

## The Last Step

The house seems pleasantly warm and inviting as I lead you silently in through the front door. I turn to glance at you for just a moment, your eyes move steadily, taking in the new surroundings; examining every nuance of this place that holds my life. Carefully I take off my rain-soaked jacket and hang it over the chair in the hall, shivering as my body adjusts to the warmth. The ride home on the back of your bike was exhilarating; the coolness of the night air around me and the warmth of your back against my body made me feel invigorated and full of life. You follow me down the hallway, your heavy foot-falls and the rustle of your long leather coat send a pleasant tingle through my body as I remember our earlier encounter. Now, there is only one place I want to take you, to feel that warmth, that arousal once more.

I reach the stairs and mounting the first step I turn to look at you. With the added few inches I come level with your face; those pale chiselled features and liquid hazel eyes. A slightly crooked grin crosses your face as you tilt your head and push a loose ginger curl from your eyes. I can tell you feel that arousal again too. With one smooth movement you plant your feet either side of mine and raise yourself up onto the step, pushing me back a little and forcing me to grab the banister. You tower above me once more; that furrow in your brow countered by the sparkle in your eyes. Your body is so close I can feel the warmth through our garments; that irresistible ache pulses through me once more.

Slowly I turn and take the next couple of steps, the boards creaking beneath my feet. I hear you follow behind me moments later and smile to myself with the anticipation. But the pleasure is ripped from my mind as I suddenly feel your arms lock around my thighs and pull. In surprise and horror I gasp as I lose my balance and topple forward, bashing my knees heavily on the step; the burn of carpet bringing tears to my eyes. I am almost at the top and scramble to gain purchase on the last step but there is nothing for me to hold onto. I try to wriggle in your arms but you are on me and over me in moments, pushing me into the steps with your body. I feel the hot flutter of your breath on my neck, a hint of beer still perfuming it. Then your voice whispers in my ear, deep and hushed.

“There’s so much more I wanna show you Sarah...so much more. Will you let me?”

Your question, so gentle, counters the aggressiveness of your hold on me. My body goes rigid, not just from the words you whisper and the hunger with which they are spoken but from the feel of your breath against my face. My mind whirls, my heart pounding in my chest making me pant. I nod my head just a little and you loosen your grip around my thighs.

What more could you possibly show me? What wonderful passions still lay hidden beneath that long black leather coat? “Show...me.” I almost stammer back, still stunned by the ferocity with which you tackled me to the floor but suddenly driven to know more of that incredible pleasure. I feel you release your grip and pull back, moving one hand round to press down on my back; holding me in place, flat against the rising flight of stairs. I wait, nervous yet strangely excited, unable to see what it is you are doing behind me. Then, with a sudden flurry of movement your hand slides from my back down to my hip whilst the other rises to grip the other side. Your hands lock around me and using that incredible strength that you demonstrated in the alleyway, you lift my legs almost completely from the steps. As you lower me back I bend my legs and find purchase on the narrow riser with my knees. My body slides back a little and I try again to get a grip on the last step with my hands, feeling a little awkward in this semi-prone position you have put me in.

But I have no time to think or worry about how I will stay in place as I feel your firm hands press at my skin, finding the side of my legs to begin a slow, steady rise up my thighs. I tense, I have felt

this touch before and already know what sensuous pleasure it can bring. I concentrate on the delicate caresses, unable to see what it is you do. As you reach my skirt your hands push it upwards, continuing their progress, almost ignoring the material's presence. I can't help but begin to shiver, even though the room and my body are so pleasantly warm, your touch chills me with delight. I close my eyes, passively waiting and wanting as with a flick of your hands the skirt is up and over my buttocks, forcing a gasp from my lips. I try to twist, to see what else you quietly plan but I can't see anything, only the movement of your black jacket from the corner of my eye.

Your hands never seem to break contact with my flesh, smoothly sliding over my round cheeks cupping and squeezing. I hear a low growl issue from your mouth; the sound of satisfaction and hunger. With a sudden movement I feel your knee push between my legs, separating them out on the step. I try to shuffle to accommodate you but with little room and no grip I struggle. You wait till I find the right position before you lower yourself into the gap. I can feel the coldness of your coat caress the inside of my bare thighs and the solidness of your hips as they press against me sending those chills flowing through my abdomen. I feel that delicious hardness now; that thick wanting that presses perfectly into the cleft of my butt, the presence of it only serves to raise the wetness within me.

