

Cupids Arrow Bit of Kinky

By : **BITSxOFxKINKY**

Explicit Erotica .. Adult readers only .. Have you ever had that moment when from across the bar you see that special person. One that for no special reason a spark ignites. Then wonder what could have been, if you ever had the courage to go over and say, "Hi."



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EXPLICIT EROTICA

Adult Readers Only

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I don't think cupid has any forethought or planned technique as to his love matching. Impishly he flew over a gathering of people, loaded multiple arrows into his tiny bow, drew back and aiming high let them fly. Then giggled mischievously, as he watched the little arrows of love rain down randomly on the prospective lovers

Our eyes met for the briefest of moments, his continued on, to scan the room, then returned to mine. Maybe he felt my gaze, maybe he liked what he saw, or maybe I was the only thing fairly interesting in the room at that time. His eyes stared straight back at me. They were so hard to read with the strobe lights, flashing beams and the shifting of neon colored lights.

I kept looking over the melee of revelers, but had singled him out from the rest of the crowded bar on the first pass. The group of men he was with was rowdy, drunk, overpoweringly noisy, even with the pulsating beat of the loud music. He stood quiet, shoulder propped against the wall, proud, aloof, occasionally he sipped from the glass in his hand. He looked bored, a frown puckered between his eyebrows. Whenever the neon beam flashed, his eyes turned to slits against the glare, he defiantly was not enjoying himself. Seemed out of his element, like fish out of water, which made two of us.

My workmates had convinced me to come out on the monthly work's night out. "Come on," They said, "it will be fun. You'll love it. It's a new club, come try it." "Yea right." It was noisy, bouncing, hot, stuffy, and I was being ignored by my supposedly mates. I guess my face must have held a worse frown than his. I glanced over to the exit wondered if I could make my escape, but hanging near the door was my boss. He wouldn't let my escape go unnoticed. I would be taken into his office on Monday, and be given the "Were a team" lecture.

I swallowed the last bit from my glass and made a beeline for the bar. Pushed my way through the throng of chatting groups, I head subconsciously towards the end closest to him. I used elbows and my shoulders to ease my way through the hovering crowd as they jabbered noisily to each other. Their voices raised to bellows, just to be heard by their friends standing next to them. Propped my hip against the solid support of the bar, and waved my empty glass randomly in the air. It was a faint hope, but there's always the chance that I can catch the busy eye of a bar keep.

A gentle nudge brushed my arm. I turned, and looked straight into his dark eyes. He was breathtakingly handsome, butterflies did cartwheels in my stomach. The flashes of the strobe lights made it hard to define the true tone of his eyes. The vivid greens, yellows, and reds of the music's flashing lights danced within them keeping me transfixed. Long dark lashes curled away from his humor filled eyes. He was laughing at my hypnotized gaze. Blushing I dropped my eyes back to the bar counter. Through my peripheral vision I watched as he held out his empty glass and a bill note, as he joined my attempt to catch the eye of the bar staff.

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"Too damn busy in here tonight, I hate these specials nights. Canâ t get a bloody drink, a man could die of thirst." his voice carried to me in that low, but clear tone, with that masculine husky base. Not wanting to bellow, he had leaned close to my ear when he spoke, a thrill filled shiver ran through my skin.

Who was that man, that after just a brief glance and few off handed words could cause this ripple of excitement in me? I turned to reply, I was to late, his empty glass stood on the bar. I scanned through the throng surrounding me. Finally caught sight of his back as the exit door closed behind him.

"Your next, what do you want to drink?" I turned back to the bar, my mind fought to remember what I wanted. Stumbling out with the first drink I can think of, disappointment blurred any sane thought. Nursing it, I too small sips at it and took my time. I stayed lodged against the bar not caring as I got jostled and nudged by the drink seeking people around me. The heavy beat of the music mixed with the drunken shouts and laughter made my head swim.

The pounding noise was overladen with the cloying smell of humanity enmeshed together, cigarette smoke, sweat, alcohol, fresh and stale slopped beer trodden into the floor by many feet over the years. All mixed with various perfumes, aftershaves, the prominent overlay of all the intense smells of urine, and the toilet disinfectant. They try to conceal it with, but the two smells just mixed together to make a more evilly sickly aroma. That wafted through the club every time the toilet door opened or closed.

Suddenly the urge to run out of that crushing noise overwhelmed me, it became too much. Angrily I shoved my way through the crowd. Uncaring, I pushed past my boss's annoyed stare. Forced open the club's door, and let it slam closed on the noise behind me, reducing it to a gentler, muffled roar.

