

Another Business Trip

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Tony was on the road again; would he succumb to his normal routine?

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He was busily working on his laptop in the hotel bar trying to stay focused on his task at hand. He was on the road again and this time it was going to be different. He ignored the background noise and even when he'd sit up to take a drink of his vodka tonic, his eyes didn't stray too far from the confines of his corner table. His stomach growled and told him he really should put some food on top of the three drinks he'd already consumed. He reached for the menu, but his focus was lost when he heard the familiar sound of heels on the tile floor. He told himself not to look up, but he struggled with his control. He could tell from the pattern of the sounds that the woman was wearing at least three inch heels and her skirt must be fairly tight.

He knew this from experience; experience that he was trying to ignore. Sure enough, he was weak and he couldn't help it and he looked up. She'd already passed by and he was proud of that fact. Maybe she'd keep going and he wouldn't have to deal with any further focus problems. He took a moment to savor the view as she was a sight to see. As suspected her heels were right at three inches and she was wearing a pencil skirt. The skirt was made of some unknown fabric that looked fairly thick, yet it molded to her curves. Many would say she was overweight, but she looked perfect to him. He gazed for a long while at her ass and the darker regions of his brain started to awaken. He shook his head and moved his gaze upward and took note of the emerald blouse. It was satin and he absentmindedly drained the rest of his vodka as he thought of how nice it would feel to run his fingers across the smooth fabric.

She paused and surveyed the bar and he hoped she was looking for someone she was going to meet, but then he swallowed hard when he realized that she was simply trying to find the right seat. When she walked over and delicately slid onto the bar stool directly in his line of sight, he considered leaving right then and there. His rational side of his brain said he should challenge himself and not give into temptation and his devious side told him that was an excellent idea as it knew the longer he was tempted, the greater chance that he'd give. He motioned for the waitress for another drink knowing full well that it was a bad idea, but he was too busy gazing at her legs. He smiled at the realization she was wearing extremely sheer hose and it wasn't bare legs as he'd originally thought; he truly hated this recent fad of bare legs.

His eyes went higher and noticed that her blouse was tailored and beautifully presented her magnificent breasts. Her blouse had several buttons undone and given the proper vantage point, someone would have a view of her lovely assets. He was momentarily glad that his angle didn't provide that view. He took note of the smooth skin of her neck and then slowly examined her face. Soft, full lips painted with just a little too much lipstick; he thoroughly enjoyed the dark red color however. Prominent lashes and eyes that looked tantalizing even from his distance across the bar. Many would probably not find her attractive, but he found her features to be thrilling. She was professional looking, but with his trained eye, he saw something else and his already racing heart revved into high gear. Although he was wrong every once in a while, he knew she was perfect...for tonight, at least.

He told himself to look away and to focus on his work, but the waitress was handing him his drink and the woman was crossing her legs as she looked around the bar. He caught a glimpse of thigh, and then a flash of black lace and then her smile as she noticed him looking in her direction. He smiled in return and tried to quell the raging feelings inside him. His outward demeanor was calm, but he was in complete conflict internally. A man approached her and her attention went to him and he was glad. His thoughts turned inward and he recalled how he had vowed that that after the most recent close call, he wasn't going to give into temptation any longer. He thought of his trip to Illinois a week ago. Upon his return home, his wife had noticed the bruising and cuts on his back. He had nearly frozen which would have been a dead giveaway, but he quickly regained his thoughts and reminded her about the rock climbing team building event and how

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heâ d banged his back against the rock wall. His wife looked skeptical, but then let it go.

He was a first class hound and he had settled into a rhythm that had served him well; at least until recently. He traveled a lot and while on the road, he had come to enjoy the thrill of his evening conquests even more than the successful sales calls he had during the day. It had become a game to him; the larger the contract he signed during the day, the more attractive the woman he had to bed. If he struck out during the day with a prospect, he would seduce the least attractive woman he could find and the next day almost always was a successful sales day. His days and nights on the road essentially became a blur, but it seemed like the more successful he did at sales, the more he got laid and vice versa. It was ridiculous, but he was the best salesman for his Fortune 500 Company and he was awful good at seducing woman as well.

