

# **Room Temperature Passion**

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# Dedications and Acknowledgments

This Book is, and always will be dedicated to my mother, Mone, and my dearest friends, that I could never live without, Alma, Mary, Jose, and Ricardo thank you for teaching me how to love, live and laugh, even in the darkest of times. Also, this book is dedicated to all of my original readers, who hounded me to write, when I left them with cliff hangers, thank you for letting me know that I was good enough, you know who you are.

*-Unyque*

# Prelude

"Ow, shit!" I screamed as I quickly jumped up. "What the fuck was that? Was that supposed to feel that way?" I asked.

"Sweetie, it's your first time, of course it'll hurt-- well the way I do it at least," He snickered. "Now get your sexy ass back here so we can finish." By the time he had finished talking I had already put my pants on ready to go. I wasn't playing about that no matter what he said, if I don't like something I'm not going to do it, and I didn't like this.

"No, that really hurt." I said crossing my arms as I sat on the bed.

"Aww, baby--" He said sitting up and kissing my neck. I pulled away. "Your sixteen, your a big girl a little pain does a body good, helps you grow." I smiled a little. I could never resist his kisses.

"O-ok, I guess your right" I turned to him and he lured me in with a kiss.

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It only took me a year to realize he was right. He's long gone now but I thank him for that night of what I thought was meaningful sex at the time. Of course I know now that he really wanted one thing but I'm glad he showed me what that one thing was. What a naïve girl I was, I thought he loved me, then again that's what a lot of girls my age were thinking. He was the only guy who seemed genuine, who seemed real, and liked me for me, not because I was burdened by huge hips and a gigantic ass.

I think now, what if we would have never met, we'll we would have never gotten caught by my grandmother of course, and yeah I got a serious lickin' from the paddle that had spanked Taylor's ass quite a few times, but at the time I

didn't care every time that paddle met my bottom I felt the strain of his then twenty year old dick ripping through my sixteen year old hymen, and I liked it. It took me a few hits to realize I was being punished and not pleased, and then I cried. Pain feels great, and the best pain yet is the pain of a good dick inside me.

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My name is Passion, no; I'm not a stripper or hooker, not a call girl or anything degrading to my womanhood. It's actually my real name. My mother gave it to me, god rest her soul. She named me Passion apparently because of how I was conceived, in one night of hot passionate sex between my father and her. Thankfully she spared me the details of what she and my father did, as I was only five when she told me the story. I'm glad she didn't name me Hot Passion cause' that's just nasty, but its fitting cause I'm nasty. Thus I became Passion Renee Reid; Renee was my mother's name.

I'm twenty three years old but I don't look it, I've actually never looked my age and now I strive to keep it that way by indulging in nature's fountain of youth, *if you know what I mean*. I'm a piece of ageless art--or so I've been told. There's a whole list of names I've been called that compliment me, once, a fat guy, well an overweight guy had said I was a cheeseburger and fries with a side of chicken nuggets with everything on it. I guess that's a compliment. By the time I turned fifteen I turned the heads of guys old enough to be my daddy. *"Nasty ass perv's"*

When I was six my father left us, like a typical man does, so we were alone, since my mother died a couple months after I turned five, she got into a bad car accident. I never really understood why my dad left and even if he explained it to me now I wouldn't understand; since we were all each other had. One day he said that he was taking me over to grandmothers who my older sister lived with, and he said that he would be back later, but he never came

back.

I would sit up night after night waiting for my father, but when he never came I got tired, and I started to believe he was dead. And even if he wasn't dead he was to me. I wouldn't dream of seeing him again now or ever, he had let me down I was his little girl I was closer to him than I was my mother and to have him leave and never think of writing, contacting or even coming back made me want to take vengeance on the world.

So I lived with my grandmother and sister in a city called Camden, South Carolina. After a while I had gotten used to the South, being a girl from up North; but things got good. I made friends at my new school, and I liked all my teachers, I was smart, pulling in straight A's and nothing but that. I was talented, taking home first prize in all the talent shows, with my golden voice. I was apart of the church quire, only because my grandmother, but it paid off big. Then I got to high school, hello popularity! I got into a lot of things in my first year, dance, which eventually became my passion, I was a cheerleader, I was on the tennis team, and I was president of the freshman class, my future was bright and everything was in it's place.

