

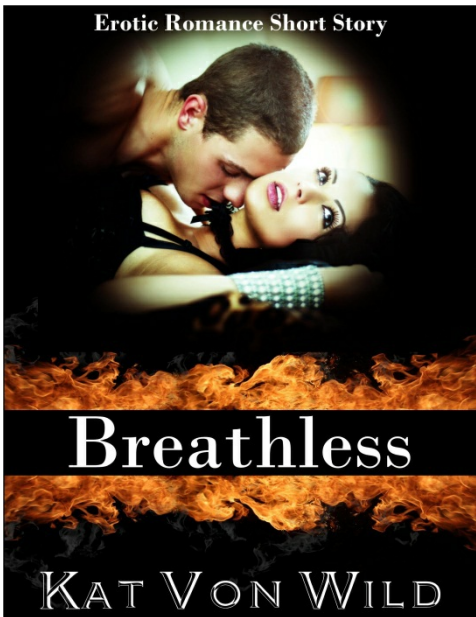
Erotic Romance Short Story



Breathless

KAT VON WILD

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Erotic Romance Novella

This book contains sexual content that is suitable for mature audience only.

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Breathless

In just that moment, that decision to take a short cut through the park for her regular jog, Jenna knew she had made the best decision of her day. There he was, leaning against the tree, sweaty from his jog mixed with the heat from the

morning, standing there in the shade of the tree, with his thumb hooked into the waist of his running shorts. His dark hair, mixing with the shadows, covered his eyes as he was looking down towards his running shoes, perhaps catching his breath. His lean physique glistening with sweat from his early-morning jog, as his muscular chest breathed in and out, showing the strength of his upper body.

As she continued to run towards him, a quick flash of his upper-body holding hers, brought delicious anticipation to her core. She needed to finally meet him and perhaps, find a way to make it develop into something of her fantasies.

Moments earlier, when she turned the bend in the path, saw the sight of him and slowed herself by running in place, it was because the vision of him made her breathless. She saw him almost every morning out here on the running path at the park.

She stopped running in place, dropped her hands to her knees, bent at her waist to catch her breath, because the sight of him left her utterly out of breath. She felt an uncontrollable desire to have him sexually. Instead of her normal view from afar, she made the decision to run towards him, quickly, in hopes of starting up a conversation that could lead to so much more.

For a brief moment, his eyes looked up at in her direction with a hint of inquisitiveness. She didn't want his glance to stop her from what she wanted so desperately, so she decided to continue towards where he was catching his runner's moment. As she ran towards him, he looked back down to his feet and then stood up straight. Just as she was within a close distance, he looked back up at her with a moment of hesitation in his eyes, while his eyes grazed over her body like a feather on skin.

Was he shy? Unapproachable? Perhaps taken but interested? She would never know unless she approached him first as she was almost right at his feet.

To approach a stranger with her desires was too risqué, or was it? He looked at her as if he could make her wildest dreams come true. Her body's reaction when their eyes met told her only one thing, he was a chance worth taking.

In just her black running shorts and matching running bra, she felt almost naked as she stopped and took a deep breath. Her long brown hair in a ponytail laid against her wet skin of her back from running. She glanced coyly with her brown eyes and took in the depths of his soft green ones. She felt lost with desire from the nearness of him, but she knew as they stood in front of each other

silent, someone had to make the first move.

“Hi, I’m Jenna. I see you almost every morning, like clockwork.” She smiled with a flirtatious glance as she was so drawn to the idea of their wet naked bodies touching each other as her wildest sexual fantasies of this man unfolded.

“Jenna? I wondered what your name was. A beautiful name for a beautiful woman.” He tossed out there nonchalant then almost as soon as he said it, he looked away almost embarrassed he spoke so flirtatiously clique. He didn’t offer his name yet he looked back up

with a bit of red in his face, which told her that he must be shy with this sort of meeting. However, with his looks that made her think of nothing more than having his strong hands run the length of her body and touch her in such exotic ways that perhaps his shyness was only surface deep. Possibly, she told herself, that in the bedroom, he was so much more aggressive once their naked bodies touched each other. She could only hope as her confident nature told her that she had to take the reins on the start of this, but as soon as he got where she was coming from, she would surely let him have his way.

“Jenna Michaels. And you are?” She put her outstretched hand towards him as she tossed her shoulders back with a prideful glint of mischief to her eyes.

