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Up Against the Wall

Don't ever let anyone tell you that being up against a wall isn't in their fantasies somewhere. Believe me it's there. They may not know it, but it's there. It's in mine. I've always known it. But until last night, it remained just that – a fantasy.

I've never had good experiences with fantasies becoming reality. They always fizzled and I was left with the feeling of disappointment. A hollowness. This time, however, I was not. The reality was better.

I was sitting at the bar, speaking to the woman next to me about nothing in particular, just bar talk, when I felt a tapping on my shoulder. My first reaction was annoyance. Here I was on a Saturday night, not bothering anyone as I sat at the bar nursing my beer and some jerk-off was tapping me on the shoulder. My beer mug clanked in annoyance onto the battered wood of the bar top and I slowly turned to the owner of the finger, ready to let lose a string of curses.

My eyes connected with his and I suddenly found myself unable to speak. My stomach contracted and a thousand butterflies erupted from their cocoons. A cold shiver slid up my spine, raising the hairs on the back of my neck.

Rich hazel eyes stared back at me, and I felt myself jolt as he stepped forward to me. One of his hands reached up and gripped my elbow, tugging me off the barstool. An unspoken order to come with him.

And despite the fact I knew nothing of this man, I tossed a ten onto the bar and let him lead me away. We struggled to make our way

through the throng of dancers but the pace was slow going. I could see him growing visibly angry as he fought his way through the crowd. My arm suddenly felt as if it was wrenched from its socket as he growled in frustration and quickly moved to change direction. He was now heading to the back of the dance floor.

He stopped without warning just as we emerged from the dance crowd and yanked my arm, causing me to yelp. I realized I couldn't stop and was going to slam against the wall face first. I spun quickly just in time for my back to contact sharply with the stone wall as he followed through and pushed me up against it, his body pinning me to the wall.

I inhaled sharply as his lips slid over my right cheek, tickling the sensitive skin there. He dropped his head and kissed my shoulder lightly as he reached down to grasp my wrists.

My arms lifted high overhead as he pressed his hips against me and I could feel the growing bulge at the front of his leather pants. Pulsating music pierced my eardrums and I struggled to concentrate on where I was. I saw figures bouncing and spinning to the music and the thought never once crossed my mind that someone would see us.

I was too lost to care.

One of his hands dropped from my wrists and disappeared under the hem of my skirt, his fingers grazing lightly over the skin on my upper thigh. I struggled to catch my breath. His chest rumbled with a smooth chuckle when his hand slid even higher and he discovered only skin and hair.

His gravelly voice rasped out in my ear. "Bad girl, aren't you?"

I could do no more than nod my head, my throat dry and constricted as one of his fingers trailed a line across my lower abdomen. His jet black hair tickled across my skin as he lowered his head and pressed his lips into my neck.

My eyes flew open as his finger slipped between my legs. I noticed a dancer in the crowd staring at us, smiling smugly. Our eyes met and one of her eyebrows lifted as a signal she knew exactly what was happening against this wall. She nodded her head slightly, just enough so I could see and turned back to her dance partner. Her interest in us had vanished once she knew she'd been caught.

I turned my attention back to the man pinning me to wall as one of his knees slid between mine. I struggled to maintain my balance as I moved my legs wider to accommodate his other leg. Never did I once think about what I doing with this man.

I refused to think and just act.

His teeth scraped along the skin on my neck and my legs turned to water the instant his teeth sunk into my flesh. His finger withdrew and slid around to cup my ass. Without realizing it, my legs rose and wrapped around his waist, and I lifted my chin slightly as he shifted his head for a better angle on my neck.

A rainbow of strobe lights flash over us as the DJ cranked up the music and the wall behind me vibrated with the pulsing of the music. My vision suddenly grew dark when he raised his head from my neck and did nothing but simply stare at me. Dark, brooding hazel eyes stared back at me, making me feel as if I was trapped in them. It was an escape I never wanted to make.

His mouth crushed down on mine and sent my senses exploding in a million different directions at once. I instinctively ground my hips against his. A small grunt of surprise rumbled from his throat and he released my wrists, using only his hips to pin me to the wall.

His hands cupped over my breasts and I could feel the heat radiating from them even through the thick cotton of my t-shirt. I murmured an inaudible protest as one of his hands withdrew from my

chest and pushed between us. His other hand slipped down to my waist and he pushed himself away from me, his hand on my waist our only contact.