I moved away from the clubs steps, my lungs sucked in deep breaths of clear fresh air. The dull throb in my brain eased with every inhaled gasp. A heavy rain was falling and it felt so good after that club. I tilted my face up to the darkened sky, reveled in the refreshing feel of the chilled droplets. A group of lasses rushed by, they laughed and chatted away as they swished past me on their way to the club. It broke the spell I was in. They made me aware that I was gazing up to the heavens with my arms raised in supposition in a monsoon like downpour. No wonder the ladies had giggled at the sight of me, beware the weirdo village idiot.

The street was deserted, peering through the gloom of the downpour, the dim streetlights reflected off the roadâ s wet surface. Deep puddles were everywhere it must have been raining heavy since our group entered the club. An especially large puddle of rainwater had formed at the other side of the street, it disappeared into the gloom of the darkened shops doorways. I watched as the splashes of raindrops hit the surface of the puddle, while my mind decided what to do. I should go home, seemed the obvious plan, but the thought of entering that flat alone did not appeal to me in the slightest.

A shifting of white movement caught my eye, and the muffled deep sound of a stifled cough made me peer deeper into the darkened doorway. A shadowy figure stepped forward, hair slicked against his forehead as the rain cascaded in rivulets down his face, only to be lost in the widest cheeky grin. His once white shirt clung to his body his skin shimmered through the sodden materiel. He would get first prize in a wet T-Shirt competition if I were the judge.

His body was very well toned, the clingy cotton shirt showed a finely defined six pack, his trousers clung snugly to his legs. With hands stuck in his pockets, and shoulders hunched against the rain, he slopped his way towards me. His socks and shoes squelched with every soaking wet pace. "You took your time, Iâ ve been getting a little damp waiting for you" he said.

"I, I, I, didnâ t know that you were waiting." I stammered out.

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"Well you do now."

All normal ability of conversation betrayed me as my brain emptied of all thought. I stood there with my mouth open, struggling to regain the ability to form sounds, and all I came out with is, "You're gorgeous." Oh my god I had said that out loud. Turning on my heels I spun off down the street. I rushed away in my embarrassment heedless of the pounding rain. The need to remove myself, away from him was all I could think of. Then his running footsteps were right behind me. I could hear them splash through the puddles so close behind.

He touched my arm to still me, when he finally caught up to me. "Where are you going? It's OK. Calm down. I am a handsome devil, thank you for the compliment." Quieter more concern was in his voice he asked softly, "Where are you going? Are you OK?"

Not able to look at him I replied, "Yes, I'm fine, just been a bad day, in a bad week, in a bad life. I'm just going home. I need some coffee."

"Great, I would love some."

Not looking up I just nodded in response. No words were needed between us we slopped on through the pouring rain, as a companionable silence settled between us. It reached out, feeling each others need for company, as I steered the path homeward. Eventually I realized that I was holding his hand and my heart skipped a beat.

Unlocking the door we entered, he stood there in the middle of the living room as he dripped rain water onto the carpet. I moved deeper into the flat and then re-emerged with a towel that I tossed at him. "Strip off. I will stick your clothes through a quick wash and dry. Least I could do for making you stand so long in the rain." Then pointing to the door to my right with tilt of my head I said "Jump in the shower. There's a dressing gown on the door. I will make us something to go with the coffee. Just make yourself at home."

"Okay." He started to strip out of his clothes, right there in front of me. No sign of embarrassment showed as he threw each soggy item to me, until the boxer shorts that hit me full in the face. He laughed, tossed the towel over his shoulder, and sauntered off to find the shower with a delightful wiggle to his ass.

I covered the slight blush on my cheeks with busying myself in the kitchen, as I sorted his clothes into the washer. Then watched as it started doing what washers do, then rummaged around the fridge. It was almost empty, which made finding food more of a challenge, all the while the coffee gurgled away in the percolator. He emerged from the bathroom with just a towel wrapped around his waist. Wisps of steam followed close behind him, which is where I would have liked to be.

"I've left it running. It's hot and you're still damp. Go on. Get in there."

"I'll finish up here. I can find my way around a kitchen" he said to me.

I hadn't even noticed that I was still in my own wet clothes. Nodding absently I head for the bathroom, grab some nightwear of my own as I go. As I passed near he reached out and traced his fingertips across my shoulder and smiled.

