

erotiKa

Vol. II

By Antoine Vargas

Real people. Real pleasure.

Real boundaries broken.

15

intimate journeys. One truth:
Where there's desire, there's a shadow.

Enjoy your reading...

Algunas historias nacen en la sombra.

En secretos confesados, límites cruzados o miradas que duraron un segundo de más.

Este volumen se adentra aún más — en lo prohibido, lo inesperado, lo que arde en silencio.

Estos relatos se inspiraron en momentos reales, deseos reales, riesgos reales.

Sí, fueron moldeados por la ficción... pero el pulso que late debajo es verdadero.

No escribí para juzgar. Escribí para explorar.

Para decir en voz alta lo que muchos apenas se atreven a imaginar.

Si encuentras un pedazo de ti en estas páginas, que despierte algo valiente, crudo... y emocionante.

Gracias por romper las reglas conmigo..

— Antoine Vargas

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8. Not Me

—*By Antoine Vargas*

That's how I remember myself the last time I saw him. That's the image I keep playing over and over again in my head. And God knows how much I hate that word. I'm not a slut.

Not me!

I've never hurt anyone—at least not on purpose. I make a good living, a very good one actually, and I've always been seen as a respectable girl from a good family. I have a stable life, a husband and two children I adore.

But ever since I met that man, I've lost my bearings. I don't understand myself anymore. I have no control left. In fact, I've handed him the reins of my life—my sexual life, at least.

And yet, he's not some brute or thug. Quite the opposite. Although he's very discreet, I believe he's a senior executive, maybe even part of the upper management of a firm. I earn a six-figure salary, and I don't even come close to his lifestyle.

His captivating gaze had charmed me while I was at the hotel bar during a conference. Going through a rough patch at home, I

gave in without much hesitation. Just a one-night story, a way to spice up my sex life and feel like a woman again. Never did I think I'd meet a lover who, from the very first moment, would know exactly how to make love to me. I fucked all night, came so many times I lost count. The shower, the bed—even the balcony—hosted our wild encounters.

I immediately loved the way he took me, how he dominated me with such finesse and sensuality. I couldn't do anything but surrender to the pleasure. Honestly, more orgasms in one night than I'd had in the last six months.

Still, when I woke up, he was gone—just like in the movies. I was glad, even relieved, because I didn't want to see him again. There was no room in my tightly managed life for that kind of affair. Between the office, overtime, daycare, my husband, dinners... there was only space left to relax on the rare evenings I could.

How did I become such a little slut? How did I spiral out of control like this?

It all started with a small plastic card I found in his suit jacket. I knew it was his.

John

555-567-8866

Nothing else. The card was stylish and intriguing. So he had liked me. In hindsight, I didn't think I had that much to offer that night. That little gesture of desire—or acknowledgment—got to me. I found myself smiling alone in my office. I looked out at the downtown skyline, twirling the card between my fingers, hesitant.

I couldn't stop thinking about that night—both wild and romantic. My throat tightened, and my inner thighs burned at the memory of his firm, enveloping hands on my body.

That was enough to make me grab the phone and dial the number.

— Hello, Samantha. I was expecting your call, John answered in a calm, velvety voice.

How did he know? My number was unlisted. I was stunned just by hearing his voice. I stammered, unable to string together a coherent sentence. He never laughed at me. He spoke as if he already knew he'd have that effect on me. Was I really that predictable?

He asked me to call him again tomorrow, precisely at 3:00 p.m. And not to wear any panties under my skirt. That call left me both dazed and feverish. John had completely unsettled me. Later that evening, I struggled to bathe the kids without replaying that mysterious man's strange request. No one had ever asked me to do something like that before.

As planned, the next morning, I didn't wear any panties. I felt the fresh air teasing my sex for the first time in ages. It had been so long since I'd walked around like that. On the entire bus and subway ride, I felt as if everyone was staring at me—like the whole world somehow knew my pussy was bare under my skirt.

Later at the office, especially during a meeting, I kept tugging at my skirt, trying to pull it down. What started as a thrilling little game was becoming increasingly uncomfortable. Strangely, the more effort I put into not exposing myself, the more aroused I became. It made no sense. I couldn't understand that sensation. I counted the minutes during the last hour before the call.

That's when one of the vice presidents asked to see me urgently—at 3:00 p.m. I couldn't say no. So I took a chance and called John about twenty minutes early, hoping to talk to him and maybe get a little turned on. I dialed the number, and John answered.

— You're early. You didn't follow the instruction, he said in a cold tone.

— Yes, I did what you asked—I'm not wearing any underwear, I replied, a bit panicked by his reaction.

— I said 3:00 p.m. You're twenty-two minutes early. You broke the rules. There will be consequences.

— I'm giving you another chance. Don't disappoint me. This time, 5:00 p.m. sharp, he said before hanging up.

