Behind Closed Doors

Why was everyone looking at her with pitying glances? Why would they assume that she needed a man in her life to be happy? She was not the type of woman whose end all and be all revolved around a lover.

Everyone assumed she was the poster child for chastity. Wouldn’t they be surprised to know that she had taken a lover or two when she felt inclined? Better yet why did everyone assume that her end all and be all revolved around this man in particular?

Would their opinion of her as the Ice Queen change if they’d known he simply bedded her to add another notch to his belt? What would they think if they knew that he’d fucked her over one of the mess all tables an hour ago, simply because the idea of someone walking in on them was a secret thrill for him? Furthermore, would their expressions change if they knew that someone had walked in on them, and it had been her?

What would they say if they knew that as she’d lain there ass in the air, legs spread and pussy raw, that he’d smirked at her reflection in the window? No, not at the woman whose hips he gripped as he thrust against her but rather the woman who’d just walked in the door. Or that she’d lain there exposed with tears in her eyes because of the expression that entered the other woman’s gaze. As comprehension dawned, there was no compassion, no outrage, no embarrassment, and no confusion. It had been envy, better yet; there had been lust in her blue gaze as the two locked eyes. He gave her a look that read, “Look what you’re missing”, before turning his attention back to the woman beneath him. He’d fucked her long and hard until there was no denying the orgasm that burned through her hours or was it minutes later. As she climaxed with his name on his lips distantly she recognized the doors of the mess open and close.

Would their opinion of him change if they knew that she’d caught the two of them fucking against the wall in his quarters after he’d left her raw and sore in the messhall? The raucous sound of their mating still echoed in her mind, his words of lust...her screams for more. They were uncaring who could happen to walk by his quarters and hear them, uncaring that anyone who did walk by would know their identities and what they were doing.

She wondered just what they all would all think, if only they knew what actually went on behind closed doors.

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