The hot water did feel good as I stand under the shower head, but I couldn't dawdle, he was in my home. When I got out I found out that he had been busy while I was in the shower. The lights were dimmed, soft music played quietly in the background, the low sturdy coffee table had been moved up to the couch, and he had the food and coffee placed on it. A bottle of unopened wine and two almost matching glasses stood ready.

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I smiled gratefully at him as I lowered myself onto the couch next to him. All I wanted was to slide over and touch, leg to leg, but I kept some distance, which was proper. As we ate, we chatted, alternating between us as we told our life stories. So similar in circumstances, both searching for someone, or something to make our lives meaningful, but stuck in a boring rut of work, eat, and sleep.

The thoughts softened by the ambiance of the room, and the alcohol consumed, I dropped into a deeper, more confidential conversation. Told him things such as wants, the loneliness, and my growing need for companionship. I eased closer as we talked and leaned against his broad chest. I felt like I needed his support or I would fall. His hands worked gently as they massaged my neck and shoulders, eased the stress from the taunt tendons and muscle with the firm tips of his kneading fingers. His warm, soft, gentle, and sensual caresses lulled me into a blissful state.

I sighed deeply, "That feels so good. You have great hands. I haven't felt so relaxed in a long time." I cringed at my naive attempt to come on to him.

"If you laid down, over there on the rug by the fire, I could do your whole body." With a light tap on my shoulder he says, "Well?" My body tensed up beneath his touch. Feeling the nervous twitch of my body, and reading it wrong, he laughed, and slapped me playfully. "Calm down. I am just offering a rub down." Shuffled his body out from next to me he stood up. Grinning he took my hands and pulled me to my feet.

Stood up, I am so close to him that I could feel the heat from his body through the gown. My heart screamed in my head for me to reach out and touch him. Feel the heat of his body under my fingers, the velvety texture of his tender flesh, the swell of the muscles, and tendons. I wanted to run my fingers through the short wiry hairs on his chest, needed to tease the little hard nubs of his nipples with my tongue and lips. My eyes were drawn up to his lips. Desire filled me to kiss them lips, push my tongue between them, to seek his.

My brain sadly out shouted what my heart's desired, overpowering it with the sensibility that I have trained myself into excepting as right. I yank my gaze from his body and searched for something to break the moment, It gave me time to regain some semblance of composure. "There's oil in the bedside cabinet." Oh great, now there's no going back, I groaned to myself.

"OK. I'll get it while you get comfy. Be right back."

Did I really not want this, or did I need this now. I've confused myself well. I could just go with the flow, see what would happen and blame it on the alcohol tomorrow. Lying down on the thick, soft rug, I fidgeted until my body was just right, rested my head on my hands and waited.

If he thought, I was going to let him leave it at a massage, he had a shock coming. I wanted him. My body wanted him, and my brain had given up the fight. It had resigned itself to the fact that we were going to have him. Reaching out I tucked the few condom packs deeper under the rug. I didn't want him to get the wrong idea, yet.

He dropped down beside me and started rolling the oil between his palms to warm the bottle. Popping the bottle open poured the warm into his palm and laid his hands on me. The gentleness of his touch, combined as it glided over my body. Like liquid gold, his hands left rippled sensations that ebbed and flowed in the wake of his sensual movements.

His legs straddled my thighs I could feel the straining of his leg muscles, as they rhythmically squeezed me. His steady rocking motion of his body as his hands moved up and down my back. Gently he ground his pelvis against my buttocks and thighs. Only the thin cotton of his boxers was between his hot flesh and mine.

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His movements paused while he raised the squeezable oil bottle to arms length above my body. He allowed the oil to trickle from the small spout. Tiny rivulets swirled from the bottle as he painted intricate dribbles from my shoulders to the curve of my arse. The feeling of the luke warm tiny goblets of oil as they trickled and dripped over my body caused shivers as they rolled and scattered in various directions. Like microscopic insects they wiggled and scurried as they sought shelter in my crevices and groves.

I allowed a small, gentle moan pass my lips as one tiny oily rivulet oozed down the deep crevice of my cheeks. Its pace quickened as the grove descends around and down, until it found its way blocked by my tightly compressed thigh muscles. There it sat, the lone droplet as it vibrated gently as more and more droplets followed in its wake, as it created a tiny pool of trembling slipperiness.

