

A Novel Story - Part 4

By TheSpiralledEye

“I woke with the smell of Alejandro on my skin. Why had I denied myself last night? I cursed my own stubbornness. Somehow I knew I had missed out on some of the best love making I would ever experience last night, all because I was too nervous to commit.”

Derek could indeed smell Alejandro as he opened his eyes, each spot where their skin had touched still felt warm despite hours of fitful sleep and he cursed his own writing. He had changed the story, so why was he still here?

In the book, Samantha and Alejandro enjoy passionate sex on the beach before waking up the next morning in his bedroom only to be confronted with his awful ex Sophie. Clearly, that hadn't happened, so now the story was in freefall, yet here he was, still in Samantha's body yearning to be touched by the man of her dreams.

Derek groaned, leaning his forehead against his knees in frustration; he was sure this had been the key but if not...how was he going to return home?

There was only one other thing he could think of. He had to finish the story and when the final page turned, metaphorically, there would be nowhere else for him to go. Whatever magic or science had deposited him here, would have to send him back.

His heart thumped in his chest; finishing the story meant going through the romance with Alejandro, the ups, the crazy downs with Sophie and the sex. Fuck, why had he spent so much time writing those sex scenes, now that he thought about it they were a little long. Especially if he was going to be forced to endure them.

“I knew right then and there I had to see Alejandro again. I needed him to give me a second chance.”

Derek's heart fluttered as a spike of arousal passed through him. Giving in to Samantha's voice would be the easier way to do it, at least then he could have the peace of mind knowing that it wasn't really him who wanted the other man. He was just a puppet, yes, at her will. Not the best option, but better than having to actively pursue another man.

“Alright, Samantha.” He breathed, “Let's go...get our man.”

The words made his stomach churn with a mixture of trepidation and excitement; the latter from Samantha of course, not himself. He flung open the suitcase and began rummaging through the various outfits, letting Samantha's instincts guide him.

Derek's fingers glided across the sleek fabric of the black dress as he admired her reflection in the full-length mirror. The dress accentuated his new figure, hugging his curves in all the right places. Yet, as he studied herself, something felt off.

"A little black dress? Too generic, if I was going to prove to Alejandro that I was serious I needed something bolder."

He flung the dress away in disgust; why did he even write Samantha to have such a boring option? His eyes fell upon a vibrant red jumpsuit, its bold colour demanding attention. He held it against his body, the fabric teasingly grazing his sensitive skin. It was undeniably eye-catching and daring, but not sexy. The jumpsuit was too flashy, too overpowering for the impression he wanted to make on the target of his desire. Samantha's desire.

Time seemed to stand still as his hands continued to move through the sea of clothes. And then, his eyes alighted upon it—an elegant knee-length dress in a deep shade of blue. Its fabric was smooth and soft to the touch, exuding an air of elegance. He could practically hear the excited squeal of Samantha in the back of his mind. Delicate lace adorned the neckline and hem, adding a touch of sophistication that made a smile break across his face.

"Yes," he nodded, eyes shining with excitement. "This could be it. Classy, elegant, and just a little bit alluring."

With a sense of certainty, Derek slipped into the dress, feeling it embrace his body in all the right places. It showed off curves without revealing too much, leaving just enough to the imagination. He twirled in front of the mirror, the dress swirling gracefully around his legs, and a surge of confidence coursed through his veins.

"This is the one," He declared and Derek realised that he couldn't tell whether the words were his own or Samantha's. The excitement had to be hers, the nerves his, surely.

With the outfit chosen, Samantha immediately turned their collective attention to their hair. Derek felt himself fall into a sort of trance, hands moving of their own accord meticulously styling it into loose, cascading curls that framed his face. The curls added an air of playfulness to the look, complementing the elegance of the dress. As he applied a touch of

natural-looking makeup to enhance his features, Derek felt a transformation taking place. The line between his creation and himself were blurring and that knowledge made him even more nervous for what he was about to do.

There was no time for doubt though; he needed to get home and if seducing Alejandro was the way to do it, there was no point in taking things slow. With a deep breath, he grabbed his purse and headed out the door, ready to face the day and, hopefully, leave the perfect impression on Alejandro.

The warm sun cast its golden glow over the picturesque bay, sparkling off the azure waves that gently lapped against the weathered dock. The weather was almost a little too perfect. It reminded Derek of those advertisements where everybody was just that little bit too airbrushed. He strolled along the wooden planks, his heart pounding with anticipation and nerves. He knew exactly where to find Alejandro, down by the private pier which he would have mentioned last night if they'd gone home together.

As he neared the end of the dock, Samantha spotted a figure hunched over a wooden boat, tools scattered around him. A smile lit up her face as he recognized Alejandro, his wavy dark hair glistening in the sunlight. With each step, his artificial excitement grew.

'There he was, the man of my dreams who I had almost screwed things up with! I had to win him over this time. I just had to.'

Jesus, now that he was living it, Samantha's sudden infatuation with this guy seemed sort of creepy. They met yesterday after all, maybe he could have stretched things out a bit more. True love didn't seem like much of an excuse anymore.

"Hey, Alejandro!" He called out, her voice carrying over the sound of seagulls and splashing water. Alejandro glanced up from his work, his eyes meeting hers with a mix of surprise and delight.

"Samantha!" he exclaimed, a grin spreading across his face. He wiped his hands on a rag and stood up, walking toward her. "How did you know about my little get away?"

