



My nickname for her was peanuts. And boy did it suit her well, I thought, as she spread the paintings on the floor, tip toeing on her frayed socks around them. She rambled on and on, explaining how she would fit every one of them at the exhibition, gesticulating so wildly the flimsy tank top would ride up, leaving her stomach exposed. I could only observe, between sips of my beer, letting my eyes wander around her plump thighs until they disappeared under the black cotton panties.

"Got it??" She inquired accusingly. I was miles away.

"Yes, of course."

She glared at me for a few seconds, squinting, one hand on her hip, looking angry. Then, she sighed, defeated, and resumed the explanation. It kept going for some time until she collapsed on the floor, in the middle of the canvas.

"I'm exhausted."

"I can see. I think you deserve a break." I started, going towards her. "Come here, you can finish later."

"No, I still have a million things to do!" She growled.

"But you have worked a lot today, you deserve to relax, c'mon. Come here."

She smiled, and I knew I had won. I offered her my beer, she took a sip. When she gave the bottle back to me, I rubbed the cold glass against her shoulders. It had been insanely hot those days. She bristled.

I took advantage of her being off-guard and got even closer, kissing her. I held her chin, and snuck a hand up her top. I loved her kiss. It was so energetically charged, it felt like an injection of adrenaline straight to the jugular. I slid my lips to her left ear, nibbling and whispering;

"Come to bed with me. You don't want to ruin the paintings, right?"

We made out for a little more. She scraped the skin of my back, pulled my hair, making little impatient noises. Usually I was the eager one when it came to sex, but she beat me big time. One of my hands started to caress a nibble over the fragile fabric and she bit down on my lips, hard. We broke the kiss and she was scowling at me, as if she was mad I turned her on.

I laughed.

"Turn around." she opened her mouth to complain. "I want to give you a massage!" She gave me one last suspicious look and complied.

I helped her get the top off, admiring the freckles down her back. Massaged her shoulders and slid my hands slowly down her spine. My fingers sunk in into the dimples at her lower back and I planted little kisses on the sides of her body until I reached her waist. Then, I lowered her panties.

I bit down on her thigh just to play around and resumed the kissing. She fumbled at the bed, complaining against the pillow. I tortured her a little more, as much as I could, until I felt she was about to kick me. I made her turn around again, spread her legs gently and got closer to her groin, breathing down heavily.

"That fucking tickles, dude!" she protested with a strangled voice, and I made her shut up by sliding my tongue over her clitoris. She moaned loudly. Well, it seems finally she had run out of things to say.

I enraptured myself on her. I always loved going down on her because she got very wet very fast. My tongue went from her clit to the rest of her pussy, sucking and licking, enjoying the taste. Then it penetrated her slowly, until she was lifting her hips off the bed and tugging at my hair. I slid two fingers inside easily.

I spread my own legs, involuntarily rubbing myself down on the mattress as her moans got louder. She was so tight on the inside, and she was all swollen and open, it made me want to bite her like a fruit. Her taste drove me crazy, I loved how responsive she was, trembling with every single lick. I was convinced that time she was really going to pull my hair out, but then she convulsed on the bed, screaming loud.

Damn, it felt good when she came in my mouth.

I climbed up her body, and then I was the eager one. I got rid of my pyjamas as she laughed at me, shaking her red, short hair away from her face. I wiped her smartass grin away with a kiss, our saliva mixing with the taste of her cum.

I finally removed my underwear, and glued our bodies together once again. Only this time, there were no clothes on the way. I spread my legs, moaning when I felt our four sets of lips rubbing together. I thrust my body against hers, until she got tired and inverted our positions.

She sat down on my hips, perky breasts levelled up with my mouth and we recovered the rhythm. I came hiding my face on her chest. Fell back on the bed, and she nestled me for like two seconds.

Then got up all at once, and went back to the paintings. I stayed in bed, admiring her as she went through her canvas, naked.

Then I sighed. As much as she got tired of things very fast, I just prayed it would take her a long time to get tired of me.



The sizzling from the frying pan filled the kitchen, while he started organizing ingredients methodically. "If I keep it tidy while I cook there is no mess afterwards, see?" He explained, grinding pink pepper over the stir-fry. The sound of a Spanish guitar was flowing out of the speakers as he cooked slowly, taking one more sip of the fancy beer.

"It's Belgian." he had said as soon as I arrived. He had advertised his cooking skills a lot, and my expectations were very high. Between sips of the dark beer and nibbles off the cheese plate, the conversation flowed. The night was warm, the door to the balcony stayed open. I loved how he talked about things very specifically and enthusiastically. He has spent the last ten minutes telling me all the secrets for a perfect risotto. I felt a bit bad, because my attention was mainly focused on the fact that I always loved guys wearing grey sweatpants, especially when they had such a great physique. It was always so good to spend time with him; his presence was always as sweet and serene as the guitar ever present on his playlist.

"It smells really good." I commented, because it was true. He flashed me one of his charming smiles, warning me there was only a bit left. He covered the pan and came over to kiss me, holding my hips briefly before sliding the hands to my shoulders and giving me a massage. "Holy shit, what did I do to deserve such luxurious treatment?" "What? I told you I was going to take care of you today." I sighed, allowing myself to relax. I wished to contaminate myself with his tranquillity. His alarm went off and there he was back at the stove. "Done. Ready to eat the best pumpkin risotto of your life?"

I lifted my fork.
"Born ready."

He used to always say culinary orgasms could be just as good as regular ones. I was seriously inclined to agree after our dinner. The food had been divine. He always managed to impress me; we got along really well, but we knew between us it would never be more than sex and friendship. And that was fine. Sometimes, it's even better like that. I could enjoy his pleasant companies with no compromise. When we finished eating, he took me to the couch, and a bowl of strawberries and cream materialized on his hands.

He could be so cliché at times, but as crazy as it seems, it never bothered me. Quite the opposite; we really enjoyed the strawberries. He took my top off, besmirched my upper body with cream and cleaned everything up with his mouth.

When I realized, my bra was also off, my belly was sticky and sugary, and he had me tight in his embrace while we kissed. I felt trapped, his kiss was trapping. It was like I had walked into a cell and the keys had been thrown out. It was so deep and assertive it felt like I could never break it off. I was chained to his lips.

