. He planned to explore her all afternoon. Although the captain generally preferred the lights on so he could see everything, he was excited to explore her body in the darkness. To rely completely on his sense of touch, taste, smell and hearing. Already, his member was immediately responding to the feel of her soft lips against his and the sound of her quickening breath. He could smell her responding also and knew that despite her ignorance of what lay ahead, she was still quite eager. Take off your clothes, he told her. She quickly slipped out of her office clothes, letting her skirt and shirt fall into a heap on the floor in front of the chair. She slid off her panties and undid her bra feeling immediately more free. Please have a seat my love, and place your hands on the back legs of the chair. She inhaled sharply as she sat back into the metal chair, the chilly metal seat back hitting her skin was cooler than she expected it to be. The captain reached for the neck ties and tied each of her wrists to one of the chair legs. He loved tying knots and his hands moved expertly despite his absence of sight. He then tied her legs to the two front legs of the chair so that her knees remained apart. Now that you're properly secured...let me take you on a journey to paradise the captain told her...

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