Eventually my sister and I moved out of my grandmother's house, because she had fallen ill with Alzheimer's and it was progressing fast, so we felt she shouldn't have to take care of us anymore. It was a hard time for me, I loved my grandmother but I knew it was time for us to go. We also had to move cause Taylor was chasing after some guy grandmother hated--she got him though. We didn't move too far away, it was to another city called Clinton; I was fifteen at the time.

A little bit after the time I lost my virginity to Derek Parker, a high school super senior, my sister divorced her husband Andrew of a year and half, HE WAS GAY! I honestly don't think that was his reason though, I caught him cheating with our next-door neighbor like twice. I

couldn't imagine why though cause she was entirely plastic, fake boobs, hips, ass, lip's everything down to the nails on her toes, but I guess he liked stuff like that. So I'm thinking he only told my sister he was gay because he was scared of what she might do...my sister was never afraid to cut a bitch. Actually I think she has.

I guess, in a rut my sister started to bring men over, lots of men sometimes two or three at a time. She wanted to feel needed. It was fine until I turned seventeen and the guys she would bring home started to 'notice' me, and kinda wanted nothing to do with her. Two years ago my breasts had finally fully came in, and I started my period, I was a late bloomer, and so you see my body was and still is no joke. Red beans and rice surely didn't miss me. Now I grace the clothing stores with measurements unheard of forty-two, thirty-two, fifty. I got an apple bottom with hips to match. Women would kill for my body, especially my best friend Na'Quae, she was pretty and all but next to me, she didn't have any type of chance.

Shit, look at me I'm fucking sexy, face of an angel, and body of a goddess, light brown eyes, long brown hair, dimples, beautifully clear chocolate skin. Thick sexy lips, almond shaped eyes and to top it off under my lips sat a tiny beauty mark and all of me was real. I didn't ask to be this beautiful, no one does I would have even thought I was beautiful if I was dog ugly, that's just how my confidence works, but now I don't have to think I'm beautiful because I already know I am. Well either way you take it I'm damn, DAMN sexy.

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Taylor brought home this one guy named James; she called him Jimmy, my sister was crazy about him. Every other word was James this James that. She was so ready to have him pop the question she had the wedding planned and the invitations already sent out. I went dress shopping a couple of times with her too. I was skeptical

about him though he seemed sketchy the things he did were a big turn off, the way he acted around me was completely different from how he acted around her. My sister bagged a good looking something or other this time ten times better looking than my ex brother-in-law.

He stayed over this one night, and I had to be cool with it, I usually don't like when the guys she bring over stay the night cause we all wind up missing something when they leave, but she'll never learn. The next morning my sister left for work, and we were home alone. I didn't pay him any mind for a while, as I stayed up in my room and practiced my dancing and combed through my hair. It was summer time, and the sun felt like it would melt people if they went outside. We were in the middle of a heat wave and you couldn't seem to escape it. James went out swimming in the pool after lunch that I cooked out of courtesy.

I decided to join him, sure James was cute but he was like twenty-five, that was too old for my taste. I mean so what he had hazel eyes and caramel skin, with dark brown hair...soft plump looking juicy lips, rippling abs, bulging fore arms and pectoral muscles, and not to mention that sexy trail of hair that resembled peach fuzz that led from his belly button to god knows where! OH HAPPY TRAIL! It was a happy trail that I wanted to explore, and I felt terrible that I wanted to do something like that with my sister's man.

But I digress he was too old, and I couldn't have him. I went up to my room and took off all my clothes. There I stood in full naked glory. I paraded around for a while excited by my own full breasts and delightful monkey that rested between my legs. I liked what I saw and I wanted someone else to like it. So I kept it clean and sexy.

It screamed "play-with-me" but I didn't need to, I was dripping wet with desire just from staring at myself. I imagined myself entertaining on stages as far as Russia, I

wanted to be an exotic dancer I wanted to be rich and famous and dance on stages in Las Vegas, I was to be high in demand, the highest paid dancer in all of history, even bigger than Marilyn Monroe. I opened up my drawer and picked out a *string* bikini, white, with stars all over it. I lotioned my body and threw on some flip flops and a cover up, then headed outside.