“Sorry. Ray. And sorry about the bad intro line. It’s just that I’ve seen you around and wondered...” His voice trailed off as their hands shook gently and then held each other a bit longer than a normal greeting. When he pulled his hand away, both of their phones rang at the same time. As on instinct, they both looked at their phones and at each other.

“Work.” Jenna offered up apologetically as she watched him smile and answer his own phone. If it hadn’t been her

boss, she would have declined the call, but there was so much going on at work, she knew she couldn't. Her playtime would have to end for now, and as she took a few steps away while turning her back, she wouldn't blame him if he decided to jog on. However, she did hear his own voice in the background talking, and as soon as she heard, I'll be right there; she knew that it would be until the next morning jog that they could continue this conversation until it landed them naked and sated together.

Her body ached for his touch as she watched him begin to run away with a backwards wave and a smile that told her they weren't done talking or more.

She smiled back sinfully and looked down and back up his way as she spoke to her boss, answering her questions as best she could while her body tingled with desire to be naked with her fantasy man who was running away.

In the heat of the rush at work and the dilemmas that tried to eat up her brain space, she found little thoughts creeping into her mind. Thoughts of her fingers wrapping themselves up in his thick dark wavy hair. His soft green eyes staring into hers before he drops his lips to hers for a soul searching kiss. The way his strong hands would glide over her naked body, touching, teasing, gently massaging before he unleashed his dark sexual side.

She let her finger wrap itself up in her hair, twisting it as she thought of how his hands would feel in her hair. She felt her other hand stroke her own neck as she imagined his kisses on the soft underside of her ear on her neck as he stood naked behind her whispering words of what he was about to do next. All of those words were carnal along with her thoughts, and it did not take long for her to soak her silk panties with desire as she stood at the copier wondering if she could just make it through this four o'clock meeting they had with a new client.

At the present moment, all she could think about was her next morning jog and the chance to meet her sexy stranger

once again. Then she giggled at her own thought of how knowing his name, no longer made him a stranger and the thought let her devilish smile creep across her face. A giggle continued to escape from her throat as she gathered the documents she was copying and turned to face the very man who put those thoughts there.

“Jenna? Funny meeting you here. What’s so funny?” He sounded as if he was exactly where he needed to be, which was odd, because she was in her office, at the copier in the front area, right by the receptionist desk, and he stood in front of her in a navy blue suit, light silver grey shirt and a tie that made her

think of him tying her up with it. He must be her four o'clock new client along with his two sidekicks, which were talking it up with the receptionist.

Their conversation continued in a professional manor as her boss looked at her funny, almost suspecting of her internal sexual thoughts of the man. No boring meeting could replace the sensual glances he was now casting at her. His navy business suit must have given him the magic powers to flirt with his eyes and body towards her or perhaps everything he did just plain turned her on sexually to the point that she could explode.

Luckily, the meeting ended with handshakes and the nature of looking forward to doing business with them. However, as soon as the front door closed behind him and his two coworkers, she turned to her female boss and burst into laughter. “You will never guess where I met him.” She quickly told her female cohort about her morning jog crush and meeting him just this morning. With a small amount of anticipation, she was worried her boss might discourage her from making anything more of it as he was a new client, but then again, this was a woman who married two clients in the last ten years and was recently divorced with a permanent bed friend as another client. She would discourage it,

due to her own experience. However, as they both knew when a man turned a woman on so quickly there was only one thing to do about it, and she had every intention of doing it.

What she hadn't planned on was a very sexy navy suit man standing at her apartment door, leaning against it with a huge bouquet of bright exotic flowers and bottle of red wine to be standing there when she got home.

"I hope you don't mind." He offered up. "I asked the receptionist for some information that allowed me to figure out that you are single and where you lived. It's a guy thing. Please don't think it

weird of me.” His smile told her that perhaps her devilish thoughts weren’t the only ones wreaking havoc on someone’s mind today. He had a look in his eyes as if he had more than casual intentions as she stood there with the flowers outstretched in his hand.

“Thank you.” She took them casually and then put a quick kiss to his lips. As soon as she pulled back from the tingling sensations his lips left on hers, she knew that she had to get her apartment door open and fast along with him inside to do something about all of this sexual desire that left her breathless around him.

The keys fumbled in her hands as she tried aggressively to open her apartment door with one hand while holding her beautiful bouquet of flowers in her other hand. Her purse slide off her shoulder and made the task almost impossible.

