

# The Awakening of Desire

By

Natalia Cross

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# Chapter One

Jill hated blind dates. They never worked out for her and she was already regretting agreeing to go out with the cousin of her best friend. But Renee had assured her that Gregory was a cool guy, and while Jill doubted any guy who needed to have his cousin set him up on a blind date could be all that cool, she didn't want to let Renee down.

Renee had a date on the same night that her cousin would be in town. She didn't want to leave Gregory hanging but she didn't want to cancel her date either, so she had asked Jill to go out with Gregory as a favor. Jill knew just how badly her best friend wanted to go on that date so she had agreed, something she regretted immediately.

"See you later and thanks again," Renee said, as she stuck her head into the room, her beautiful jet black hair dangling to one side. "Wow, I love that dress! It makes your butt look hot."

"I don't think that I want my butt to look hot," Jill replied, craning her neck to look over her shoulder at her own ass. "Is it like 'hey I am desperate to get laid hot' or just 'lifted and separated hot'?"

"Definitely lifted and separated. Relax. Gregory is a nice guy, and a total gentleman. He isn't going to go all psycho on you."

Jill sighed and changed the subject. "Is that a new top?"

Renee looked down at the leather crop top she wore and grinned. "Yes, and it's vegan leather."

"Vegan leather? Isn't that an oxymoron?"

Renee shrugged, "I guess, but I got it half off because it had a tiny thread coming through. I fixed it in, like, two seconds. Hey, I got to get going. You're meeting Gregory at the steakhouse?"

Jill blew out a long breath. "Yes. It's a good thing I'm not wearing vegan leather, huh?"

Renee laughed. "I'd love a steak but my date's a vegetarian."

"I don't know how that's going to work for you," Jill replied. "You're the person who eats a pound of bacon at breakfast."

"If he's the one it would be worth giving up bacon."

Jill doubted any man was worth giving up bacon for but she decided not to say so. Instead she asked, "Do you want to walk with me since you're meeting him right down the block from where I'm meeting Gregory?"

"That would be cool."

The two headed out into the busy streets, and Jill relaxed slightly as they walked. If Renee's cousin turned out to be a total jerk she could always cut out early and head over to the little theatre a few blocks down and catch a show.

She and Renee parted ways and Jill entered the dim steakhouse slowly. Her belly rumbled as the scent of sizzling beef, slow roasted onions and garlic, and fresh bread hit her nose.

"Jill?"

She turned and felt the tiny smile she pasted to her face expand. She had seen pictures of Gregory and in them he had been handsome, but pictures had not done him justice. His hair was as black as Renee's, and his eyes were a light but piercing blue, heavily fringed by thick lashes

as dark as his lush hair. He was tall, trim, and she could see the flex and ripple of lean muscle below the long sleeved button down shirt that he wore.

His shirt fit perfectly, and emphasized his broad shoulders, while his slacks were snug around his taut waist. He had narrow hips and long lean legs to go with the rest of that undeniably impressive body and her smile grew bigger as she saw his eyes make a long, slow examination of her in a way that was somehow not at all intrusive or insolent. Especially since she was doing the same to him.

“Hi, yes,” she finally said, as she threw out her hand to shake. “I’m Renee’s friend, Jill. It’s nice to meet you.”

His smile grew wider and he gripped her slender hand in his. “I hope you like steak.”

“I love it.”

A wicked grin curved his lips. “Good, be sure and tell Renee how great it was, that will teach her to dump her cousin for a plate of tofu and steamed vegetables.”

Jill had to laugh. “To be fair, there was a guy that went along with that tofu and those steamed vegetables. Really, they have been trying for weeks to catch up to each other.”

He smiled, and she noticed the sexy little dimple that flashed in his right cheek. God, how could she have considered cancelling this date? He was basically her fantasy guy. Jill couldn’t tear her eyes away from his perfect mouth as he spoke. “I know, but I like to give her a hard time, we grew up together so I’m more like her big brother than a distant cousin.”

The hostess appeared and interrupted them. “Your table is ready; would you like to be seated?”

“Yes, please,” Gregory replied. “After you.” He smiled and let Jill go ahead of him. She was suddenly quite aware of him, his nearness behind her.

The hostess left them at a table for two, near the large expanse of windows that filled the side of the building. The view of the city lights was spectacular. What a great spot.

Gregory pulled out a chair for Jill and she stepped in front of it. Never had she been treated like this. Her dates usually took her to a movie or back to their crappy apartments for pizza. But Renee had said her cousin was a gentleman, and it appeared she was right.