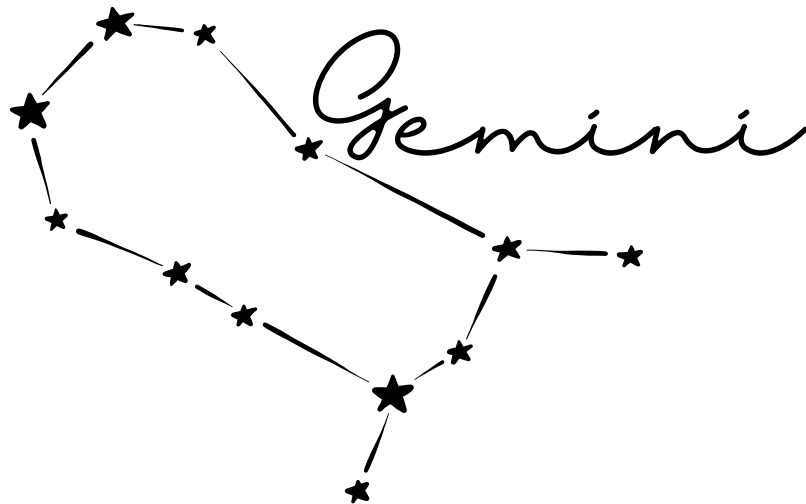
He held me, pressing himself against me, my tiny little shorts rubbing against his imprudent pants. My hands went down his chest, and got inside them once and for all. He moaned in my mouth, reciprocating the gesture and gliding his mouth down my chest; one of his hands snaking inside my underwear.

We stayed like that for some time, playing, teasing, competing to see who would give in first. But from the start I knew I was bound to lose, and I was okay with that. Suddenly, I kicked my shorts off my legs, slid his pants down to his ankles and knelt on the floor, between his legs.

"Shame we have no more cream." I blinked at him, before taking his whole cock inside my mouth. He tugged lightly at the back of my neck as I teased, tortured him until he pulled me up, fit me on his lap and started to fuck me, moving my hips in little circles.

It wasn't long before he moaned in my ear, throwing me back on the couch and digging his face between my thighs, eating me out until I came. Then he laid his head on my stomach, mumbling he was exhausted. I laughed and said we could sleep on the couch.

So, we did.



I made a little impatient noise in the back of my throat, and he laughed at me. Not that I was not having fun – I mean, I was. But the play was turning into torture.

I was on all fours on the bed, back benched. My hands were securely tied together. My eyes blindfolded. Totally naked except for a black lace tongue. He ran his hand up the back of my thigh, taking a little longer over my tattoo. My skin bristled.

“Holy fuck, babe. You look so hot.”

I giggled. But I was still impatient.

“You having fun back there? Glad one of us is, now can you hurry the fuck up?”

He kissed one of the dimples at the small of my back. Then licked it. I moaned loudly. Blindfolded like that, it seemed I was a thousand times more sensitive. I felt the mattress shifting and nearly kicked the air. Motherfucker was leaving the bed??

“HEY! Really, is this a good time for a cellphone?” – He laughed again.

“Sorry, sorry! I just wanted to take a picture.”

“Right, so you can get your hand dirty and fuck me afterwards? No way. You stay put.”

I knew him way too well. His mind was always wandering around three thousand different places, it was almost impossible to make him drop the goddamn phone, even when we were having sex. I could not see but could picture it, his wide eyes going from my body to the ceiling and back to my body, as if his brain had a bunch of open tabs.

“I’m being annoying, right? Sorry. I swear it’ll be worth it.”

He got a grip on my hips, brushing his boxers against my ass, lips teasing the back of my neck. Then pulled my hair, hard, as he kept nibbling and suckling enough to leave a mark. Once satisfied, his lips trailed down my spine with a series of wet, sloppy kisses, that provoked a little shock inside that almost had me jolting out of my body.

Suddenly, he bit down on my ass so hard I let out an exclamation. He licked the marks of his teeth, making me tremble. Then, ever so slowly, pulled down my panties to my knees, adjusting my hips so my ass was well in the air. He whistled and smacked it, probably adding another mark.

I cursed, feeling myself getting wet. I tried to spread my legs, untie my hands, anything. Then, in one swift move, his tongue went from my clitoris to my tailbone. I nearly collapsed on the bed, but he held me tight, spreading my wide open while he ate me out. It was fast and coarse, and I could feel the ardor emanating from his body. Just how much it was driving him out of control. It was enough to make me crazy.

His enthusiasm, his creativity. Having sex with him was everything but boring. He always brought something new to the table. Always a new thing to try. Sex was our little lab, and I was his experiment. He was always testing to know what would make me come harder.

The reasoning slipped away from me. Being blindfolded made the experience that much more intense. I felt completely at his mercy. It seemed like my whole body was numb, all I could feel was the texture of his mouth, licking me, sucking me, nibbling me. He kept going for what it felt like hours. Would drive me really close to climaxing and then stopped, over and over again, nearly killing me with anticipation.

I almost came so many times, it made me lose the capacity of forming a coherent sentence. Then he stopped. Adjusted me in the exact position he wanted me. And then asked:

“You want me to fuck you?”

“Yes.” I managed to get out.

“No, babe.” He whispered, his tone of voice nearly cruel. “I want you to use your words. I wanna hear.” His mouth was close to my neck. I decided to play nice, after all, he earned it.

“C’mon, fuck me.” And then, just to really get my point across. “Please.”

He gasped. Rubbed his cock all along me, lubing himself. He teased me like that a little more until – he was – finally! – inside me. But just a bit. Just the tip. I could feel him jerking himself off while his gland was inside me, and it nearly pushed me over the edge. Then, he thrust, hard. And it didn’t last much after that. He fucked me sloppily, no waiting around. Tugged on my hair with one hand, while he kept mumbling incoherencies on my ear. Fuck, did he ever shut up? I screamed when I came; could feel he came soon after.

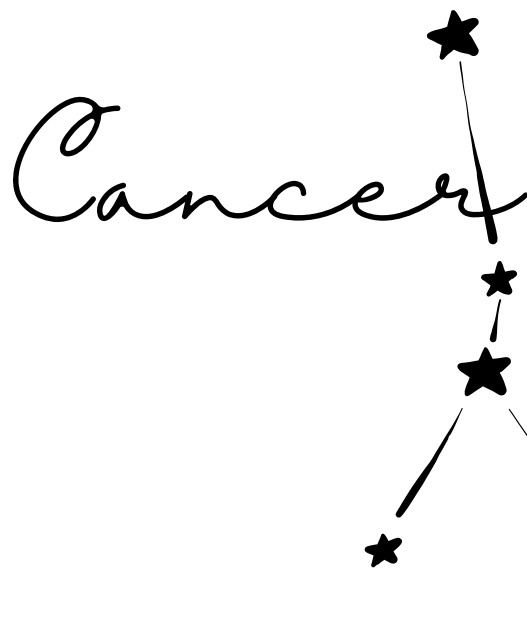
I let out a sigh when he got out of me, tugging at my wrists to remind him to untie me.