“Allow me.” He offered up in a gentle calm tone which told her the tables were turned. He was in charge of his attraction, as hers had turned into a heated fumbled mess of desire. She felt her breath hold itself again as his hand touched hers while reaching for the keys. She watched him calmly turned the lock and then open the door, pushing it open and allowing her to step inside first.

As soon as she stepped inside her apartment, which had always been her reprieve from work or anything in life that let her feel out of sorts, she immediately felt the warmth and security surround her in her personally decorated abode. She walked boldly over to her kitchen to put the flowers in a vase with water. Behind her, she heard the door close and the sound of his dress work shoes against her wood floor as he walked towards her. Just as she turned from putting the flowers in water, and set the vase on the island, she turned to look at him holding the bottle of wine and admiring her apartment view. It was only the tenth floor, but it had an incredible view of the city lights, which were

beginning to sparkle with their brilliance as the sun was setting off behind her building.

“Breathtaking, isn’t it?” She asked in a seductive voice as she walked over and took the bottle of wine from him. Yet, letting her walk away again was obviously far from what he wanted. He took her hand and set the wine bottle down on her coffee table with the other hand as he looked deep into her eyes.

“You are the image that took my breath away more mornings than I could count. I suppose I was working up the courage this morning, leaning against the tree, to talk to you when I looked up to see you

approach me. Funny how we met again, at work, and now that we are here together; I can't resist what I am about to do next."

She watched his pupils enlarge with desire; his hands pull her in closer as his lips dropped to hers and their kiss grew with an intensity that had them quickly shedding their clothes with fumbled fingers as their lips did not want to part.

It was the moment he pulled away to admire her in only her white silk bra and panties that she realized her desires were about to be fulfilled. She took a deep breath as she admired the muscular chest that had always been hidden by

some gray or navy jogging shirt. She had only worked off his clothes on the upper half of his body as she glanced to his pants and realized his boxers were not containing his excitement very well. She smiled devilishly as he looked down at himself and back to her. "This is your ball game." He teased. "I can stop now if you like, or I can do whatever it is I see dancing around in those eyes of yours, begging me to touch you, to bring you to orgasm, to make that smile on your face satisfied with sated desire."

His words were bold. His shyness was gone, and his excitement had her so wound up with tension that she didn't speak out her desires. She just reached

for his pants and worked at them quickly to get them to drop to the floor. As he stepped out of his pants and tossed his shoes and socks to the side, he let out a laughter sound of simplicity in question. "I'll take that as a yes?"

A breathy 'yes' left her mouth as her eyes grazed over the muscles of his legs that she so admired while watching him jog. She saw the size and length of him jutting out at her with a pulsing vein as she felt herself swallow a large lump. It had been a while since her last rendezvous, and she wondered if this would be over too fast before she could really enjoy this passion between them.

As she reached out to touch him there, he stopped her. “You first. I have thought of this moment more mornings than I care to admit. I want to bring you to satisfaction first.” It sounded like he knew what he wanted, planned his satisfaction and was going to make sure she was the first to smile with desire.

She watched as his hands expertly removed her bra straps and unhooked it from behind, freeing her perfectly rounded breasts from the bra that held them up. She felt the instant pebbling of her nipples as she filled with the excitement as she watched his hand cup one of her breasts, and his mouth lowered down, teasing her with his

tongue as it lashed out gently, causing a tingling sensation to ripple through her body.

Her breath hitched with excitement as his lips worked their way back up to her neck then over to her lips as he passionately took her in his arms and began to kiss her in a way that told her he could do magical things with his lips, his tongue, his desires.

Before she knew it, he had her flat on her back on her dark purple chenille couch with the white fur throw contrasting against it. Her eyes watched as he pulled her white silk panties, drenched with desire, down her legs and

tossed onto the dark hardwood floor of her apartment. She looked into his eyes and saw the passion he felt as he eyed her slick wet pussy. She felt his hands slowly ease her farther apart as he set one knee on the couch and leaned in towards her. His lips dropped to the inside of one thigh and then the other. His eyes looked up to hers as he smiled. "I've been wanting to do this since the first time I saw you on eagle's ridge, jogging with your music going in your ears, your long brown ponytail swaying and your ass, god you have a great ass."

