

## A Novel Story - Part 3

By TheSpiralledEye

*Derek struggles to survive the date with Alejandro without falling for him as Samantha's voice slowly compels him closer and closer to his own creation.*

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Derek made his way down the stairs toward the resort's restaurant, the air was somehow filled with floating pink petals, despite there being no pink plants around. Watching them twirl, Derek felt his cheeks heat slightly; sakura blossoms, Japanese flowers that certainly did not grow on tropical islands. Okay, so he made one little research mistake, still, his book wasn't that bad.

*'As I made my way to the rendezvous point, my heart fluttered with anticipation. Earlier that day, fate had intervened, and when my eyes met Alejandro's for the first time. In that fleeting moment, an electric connection sparked, and I knew that something life changing was about to happen!'*

Derek felt like slapping himself; he knew what happened it was only a few hours ago! Why the hell had he felt the need to recap something that was only a few pages back? Okay, two small issues but still, those reviews were hogwash. He shook his head free of such thoughts, sending his long dark brown hair flying like a shampoo commercial. What he needed to focus on right now was making sure he ruined this date and derailed the story.

His story was still a masterpiece but he didn't really want to find himself in some of the later, more steamy chapters he had written. His body had other ideas though; against his will his heart was thumping in his ribcage, his skin tingling with nervous energy as he walked into the restaurant. Samantha was supposed to be a cool cucumber, perhaps her falling for Alejandro so fast had been another, tiny, mistake.

Music seemed to swell as the sea breeze pushed at his back. His long, flowing white dress skirt rippled and his hair danced around his face as he scanned the crowded restaurant. Then their eyes met again.

*'It was like everybody else disappeared. The restaurant was empty save for just us.'*

And just like that, the crowd vanished in a puff of smoke and the restaurant indeed was abandoned save for him and Alejandro, sitting at a table by the window lit only by candlelight. It was the single most romantic thing he had ever seen. His feet moved quickly, compelled to be nearer to him

“Samantha! I am so pleased you came!” Alejandro smiled, standing and giving her a sweeping bow like he was some sort of knight in a fantasy story before pulling out the chair for him.

“Oh I was delighted, it was so kind of you.”

The words were out before he could stop them, dammit!

“Well, pick anything on the menu, my treat.” Alejandro continued, handing the velvet coated menu to Derek.

He strained, turned out lighting a table only by candlelight made reading the menu a pain. Fortunately for him, he knew exactly what was supposed to happen here. Samantha would order a salad, then Alejandro would share his pasta with her when she was still hungry. Well, screw the lady like option. It took considerably more effort than it should have but eventually, through gritted teeth he managed the words.

“I’ll have the BBQ ribs, extra sauce.”

Nobody could fall in love with a woman covered in sauce eating ribs with her bare fingers. The food appeared magically fast and Derek fought every instinct he had to pick up a knife and fork. He chowed down on the ribs trying to eat as messily and fast as he could.

He glanced up at Alejandro, his fork loaded with twirled pasta and frozen halfway to his face. To Derek’s shock however, he was not frozen in disgust and horror. Instead Alejandro’s handsome face was filled with wonder, his eyes practically sparkled. He looked positively enchanted.

*‘I felt so comfortable with Alejandro already, like I didn’t need to hold back.’*

Just like that he was shovelling the ribs into his face even more, sucking on the bones and everything.

“Not many women would eat like that in front of a man.” Alejandro said, finally taking a bite of his food, “I am so happy you're comfortable around me.”

Dammit, this was backfiring spectacularly.

*'His smile is so dreamy, I can't help but watch as he delicately sucked those long strands of pasta into his mouth...'*

Derek had used so much energy changing the outfit and food he didn't have much left to fight this impulse. His eyes were glued to Alejandro's lips as he ate and no matter how straight you were, if forced to stare at another man's lips for ten minutes straight you are going to notice things.

Like how soft they looked, yet strong. How they puckered as he sipped up the spaghetti without ever making the sauce flick on his face. How firm they were...how nice they might feel against his own now that they were soft and supple...

“Here, allow me.” Alejandro drawled, taking out his silk napkin and wiping the BBQ sauce from Derek's face with more tenderness than he had ever experienced.

His cheeks began to heat and Derek felt his eyelids go hooded. His heart began to race and to his utter disgust and horror he realised he was swooning. Full on swooning! Alejandro was leaning over the table now to get the last of the sauce and his face was dangerously close, those lips that had been so fascinating were now inches from his own and it took far more effort than Derek would ever admit to force himself to pull away.

“Sorry,” Alejandro blushed, “I don't know what came over me.”

Yes, this was it! All he had to do was call him a perv and storm away. Do it just do it come on Derek just-

“Oh no, it's quite alright I don't mind I just uh, got a little nervous te he.”

That was the exact opposite of what he wanted to say! And did he just say the words 'te he' instead of actually laughing? Who spoke like that? Derek was cringing so hard he just wanted the ground to swallow him up but Samantha had other ideas.

*'I couldn't believe myself, I wanted that kiss so badly so why did I pull away?'*

Was it possible to strangle a voice in your head? Derek seriously wished it was.

“How about a walk?” Alejandro suggested, “You’re so fascinating I want to get to know you more.”

“We’ve barely spoken.” Derek ground out, it was true.

“Even more reason to talk.” Alejandro smiled charmingly, so charmingly in fact Derek felt another swoon coming on and before he knew it, his arms were linking with the man’s and they were walking out of the restaurant together without paying. Then again, Alejandro owned this place so maybe that wasn’t such a bad thing.

