



Since Enough of You Assedâ?!

Description

She was new to town. She was nervous, anxious, excited, and scared, but she knew in her heart this was the right move. It had only been two weeks since sheâ??d accepted the position, and she was already anticipating the future with a keen sense of optimism. She couldnâ??t wait to begin.

As she made her way back to her new apartment with some much-needed groceries, she found herself standing in the doorway, unable to move. There he was. The neighbor from down the hall. Sheâ??d only seen him twice before, but each time she had stopped in her tracks. He was, simply put, perfect. Tall, olive complexion, with hazel eyes, and thick, raven hair you couldnâ??t help but want to grab tight and never let go of. She hadnâ??t yet introduced herself, for fear she would stumble and inevitably make an utter and complete fool of herself. So as she finally found her footing and stepped forward onto the landing, rushing by so as to avoid an awkward introduction, he turned and saw her. So it was inevitable. She didnâ??t want to be rude, but also hoped to avoid completely embarrassing herself.

â??Hi. Iâ??m Patrick. I saw you the other day, but didnâ??t get a chance to introduce myself. Youâ??re new in the building, right?â?•

And there she stood, dumbfounded, as she searched her brain for something â?? anything, to say, and finally she manages to sputter out,

â??Yes, I am. Iâ??m actually new to this town.â?•

â??Oh really?â?• asked Patrick. â??Where are you from? Chicago? Argentina? Prison?â?•

She laughed at his witty banter, but wasnâ??t sure how to respond. She knew nothing about this man, other than the very sight of him made her entire body shudder. But even so, if she was going to make friends, any friends, she knew she would have to learn to open up.

â??Iâ??m from Kirkland. Itâ??s a little town outside of Seattle, Youâ??ve probably never heard of it. But itâ??s beautiful there.â?•

“No, I haven’t,” responded Patrick, “but I’m sure you’ll find *our* little town is pretty nice, as well.

She laughed. “San Diego a tiny little town? I think not! It’s so beautiful here. I’m already trying to figure out how many days I’ll be able to call in sick, just so I can spend them at the beach!” (stop rambling, stop rambling, she thought to herself. You’re going to make an ass out of!)

“Haha! I don’t blame you!” he said.

Wow, she thought, he seems really down to earth, not to mention I’d love to shred his clothes and lick every inch of his body. She found herself just standing there, staring for what seemed like an eternity. She was smiling, but then realized how out of her league he was, so she immediately snapped out of her trancelike state and fluttered back down to reality. If only she knew!

As Patrick stood there, by the stairs, watching the way this woman’s affable nature had immediately put him at ease, he felt confused. When he looked at her, he felt something – something click. He wasn’t sure how or why, but there was just something – something about her. Something which he could not explain nor could he have ever foreseen. What was it about this girl that had, in but a moment, caused such a rush of excitement and electricity to surge through his body? There was an innocence and confidence about her that had immediately drawn him in, and he knew at that moment, this was the beginning of something of which he had never experienced. True passion. The kind of passion filled with such intensity that it felt explosive. He had never felt anything like this before. He knew, in that moment, that his lust for her would be all-consuming, and he hoped she felt the same.

“Well, it was nice meeting you, Patrick. I have to get these groceries put away before they melt.”

He snapped out of his daze and smirked. “Yeah, I definitely don’t want to clean THAT mess,” he joked.

She smiled awkwardly, once more, and then turned to walk up the stairs, hurrying so she could get back to her apartment and immediately take some time to fantasize about this man who was so perfect, and so close, yet so forbiddingly out of her league. But as she started up the stairs, she heard him say,

“Wait. Um, sorry, but I didn’t catch your name,” he said.

“Oh,” she said, stunned that he would even care and almost certain he wouldn’t bother to remember. “I’m Stone – uh, Sloane! Sorry. My name’s Sloane. Nice to meet you.”

“Well it’s certainly nice to meet you, Sloane,” he said, as he stuck out his hand. And for a brief moment, she was all but petrified to reach back. Would she giggle like a teenager and make an ass of herself? Would her libido take over? She knew what she *wanted* to do. She wanted to straddle him right then and there, ripping his clothes off as she explored every inch of his body. Are my palms clammy? she thought. Ugh – just fucking shake his hand, you idiot. So she reached out, and in that moment, the moment when their hands met, so did their eyes, and she knew! she knew that one night, whether it be a month from now, or a year from now, she would experience things with this man which would change her life in ways she had never anticipated, and open her up to experiences that would be all-consuming. But the very thought sent intense chills through her body, and she knew she had to get back to her apartment immediately.

Category

1. Uncategorized

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