She wanted to think of something sexual to say as his lips dropped their focus back to the inside of her thighs. She

mumbled out a 'you too' and realized that her normal bravado of take charge was lost to this man, this man who at first seemed so shy and debonair, and now he has been unleashed from the chains that bound him. She felt the soft white fur throw beneath her ass be replaced by one of his strong hands. She looked down between her legs as she was flat on her back as his other hand separated her lips, and his tongue lashed out with passion.

The first sound of ultimate desire escaped her lips with an 'ah' sound. He was so gentle with her yet his tongue held strength and the lashing she took had her dripping mad with desire. Her

own hands came up and fondled her breasts, letting her perky nipples glide under the brushing of the palms of her hands as she gently stroked herself. Her lips held sounds of desire vibrating off them as his mouth latched on between licks and sucked at her.

Her left hand dropped away from her breast as it laid itself gently on the top of his thick dark hair. She felt her right hand stroke itself down her belly to the inside of her thigh and then her fingers intertwined themselves into his hair. She felt her body squirm with desire as each tongue lashing caused her to want to cum. She heard her own voice pleading with him as an encouragement. “Yes!

Yes! God, yes! Like that. Oh my yes!” It was as if she no longer contained herself and her reservations about being with this man who was only a stranger this morning were unleashed to be the passionate person she had dreamt about being with him. No reservations, no holding back, just pure satisfying sex that would last as long as her body could hold out.

She felt his finger slide inside of her, and her muscles flinched. She knew she was dripping with desire, and his tongue was lapping her up as she moaned and squirmed. She felt her leg widen as his hand came out from beneath her ass and

opened her up by pushing back at her knee.

His tongue lashed out faster; his second finger entered her as she moaned with pleasure. His mouth latched on and sucked hard as she shoved his head into her, holding him in close, begging with her screams that he suck harder, wishing that it would never stop and that this shuttering wave of an orgasm that was taking over would last forever. It reached a point of euphoria of which she had never felt, and then she felt her legs deceive her and close around him as she could barely take the shuttering of electricity through her body no more.

His kisses slowly and gently worked their way up her body. She watched in a haze as he had sheathed himself and then as his mouth sucked on her breasts one at a time and then to her neck, she realized that her body still ached for his hard cock to be inside of her, stroking in and out, causing her to quiver with another orgasm. She had to wonder after the one she just had could she last any longer?

The moment the stretch of his cock entered her; she felt a revival take place. Her hands went up to his muscled chest that was before her as he began to slowly pump in and out of her tight wet pussy. She saw the pleasure on his face

the moment he entered her and that made her smile with satisfaction.

The two of them together felt like a musical motion of euphoria. She looked up at his eyes with a smile that told him she was enjoying herself. She saw the look of a man about to go over the edge of ecstasy. Then she watched him lower himself to whisper to her. "Say my name Jenna. Tell me you want this. I want to hear my name from your lips as I cum."

She could tell that he had a romantic side to him. It warmed her heart but mostly she loved the feel of his cock sliding in and out in a rhythm that was exotic. Saying his name would cross her

lips easily. She kissed the side of his face as she rolled his name off her tongue. "Ray! You feel so good. Fuck me Ray. I need you." Then just as he rose up straighter on his arms and looked down into her eyes, she heard her name roll off his tongue. "Jenna!" It was filled with a sensual excitement as he said it.

She watched as he pumped in out and faster, his face began to squeeze as he looked upwards and then a loud victorious groan filled the room. For a fleeting moment, he stopped pumping in and out of her as he let his orgasm ride through him.

The moment he came back to focus she felt what was left of him sliding in and out, and she let herself relax in the moment. The way he ground against her clitoris had her already excited and ready. She felt the next brush of his naked skin against her explode as her body trembled with another orgasm. She shuttered with a sensual sensation as his body collapsed against hers, leaving the incredible sensation of their skin touching each other through to the end of it.

It was not long that their breathing began to return to normal, when he rolled up and stood up to offer her a hand. When she stood up and looked at him, he

pointed to the night's sky out her apartment windows. There on the horizon was the harvest moon in a large glorious burst of bright orange color against the dark navy colored sky. As she turned to look full on at the moon, he surrounded his arms around her body in a tight hug from behind and whispered against her ear. "You are more beautiful than the harvest moon." Then his lips began to kiss upon her neck just under her ear as she let her hands rise up and hold his arms in place.

In this moment of after sensuality, she realized that fantasies can come true and being dreamy eyed about a stranger does not have to be left at wondering who the

man was. She knew that her courage to meet him broke the shy trance they both had going when seeing each other each morning.