“I kinda want to leave you like this all night.”

“Fuck off.” I growled. He laughed once again. Finally freed my hands, took off the blindfold. Pins and needles invaded my hands as the blood flow returned to normal. I blinked twice to accommodate my pupils and looked at him.

He was beaming. Kissed me, then I lied down on his chest.

Before we dozed off, he whispered he loved me.



I got into the kitchen, observing her struggle to open the wine bottle. Her thighs disappeared under the oversized cotton shirt, the almost see-through fabric leaving her white thong and bubble ass in plain sight. I ran my eyes up the curve of her waist and her long curly hair. She finally managed to pop the bottle and filled a glass.

I hugged her from behind, around her waist, feeling the ever-delightful dip of her hips. She got tense at the spot, getting away from me.

I blinked, clueless for a second. Then, I rolled my eyes.

"I can't believe you are actually pissed at this."

"Leave me alone." She mumbled, trying to leave the kitchen. I held her wrist, pulling her back.

"No, no, wait, come here. You're really going to keep up with the attitude?" She raised her eyebrows.

"I don't have an attitude." I just stared at her. She shrugged away sassily. "You wanna talk to him, fine. I couldn't care less."

"That's not what it looks like."

"Well, I have to be okay with all of it, right? You can keep texting your ex and I have to just deal with it." She tried to leave again.

"Hold on, can we talk for a second?" She sighed, aggravated. "First of all, I was not randomly texting him, we were talking about buying a friend a gift, which I already explained. And secondly, you are crazy if you think I am interested in any ex whatsoever when I have all of this right in front of me."

The corner of her mouth twitched. She wanted to smile, but did not give in.

Damn, this girl was a handful.

"You are the hottest girl alive." I kept going, and felt she softened a little. I got closer. "And I want to squeeze you, eat you out, fuck all day. You have zero reasons to be insecure."

"But..."

"But nothing. C'mere..." I pressed her against the kitchen wall, sliding one of my legs between his thighs, my face finding her neck. She smelled like vanilla. I kissed her shoulder, sucking, teasing her, then going up to her earlobe. I bit down and she gasped. "Let me make you come."

"Stop..." She grumbled in her hard-to-get tone of voice I knew so well.

"Just once, c'mon... Please?" I didn't wait for an answer and kissed her. Soon her hands were around my waist. She kissed me slowly, insistently, like she wanted to swallow me whole. I slid my hands under her shirt, squeezed her breasts. She moaned aloud. I always loved how responsive she was.

When I lowered my hand across her body, her tiny panties were soaked. I groaned against her luscious lips, moving my fingers over the wet lace slightly, provokingly. She was holding me, scratching me, never breaking the kiss.

I glided her underwear down and she let out a little throaty cry when I spread her lips with my fingers, running the tip of my finger up her clitoris. Her body shivered when I started circling it leisurely, the way I knew it was bound to work.

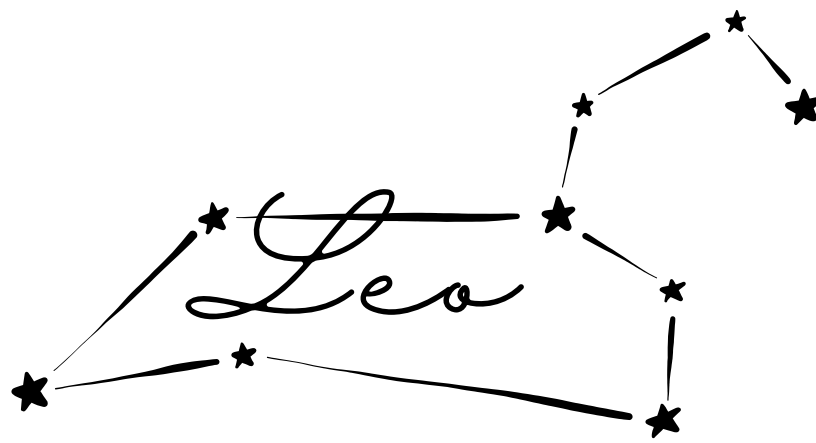
Not long after her lips left mine, she started moaning loudly. Her thighs spasmed as I kept touching the same spot, the same way. Another hand came down so I could put one finger inside her. Her pussy was so wet against my hands, she kept trying to spread her legs further, almost ripping the underwear that was around her knees. She begged me, "harder, please", and I obeyed, feeling her contracting around my digit, thrusting her hips into mine as if she could not help herself.

She kissed me again when she came, her tongue invading my mouth sloppily. We stayed there, trying to catch my breath, until I grinned.

"How amazing." She made a face.

"Don't go thinking I forgot you were texting your ex just because of this. I haven't!" She pulled her underwear up and marched through the hallway. I sighed, exasperated.

Time for round two.



I dawning the last sip of my drink, sad it was all gone. The party was crowded, the bass drums low, and I was sweaty from dancing too much. It was one of those nights that I was feeling euphoric, it seemed like nothing could go wrong.

And then I saw him, dancing on the corner.

Shoulder-length hair, hazel eyes, deep frown. He even looked like a lion. Responded to my gaze immediately. He stared at me, and with all the alcohol I had in my system, it was enough to speed up my heart rate. I blurted a “be right back” out to my friend and sneaked my way through the dancefloor. He finished his beer. When I was close enough, gave him another look. Much to my surprise, he pulled me in and kissed me. Just like that. No anaesthesia. His kiss was territorial and authoritarian. His tongue roamed all the corners of my mouth, one hand on the back of my neck, just to make sure I wasn't going anywhere.

As if.

The other one went down to my waist, gluing our bodies together. One of his legs made its way between my thighs.

My short little dress rode up, my underwear against his jeans, as he kept squeezing me and kissing me as if there was an audience watching. It was all about his performance. The beat of the music was loud on my ears; it seemed it was syncing with my heartbeats.

