

Open Spaces

Warning - ADULT EXCERPT

Jake grabbed her hand, steering her through the crowded dance floor, taking them down a darkened hallway. Jake squeezed her hand as they plowed through a door. He quickly turned and grabbed an “out of order” sign, setting it in front of the threshold, then slammed the door behind them, turning the lock. Sara clung to him as her senses adjusted to the dark shadows around them. Musty air held the faint, lingering scent of a floral air freshener.

Jake spun them around. Sara tried to see the outline of his face before his lips hit hers hard. The softness she’d felt the other night had vanished, replaced by an impatient desire. Their mouths opened in unison. His tongue lashed at hers, spreading his fire.

Jake kicked away the debris that littered the supply closet floor. His kiss was suffocating. His hands held her upper arms, guiding her backward. Sara’s back hit the wall. It was as if he was captivated by her, for reasons she couldn’t understand. Why the draw? How could their connection be this powerful? Everything clicked into place. His hands slid down, taking hers. He raised her arms, pinning them up against the wall. His mouth eased off, his breaths puffing on her skin.

“Fuck, you’re hot.” His body pressed against hers. “I need to taste you, everywhere...I just can’t wait.” His explanation was hurried. His hands moved over her. He lifted her sweater, easing it up and over her head. Sara’s belly filled with heat, warmth that had her opening for him, ready to receive. They shared an irrational restlessness. It had her panting for more. Her mind raced at his need, still unable to comprehend his urge for her. His hoarsened words sliced through her.

“Let me in, baby.” Jake pawed at her bra, yanking it down. Sara wrapped her fingers around his neck, pulling him into her, her need matching his. Was he seeking comfort in the physical? Could she do this? It was too good to turn away from. Whatever line Jake was tossing her, she’d grab on tight. His mouth latched on, pulling at her nipple, an erotic scraping of teeth before offering the soothing stroke of a blazing tongue.

“Oh, God.” Sara held his head, pressing his mouth into her. His actions were desperate. His mouth was greedy, sucking and gorging on her. Her pussy was throbbing, swollen with a searing heat. Sara reached for him. Her heart hammered in her chest, her body craving anything he wanted to give. She searched through the darkness with her hands. She tugged at his shirt, needing to feel his skin under her hands, her uninhibited behavior surprising but mimicking his. Her palms slid over his chest, inching down the smooth, lean line of his abdomen.

“Yeah, baby, that’s it. Take it out, play with me a bit.”

Her hands fought with his belt, button, and zipper. She pushed both hands down into his personal heat. Jake clawed at the material, pushing it all down over his thighs, demanding her touch. Sara cupped his balls with one hand while slowly stroking up his cock with the other. He was sleek, hot, and hard, the tip crying with need. Sara spread his wetness over the head of his cock then down the underside.

“Oh, man.” His chest heaved into hers. “Fuck, that’s good.”

Sara let her fingers glide over his stretched skin, wanting to learn his body intimately. Jake sank to his knees, his smooth cheek on her belly. Jake lightly kissed the skin above the waistband of her jeans. Her body trembled, knowing what he wanted, feeling his need. Jake removed one of her boots then wrestled with her jeans, sliding them and her panties down. He widened her stance, demanding access. Jake’s cheek was warm and velvety against her thighs. He breathed her in, exhaling with a light groan.

When he touched her with his tongue, everything around them slowed, dripping lazily like syrup. Every temptation she’d fought to contain oozed out of her, the pleasure exquisite. He licked her from her clit down to the wet heart of her. Jake’s soft, throaty moans vibrated into her pussy. The agonizing, slow passes of his tongue had her crying out. *Christ! The man is gifted.* Her hips shuddered. Sara threaded her fingers through his hair, the strands like tasseled fringe, hanging on.

She soared to new heights, her body levitating. She eased off. Sara wanted to stretch the experience as far as it would go, wanting to feel more. She hadn’t felt in so long the warmth and touch of another body. The neglected desires that she lived with that had been caged up were now being released and expressed openly. Jake matched her, an equal and opposite pressure that their bodies craved. He seemed to know her feelings, owning them himself. He was in tune with her. His awareness of it all was haunting. She gripped his shoulders, pulling him to his feet. His eyes were mesmerizing, shimmering through the darkness. Their breaths filled the quiet. Jake held her face in his hands. His fingers dug into the back of her neck.

“Where’d you come from?” He panted.

“I—” Sara’s stomach tightened at Jake’s inquiry. “I’ve been here, I just...” She fell to her knees, needing him now, needing to complete the exchange, wanting to give back to him. She wanted to leave her mark. His skin was hot, smelling of forbidden places, his personal fragrance heady, flooding her senses. She licked the head of his cock. The taste of him raced through her, waking up her insides. His skin was so smooth. She felt it stretch against her lips.

“No.” Jake’s arms reached under hers. He hoisted her up. Sara stiffened, thinking he wasn’t welcoming her. “I know when I slip my cock between your lips it’ll be magical”—he stroked her hair—“but tonight is for you, baby.”