The morning sun shined in on their naked bodies. At some point in the night, they had moved into the bedroom to seduce each other again after ordering in some food to replenish their appetite. The night held glorious exploration to each other's body and light conversation about their future ahead working together.

Jenna was no fool, as she had learned from her boss's lesson on loving a client. So she tossed out there that perhaps they should leave this night and morning

where it is, and get back to a more professional relationship. She watched the hurt in his eyes take over as he slowly got up and turned to her with his gloriously naked body, the sun shining from behind stroking his skin with a glow. "If that is what you want, Jenna, but I do not."

He turned and headed towards her shower before she could say anything in return. He looked hurt and now she felt bad. Was she being the epitome of a one-night stand? Did he really want to see where this could go, all while working with her on a client basis? It never ended well for her boss; then again, her boss was not as mature as she was.

She heard the shower start to run, and she went to the front room to gather his clothes. She laid them out on her freshly made bed. She wrapped herself in a white cotton robe and went to the kitchen to start the coffee. When she made it back, he was sitting on her bed with his hands between his legs and his elbows on his knees, looking defeated. She felt awful, but instead of talking to him, she talked to the air around them by stating she was going to take her own shower.

The entire time she was in there, she replayed their night over and over. It was a fantastic experience of sexual satisfaction. She wanted nothing more than to spend this Saturday making love

and talking about a future. However, when the water was turned off by her own hand, she knew that a professional relationship was for the best.

When she stepped out with wet hair combed fresh down her back and only a towel to cover her, she saw him still sitting there with two cups of coffee in hand. He offered one out to her.

"For you. I figured you for cream and sugar. I want you to know that by being your client, that should not keep us from seeing each other, but if it does, then I don't want to be your client. If you just don't want me to be here or continue, I'll

leave, but since that first morning jog, I saw you, you took my breath away."

It was in that moment; she felt awful that she wasn't able to put her heart on the line. She let her towel drop as she stepped towards him, guiding their coffees off to the nightstand and looked down at him while standing between his legs. "I'd be a fool not to take this opportunity to be with you. Last night was incredible. First time I saw you - breathless. I don't want to complicate things. I want..." She paused as he pulled her down on him and then proceeded to flip her over onto her back, naked on her bed.

His trail of kisses felt exquisite against her skin. The quietness of the early morning sun flooded the room with a peaceful experience. The way he was wanting to kiss and touch her everywhere on her body had her smiling while looking up at her ceiling thinking this could work.

It was in the way he gently caressed her legs open, trailing kisses on the inside of her thighs that had her moaning without even realizing it. He had a way with easing her into relaxation while causing her body to want to ignite with passion. "Hmm, yes, like that." Her breath echoed out, and the sound of her own voice left a tingling feeling on her skin. How could

she turn this away even if it was for only a while?

His fingers found the wet folds of her pussy and dipped in and then rubbed her clitoris before his mouth dropped down as he looked up to her with loving eyes. "Oh yes. God yes, like that." He was good at this, and he seemed to like her vocal rendition of appreciation.

It was the soft feathery way his lips would drop and suck mixed with the aggressive motion of his tongue and fingers taking turns that caused her to moan out his name with a demand. "Fuck me Ray! Fuck me now. I need you. I need your hard cock. Oh... God, I'm going to

cum!" Her hands slammed his face into her pussy as she convulsed with trembles that rode an emotional wave to her heart.

It wasn't until she felt his kisses back on her skin trailing up, the brief moment of pause as he put on a condom that she had a moment to breathe her own breath that she had been holding from the orgasm. Her body felt every sensation; the light feathery touches of his fingers stroking her skin, his hands gently easing her legs back apart and the way he began to crawl on top of her with a smile on his face. He had the look of a man who would not be easily defeated, nor was he going to be discarded as a one-night

stand. This connection they were feeling was a primal sexual need mixed with the ease and flow of their new-found friendship.

As she felt her heart elate with the feeling of connection, his cock filled her wet pussy so tight from her orgasm. He said her name with feelings of affection as he slowly glided in and out of her, grinding himself against her sensitive clitoris. "Jenna, god Jenna, you're so tight. Fuck. Jenna..." The last time he said her name it came out with a soft expel as he came inside of her with such a force of trembling. His face tightened, and a low growl expanded from his chest. It was the moment he began to

pump in and out again that she let her orgasm release with a fever.