I got to the sliding door just as he dove in; slowly I walked out to poolside and took in the breeze for a while. The door closed and he came up from under the clear blue water, he wiped the water from his eyes and I kicked off my flip-flops. I noticed he was watching me but I played coy, this time would be a good one to practice a strip tease and see how long I could go for before completely losing the guys attention because I didn't stare him down and tell him to fuck me. So I teased him slowly, by taking off my cover up revealing my tiny bathing suit that barely covered what it was supposed to. It screamed fuck me--hard!

I sat on the lounge chair and began to soak up the sun. I felt him swim over to me. I opened my eyes to see what he wanted. *As if I didn't already know.*

"You're not going to swim? It's a beautiful day, there's a reason to get wet." He said I sat up and answered.

*"I'm already wet."* I thought. "No, I don't think so," I said licking my lips. "I just came out to tan."

"No use in letting that bikini go to waste." *"I could take it off."* I thought. He said resting his arms, crossed on the side of the pool. "C'mon you don't have to stay in long." He continued. *"You promise you will though, right?"* I was being dirty.

"Well,"

"Besides, I've never been with a woman as beautiful as yourself. I mean swam, I've never swam with a woman as beautiful as yourself." He said. *"He's totally flirting with me!"* I thought. I got up and walked over to the latter then climbed down into the water. I wasn't trying to

turn him on or get into anything it honestly just came off that way If I wanted to turn him on I would have started dancing. I swam over to the opposite side of the pool resting my back on one of the jet sprayers. "Why you so far away Passion?"

"You know my name?"

"I should, you're beautiful, and I need to know your name." He swam over to me. I began to move away.

*"You've also been living with us for about a week now."* I thought

"Look, I know what you want, but I'm only seventeen." About to turn eighteen. He came over to me and went behind me and started to massage my shoulders. *"And you're my sisters man."* I thought, but obviously didn't say.

"We don't have to tell. I think I deserve a little bit of Passion. Now I need to have you, you don't think I'm gonna let you just parade around here in that bikini and not let you have this..." He said looking down at his hard on. *"That was the cheesiest line I've ever heard in my life and I've heard guys use my name in lamer lines but that was just bad!"* He started kissing my neck and shoulders. His lips felt so good on my body. I felt his hands on me under the water on my waist soon enough they moved up to my bikini top and then he untied it. I watched it float away and my breasts drop freely.

Rushes of nervousness filled me as I felt him palm my breasts then take my hard nipples between his thumb and forefingers. He rolled them. Exciting me. He found a way to take them into his mouth sucking them harder, than I could suck them myself. Then he stopped.

Still kissing me, he took one of his hands from my breasts and slowly moved it to my stomach. Swinging my hips with his, feeling the hardness of his dick up on my ass, ready to enter at any command. He was huge; I quickly looked behind me able to see the head of his dick peeking

up from inside his tight Speedo frightened I looked away. His hands went into my bottoms and I quickly looked back at him...timid.

"Relax baby, I promise I wont hurt you." I still was nervous, that's what he had said that night and it still hurt. "This is your first time, isn't it?" He asked.

"No, but it is my second, and I haven't done it in a *long* time." I said slowly.

"Aww you're practically a virgin, virgins are sexy. It's ok I'll be gentle." He said. He kissed me as I felt his finger slide inside me. "Oh, your so tight." He started to slowly finger me, and my body responded and I moaned, afraid I might cum to early he removed his hand from me and slowly pulled me out of the pool. We swam out. He told me to sit on the ground, and I did. Soon enough he was creeping in between my legs.

He came close to me, crawling on his hands and knee's as I sat on the ground awaiting him, with my knees in the air. He sat up and spread my legs. He kissed me gently and brushed my wet hair behind my ear. Then kissed me more. His lips were orgasmic in itself. I felt the water trickle off his body and fall onto mine, circling my nipple. Nervously I took my hand and ran it across the rippling abs on his stomach. He put his hand behind my head and used his lips to slowly lay my body on the ground.

"Wa-wait" I said.

"Ssh, it's ok." He said

"But," He kissed me. I began to feel the weight of his body on mines, one hand still palming my breast as the other slid down to my bikini bottom and began to pull them off. Oddly enough after getting comfortable, I helped him. Then I took his off...needless to say just looking at his magnificence was enough to get me off. Then I remembered the first dick I had, and I compared, he had nothing on James' it was like seven inches hard. Slowly, at first, he slid his dick into the tightness of my pussy.