I was shaken. How could I have been so stupid? I'd blown my chance to see him again—like a complete fool. John brought something fresh into my life, a gentle madness that disrupted the monotony. My meeting with the VP lasted only a few minutes. Useless chatter, as usual.

I endured two very long hours of work, all to keep my chance of reconnecting with John. I had to call my husband and tell him I'd be late so he could pick up the kids from daycare.

At the scheduled time, I closed my office door. This time, I used my mobile so he would have my number, just in case.

— Are you alone?

— Yes.

— Go to the window.

I obeyed without hesitation.

— Lift your skirt.

Surprised by his request, I asked him what he meant.

— Lift your skirt, he repeated more firmly.

— That's your consequence.

I obeyed, exposing myself to the city. At that moment, I thought he might be working nearby, wanting to see me.

—Touch yourself. Slide your fingers into your pussy—I know it's dripping with excitement. Masturbate!

I nearly choked hearing his order. He had perfectly imagined the state I was in. I was so wet that my little bud slipped away under my fingers. It was such a release that I couldn't help but cry out as I came. I completely forgot the door wasn't locked. I didn't even consider the risk of a colleague walking in.

There I was, on the 16th floor of an office tower, giving myself an orgasm to satisfy a man I barely knew. It took less than a minute before I climaxed. I let out a long, guttural moan I struggled to stifle. I was trembling, my legs about to give out. I collapsed heavily into my chair. I thought I'd heard voices in the hallway earlier, but now everything was silent.

God, I hope no one heard me. How humiliating!

— You're a good girl. A very good girl. And you enjoyed it, just like I wanted, he said, sounding pleased.

— And you... did you touch yourself too?, I asked breathlessly.

He hung up. Leaving me alone with my guilty pleasure, with the discovery of an audacity I would've thought impossible just a week earlier. I was both disturbed and frustrated. When I stood, I saw a wet stain on my chair.

— Oh no, tell me I didn't really do that, I muttered in my office.

There was a knock at the door. It was Jasmine, a colleague, asking if I was okay. I made up some story about daycare, and she left. But she gave me a funny look. As if she suspected something...

I headed for the restroom to assess the damage. It was just as bad as I feared. I had to go home with a sex stain on the back of my skirt—nearly impossible to hide. That was my real punishment for not respecting the time.

The next day, just before arriving at work, I received a text message on my phone:

— Take the afternoon off. I'll pick you up at noon.

I nearly had a heart attack reading it. I was confused. I wasn't prepared for this. Just wearing my everyday perfume, moderately sexy underwear, and my hair loosely tied up—I hardly looked like an alluring mistress.

At the appointed time, I walked out of my glass tower. A sleek silver sports car was parked at the entrance, and John stepped out to gallantly open the door for me.

— Samantha.

— Hello John, I'm glad to see you again.

He smiled.

— Where are we going?

John remained silent. His confident and slightly mischievous look told me I was about to have a delightful time with him. We arrived at a chic hotel in the city, and John led me to a beautiful room.

I could hear water running in the bathroom, and a soft lavender scent floated in the air. John was silent and mysterious, as always. I approached him to kiss him, but he turned my shoulders around and pressed his mouth to my neck. I tried to turn around, but he held me firmly in place.

— Go turn off the tap.

The bathroom was gorgeous. The bathtub was filled with bubbles. I couldn't have dreamed of a better place to meet a lover and enjoy a romantic moment.

— Undress, he ordered as he returned from the room.

I felt like a teenager. The tone of his voice made me wet. I felt a warm, moist heat rise from my lower belly, igniting my senses.

I obeyed, watching him take pleasure in the sight of me. I went slowly, starting by letting down my hair, unbuttoning my blouse, letting my skirt fall, and freeing my ample breasts from their embrace. I removed everything. I offered him my body, and he seemed to appreciate it. He never looked away, and I melted under his gaze. I felt so womanly, so desirable. I felt alive again, and I was ready to submit just to keep feeling that way.

— Put your heels back on.

So I gained nearly four inches, making myself even more appealing to him. My heart beat all the way down to my sex. I burned with

the desire to make love and feel him inside me. I thought about our last night together and was just waiting for a word from him to get on all fours and let him take me, as he had before.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. I crashed down from my cloud.

— Go answer it.

— But I'm... (completely naked)

— Don't argue. Answer the door. And don't cover yourself, he specified.

I nervously cracked the door open, trembling. A woman in a hotel uniform was waiting on the other side.

— Let her in, he ordered.

I stepped aside to let the young woman in. She was stunning. Latin American, with sleek black hair that perfectly framed her defined face and large dark eyes. She set down a bucket with a bottle of champagne and filled two flutes.

— I want you to kiss the room service woman.

She remained stoic in the face of the order I'd just received. I was living an utterly humiliating moment. Still nude, I was to kiss not only a stranger, but a woman. Something I'd never done before. I approached her hesitantly. I closed my eyes and placed my lips on hers. She welcomed me without hesitation, kissing me slowly, with infinite softness.