I lean forward a little into the steps giving you as much room as I can, groaning as your fingers slide under the material of my thin panties. You slowly and teasingly begin to pull at them, letting them slide gently over my skin. As they reach the curve of my ass you suddenly tug, forcing a gasp from my mouth and making my body lurch forward. I hear the fabric rip and the elastic tighten around my legs as the material rolls up on itself. I try to recover, feeling suddenly exposed, but the restriction of the underwear and the awkwardness of my situation becomes strangely erotic. I arch my back pushing my bared backside up and towards you. I feel the shift in your position and then a sharpness as you sink your teeth into my flesh. I yelp out and then giggle at the tingle it sends through my body. I am so ready now for you to show me I no longer shiver, I am warmed through, my centre burning for your touch.

As if knowing exactly what I crave I feel you ease back and then holding my hips steady with one arm you run your fingers up the inside of my thigh. "oh god." I whisper, knowing what you hunt for. The juices gush from within me and I am unable to control their coming as your fingers slide tantalisingly towards my womanhood. It is all I can do to stop myself from screaming out as your fingers come to rest on my moist petals. You let them hover there, not forcing or rushing, knowing that my body is frantic with wanting and unable to move. As you feel your way over the surface I wriggle and grind at your hand, trying to force you in. You tease me this way for what seems like eternity, kneading the soft swollen flesh like a baker kneads warm dough. And then with one incredible movement your fingers bury themselves into that doughiness; squeezing as they go. All I can do is gasp and writhe as you pinch at the hardness of my bud; spikes of pleasure shooting through my body. Slowly you circle me. I never heard the sound of your zipper as you release yourself from your confines, but the first press of your deliciously hard tip against my inner thigh shakes me from my reverie. With such precision you guide yourself to my waiting heat, still teasing me with your fingers. The head of your manhood fits perfectly into me; solid yet velvety to the touch. You pause there, as we both sigh from the erotic sensation of impending union. I close my eyes for a moment savouring the sensation, as my growing wetness lubricates your tip. With a gentle push you slide in and we both vocalise our pleasure; me with soft pants and you with a deep rumbling growl. With our joining you trace your hand onto my back, stroking gently at my skin to soothe me.

Your movements are small; the narrow step on which you kneel only allowing you to rock your hips back and forth a little, making it impossible for you to drive your length into me. Instead you submit to sending me wild with only the tip of your hardness; pressing just deep enough to give me

a sense of your presence but shallow enough so that the sensitive flesh of my entrance is caressed and massaged with each stroke. I cannot hold myself still any longer, I am desperate to impale myself on you. My heart pounding in my chest and my breath short and sharp like each of your thrusts. I am so close to coming, my body shaking with every move. I can feel the heat rising through my body, the wetness between my legs finding its way to my inner thighs, I struggle to hold on to the last step, groaning and breathlessly calling your name "Hudson...Hudson...Hudson..." over and over as if just whispering it will bring me to climax.

Then the hand that rests on my back begins to move and I feel you slide your fingers slowly and delicately down the vertebrae of my arched spine. You reach the cleft of my ass and I am unprepared for the intensely erotic feelings that flood my body. My muscles tense, forcing a groan from your lips as I tighten around you for a moment. As your fingers slowly circle the little vee between my cheeks I try to concentrate on your thrusts. Then steadily your fingers began to move again, sliding through the warmth of my buttocks. The sensation freezes me for a moment and my orgasm subsides. I have never felt so nervous yet so aroused in my entire life. I concentrate as much as I am able, on the progress of your fingers knowing where it is they are descending to.

That first press of your finger against my tight hole sends wave after wave of expletives issuing from my mouth as I dig my nails into the carpet in a futile attempt to gain a handhold. I tighten uncontrollably, gripping your manhood with my muscles and you yell out. I have never felt the touch of another in such an intimate place before and can't help but pull back from the surprisingly incredible sensations now coursing through my body. You wait, giving me time to adjust to your presence. As I feel your finger move ever-so slightly I try to relax; the mixture of apprehension at what you are about to do and the craving to experience it making my head whirl. As you push gently I ease forward, trying to spread my legs a little wider but I am restrained by the twisted material of the panties wrapped around my knees. You stroke your manhood into me a little forcing me to release my grip on you and as I do you press against my last remaining tightness.

The sensation of feeling you enter me in that one untouched place is overwhelming. I let my body slump forward for a moment as you curl yourself inside me, bending your finger so that it presses against the sensitive division between these two most intimate places; letting me experience the overwhelming pleasure from that secret spot and you increase the pressure on your solid shaft. I hear you moan and curse as you soak-up the intensity of the moment. I can't help holding my breath, convinced that if I breath out I will explode and come right then and there.