When the kiss was over, I was breathless. He smiled, seemingly very pleased with himself.

“What is your name?”

As soon as he opened the apartment door, he pulled me again, kissing me hard, marking down my neck. We scrambled our way to the room. He calmly closed the door, turned the lights on, and took off his shirt. My mouth was immediately very dry. I pretended not to notice the tiny smirk on his face. I mean, if he was taking good care of his body and wanted to show it off, I had no problem with it. The same euphoria of before at the party assaulted me, and I pulled him in for one of those famished kisses. My mouth went down his defined abs, kissing and licking all over his six pack. My head was spinning, and all I could think was, so hot, so hot, so hot. Soon his belt was off, and I was dragging his underwear down hurriedly.

He grabbed the back of my neck again, jolting his hips carefully while I sucked him off. I was trying to use all my skills, even if the alcohol was damaging my focus. He growled, breathless, looking down at me in a way that made me feel naked – in the best way possible.

He was the one who made me stop, bringing me up, pressing me against the wall and taking off my dress. He slapped my ass hard, whistling low in his throat. Then, got rid of the rest of our clothes, grabbed me by the hips so he could have me on his lap.

I could barely believe when he held me firmly with both hands and proceeded to fuck me like that, not leaning anywhere, not holding me against the wall, just fully supporting my weight and moving his hips so he could penetrate me rough and precisely. This drove me crazy; I grabbed his long hair, his muscular shoulders, his defined arms, feeling they flexed as he tensed to hold me where I was.

Soon we were both sweaty, my skin rubbing against his, my moans kept getting louder. My eyes were closed; I was dominated by the sensation of being deliciously devoured. When I opened them, he was not looking at me. I followed the direction of his gaze and realized he was staring at himself at the mirror. My jaw dropped as I observed him admiring the muscles rippling in his arms, our hips fit together. I smiled through the damp nest of hair glued to my face, wanting to remember that scene forever.

We marked each other, scratched each other, bit each other, delighted each other. When it was over, I was sore and tired. I thought about going home, he told me to stay.

When I arrived at my place the next day, his phone number was written on a piece of paper inside my wallet.



We had known each other for a while, always got along, but because of timing, nothing had ever happened between us. Until one day, celebrating the birthday of a mutual friend he came to me with a business-like attitude and asked if I wanted to go to dinner with him the next week. And see, I don't get invited to dinners that often, so I said yes. I was very surprised when he asked me for my address so he could pick me up. The night was great. Our conversation was light, fun, unpretentious. He listened carefully to everything I had to say, always encouraging me to give more details. His sense of humour almost had me spitting my wine after a particularly sarcastic tirade. The food was delightful, by the time we left the restaurant my mind was foggy with alcohol, thinking I would have never expected to have that much fun in such a by-the-book date. He asked me if I wanted to go home, or go somewhere else. I am not the most patient person when it comes to getting what I want, so I suggested drinks at my place. He smiled, arching his eyebrows, seemingly pleased with the fact that I didn't beat around the bush.

On the way home, he rested his hand on my thigh while the street lights were red. I looked over to him, biting down on my lip. The sexual tension was tangible, and I was no longer worried about how we were going to make a move out of the friend zone. But as it's my thing to try and spice things up, I slid his hand up my thigh, underneath my dress. He then leaned over the seat and kissed me. An intense, insistent kiss. We broke apart when the car behind us honked. The light had been green for some time and we didn't even notice.

We skipped the drinks and went straight to bed. He pinned my arms down on the mattress, thrusting his body against mine, his tongue roaming around my neck, his lips biting his way up to my ear. "I wanna eat you out." My cheeky reply got lost somewhere in the back of my throat, as I was too busy feeling a wave of want rippling from the bottom of my belly until my clitoris. "Tell me how you like it. You know I won't stop until I get you there."

I grinned, because had I known that side of him before, this date would have happened a long time ago. I instructed him, telling exactly how I liked it, and he paid close attention just like he had done at dinner. Then, disappeared under the sheets.

He followed my directions as if they were a manual he knew by heart. His tongue would glide slowly, sucking lightly, amping the pressure bit by bit, so precisely it seemed he always knew what the perfect next step was. I was so wet, for sure it was already on the sheets, and he didn't stop until I screamed a little and thrust my hips against his mouth, feeling every pulse of my orgasm invading my body as he rode them out with his fingers.

I was paralyzed, speechless with that formidable skill demonstration. But it didn't stop there. He resurfaced breathless, grinding against me, it felt like he wanted to swallow me whole. I could feel his cock against my entrance, and I was so sensitive it made me moan low in my throat as I spread my legs. He groaned.

"Let me fuck you." He gasped against my ear. "Real good, please."

My answer would've been "gladly", but it didn't come out, because right after he thrust into me, making me arch my spine, dig my nails down his back. The sex lasted for a really long time, and he wouldn't stop until he made me come again. He put all his effort and focus into every move. When it was over, my brain had turned to jelly. Not even one brain cell left.

Well, actually, there was one left so I could mumble out, drunk with sleepiness;
"We'll have to do this again."



"I said no cell phone." He scolded at me, getting into the jacuzzi.

"Sorry, sorry, I just needed to send one text." That was only half of it, when actually the truth was "I was just telling my friend all about what's happening because I can't keep it to myself". He placed two glasses on the side of the jacuzzi, each one with two raspberries and two little frozen mint leaves. I smiled while he filled them with champagne. With him it was always like that; always nice and pretty things.

And every time I said he had good taste, his answer was "of course, I like you".

He took one sip of the bubbles and I forgot about my phone. He hugged me from behind, spreading cold little kisses on the back of my neck. I felt the goose bumps going up my spine.

"The water is indeed amazing."

"Told ya." Was my answer, as the second wave of goosebumps hit me while his hands squeezed my waist, over the swimsuit. I looked over at the city lights underneath autumn fog, stars glittering above. There I was, drinking champagne in a jacuzzi while on a rooftop, being embraced by a man who seemed to have come straight out of my dreams. That whole trip seemed to belong to someone else's life, like it was an alternate reality.

But that didn't mean I wasn't going to enjoy it.

I had some of the champagne, letting the bubbles tickle the roof of my mouth until they melted. Then I turned around, gluing our bodies together. Our kiss tasted like raspberries and mint, the warm water and the first dose of alcohol of the night relaxing all my muscles.