Just like that they found themselves strolling along a picturesque beach. The sound of crashing waves, the soft touch of sand beneath their feet, and the shimmering stars above created an enchanting atmosphere. The moon seemed impossibly large in the sky above and Derek felt his heart hammering, he remembered this scene; he had to ruin this date before it finished!

Alejandro was so damn charming though. His voice had an almost musical quality that made it lovely to listen to even when he was trying to tune out the words. He was compelled to answer each question, though there was very little to say. Samantha didn’t have much in the way of hobbies and Derek was beginning to tire of his own voice constantly complaining about the stress of his nondescript ‘office’ job.

Alejandro on the other hand shared stories of his adventures, his dreams, and his passions. He had lived an amazing life sailing with his parents as a child before settling here to start his resort. Derek tried hard not to get sucked into his stories of wild parties and jungle adventures but despite his best efforts he found himself hanging on each word.

‘I couldn’t let myself fall in love with a man from a world so different from my own and yet...I could feel myself doing so.’

Derek’s heart thumped, his skin felt hot.

‘I drew closer, squeezing that arm tight.’

He did so, it was as if they were magnetically pulled together no matter how hard he tried to fight.

Alejandro stopped and turned to face him, his eyes filled with sincerity.

"Samantha, I can see the walls you've built around your heart, and I understand why. But I want you to know that I'm here, not to break them down, but to show you that love can heal and bring joy."

Warmth bloomed in Derek's chest.

*'As I gazed into those eyes I saw a vulnerability that mirrored my own.'*

He did; he was such a lonely soul in the real world. Nobody understood his art, especially not those assholes online. Perhaps Alejandro could. After all, he created him, perhaps there was no harm in-what the hell was he thinking?!

The sound of the waves crashing against the shore seemed to echo the rhythm of their hearts as they moved closer together and Derek's breathing began to grow erratic. Alejandro was drawing nearer and just like a moth to a flame he felt himself drawn closer. Those lips were brushing his own and before he knew it, they connected in true.

*'It was like I had always imagined. It was like fireworks, shooting stars and all other manner of magical things. It was the best kiss I had ever had.'*

That line sounded a lot cooler when he wrote it down compared to now when Samantha's breathy voice whispered it in his ear. What he hated most about it was how right she was; it did feel amazing. Derek hadn't had that many kisses in his life if he was honest and he'd always thought the stories were blowing them out of proportion. Turns out, he just hadn't had a very good one yet.

Alejandro's tongue pressed against his lips and he couldn't help but moan as the warm tingles it sent shooting through his body. Without thinking he stepped closer, opening his mouth and letting the man's tongue dive inside his own. He had to get a hold of himself...but it just felt so nice. Especially when those toned arms wrapped around him tightly, resting on the small of his back just above his ass.

*'How I wanted him to lower them just a little more.'*

Fuck. He could feel himself getting wet again. In the story this was the first big love scene he'd written. Alejandro basically blew out Samantha's back with the amount of passion he

displayed. It was his sexual skills that fully seduced her, causing all her emotional walls to come down. He could not let that happen. If he let himself slip any more to her control there was no knowing how bad this could get.

He just had to stop kissing him, then he would be able to think straight. Emphasis on the word *straight*. He was a man after all, kissing another man should not feel this deliciously right, even with Samantha's honeyed words floating in his ears telling him how nice it felt, how horny it made him, how his pussy was starting to grow moist and hot...

Alejandro's hands were drifting south now, squeezing his ass through the loose fabric of his sundress. The touch sent warm, pleasurable tingles up his spine and Derek felt his control slipping further and further. He realised, as another moan escaped his mouth, that he would never be able to pull away entirely. The narrative power of Samantha was just too strong.

He did have to stop the sex from happening though, lest he lose control all together. He had to do something in between. He took a step backwards, it was like pulling teeth; the action felt decidedly wrong.

"N-not yet." He breathed, "This is all s-so sudden."

The words had the exact effect he had hoped; Alejandro was a gentleman first and foremost of course, he would never want his lady love to feel uncomfortable. He took a step back as well, running his fingers through his dark hair with an apologetic smile.

"I am so sorry, Samantha. There is just something about you that drives me wild." He said with blushing cheeks, "I am not usually so forward."

*'The fact that I was able to drive a gentleman like this to such...primal acts awakened something inside me.'*

A shiver went down Derek's spine.

*'To know I was so desirable...it turned me on in ways I had never experienced before.'*

His nipples turned hard beneath the dress and he prayed the dim light of the stars hid it from Alejandro.

“I will bid you goodnight.” He gave a sweeping bow once more and Derek felt a genuine giggle of affection bubble up his throat.

It took all his self control not to ask Alejandro to walk him back to his room like Derek knew he wanted to. If he let that happen all it would take was one goodbye kiss and they would be falling into bed together.

*‘I want that.’*

No he didn’t.

“Good night, Alejandro.”

“Sweet dreams, my dear.”

Every step away from him felt like torture but Derek knew he was doing this for his own good. As he curled up in bed that night he found it near impossible to sleep. The bed seemed too large and cold for his liking and his mind kept drifting to the beach. He imagined how it would have felt to let Alejandro lay him down on the sand and make love to him as he’d written in the book. In fact, he didn’t have to imagine; he remembered every word he wrote about the encounter. Those memorised teased him long into the night.