I lowered my eyes to where his hand rested on the waistband of his pants. His fingers played with the snap, teasing me with quick glances of his flesh. Heat flooded my skin as he slowly pulled down on the zipper, each tooth on the metal popped like gunshots echoing in my ears. I gasped silently to myself as more skin became visible with each agonizing pull on the zipper.

It seemed like hours passed before the zipper finally made its way to the seam in his pants and I was left staring at the entire length of him. Desperate hunger to have him inside of me must have become evident on my face as a sly smile spread across his lips. The raw hunger within him was unmistakable.

He stepped forward, releasing his hand from my waist and once again he used his hips to pin me to the wall. Flesh contacted with flesh and I started slightly at the heat erupting between my legs. He pressed his mouth roughly over mine and I felt as if I was being eaten alive and consumed by a wild, untamable beast. Even with my eyes closed I felt the world tilt and I struggled to maintain my bearings.

He shifted his hips down and I heard myself whimper in pleasure as he pressed himself against me. My arousal was so high as he slipped inside me with little resistance. He cupped his hands around to the backs of my upper thighs and he shifted them slightly higher before burying himself completely.

A loud intense roaring buzzed in my ears as he filled me, making think I would surely burst. He made no effort to move, as if he sensed that I needed time to adjust to his size. I lowered my arms and slid them over his cotton covered shoulders stopping only when I reached his lower back. I

grasped the thin fabric and pulled it slowly from the waistband of his pants. He shivered slightly as my fingers brushed across his bare skin and his hips thrust forward causing me to gasp.

My nails scraped across his skin, urging violence. I needed what was soaking the air around us, what his eyes silently promised when he'd stared at me earlier.

Wild, uncontrolled sex – and I needed it now.

He shifted slightly and withdrew, dropping his head next to mine. I cried out as his teeth sank into my shoulder and thrust forward at the same time, my voice lost in the pounding techno music the DJ has selected.

Within seconds my lower back was beating painfully against the stone wall behind me. His teeth grazed up my neck and he shifted my legs again, allowing himself deeper access. The need to mindlessly mate devoured us both. A raging beast was inside us, fighting and tearing for release.

My vision exploded into a thousand lights, then plunged into pitch blackness as every muscle in my body contracted painfully at once. Muscles deep inside of me, that I never knew existed, clenched tightly around him and I heard a low groan in my ear.

The world shattered.

My body went rigid as the climax ignited deep inside me, a torrent of shockwaves overrunning my system so powerfully that I could barely breathe. I was dimly aware of his continued movement and the powerful strokes making us one.

Despite my head screaming I could no longer go on, my body refused to listen and my fingernails dug into the flesh on his lower back, demanding, pushing him to continue. He raised his head and I could see his eyes were darker, his control slipping. I raised one of my hands from his

back to slip up through his thick, black hair and pulled his face roughly towards mine.

Our mouths and tongues met and I was slammed against the wall. His hand slid from my thigh to slap against the wall for support. Strong, pulsating flesh against flesh caused my body to defy my brain again and I crashed over the edge one last time. He broke the kiss and buried his head back into my shoulder and he thrust upward one last time.

A loud pounding in my ears brought me slowly back to myself. I realized that it was my heart hammering against my chest at a rapid pace. Swallowing slowly, I struggled to regain my breath. My entire body tingled as the feeling of being well used made me smile.

He dropped his other hand from my thigh and pressed it against the wall, using it to lever himself slowly away from me, withdrawing himself. I dropped my legs back to the ground and quickly slid my skirt down to cover myself.

It's a little late for modesty.

Despite the fact that I had just come more than I ever had in my life, I felt that I desperately needed this man again – and soon.

I tugged on my lip with my teeth as I watched him refasten his pants. My intentions must have read clearly on my face because he raised one eyebrow and gave me a wicked smile. My knees turned to water when I saw the hunger still in his eyes. His arms wrapped around my waist, pulling me closer to him and his lips lightly grazed over my ear as he spoke.

Despite the loud noise in the club, I heard every word he uttered. I staggered and he tugged at my waist, guiding me out of the club.

Whispered words echoed in my head, never to be forgotten.

"I'm not done with you yet."