However, ever since their daughter had been born, it was different. He kept thinking of what it would feel like to have his wife tell her that her dad was a dirtbag. Before this last trip, he had looked into his daughterâ s beautiful eyes and vowed to stop. However, just the thought of the woman in Illinois and how good it had felt to be thrusting inside her sweet pussy. Sheâ d been much younger than him and her pussy had been incredibly tight. Sheâ d had her legs wrapped around his shoulders and heâ d been able to penetrate her so incredibly deep and when she lost control, it had been magical. Sheâ d cum with such intensity that she had literally talked in a foreign language while digging her nails into his lower back. Just the spasming of her pussy around his cock had set off his own eruptions and the thoughts of that night made his cock start to throb.

He glanced up at the woman and it was clear that she was trying to get rid of the man that had joined her at the bar. She was flashing her wedding band at the man and her eyes found his and she flashed him a look that seemed to say, â You look nice; please help me get rid of this guy.â He chuckled at the idea of him as a Good Samaritan, but he stood, discreetly adjusted his package and walked over.

Before he reached them, he said loudly, â There you are; Iâ ve been looking everywhere for you.â

The man looked over at him and then at the woman and was not pleased with the unexpected interruption. However, the woman slid off the stool without saying another word to the man at the bar and took his arm as he escorted her back to his table. He could feel the side of her breast against his arm and when he inhaled her perfume, the internal battle was over. He knew before he pulled out her stool for her, he was going to do everything he could to have this woman.

He smiled as he took the stool next to hers and moved it even closer. He observed, â A bit too persistent was he?â

She laughed and said, â Persistent? Thatâ s being nice. By the way, thank you so much for rescuing me; I guess I owe you one.â

She had leaned forward as she laughed and he was blessed with a wonderful view of her cleavage. He took a long leisurely look. She turned in her seat slightly to adjust her legs and her blouse billowed open a little more and he spied a quick flash of her lingerie. It was black and he recalled the flash of black lace when sheâ d crossed her legs and the intrigue of her lingerie solidified his intent of pursuing her. He could tell from her body language that she was very aware of his gaze and yet he purposefully maintained it for a moment longer before he gazed back at her face.

She had a familiar look in her eyes; a look that was a combination of intrigue and apprehension.

She softly said, â I feel like maybe Iâ ve jumped out of the frying pan and into the fireâ l! maybe I should go back to my seat at the bar.â

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He could feel the hesitation in her and he smiled and put his hand on her arm, as he replied, "I suppose I should say I'm sorry, but I'm not."

Her eyes got even wider and she started to pull her arm away and he let the silky fabric glide against his fingertips until he softly, but firmly grasped her hand in his. It was soft and smooth and he looked at her impeccably manicured nails for a second before looking back into her eyes and saying, "Ignoring the opportunity to look at your body, would be like walking into the Louvre and not looking at the Mona Lisa."

Her eyes seemed to sparkle at such an outrageous analogy, but he felt her hand squeeze his. Whether it was intentional or reflexive, he didn't care. He just knew she wasn't trying to pull her hand away.

He squeezed her hand in return and playfully added, "It's like that Seinfeld episode, they're real and they're spectacular."

She giggled with such force she snorted a bit and she blushed. He wasn't sure if she was blushing more from the cute little snort or his second compliment of her breasts; all he knew was that she wasn't talking about leaving.

After a short silence, she finally said, "I will probably regret this, but if you don't mind, could I stay here? Just to keep that guy from pestering me."

He smiled and said, "I would be delighted if you would stay. However, you mentioned you owed me one earlier; I'd like to collect."

He could tell that even though she was uncomfortable, her body language told him that she was enjoying the flirtation as much as he was.

Before she could respond, he leaned forward and softly said, "By the way, I guarantee you won't regret this."

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