He smiled into the kiss, saying he had forgotten about music. Reached for the remote control, turning on the sound. One of my favourite songs started to play. I was speechless.

"It's this one, right?" I nodded. "I paid attention, see?"

He sat on the other side of the tub, drinking a little more, while we went back to the conversation we were having earlier that day, about our rebellious phases in high school. At some point, he bit his lips, shaking his head while he blushed. His charm was so captivating I could barely handle it, and all I could do is to think "fuck, I think I am falling in love."

Partially because I didn't want to be alone with my thoughts for another second, partially because I had a sudden desire to run my hands down his arms, I crossed through the tub in a second. I straddled him, putting my hands square on his shoulders, sliding them down his toned abs. I wondered if there would ever be a day in which he didn't fascinate me so much. I popped a raspberry in my mouth before kissing him again. Pools, bathtubs, jacuzzis and all things water had always been my weak spot; and being there on his lap didn't make matters any easier.

We kissed for a really long time. He held the sides of my face while nibbling away on my lips. I could feel his hard-on inside his swim shorts, pushing against me, and it was slowly making me dizzier and dizzier. I rubbed my body against his, running my nails on his scalp, tugging at his short hair. He knew how to make me feel impatient.

I was practically sobbing with lust when he finally decided to do something. He inverted our positions, pressing me against the edge of the tub with those well-toned arms that would make any gym rat eat his heart out. Looked deep into my eyes, his gaze full of desire and hunger, but as always with that hint of affection and ran his hands up my thighs. I trembled slightly.

He tugged my swimsuit to the side, exposing me. I let out a moan when he ran his thumb across the extension of my vulva from bottom to top, squeezing him, sinking my nails into his biceps, while he circled my clitoris very slowly. Then his finger reached my entrance, penetrating slightly, before proceeding to do it all over again. He kept going until I kissed him hard, and he slid two fingers inside me all at once. Soon they found that magic spot (how did he always manage to do that so fast? Maybe he should draw a little map and upload it online (I knew a handful of guys that would benefit from that) and in one second I was pretty much undone. I lowered the straps of my suit sloppily, wanting to get rid of it soon.

He helped me get out of the swimsuit, lips finding my neck and collarbone, sucking, biting, marking, all very slowly. My skin was burning, and there he was trying to slow down? When he took one of my nipples in his mouth I all but screamed, pulling his hair. He giggled a little.

"Water does make you crazy."

"I told you so." I mumbled, pulling his hips closer to me without much coordination. He held my waist, finding the right fit with me on top of him, and penetrated me. The water did make things harder, removing my natural lubrication, and consequently, the invasion was just a little bit painful. I was so turned on that it just spurred me on even more.

I hugged him, my body vibrating against his, every onslaught hurting delightfully. I kept remembering a friend saying "love hurts" while I licked his wet skin, wanting to commit every detail to my memory.

I came looking at the stars, him holding me firmly through each spasm. Then I laid my head on his shoulder, relaxing my shivering body, my skin reverberating. All I could think of is that infatuations may not last forever.

But they make us feel like we've been through a lifetime in just one day.



He was a handful.

I was exhausted when I arrived at the hostel, thinking I really should start taking it slow and not stay up all night every night if I had a plane to catch the next day, because having to drag my luggage hungover and feeling like my mouth was the Sahara Desert was sucking big time. The front desk dude was being slow as fuck, and I was impatient and just wished he would give me the goddamn key to the room so I could sleep off my headache. He could not find my reservation and I was trying to keep calm, until out of the staff room came such a strikingly gorgeous man my hangover was gone almost immediately.

His long blond hair was safely tucked in the latest man bun fashion, arms covered in tattoos, dressed like an indie fashionista. I immediately desired my face didn't look so smashed, as his eyes examined me top to bottom in the most aloof way possible. He asked his colleague what the problem was and in two seconds he had found my reservation, handing me the key. I thanked him flatly, and he nodded with indifference. Told his peer he was taking his cigarette break and I was left there, glued to the floor, wondering how the hell I would find out his name.

Travelling is a weird thing. You meet that guy who's been backpacking for ten months, that couple from Denmark that arrived yesterday, those girls that have been to your next destinations already and all of sudden it's like you are all childhood friends. It was the second day we were going out with the staff. One of my roommates was hooking up with Slow Frontdesk Dude. His hot friend was never around, and I was starting to feel disappointed, until he materialized at the club.

I was at my third shot at that point, and smiled at him through my straw. He barely smiled back, staring at me from behind his long eyelashes. Didn't even take long on the stare either, going around to say hi to everyone. When it was my turn, he put his hand at the very small of my back, nearly my ass. I retaliated, rubbing my body against his, and felt a little fiery spark run through my whole body. He let go of me and didn't even look at me twice. Just finished greeting his friends and went to stay in a corner. I sighed, exasperated. In that game, it was obviously who was winning and who was losing.

The night went out in a blur. There was always someone who knew someone that just arrived, and I was taking shot after shot without having to put out a penny. I ordered some water to balance out my alcoholic level, and turned around to see the staff group screaming and jumping at the latest Bruno Mars hit. He just looked at them, giggling silently, obviously displaced. And I, only god knows why, always had a thing for blasé people, damn nearly started drooling.

Every time he had to walk past me, he would grind against me. To ask me to move he would run his hands around my waist and squeeze, or go behind me, rubbing our bodies together. I was pretty drunk, and completely over that torture. I could not understand if he wanted me or was just being a tease. And if he in fact did, when he was going to do something about it. He was obviously having a lot of fun watching me squirm and having control over me. The atmosphere was thick with sexual tension, and in a moment of particularly acute distraction of his peers, he pulled me in by my elbow and whispered in my ear, "let's go outside". In one second we were out the door, and I was sure none of our friends even noticed what happened. I couldn't help but to be impressed by his ninja seduction tactics.

He lit up a cigarette and we started talking. I was starstruck by our conversation. He was genuinely disarmed, and we had a laid back chat about everything and anything. His tone of voice was low, he did not express himself hyperbolically, didn't need self-affirmation. He was, simply was, no arrogance, self-confident enough to exchange ideas without trying to impress me every two sentences.

Our talk continued as we went around the block. It was a warm spring night, and the conversation kept getting better. We stopped at the corner and slowly silence crept in. He looked at me with those bright eyes, and I felt as if they had pierced a hole through me. I grinned; have always been terrible at subtleties.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Are you telling me why you invited me for a walk or you just gonna stand there staring at me?"