As if this one act was not enough to bring me to my peak you slowly begin to rock; short shallow movements only barely noticeable, your finger moving in time with each stroke. I can feel you swelling inside me, growing to the point of your climax. The heat is already within me; simmering just below the surface, making my skin flush and glow with warm perspiration. Waves of ecstasy flood my body as I am drawn back towards me peak. I loose all thought of where I am or that I cannot hold on, all that I want is your heat inside me, your closeness against my skin. It doesn't matter that I cannot see your face, knowing you are there is all that I need.

As the swell of your rapture reaches its limit I cannot stop myself from driving back onto you. I scream out as the floodgates burst, the intensity of the pressure driving me insane. I feel that hot burst of your delight flow into me as you growl and yell, ramming yourself back against my force to maintain your balance. I tighten around you once more, squeezing every last drop from your body as I shake with uncontrollable joy. I fall forward, limp and exhausted, your body folding over the top of me, wrapping me in warmth as we bask in the glory of our combined climax.

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It seems like a long time before I feel you move and delicately extract yourself from my body. I am still lost in the rapture of my incredible orgasm and feel unable to move from the spot where I lay, no-matter how uncomfortable. After a moment I feel you at my feet, carefully easing my legs from my torn and tangled panties. I giggle and try my best to assist but I am wonderfully numb and too intoxicated from the love-making to be of use. It isn't long before I feel you sweep me up in your embrace and begin to climb the stairs.

"My room's to the right." I manage to whisper into your neck as you mount the last step and turn.

As we pass through the door you stop for me to turn on the standard lamp in the corner from the comfort of your arms. All too soon we are at the bedside and I am reluctant to let you lower me to the bed, content to be bundled up in your arms forever, but you do - with a moan from me - and I snuggle into the bed as you place a kiss to my forehead. You move away and for a moment a twinge fills my chest. Are you going to leave? Right now I couldn't bare it if you did. But, you wander to the door and close it, giving us a privacy that we really don't need.

I lay and watch you as you stand a little way from the bed and begin to undress. Easing your arms free, you let the long black coat fall to the floor, surrounding your feet like a deep black puddle. Carefully you pull your shirt loose from your jeans and begin to unbutton it. As it too falls from your shoulders I sigh at the sight of your bare chest and recall the image of it covered in raindrops in the alleyway. Next you bend to remove your heavy boots, I smile noting how you make such an awkward act look so smooth and effortless; almost as erotic as watching you undress. Finally you reach for your jeans, the button is already undone but you push down the zip and slide your hands inside the waist-band easing the material over your hips; the movement is so seductive. As you bend slightly you never look away from me, fixing me with those two dark eyes as your long curls fall over your shoulders. You keep sliding your hands down, palms against your skin, until the weight of the fabric makes them fall to your ankles. You step from the pile that now surrounds your feet and stand before me in your entirety.

My eyes glide over your naked body for the first time taking in every detail of your incredible frame. Every muscle, every sinew is perfect; your body tall and slender yet firm and strong. You are truly wonderful to look upon; beautiful, almost angelic in that moment. I think back to the night I first saw you; dark, brooding, untouchable. Yet here you stand bearing all before me, pale, attentive and still in need of the most intimate of touches. That auburn swathe of hair rests gently against your broad shoulders, the yellow glow of the bedroom light making it shine with a myriad colours from copper to ruby to gold; those impatient bangs drop over your cheeks as if to hide the wanting in your eyes. Your pale skin, illuminated by the soft radiance of the bedroom light, gleams with the heat of your arousal. The sweeping curve of your shoulders give way to sharply prominent collarbones which curve across your neck like primed crossbows and lead the eye down to those firm pectorals; the creaminess of that smooth skin only broken by two dark and perfectly round nipples. Your arms hang loosely by your side, the muscles of your forearms and biceps undulate like rolling hills back to your shoulders. Your hips curve out from the smooth straight line of your waist, thick and meaty but clearly muscular supporting the weight of your torso. I trace down further, across your tensed stomach, the clearly defined arrow-shape of your abdominals guiding the eye lower. And, I find I am unable to draw my eyes away from the essence of your masculinity. From your belly button trails the soft auburn down that leads to your already semi-erect manhood; long and sleek and magnificent. I smile to myself, unable to believe that after everything we have experienced that you are still aroused and hungry, but then again, so am I.