With the added oil spread over my body, his hands glided over me smoothly as he placed them at the tops of my thighs. He slid both his hands with a firm thrust up and over the mounds of my butt. They continued to slide up either side of my spine, compressing the muscles in such a tenderizing and sensual way up to the nape of the neck. There both hands separated to push downward, across both shoulders, they followed around my arms, and reaching so far forward, that his chest lays along the length of my back.

His groin pressed tightly against my cheeks, without pausing he reversed direction and in a rowing motion he pulled on the muscles as he slid with his body to lift up and away. This was repeated over and over again. The motion turned my muscles into a mushy, relaxed putty as his body does exaggerated rowing motions on top of me. My head emptied of thought as it filled with the heat of the seductive sensations, my whole body was a set of tingling, twitching, muscles contracting and relaxing as his fingers kneaded them into submission.

Mixed with this the growing tendrils of desire, want and lust that continued to build in both of us. His staff of desire pressed hard against me with every forward movement. Not able to contain my lust, I was so far past wanting to protect myself from embarrassment, my fingers groped under the rug and found one of the small packages. I held it up over my shoulder with out even looking. He paused as his fingers brushed against mine to take it from me.

I heard the wrapper being torn open and my heart skipped a beat at the sound. He moved gently off my legs, spread them apart as he forced his knees between. I held my breath eagerly, as I awaited the first plunge. Instead of receiving his eager thrust I felt the teasing stroke of his tongue. Hot and slick across my lower back. Gently he teased a path over my buttocks, his touch made the nerves twitch with sensitive pleasure.

His hands caressed my arse cheeks, firmly he squeezed, and kneaded. The tongue tickled and flicked its way down the crease, drawing gasps of moans from me. Fingers gripped my cheeks, he pulled them wider apart until his tongue found the puckered goal it had searched for.

His skillful tongue drew rasps and ragged breaths of rapture from my throat, his fingers joined the probing and stroking as they sought other sensitive, sexual areas to nibble or suck on. The fingers continued to probe and pull at my tender flesh, teased me until my need is so strong I gasped out for him to take me.

His mouth kissed its way up my body, so gently I hardly felt the pressure of his lips as they touched my body. But I did feel the warmth of his hot breath as it passed over my skin. Like the gentle flutter of a butterfly's wing, the soft vibration of his voice murmured in my ear soft, tender words that wrapped themselves around my pounding heart.

"Now, I take you."

I arched my hips into the air and spread my legs wider, as I offered him easier access. All the while I desperately showed my eagerness for him and his hard shaft. He probed gently as the large swollen head

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eased into me. Holding the throbbing head motionless just buried inside me. His teeth nipped on the nape of my neck, they nibbled their way round to the sensitive tender skin covering my jugular. Then sucked gently at the thin muscled membrane that covered the throbbing vein as he pulled the flesh into his mouth.

The rhythm of blood coursed through me, unbearable hunger pulsated in me. I wanted him so bad. Need burned inside me, I thrust back on him, taking him deep and fast into me. Guttural groans of pleasure emitted from me as he matched me thrust, for lovely thrust. He lifted his bodyâs weight off me so that I could rise up onto my hands and knees our bodyâs matched in perfect rhythmic motion. The pace increased or decreased as the pressure of our passions dictated. As those long hard thrusts drove both of us towards our mutual end.

Our passion grew as he lost control of his tenderness, the animal urges surfaced within the snarl of his grunts. He pounded deep. My own gasps of exhilaration were in unison as we reached our climatic release.

My heart skipped a beat, surprised at the wondrous sight of him sleeping so peacefully on the pillows of my bed. One arm was thrown out, fingers twitched and flexed in the early morning light. The other held with the covers pulled up tight, wrapped around him in his deep, peaceful sleep of serenity.

I had gently slipped from the covers, eager to please him with the surprise of a breakfast, but I remained caught in the trance as i watched him sleep. The thought of breakfast had vanished as passionate flashbacks of our sexual pleasure invaded my head. Filling my body with desire for more of the fingers as they flexed again, drawing my gaze to the fingers that had shown me such gentleness. They had took me so skillfully to sexual heaven slowly my eyes were drawn back to his face. His eyes were open, so clearly awake they watched me intently.

"Coffee is ready." my voice was husky with need, my body trembled and yearned for this man. "I think the coffee had better wait." his gaze had dropped down my naked body to below my waist, the evidence of my need stood erect and proud before him. He threw back the covers, from off his body, his own desire stood as erect and proud of his masculinity as my own.

by Tracey Owen & Brian Rueby

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