His hands tickled her shoulders as they helped her jacket fall from them and he placed it on the back of her chair. The tiny sensation his hands left on her body, if only for a moment, left her tingling for more. They chatted as they perused the menu, and after they ordered and their food came they talked some more. Jill was happy to discover that they had plenty in common. Movies, TV, food, and Renee. Jill was on cloud nine, especially when Gregory’s hand occasionally brushed hers as they reached for the shared platter of appetizers that sat off to the side. Every slight brush sent a thrill through her body, she wanted more, she wanted his hands to touch her.

She was so incredibly attracted to him, and she hadn’t even considered that she might be. So, by the time the meal was over she was flustered and at something of a loss. He was her best friend’s cousin, and she had definitely not planned on liking him, much less being so unbelievably attracted to him. Jill wasn’t promiscuous by a long shot, but she was confident. Normally, she would have just gone with the feelings and flirted openly but she was worried about flirting with Gregory; what if things went seriously sour and she had to explain all that to Renee? This was just supposed to be a favor to a friend, not a dream date and a fantasy come to life.

After they finished their meal Gregory asked if she wanted to take a walk and she eagerly agreed. Jill wanted nothing more than to spend as much time as possible with this amazing man

before her. They headed out into the purple dusk, and down along the crowded streets of Halifax. The traffic had thickened, and the tourists crowded the narrow sidewalks, their heavy backpacks forming a barrier that was almost impenetrable as they paused to chat or look at their maps. Normally that would have aggravated Jill, but she wanted to spend a little extra time with Gregory so it was almost a boon.

Gregory's hip brushed against hers just as a light breeze came out of nowhere, sending her skirt slightly upward. She scrambled and grabbed at the hem of it, glancing up to see that Gregory's eyes got the exposed expanses of her upper thighs. Those vibrant eyes caught hers with a look of something deep, something... dangerous, and her breath caught in her throat.

Gregory asked, "There's my hotel," he pointed down the street to the Marriott, "would you like to come up for a drink?"

Without a thought, she said yes and he took her hand. Tiny shocks traveled through her body and Jill felt a heat spreading to her center, building and intensifying. Her nipples stiffened behind the built-in bra of her dress. The fabric chafed against the pebble-hard surfaces, and she had to force herself to breathe slowly to keep from hyperventilating. Gregory was serious business. He was the literal embodiment of tall, dark, and handsome, and he was taking her by the hand to his hotel room. A million thoughts ran through Jill's head as they headed down the street. Did I put on deodorant? What underwear am I wearing? Oh, God, can I handle this? What if I make a fool of myself?

They quickly crossed the lobby and entered the elevator before Gregory leaned closer, his spicy cologne teasing her nostrils. The desire building within her reached a near fever pitch as his hand crossed her body but only reached for the panel to hit the button for his floor. His eyes never left hers, though, which only made it worse. Jesus, he really knows how to work a girl into a frenzy with those eyes.

In his room he turned to her and she went right into his arms, unable to hold off any longer. His mouth found hers in a hard, desperate kiss, and she gasped as his tongue slid into her mouth, teasing and making her squirm against his firm, strong body. Her hands went to his shoulders and she squeezed lightly, loving the feel of the lean muscles underneath his shirt.

Gregory's hands were rough but it only made Jill want him more... rougher, harder. He loosened the tiny zipper at the side of her dress and shoved the halves away, leaving her naked, but for the black panties she wore below. She sighed, mentally grateful, at the realization that she wore something other than her white cotton underwear with kittens on them. His teeth met her neck and then his mouth moved downward, his lips fastening around her taut nipples. The sight of his black head bent to her breast caused her inner walls to clench and open, and juices dripped from her body, soaking her panties.

His hands eagerly roamed over her curves, and she shivered before reaching for the buttons on his shirt, almost tearing a few of them away in her haste.

Gregory's zipper released and his cock sprang out of the opening, a thick rod of already stiffened flesh. Her palm wrapped around the silky member, and she squeezed gently, her fingers curling tightly around the shaft before sliding upward to the head. A single drop of silky fluid spilled from the dark slit as her thumb ran over the delicate flesh of the tip.

Gregory growled and pushed her over to the bed. His mouth met hers again, almost devouring it, their tongues parried and thrust, while his hands found the uppermost edge of her panties and swiftly tugged them down and away.

His wandering mouth moved lower, his teeth nipping at the flesh below her belly button. Jill's legs spread and her hands gripped his hair but he halted and pulled away. Her legs spread wider, her hips jerking upward as she tried to get her dripping mound closer to his full lips.

To her shock he flipped her over. His hands ran down her back, his fingers circling the knobs of her spine. Her toes dug into the mattress as his hands lifted her ass cheeks and kneaded them, his fingers going deep. The moan that broke from her lips was guttural and raw. His fingers slid into the crack between her cheeks then out again, gone before she had time to really register the dark touch.