I raise my hand and you walk quietly to the bed, climbing gracefully onto it and kneeling at my side. I raise myself up, coming to kneel before you. We sit still for a moment, somehow unable to take our eyes from one another. Finally you move, raising your hands up to my blouse and

delicately undoing the remaining buttons that still hold it together. I shiver as your fingers caress my shoulders and push back the material; not at all like the wanton frenzy of the alleyway, but gentle and full of care. Thoughtfully and without words you ease me back and help me from my skirt, dropping it to the side of the bed. Now for the first time we are both naked, but it is not an uncomfortable or awkward sensation it is familiar and wonderful. You scoot forward a little until you are inches from my body, I can feel the heat radiate from you and it warms me. You smile; a soft gentle expression that makes your eyes sparkle. Wrapping one arm about my waist and the other around my neck you pull me in and let your lips trail over my mouth, almost without touching. I moan at the tingle which rises through my body as you tease me; soft breath caressing my mouth, lips and tongue feeling their way over the sensitive flesh. Finally you press your lips to mine and we kiss deep and long, our bodies squeezing together in a gentle but heated embrace.

Slowly you lower me back into the pillows, moving your body to one side so that you are half across me and half at my side. We turn towards each other and one of your legs slides between mine, wrapping itself like a snake around my calf. I slide my other leg up until it is bent across your hip, my pelvis pushed up against you so that your semi-hardness finds its way easily between my legs resting gently against my heat. You prop yourself up on one elbow while your other hand finds its way to my hip and you let your fingers trace lazily up and down my waist. This moment is pure peace; no frantic fumbling, no ripping of clothes, no devouring of each others bodies, just slow, languid caresses and the feel of skin on skin. I never thought that you would be so gentle, so mindful, yet here we are, so still; the power of it makes tears well in my eyes.

“I want you Sarah, I’ve wanted you since the moment I saw you.” You whisper, deep and tenderly.

At the sound of those words the a tear finds its way over my lashes and rolls down my cheek. You move your hand to rub it away delicately. All those weeks of wondering, of fanaticising and in all that time I never knew that you felt the same way.

“Make love to me Sarah.” You ask.

My stomach feels light, as if a cloud of butterflies had risen in it. I can’t help smiling, I brush my fingers over your cheek and you close your eyes for a moment, nuzzling into my hand.

“What have we been doing all night?” I answer with a smile.

“That was just the start.” Your reply, an almost serious expression on your face. “I wan’ us to make love...really make love.” You say it with such passion I feel the tears and butterflies rising again. I feel your manhood swell against my softness and the heat begin to rise once more in my centre. Before the emotions overwhelm me you wrap your arm about my waist and with the other hand you scoop up my head and pull me into a long powerful kiss.

The urge to truly make love to you overwhelms me. I feel hungry, mentally hungry with desire and I desperately want to satiate that craving. Slowly I pull away and begin to slide gradually down your body, kissing as I go; soft delicate kisses that make your skin quiver under my lips. I reach a dark nipple and run my tongue over its hard undulations. You sigh and fall back into the pillows, rolling slightly onto your back. I continue my descent, keeping as much of my body in contact with you as I can; feeling it slide underneath me, letting the hunger build. Reaching your hips I slide over your legs and nestle myself between your pale thighs, you clench them together slightly gripping me in a warm muscular embrace. Lying comfortably on my belly I let my hands trace over those firm sculpted muscles, watching every ripple, every twitch of that fine skin. My hand slows as my fingers finally come to rest in that soft ginger fluff and I can feel you holding your breath. Before me, lying hard and magnificent amid the gold and red is the core of your manhood, the very

essence of your being, the one thing that can slake my appetite. Gently I close my fingers around the base and you shudder and arch from the bed, gasping and cursing, your curls dancing about your shoulders. I pause, giving you time to settle. The skin is so soft; velvety and smooth, I can feel your pulse deep within it, throbbing against my palm. Carefully I slide my hand up, feeling its heat burn into me, the saliva rising in my mouth. I watch you as I reach the tip and tighten my grip a little. You are all consumed; eyes tightly closed hands gripping the sheets, body taut and strained. I slowly pull my hand back, drawing away the thin white sheath of skin that hides the gem below. Your body heaves; feet planting into the bed on either side of me pushing you into the air. You reach up instinctively behind your head finding the headboard you wrap your hands around the uprights as I peel back a little further. That deeply flushed head of cayenne and cherry pushes from the soft covering of flesh, a pearlescent drop of pre-cum glistening on the tip like a pollen-laden stamen pushing out from between the petals of a summer flower. The sweetness of that juice is impossible to resist, my hunger now growing ever more insatiable. I wrap my lips around the end and let the honeyed bead coat my tongue.

“Ho...ly...Crap...Sarah.” You manage to breathlessly murmur as you writhe about me.