He flashed me a side smile, all his body language showing how much he was enjoying the game.

"I'm shy." He shrugged, his tone of voice merging sarcasm and seriousness in the same proportion. He had to be fucking with me.

"Really? Well, I'm not. I'm into you." He giggled, leaned against the wall behind him with a formal attitude. Then pulled me closer by my waist, one hand going up my spine, pressing, until the back of my neck. His face was real close, he was breathing onto my lips, and I was intoxicated – with alcohol, with lust, with youthfulness. He leaned in, almost kissed me, almost. Then pulled my hair to push me away, tilting his face to see my reaction. I groaned lowly with despair and he gave me a satisfied grin, grabbed my chin and kissed me a kiss I felt from the bottoms of my feet to the roots of my hair.

We stayed a little longer at the club, dancing with the rest of our friends. At some point he turned to me and said "let's go" so decidedly I felt like a little bunny about to be slaughtered. We went back to the hostel, got into the room he shared with the staff. I asked him if they weren't going to be back soon. He said they agreed they would spend the night somewhere. I raised an eyebrow, because he had planned this trap all along and I had felt for it.

Good for me.

He laid me down on his messy bed, separating my legs with his knee. When he got on top of me, slid his hands inside my shirt, holding my waist, and kissing me again like he was sucking the air out of my lungs. He undulated his hips, grinding his dick against me and my vision was getting darker from being so turned on. The tension of the whole night had gotten me ready to go, and he kept on rubbing down on me, so relentlessly it was almost oppressive. I felt like one of those preys who snakes kill by suffocation; the more I squirmed, the more trapped I was.

Every move set me on fire. My body was engulfed by embers when he finally started to undress me. Bit by bit, slowly, torturing me even more. Every kiss seemed to be directly on my flesh, on my nerves. Having sex with him was like being cut open with a knife, with a blade that dug very deep, but caused pleasure instead of pain. I lost track of time. I lost control over my muscles. I lost the filter for my words. I was reduced to my most basic instincts. There in his bed, I was a female, was dominated by my own desires, the whole room smelling like pheromones. Everything was sex. I could not think of anything else but the feeling of him eating me out, just waiting until his tongue touched me again, and again, and again, while he opened me open, and I rubbed myself down on the wet tenderness of his lips. I could not process anything else, completely focused on the sensation of his cock filling me up, the taste of his sweat on my mouth, my nails digging into his back.

I was exhausted when we were done. But I could feel his body still vibrating besides me. We rested for a bit, then started touching each other, caressing, taking note of what would bring goosebumps. It wasn't long before we started again. The tiredness didn't stand a chance against the sexual energy he had awakened in me, the air so electric you could light a match between us.

I was hunted down and devoured by him, a prey duly felled, one, two, three, four times.

We stopped at dawn. He was still inside me when we fell asleep, promising one more night before I left the city.



My body doubled over from laughing so hard, as I clutched my stomach, gasping for air. I breathed deeply, trying to let oxygen back into circulation, wiping up the little tears on the corner of my eyes. We had been sitting there for over an hour, watching one YouTube video after the other, our feet resting at the messy coffee table. One finished bottle of vodka, mixers, and an empty pint of ice cream. He swore to me there was an even-better video to show, as I felt I was floating two centimetres above the couch.

My fingers and toes were tingling in a nice way, and I poured one more cup of vodka with OJ. We were already past the half of the second bottle. I shook my head. Could it be I had found someone who liked their alcohol as much as me?

He showed me yet one more complete idiotic and hilarious video, and once again we started laughing out loud. Only this time he threw his arms around, hitting my mostly full glass in the process.

And showering me in vodka.

"Oh, fuck! Shit, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" He picked up the glass clumsily, like he didn't know how to start drying me. The front of my dress was soaked and got very cold very soon, giving me the nice goosebumps. He turned as red as a tomato, mortified.

"Dude, relax, it's okay..."

"I'm really sorry."

"Relax." I wanted to laugh, because that must have been the first time in my life I was not the one knocking things over. Usually it is always me apologizing for spilling drinks on someone, being picked off the floor after falling over, breaking something that I had just bought. I looked over to him; he was still painfully embarrassed. "I said it's okay. I needed an excuse to get rid of this dress anyway." I took off my jacket, and observed as his expression shifted from constraint to attention. "I bet you did this on purpose." I stripped off the soaked dress slowly, throwing it on the floor once I was done. I bit down on my lip because the idea of being drenched in vodka wearing nothing but panties in front of him made me nervous in a good way. Like someone had turned on a little engine at the bottom of my stomach.

He finished what he still had inside his class. I crawled over to him, enjoying the idea of being practically naked while he was completely dressed. I got very close to his mouth, and we smiled together. It was hard to keep a straight face in that seduction game, when we had spent hours talking about everything and anything without a hint of sophistication. My rawness and enthusiasm had found a mirror in him, and the way he turned me on was just another way for us to have fun together.

When we kissed, it was fast, clumsy, but it was thirsty, that thirst that only comes from people who were never afraid to dive deep into things they wanted. It was a mix of hands and fingers and tongues and soon enough it was hard to tell where one ended and the other began. I felt myself getting dishevelled, our bodies rubbing together, my chest still sticky with vodka and it was enough to make me cream my panties.

He held my shoulders, his mouth going down to my neck, licking down the trail the liquor had made down my body.

"I think this might be my new favourite combination. Vodka and you." He gasped. "At the same time." I shook my head, laughing. Was a lot more than tipsy for a really long time, and he seemed to have taken the words out of my mouth. He pulled me in, made me straddle him as he licked down my belly and the side of my body.

I pulled his hair and he moaned lowly. I arched an eyebrow, taking mental note of that for later. Then I pulled harder, and we kissed again. His hand invaded my underwear sloppily, his fingers finding his way to touch me vigorously. I shifted my position, getting on all fours above him, to grant him better access, but not without taking his t-shirt before.

He looked up at me, taking in every reaction as he touched me, frowning and biting his lip, as if he wanted to memorize what were the things that made me moan louder. Soon I was trembling, thrusting against his hand and when he whispered he wanted to see me come I immediately obeyed, like it was a spontaneous reaction of my body, and I didn't have a say in it.