His nails scratched her ass cheeks, bringing tingling blood to the surface of the parted globes. Jill had no idea what he was doing but it felt so good and her hips lifted so that her ass was higher in the air and his fingers slipped below her to circle around her clit.

He moved. The mattress rose slightly as he got off it and she turned her head, trying to figure out where he was going. He went to the dresser, opened a drawer and came back with what looked like a sleeping mask and a strip of condoms.

He knelt on the bed again, and then he slid the mask over her eyes. It was not just a sleeping mask, she realized, it was an actual blindfold. The darkness that followed him placing that blindfold was disorienting, and a little frightening. Suddenly, she realized how fast this was moving, she barely knew Gregory aside from their connection through Renee. Could she trust him? Jill jerked and opened her mouth to protest, but before she could his hand came down on her right ass cheek, a stinging little slap that lifted her flesh and sent a throb of desire through her so huge and unexpected that she forgot about everything else.

Gregory hit her other cheek and then his hand went back around to tweak her clit. Juices flowed from her body and she gasped and thrust upward, acting without thought, as if she were no longer in control of her body.

The darkness was still disconcerting but coupled with the slaps on her bottom, and the feel of his fingers on her stiff, throbbing clit, it was exciting as hell. Her whimpers grew louder as his fingers slid deeply inside and then withdrew again. The plunging motion of his fingers made her inner thighs shake, and she gripped the pillows tightly as he slipped out of her, his hand cracking down hard on her butt cheeks once again.

He massaged her clit once more, the movement driving her to the brink of an orgasm. Jill was sure he was out to drive her mad, and she was also sure she was about halfway there, but then his face pressed into the slippery and swollen flesh between her thighs, his tongue licking away the sticky sweet drops of fluid gathered on her labia, and she cried out, a long lusty cry that resounded around the room.

She heard the condom wrapper tear. The blindfold had taken her sight but it heightened her other senses to the point that she could smell her own arousal, feel the slick surface of the covers beneath her knees and on her nipples, and the press of his hands against her bottom as he guided his enormous cock into her inner folds.

Gregory thrust his hips forward. He slid further into her and Jill lifted herself higher to give him a better angle of penetration. Her swollen, wet walls closed around him, clinging to his stiffness as he moved faster, his hands tightly gripping her waist.

He slapped her ass cheeks, hard, the sound echoing in the room and rising above the sound of their labored breathing. Jill felt her insides tightening and the building of her orgasm was never ending. She cried out again as the climax ripped through her, forcing her extremities to weaken, her body crumbling flat against the bed as the last of the wave rolled out.

Gregory grunted and stiffened. Jill felt his upper thighs push against the back of hers as he held her hips up with his strong hands, feeling the muscles in his thighs go stiff and inflexible as his cock pulsed and throbbed, sending splashes of hot liquid into the latex sheath of the condom.

Gregory collapsed on top of her, pushing Jill's body back down onto the mattress. He quickly recovered and withdrew before rolling off her body. His fingers were gentle as he took the blindfold off. The light rushed in and Jill blinked several times as the dazzle of the bedside lamp hit her pupils, forcing them to become smaller. It was as if she had just returned from another world, her senses all a mess.

He pulled off the condom, disposed of it and helped her to her feet. Jill was shaken and exhilarated. Her ass stung and her eyes were still adjusting to the light. Her pussy ached from having stretched so far to take him in, but she had never felt better in her entire life.

Gregory asked, "Are you okay?"

She grinned widely and shook her head in disbelief. "Yes, I... absolutely. That was amazing. Shit. I know that sounds juvenile. I mean it was... I have never done anything like that before."

"Did you like it?" he asked, unsure.

Jill's mouth curved. "Yes, more than I ever imagined I could."

His grin was as wide as hers. "I noticed."

Jill cast about, looking for her dress and Gregory helped her put it on. She spotted her panties hanging off the desk lamp, snatched them up and quickly pulled them on, her goofy grin growing wider.

"Do you do this often? I mean... the whole hitting someone on the butt thing? And the blindfold thing?"

Gregory's grin grew bigger. "Yes, but there's a lot more things, interesting things, that I like to do."

Her heart beat faster. "Is that right?"

He nodded. "Yes."

Her pulse skipped a few beats. It was like finding a gold nugget and then being told that there was a cave full of it to discover. "That sounds... intriguing."

"If you aren't busy tomorrow night, maybe you'd like to go out to dinner again. We could discuss some of the other things I think you might find interesting."

"I'm not at all busy, but won't you have plans with Renee? I know she has to work tomorrow, but I'm sure she would like to see you after."

"So true." He ran a hand through his gorgeous hair. "But I doubt she would mind if the two of us went out after."

"You're right, she probably wouldn't. Renee's awesome that way." Jill smiled. "So, it's a date?"

Gregory took a step towards her and pulled her close, their faces almost touching. "It is a date."