

A MIDNIGHT RIDE

by Sidney Sitravon

Deleted Scene from "**The Stranger in Seattle**"

(Book 2 of Katelyn's Stranger Series)

Sometimes the lines between fantasy and reality are blurred...

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DELETED SCENE FROM "The Stranger in Seattle"

Published by Sidney Sitravon
www.sidneysitravon.com

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A Midnight Ride

DELETED SCENE FROM KATELYN'S STRANGER

SERIES BOOK 2 "The Stranger in Seattle"

~ 1 ~

"Oh my God, this is so wrong," she thought, as their taxi sped through the dark Seattle night. This was much more than just allowing a handsome stranger to buy her a drink and enjoy a little harmless flirting in a bar... or even going to what could be considered a casual dinner between fellow travelers. Katelyn was stepping far beyond any boundaries that she and her husband discussed when he suggested she accept the stranger's invite to dinner this evening. She knew she should get out of the cab when they got back to her hotel, and send her companion on his way... but that was not what she wanted.

Not at all.

What Katelyn wanted went beyond anything she knew was right... which made her want it to happen all the more.

When they arrived at her hotel, more than anything she wanted to turn to her dinner date and thank him for a lovely evening.

"It was my pleasure," he would say. "I just wish the evening didn't have to end."

Katelyn would pause, and stare into the stranger's impenetrable blue eyes. Just for a moment she would think about what it would be like to lean in and kiss this stranger... to reach out and kiss him while they were both still inside the taxi. Nothing more, just a kiss.

Just a small kiss to discover what a strange pair of lips would feel like pressed against hers... just to experience what it would actually be like to kiss a man who was not her husband.

More than anything what she truly wanted to do was to lean in and grab the back of the stranger's head and pull him toward her as her wicked red lips pressed against his, taking both of them by surprise.

At first it wouldn't even be a kiss—their faces would merely be pressed together, like two actors in a high school drama. Then, slowly, Katelyn would begin to kiss him more deeply. She would part her lips to allow the stranger's tongue to enter her mouth, feeling him tentatively prod at the edge of her lips, searching to find their rhythm. She would wrap her arms around him tighter, pulling him into her as his tongue slid fully between her lips, meeting her own prodding tongue. His hands would reach over to her and firmly grab hold of the sides of her face, then slowly move down over her neck, pulling her dress down ever so slightly, exposing the tops of her shoulders to the chilly night air. Except she wouldn't feel a chill. Instead, her skin would start to burn wherever his hands touched.

She would try to push him away, but she would be held captive by his magnetic pull. She would feel the heat emanating off his body, driving her wild with desire. Her hands would move down across his broad back, pulling him towards her until their bodies were pressed together as tightly as possible in the back seat of the taxi. She would moan as his hands continued moving down over her sides, down over her hips, grazing across the tops of her thighs. His lips would finally break from hers, leaving her gasping for breath. A moment later she would feel his lips on the side of her neck. She would lean her head back

and arch her back slightly, offering him the length of her exposed neck to nibble, lick, and suck on... each wet kiss he planted on her skin sending shockwaves down her spine.

His musky aftershave would consume her. She would drink in as much of his masculine scent as possible, willing it to remain on her as she suddenly put her hands on the top of his shoulders and pushed him away. With one hand on the door handle she would kiss him one more time on the lips, then turn and slip out the open door... their goodnight kiss ending as abruptly as it started. Before he had a chance to follow her she would slam the door and pound her arm on the roof of the taxi, just like they do in the movies, instructing the driver to take off. She would watch as her stranger sped into the darkness of the night, still gasping to catch her breath.

~ 2 ~

Back in the safety of her hotel room, Katelyn would strip off all her clothes and turn off the lights, then lay across the bed and call her husband. With her phone pressed to her ear she would relate to her husband every detail about her evening. When she got to the end and told him about the kiss, she would hear him grow silent on the line. She knew he would feel a pang of hurt, for just a moment. It was not something they had discussed... although she knew he had to have been thinking it might have come up at some point during the evening. After all, he was the one who suggested she go on a date with a stranger.

He had to have known this might happen.

She would tell him how badly she had wanted to kiss the stranger in the back seat of the taxi, and how in the heat of the moment, she did just that.