I blinked to clear out my vision; the room was foggy and everything was a little surreal. He got up from the couch, I took the hint, sliding my knees to the floor and resting my upper body on the couch. He grabbed my waist with both hands and fucked me there, the smell of orange juice in the air, mixing with the smell of sex. A lot of thoughts went through my head; how his hands seemed to burn my skin, how he seemed to be on fire inside me, and how I was probably being too loud.

But then he told me to scream even louder.

It was cathartic. I came undone in his hands, felt like I didn't need to hide or suppress anything. My whole existence, so pagan, ribald, libertine, made complete sense while we were there, drunk and surrendered to one another.

I dismantled on the couch when it was over, trying to untangle my mind. When it seemed to clear out, the memory of the video we were watching before came back. And so, I resumed laughing and he soon followed, even not knowing what I was laughing about.

They say the world belongs to the crazy ones.

At that moment, it did.



I sat down leaning against the backrest of the couch, sipping on my wine and refreshing the timeline for the tenth time in a row. I gazed over my friend at the other corner of the room, excitedly chatting with ~the ~guy she had been going on and on for about a week. I rolled my eyes. The lengths one will go for friends to get laid. At least there was plenty of alcohol. I shrugged, filling another glass of rosé.

The party was dreadful. I should have known better when she said that "probably only the post-grads will go". People were spread over sofa, wearing fucking chiffon, eating tiny appetizers and citing philosophers. Fine, I am a good friend. It was worth the sacrifice, but she was going to have to buy me a beer afterwards.

Mid-laugh looking at a kitten video that kept buffering on my cell phone, he came and sat by my side.

"Kitten videos, eh? Easy there, it can be a getaway for heavier drugs. Soon enough you will be messaging your family group chat just to have someone to talk to."

I grinned.

"Sorry, not a realistic risk. I left the family group chat."

"Wow, a truly rebellious spirit."

"Exactly. Besides, it seems I already have someone to talk to." He smiled. Introduced himself offering one hand. I took a second glance at the smile. "Accompany me in some wine?"

"Thanks, but I'll be having just water." I arched an eyebrow. "I don't drink." He explained, smiling again. I blinked.

"No problem. I'll just have to drink for two."

All of sudden, the party was not boring anymore. Our conversation flowed. With bottomless rosé, I became increasingly talkative. I noticed I was probably gathering too much attention when I laughed out loud, wine snorted out of my nose. Everyone looked at me. I mean, there was free booze and no one else was getting shit faced? I had officially entered an adult world.

He grinned at me. I took note of every tooth. His smile was dazzling.

Maybe I was just drunk.

Most probably I was just drunk AND he had a dazzling smile.

My friend squeezed one of my shoulders, whispering in my ear she was going home with The Guy. I knew she must have been euphoric. I would want to ask for every single detail the next day. Then, she pulled back and seemed to have realized something.

"But how will you go home?"

"No worries, I'll figure it out." After all, I was kind of counting on that all along.

"If you want, I can give you a ride." He said. We both stared at him. He lifted both of his hands in a defensive gesture, as if saying "no second intentions".

But of course.

"See? I have a ride home. Go on, have fun."

"I don't want to give you the wrong idea because I am giving you a ride."

"Sure."

"No, I am serious. I'm not one of those guys."

We were walking down the sidewalk, trying to find his car. Finally, we stopped by a red Sedan. I was about to make out with someone that drove a Sedan, my god. But then he ran his fingers through his auburn-coloured curls.

Okay, fuck the Sedan. He was pulling me in like a magnet. The sarcasm, his serene self-confidence, the smile.

"Sure." I cornered him against the car. "So you are saying you are not into me."

He was paralyzed for a few seconds, but put himself back together.

"I'm also not one of those guys who lie." And he held the back of my neck with his two hands and kissed me.

It was not all at once. It was little by little. Arithmetic progression. German national team slowly approaching the goal box style.

When his tongue finally invaded my mouth, my knees had turned to jelly.

The way home was punctuated by heavy making out every time we hit a red light. He stuck his hand down the holes in my jeans to access my thighs, and it remained there for the rest of the trip. When he stopped the car in front of my building, I opened my mouth to invite him up.

But then I changed my mind.

I kissed him once again, biting his bottom lip hard to make him moan. I popped my seat belt and straddled him.

"What are you doing?"

"What do you think?"

"But..."

"The street is empty. I've always had this fantasy, don't rain on my parade."

He bit his lip, his eyes glittering.

"Your fantasy is to have sex with me in the car so anyone on the street can see?" I nodded. "You are crazy. I loved it, c'mere."

We resumed kissing, trying to get rid of our clothes. The space was limited and uncomfortable, but it was obvious that was not an issue. He took my bra off in a matter of seconds, the most impressive show of skills I had seen from any men in bed, and tugged at my hair, bringing his mouth to my neck, shoulder, chest, until he reached my nipples. He took his time there, sucking and nibbling, while his hands squeezed my ass.

While I was squirming, I sneaked my hand down his pants, rolling my eyes mentally to the fact that he was wearing Calvin Klein underwear. I started to touch him slowly, provokingly. His pointer finger invaded my mouth and I moaned immediately, how come he had guessed? I sucked on that digit as if I was sucking his dick. He endured it for two seconds before yanking off my panties.

His hands were holding my hips the whole time he penetrated me with surgical precision. I looked out at the barely lit empty street and the adrenaline of doing that in public hit me really hard. My hands went down my body. He noticed.

"Touch yourself. I wanna watch."

Who even was this guy, a sort of real life sex robot? I complied immediately. He gave me this naughty look, scanning by body, taking his time gazing at my fingers, and then starting me right in the eyes. No way that could have lasted for long. We came almost at the same time. I made sure I screamed out his name.

It was just when I came back to my seat I realized my whole body was sore from cramps. I would probably feel the consequences of this little adventure in every muscle the next morning. Worth it.

"So, wanna come up?" – I asked while I got dressed. "But be careful, it can be a getaway for heavier drugs. Like spooning."

He smiled again.

"Of course I do."



It was February. The night was warm with that thick summer sultriness, the streets colourful with confetti and costumes, filled with people dancing, drinking, refusing to stop the party, trying to extend Carnival as much as possible after Ash Wednesday. I was starting to think that had been a terrible idea, how the hell was I supposed to find him in that ocean of people, but then I looked up and saw him on the other side of the street. Beer in his hand, his blasé ensemble contrasting with everything around him.