Okay, here goes nothing.

"I couldn't resist the lure of the bay and the chance to see you, of course," He replied, a playful twinkle in her eyes. He leaned against the dock railing, the cool breeze tousling his hair, just like he had written at another part of the book.

Alejandro chuckled, a charming dimple appearing on his cheek.

"You know, I could use a helping hand with this boat. Care to lend me your expertise?" he asked, gesturing to the small vessel before them.

"I'd love to!" Derek said, her heart skipping a beat.

He stepped onto the small sailing vessel, it was sleek and shiny. Not big enough to be flashy but still romantic. Alejandro reached over his shoulder, gripping his hand on his own and helping Derek to use the tools. Derek felt his legs shake slightly as warmth bloomed there once more. He tried to blame it on Samantha's influence but even he couldn't deny there was something intoxicating about Alejandro's presence.

As they tinkered with the boat, the conversation flowed effortlessly between them. Samantha marvelled at Alejandro's skillful hands, his every movement exuding a quiet confidence that both impressed and intrigued her. With each touch, their fingers brushed, igniting a subtle electric connection that sent shivers down Samantha's spine.

After what felt like a blissful eternity, Alejandro finally stepped back and admired their handiwork. The boat now gleamed with a renewed lustre, ready to conquer the open waters and Derek realised he had no idea what they'd just done. When writing the scene he'd skipped over researching and so all they had done was tighten and loosen a few bolts over and over.

"I couldn't have done it without you," Alejandro said, his voice filled with gratitude. He turned to Samantha, his eyes softening. "You know, the day is perfect for a sail. Would you like to join me?"

"I would love to." Derek breathed, horrified for a moment to realise he'd answered before Samantha could make him.

Hand in hand, they stepped onto the boat, the gentle creaking of the wood beneath them mirroring the anticipation in their hearts. Derek found himself wobbling as the boat tilted but he didn't fear falling, not with Alejandro's strong grip keeping him steady. He pulled the sail free and sat Derek down at the bow of the boat and they were off.

They glided across the water under the vast expanse of the sky, it felt like they were in a world all their own, where time seemed to stand still. They laughed, they talked, and

they revelled in each other's company, the gentle rocking of the boat causing their legs to brush together.

'I knew then that this was more than just attraction.' Samantha's voice gushed, *'this was love!'*

Derek felt it; a warmth settling in his chest as it filled with genuine affection for Alejandro. Surely this influence couldn't compel him to actually fall in love with his own creation! No matter how sexy he was. Alejandro turned, saying something that Derek's ears blocked out. His eyes locked on his mouth, admiring the shape of it, thinking of that kiss the other night.

Before he could stop himself he was reaching out, gripping those strong arms tight and pulling the man to him. With a soft moan Derek brought their lips together and he felt himself lose the battle. It just felt too good to stop now and inside his mind Samantha was cheering.

'Yes! Oh yes his lips felt like velvet, so soft and strong against my own, I was powerless against my own lust.'

An ache formed between his legs in response to the words and Derek felt his whole body shudder. With more confidence than he truly felt he pulled Alejandro down onto the bench they were sitting on. It was surprisingly plush thanks to the cushion laid across it.

Alejandro's hand skated up his legs and under his dress skirt; had he put on underwear this morning? He couldn't remember all of a sudden. Oh well, it didn't matter because he wasn't wearing any now. That meant there was nothing keeping Alejandro's deft fingers from his pussy.

It parted his folds and Derek felt his jaw drop and his back arch. It was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. It wasn't like having his cock touched at all, it was somehow more intense, more intimate. The pleasure left him limp and tight all at the same time. As Alejandro stroked his folds he found himself writhing, unable to control him.

'It was too much, I couldn't help it. Normally I was quiet in bed but Alejandro's touch was just so much better than anything I had ever felt. I had to moan.'

Derek tried to hold back. He bit down on his now full lips, the effort made his whole body tremble as Alejandro finally pulled back.

"Can I make love to you?"

Fuck, that line sounded so much hotter in his head.

'Yes!'

"Yes."

For a moment there was reprieve and Derek thought he could regain control of this situation and his body. But then Alejandro was leaning over him, pushing the skirt of his dress up around his waist as he pressed the top of his cock against Derek's wet hole.

'It felt even better than his fingers, feeling him penetrate me so deeply. I had to, I had to moan his name.'

No. Not that. Being compelled to fuck another man was hard enough but to actively enjoy it...to moan his name...it was too humiliating-!

"Ooooooh...Ahhhh! Oh Alejandro haaaaarder!"

He almost wished the world would swallow him up. His embarrassment was so strong but it mixed with the pleasure of Alejandro's cock reaching the deepest part of his pussy.

"Samantha, you feel so good." He rumbled, "Oh I can't help myself."

He started to thrust and all thoughts, both Samantha's and his own fled. There was nothing but the wonderful feeling of his inner walls being stretched and his tip brushing his G spot.

"Alejandro oh...ohhh I...I'm cumming!"

Derek wailed loud enough that the whole bay would have heard but he didn't care. His whole body was quivering with ecstasy as he tumbled over the edge. Alejandro's eyes stared deeply into his own and as much as he wanted to let them roll into the back of his head he couldn't look away. The man had him ensnared, body and soul and Derek began to realise just how much trouble he was in.