She would tell him how she kissed the stranger as hard and deeply as she could for what amounted to likely no more than twenty, thirty seconds at most, then sent him on his way. She would hope this information would help allay any fears her husband might have, in case he thought she might have done something more than just kiss a stranger. She would be reassured she had done the right thing when her husband's voice came back on the line sounding more secure.

He would ask her if it turned her on... to kiss a complete stranger like that?

"Yes," she would say. "Oh, God yes."

"And did you get wet, when you were kissing him?"

"Yes, so wet."

“And you wanted to take that stranger back to your hotel room, didn’t you, you naughty little girl?”

“Yes, oh yes,” she would moan into the phone as she pushed her legs into the bed and cupped her breasts in the darkness.

“And when you took him back to your room, you wanted him to take your dress off, didn’t you?”

“Yes, I did.”

“And you wanted him to take his clothes off...”

“I did,” she would admit, as she lightly pinched her nipples.

“And you wanted him to throw you back on the bed, and push his long, hard cock into you.”

“Oh God...”

That was exactly what she wanted.

She wanted the stranger to come to her room and ravish her. To take her and have his way with her, just for one night.

There would be no talking. No more getting to know each other as a formality in a bar, or at dinner. Katelyn would slip off her coat then step towards the stranger. She would quickly reach up and press her lips to him, resuming their passionate kiss from the back seat of the taxi. She would wrap her arms around him, urging him to do the same. Their bodies would press together, her soft feminine figure crushed against his broad chest and muscular torso. Though his clothes she would feel the heat pulsating off of his body... the heat that she couldn't wait to envelope her when she stripped his clothes from him.

So, she would do just that.

Without breaking their kiss she would claw at the buttons on his shirt, and rip the tie from his neck as his hands worked to unzip the back of her dress. A moment later she would feel his hands undo the clasp on her bra and her breasts would fall free from the confines of her garments. Then she would reach down... down to where she had never touched another man, and she would touch him.

"He was so large," she would say. "His cock felt so thick... so enormous... I couldn't wait to wrap my lips around it."

Pressing her phone to her ear she would cry out in the dark, reliving that moment as thousands of miles away her husband pumped his own cock vigorously, listening to her describe in detail how the stranger groped her body, and she in turn groped his. She would tell her husband how she dropped to her knees with her dress still only half off of her body. She would relate how she hungrily she tore at the stranger's belt, ripping it from his pants while undoing his zipper, desperate to feel his bulging cock between her hands.

“It sprung in front of me, standing at full attention. He was so big... I wasn’t even sure I would be able to get it inside my mouth.”

She would relate to her husband every detail of how she reached out and held the stranger’s enormous cock, feeling the weight of it in her hands as she lowered her head down over the tip, taking him between her lips. She would tell her husband how she opened her mouth as wide as she could, then extended her tongue down and began licking the sides of his shaft, slathering him with her saliva as she squeezed the base of his cock between her hands. She would tell him how delicious he tasted—how her stranger’s enormous cock was everything she dreamed of, and more.

“I could feel how wet I was getting... wetter than I’ve ever been in my life. I wanted him in my pussy, right then.”

She would listen to her husband’s quiet moan through the phone, knowing that he was getting more and more turned on with each act she described. She wouldn’t try to understand it—she never could truly understand why her husband got so aroused when she told him stories of how she met other guys, or how she flirted shamelessly with other men. She couldn’t comprehend why he never got jealous, or why he would ever want to share her with another man. There was no point in trying to understand it... she only knew that his willingness to share her turned her on, more than she ever dreamed possible.

She would tantalize her husband, telling him how she sucked the stranger’s cock for what seemed like an eternity.

“I just couldn’t stop sucking on him,” she would confess. “I just wanted to suck his cock until I felt his come in my mouth, until I felt him spray his seed down my throat.”

She would pause, waiting to see if her husband was jealous hearing her confession.

“Did you...?” He would ask, in a voice that sounded full of trepidation.

“No. I didn’t.”

She would hear the small sigh of relief in her husband’s voice, knowing that she had saved that act for him. For some reason, that was the act that he felt was most intimate, and she would never do that for another man, at least not without her husband present. There had to be some rules, after all.