I tried to not stare too hard, as we dawned beer after beer. His eyes captured everything that happened, little focus was left for me. It seemed he was always looking at something far in the distance, telling me about his adventures, exuding such self-confidence it was borderline arrogance, his heart-shaped lips blowing smoke rings in the air. He was filled with enthusiasm once he started talking about his plans of picking up his backpack and leaving with no destiny once again, and I felt my mouth drying up, hypnotized by his presence, by the dimples which appeared when he gave me that fuckboy smile, or when he started laughing at his own acid jokes. I said I also had desires of going out to see the world, to which he responded with enviable dismissiveness; "then go. Buy a ticket and go, what are you waiting for?" while I thought of all my fears and doubts, and that charm and detachment I wanted so much for myself. For one second, I didn't know if I wanted him, or wanted to be him.

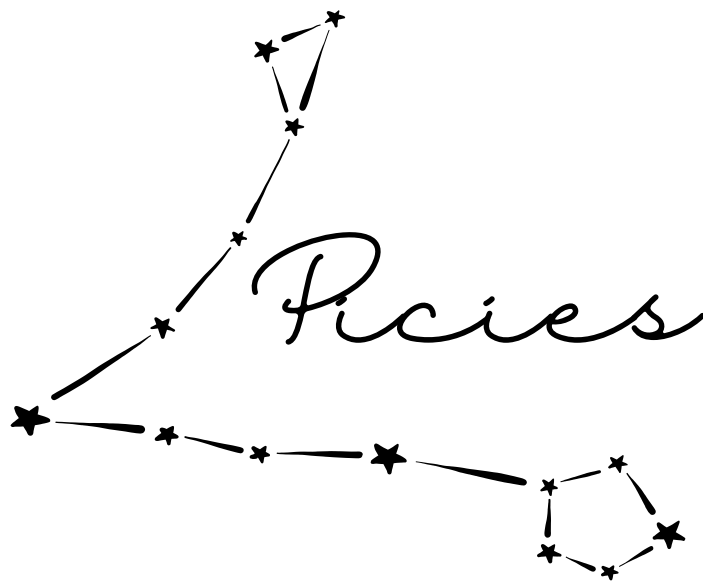
When he kissed me, it was all of a sudden. In a second his eyes were focused on the serpentine showers; the next one he was trapping me against a wall and invading me through my mouth. I could not understand how he could go from one extreme to the other so quickly, but it was as if I had been shocked, an electric stream pierced me. He kissed me with the same rush he looked at the world, and I hung myself on him, biting his full lips, sucking, licking, in a desperate attempt to memorize every texture.

We walked back stumbling on our feet, our laughter echoing on asphalt, joining so many other drunk couples venturing the last night of Carnival. When he got into my room he went straight on the window, hanging off the seal, admiring the city. One more ice-cold beer to placate the heat coming from outside and mixing with the one inside.

He ran his fingers over my spine, had me in shivers, and I looked at him thinking, "well, this time, I'm screwed." The next kisses were a blur. I remember my hands running down his well sculpted arms, sticky with sweat, his hands squeezing me tight everywhere. In another sudden move he ripped the cup off of my hands, and turned me around so I could look at the view. Then, he slowed down. His icy lips found the back of my neck, leaving a trail of kisses and nibbles, while his hands lowered my summer dress, leaving me in just my panties in plain sight of any neighbour paying a little more attention from the building in front. A refreshing breeze walked on my naked torso, my hazy mind unable to distinguish light from light on the city's mosaic, and he kept moving his mouth down my back, licking my tattoos as if they tasted different, rolling his tongue on the dimples above my hip, biting down on my ass. Soon my panties were joining the dress on the floor and I was entirely naked, trembling with lust. A tiny supplicant moan escaped my lips when he moved his hands to the inside of my thighs, folding my body around the hips, leaving me completely exposed.

I could not stay quiet when he started to eat me out, impetuously, unstopably, with that same enthusiasm, that same liveliness. He didn't let me cum. When he stopped I was shaking, soaking, pulsing. I groaned when he penetrated me slowly, screamed when he pulled my hair and helped my hips, reducing me to a mess of nerves, incapable of processing anything but sensations. The lights of the city melted together as he invited me, subdued me, made me his.

Him, of all people, who could never be nobody's.



I arrived late at the bar, breathless and dishevelled, asking if he had been waiting for long. He flashed me a smile that seemed to have 85 teeth in it and answered no, it was all good. The timbre of his voice was sugary and serene, and by the time we sat down I had forgotten all about the stress of getting there.

We talked for hours. About everything, about life, about plans. Drink after drink after drink, and I lost count of how many. He had a timid gaze, his smile would surface at times, his hazel eyes looking for the ceiling whenever he remembered something particularly special. Talking to him was a synesthetic experience. He didn't only say he had done this or that. He described the sensations, the impressions, the wind that would blow at night as he crossed the Amazon river by boat, or the sun on his skin while he wandered around Central America. At many points, I felt as though I was there too.

He didn't touch me for the whole night. I am positive by the end of it I was hunched over the table, dismantled, drunk and hopelessly attracted. But he kept the conversation without any serious attempt to kiss me, although I had noticed his eyes never left my lips. The bar closed, and we got kicked out. We wandered down the streets, he said he was going to the neighbouring neighbourhood, and as my filters had been lowered for long now, invited him to come home with me.

When he finally kissed me I felt I had been sucked by a whirlwind. His hands traced around my body like he wanted to memorize every detail. My heart skipped a beat when I unbuttoned his shirt and discovered a mosaic of brightly colourful tattoos all across his chest. And that was not my only surprise. I had always been every dominant in bed, and yet all of a sudden I found myself completely submissive, at his mercy, clueless. He overpowered me completely, not by imposing himself aggressively, but rather rendering me incapable of coherent thoughts with taunting kisses all over my skin, skilled hands that knew exactly how to touch, grab, involve. I was adored from head to toe, the sides, inside out.

Having sex with him was also a synesthetic experience. My senses came together in one. He spent hours at foreplay, completely devout to make me come once, two, three times, and when he was finally inside me, all my nerves seemed to be connected. He kept whispering in my ear that that was everything he wanted, everything he needed, and I could not be quiet anymore. At some point, he blurted out, "what about your roommate?", to which I growled "fuck it", because was it really the time to be selfless?

I don't know when I fell asleep. The impression I have is that sex mixed with exhaustion, and never ended. When I woke up, surrounded by him, I said I needed to get up, otherwise I would not get to work in time. He said he didn't want to make me late.

But he did anyway.