Their heavy breaths pumped in and out as their sweaty bodies lay touching each other. His lips placed themselves against her ear with kisses and soft gentle words of how this could work out just fine. Normally, by this time of the morning, they would be suiting up for a jog through the park, instead they were laying naked and sated feeling breathless. **The End**

Sometimes a moment can take your breath away, leading to desires fulfilled. May a lover make you breathless.

About The Author

Kat Von Wild is an e-book writer for adult romance or erotica. Her books will create the feeling as if you took a moment away and found sensuality. Her adult romance novels tell stories of searching for love and passion, and her short erotica stories will ignite the fire within. Her one true passion is to leave you feeling fulfilled yet wanting more.

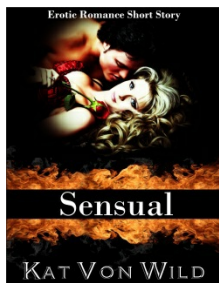
Like luscious liquid dreams, her stories pour from her fluttering fingertips, creating a provocative experience, for your pleasure. Deliciously dark dreams dare her to be so bold. Stimulating warm trickling sensations like a waterfall

gently washing over your soul. Accept the offering of a moment in time to escape.

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If you like this book, here are a few that might increase your reading pleasure for more.



Sensual - Erotic Romance Short Stories Combined

Erotic filled romance short stories that will bring you a warm tingling feeling and enough passion to light your soul on fire. Each short erotic romance has a man, just for you. Can one air force pilot fulfill a woman's dreams of doing it while a mile high? Between missions, one lonely Navy Seal, wonders will he always come home to find her waiting? Can one Marine be all he can be for his new neighbor? Should a rich sultry woman be picking up a sexy lonely soldier on leave? Can one woman's temptation be revealed by one man's desire to have her? Can a total stranger's kiss wake a sleeping beauty with such a

feeling that all she can think about is being kissed just one more time by him? This book is filled with sultry seductive romances that will ignite your erotic fire.



Sweetly Inked - Erotic Romance Novella

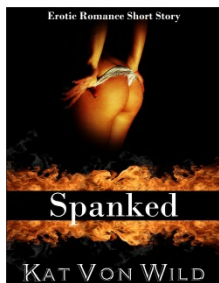
From the moment the bet was made, the sexual attraction started. One simple dare, on live radio, could not be taken lightly. Being a woman of honor, not to

mention the curiosity of the attraction to the man and his voice on air that proposed the dare, she had to come through. The loss of the bet would only be completed once her virginal skin was sweetly inked.

How far will a woman take it to make her newly promoted women's radio talk show to make it successful? Perhaps too far, in the sexual sense. Losing a bet was not the only thing on Amber's mind when she talked with viewers about the sexiness of women with a tattoo. It was the voice of the man who made the dare that viewers choose the answer, and if she loses, she must get her first tattoo, by him. Who was this man? Could she really come through with the loss of the

bet? And the most important question of all, if his flirting could cause an orgasm, what would his hands do to her once he got her alone?

Will her fantasy be ignited with just his touch?



Spanked - Erotic Romance Novella

From the moment, the friendly bet between two neighbors was spoken; the flirtatious teasing transpired to the point of pleasure. The sexual attraction started months ago with a desire on both their parts to be so much more.

One simple dare from his gorgeous mouth taunting her at a chance meeting in a nightclub had her so frazzled with anticipation. She wondered if she could take it lightly and actually show up to complete the challenge. Being a woman of integrity, not to mention the inquisitiveness of the fascination to the man mixed with their six months of occasional passing in the apartment complex with eyes that grazed at each

other's bodies and smiles that could only be interpreted as sexual dares, she knew the minute he whispered his proposal the time had come.

How far will she take it? That question is unanswered until she finds herself in that moment, unsure if she can stop her sexual attraction from unraveling into a heated mess.

His dare, was her only unfulfilled fantasy that he ignited with just his teasing comment. Could she let her guard down and let him be the man to take her to the next sexual height of her fantasies or will her shyness to open up her

requests to a man sexually go unfulfilled?

There are many more titles from this author from Erotica Pleasure to Adult Romance. Please find her stories on your ereader by searching the author name. Some stories are listed as Von (space) Wild while most are under the Vonwild name. This is a publishing issue that has been hard to resolve.

"May my passion for writing sensual stories, leave you with a feeling of pleasure." Kat Vonwild.

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Breathless
Daring

Forbidden Desires Touched Sensations Willing Coming Soon - Bad Desire

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