I glance up and giggle, you rest on my tongue and the sound send vibrations through your shaft making you moan and writhe even more. Loosening one hand from the headboard you grab my hair in a futile attempt to hold me off you and end the erotic torment, but I know you do not want me to let go. I run my tongue around the hot solidness once more, the tip burning and throbbing in the wetness of my mouth. Slowly I release you and you cry out as if deprived of the pleasure. But I have not finished. The heat between my legs is almost as hot as your hardness and I feel it demanding, wanting, quivering uncontrollably. Now I am ready for you, ready to feel our bodies joined, to feel the uncontrollable ecstasy as we both let go of who we are.

I slide slowly up onto my knees between your legs and you are watching me intently now. Carefully I position myself until I am sat astride your hips. Your hands rise up and curl themselves around my waist to hold me in place. Between my thighs, standing almost to attention, the key that fits my lock. I rise, and lifting that beauty with one hand I guide it to its destination; the last step towards absolute ecstasy. For a moment I lose myself, unable to focus on anything but the body-shaking waves of euphoria cascading over my flesh as I slide you to the hilt. I arch back in your arms gripping your manhood without mercy. You rise from the bed, a choking groan escaping your lips. Your body presses against mine; head buried between my heaving breasts, your arms wrapping me tightly about the waist. As my senses return I can hear your heavy breathing and feel the pounding of your heart against me. I slide my arms around your neck and run my fingers through your curls to soothe you and shiver as I feel the soft wetness of your tongue roll over a hardened nipple and then the gentle draw as you suck it into your mouth. I can't help the gasp as a wriggle in your embrace, fighting against the nip of your teeth on the sensitive nub.

Slowly, oh-so-slowly, you release me and ease back onto your hands, staring at me from under half-closed eyelids as I begin to gently rock against your pelvis. You match the rise and fall of my hips with your own; pulling and pushing against the tightness that holds you. That dark brooding look of concentration returns to your face as you seem to stare through me. I feel almost sombre in that moment, not sad - far from it - but serious and focused, as the realisation of our joining becomes apparent to me. In this one moment - our bodies locked together, our eyes focusing solely one each other - nothing else matters, nothing but our need, our wanting, our release.

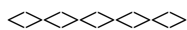
The climax takes me by surprise, not the muscle tightening, gasping climax that our past encounters yielded, but a fiery wave of liquid rapture that feels as if it is oozing from every pore on my body. I feel you explode inside me, the heat of your ejaculation mixing with my own as the wetness floods from my body and gushes over my thighs. I look down upon your writhing frame as you push the

whole of your being into me; your hair cascading over the pillows and the sweat running from your temples damping the hair into dark braids. Your hands search out frantically for anything to grasp onto which will keep you on the bed and an uncontrollable yell bursts from your lungs leaving you gasping for air. It is only now that I realise I too am screaming, screaming out as I bear down relentlessly upon you, impaling myself to the point of blissful agony and desperate to hold on to every last quiver of my orgasm. Almost rigid with passion, I slump forward onto your body and I feel you wrap yourself around me.

The tears come unbidden to my eyes; the after-shock of that perfect moment of bliss. My body feels open, exposed, suddenly free. I know you feel it too, I can feel you holding your breath, trying to stop the sob that you know will shake your body if you breathe too deeply. If this is what it is to truly make love then I have found Elysium.

My Hudson; of all the men in the bar I could have been drawn to I chose you. You are so many contradictions wrapped up inside that long leather coat. Darkly subdued, yet divinely liberated, cold and indifferent yet full of fiery heat and passion. I peel myself from your body and bury myself into your arms, you hold me so tightly I never want to move again. I could climax a million times in my life and never come close to the ecstasy that you have given me tonight.

Now is not the time for questions or plans, I know they will wait until tomorrow. All that matters now is just being. I lie awake and watch you fall asleep in my arms before I too surrender to the weight of exhaustion. Good night my dark angel, I love you.



### Epilogue

Several people have asked me where I got my inspiration for this story, well most of it came from my over-stimulated and very fertile imagination, but one piece did not, Hudson. He is very real and my very own and nothing could have dreamt him up. He is tall and pale and blessed with a head of the most beautiful ginger curls to his shoulders. In fact I can see him now across the hall - as I sit here at my home office desk – sliding out of his CK's and climbing into bed, my cue to stop typing I think. I originally wrote Stranger at the Bar as a naughty Christmas present for him but felt I needed to add more to show him and the world what a delicious creature he truly is. And on that note I will say good night, my bed and his body await.