She would then relate how when she slipped the stranger’s enormous cock from her lips and pushed it flat against his stomach it nearly reached his belly button.

“I just couldn’t believe how long it was... it was like nothing I’ve ever seen before.”

She would continue to describe how she licked down along the sides of the stranger’s impossibly long shaft, running her tongue underneath his balls as she took them in her mouth.

“I could hear him moaning above me in the dark... I knew I was driving him insane...” she would tease.

Then, she would try to explain exactly how the stranger suddenly pulled her up and tore her dress from her body, and how a moment later she found herself face down on the bed while the stranger positioned himself behind her.

“It smelled like musky after shave and laundry detergent,” she would offer, trying to describe the sensation of having her face pushed down into the hotel sheets, where her head had fallen on top of the stranger’s shirt.

Suddenly, she would pause in her narration, reliving the fear she felt at that moment—the moment she realized how completely vulnerable she was. She was alone, her naked body completely exposed to the stranger, save for a tiny black thong. A moment later that,

too, was gone, leaving her with absolutely nothing between her naked flesh and the stranger. The fear gripped her, choking the breath from her throat.

Then, suddenly, she felt the stranger's body pressed against her. She felt his hands resting on her hips, lining her body up with his. She would try to recall how she screamed out as she felt his huge, thick cock push into her, and how a moment later every ounce of fear was released from her body, replaced with the sensation of sheer pleasure. It would be impossible to relate this moment, she knew. She could barely process the rush of emotions rushing through her when it actually happened.

"It felt so good," was all she could really manage to say. "It felt so dirty... so wrong, yet so good..."

She could try to explain what it felt like to be fucked by a stranger, to know that a stranger was sliding his cock into her while her husband wasn't there... yet there was no real way to explain it.

She would tell her husband how the stranger fucked her from behind while his hands gripped her ass, then how he flipped her over so she was facing him. She would tell him how the stranger pinned her arms above her head as he bent down and took her nipples into his mouth, teasing her with his hot, swirling tongue. She would tell her husband how she could already feel her orgasm starting to build as his cock thrust in and out of her pussy, how she was completely soaked by her own wetness.

"I knew he was going to make me come," she would pant, stroking her clit as she related the final part to her husband. "He was going to make me come so hard... but I wasn't ready yet."

She would hear her husband moaning into the phone, hanging onto her every word.

“I felt him getting close... I knew he was going to come,” she would whisper heavily, her breathing coming in short gasps. “I knew he was going to release his hot seed into me... I wanted it so badly.”

She would moan into the phone, thrusting her fingers in and out of her, pretending her fingers were the stranger’s cock. Pretending the stranger was fucking her until she exploded.

“Oh, God! I’m going to come!”

Just as she was about to climax she would drop the phone. She would arch her back and squeeze her breasts while her fingers furiously worked her clit between her wet folds. She would call out in the dark as she came hard against her hand, still imagining it was the stranger’s cock. Finally, she would lie there, panting and gasping for breath, listening as she heard her husband’s own orgasm through the phone.

Slowly she would pick the phone back up. They would both giggle, finally releasing the tension that had been building all night. They would tell each other how they had no idea this was ever going to be such a turn on for each of them. She would apologize for kissing someone without first asking permission... to make sure her husband wasn’t holding any anger towards her.

“Well, let’s say that next time I would like to know before anything happens, okay?” he would reply.

“Absolutely,” she would say. “I love you so much, darling. I hope I didn’t upset you.”

“Of course not,” he would say. “I love you so much too. Now get home as soon as you can so we can do this in person.”

She would hang up the phone, and turn off the light, thinking that sometimes a fantasy was just as good as the real thing... although she would never truly know until she had experienced both.

“Maybe someday I’ll know for sure,” she would whisper to herself as she would drift off to sleep.

In the end this scene was deleted from The Stranger in Seattle because I felt Katelyn is not the type of wife who would ever do anything without her husband’s permission. Even allowing herself a brief moment to fantasize about kissing a stranger in the back of a taxi without his knowledge felt out-of-character... but it was still a hot scene. Hopefully you enjoy! ~ Sidney

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