

## A Novel Story - Part 2

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Derek, now stuck in the body of his protagonist Samantha, is compelled to act out the story he wrote and finds himself overwhelmed when his love interest appears.*

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*'Wow, what a beautiful country, surely this place will help me relax from my high stress job.'*

The voice was accompanied by a thrill of excitement moving through him as he sat in the shuttle heading towards the Golden Lagoon Resort. Every time he heard Samantha's voice in his head he felt compelled to obey it, more than that, his body responded as well. When his narration told him to feel happy, he was, he had no choice in the matter.

He still had no idea what to do in order to get out of this strange reality, following the story seemed like the logical thing to do, not that he had much choice. He had tried walking away from the shuttle when it pulled up at the airport but it was no use. His legs compelled him to get onboard because that was exactly what he had written.

As he stepped off the shuttle and onto the white sand, the warm Caribbean breeze carried with it the sweet scent of blooming hibiscus and the gentle sounds of the ocean waves. Before her stood a grand entrance to the beach resort, with tall palm trees flanking its sides and a bubbling fountain in the centre. He took a step and immediately stumbled. Sand? Why on Earth had the bus pulled up on sand? He turned to see that for some reason, the road stopped right at the entrance, replaced with beach sand. What a stupid design; Derek felt his cheeks dust pink realising he had nobody to blame but himself.

Awkwardly, he walked in his high heels across the soft sand, dragging his suitcase along beside him until he reached the front door. He was greeted warmly by the staff, each of them dressed immaculately in crisp white uniforms. That looked...generic, if he was honest. A cool, refreshing towel was placed in his hand and a flute of sparkling champagne in the other. She took a sip, relishing the crisp bubbles and the smooth, fruity taste and hating every second of it as he drained the glass.

As he drank he glanced around the marble-floored lobby, taking in the grandeur of the surroundings. Gleaming chandeliers hung from the ceiling, casting a warm glow on the luxurious furnishings and the tropical flowers in vases on every surface. So many flowers, far more flowers than could ever be necessary. The air was so thick with the scent almost made him sick.

*'The flowers smell so good, what a wonderful place.'*

The smell seemed to change in an instant, going from sickly sweet to...well, the same but somehow good. Derek took a deep breath against his will and his head swam, or perhaps that was because of all the champagne he'd been drinking.

Check in passed in a slightly drunken blur and he was glad when the polished white door reading 501 came into view. He needed a lie down. Perhaps if he was lucky he would fall asleep and wake up back at his desk and have a good laugh about this strange dream. Something niggled at the back of his mind though, something he was sure he was forgetting. He pushed open the door and stepped inside, he only got a few steps inside before he had a stark reminder of exactly what he had forgotten.

The world seemed to narrow; the light blooming soft and romantic in his vision as in slow motion, a man turned to face her. He was standing framed by the hibiscus covered balcony, his white shirt buttoned to the navel to show off his smooth, muscular chest. Long dark hair wafted in the breeze as he gave her a charming smile that made his knees weak. Somewhere, music seemed to swell and petals blew gently from the vines around them like a slow whirlwind.

Alejandro.

"Sorry miss," He said in a baritone so deep Derek was sure he could feel it vibrating in his chest. "I was just putting the finishing touches on your room."

*'Oh my God. He's so sexy I think I might faint!'*

Indeed a wave of dizziness seemed to wash over him; the sickly smell of sweet flowers mingling with the alcohol in his system and making his knees finally give out. In an instant, Alejandro was across the room, strong arms holding him upright.

*'He feels so strong, oh what a man!'*

"Are you alright, miss?" He asked, his voice taking on a strange echo.

*'It was as if everything had disappeared, the only thing his mind could focus on was that chiselled jawline and sexy voice. So sexy.'*

Derek could feel something new, a heat blooming between his legs. Dampness accompanied it and he realised with horror that he was getting wet. His whole body felt as though it were on fire, heat radiating from his arms where Alejandro's hands were gripping him tight.

"I'm fine." he replied, hating how breathy and desperate his voice sounded. "Just a little bit too much champagne on the plane I think."

*'Oh I am so embarrassed! I can't believe I made such a fool of myself in front of such a sexy man.'*

Derek wanted to strangle Samantha, if she mentioned how sexy Alejandro was one more time he would scream. Even worse, his heart was thundering in his chest and one of his legs popped, heel bouncing against his butt cheeks as he leaned into the touch. His cheeks were so red he had to look away and Alejandro helped steady him on his feet.

*'The moment his arms left me I wanted to jump back into them. Only my stern self control from years in big business kept me in control of my actions.'*

The hot air seemed to turn cold and Derek held back a shiver.

"I'm Samantha." He introduced, holding out a hand professionally which Alejandro shook.

Once again Samantha's voice in his head squealed, nattering on and on about how sexy Alejandro's body was. He wanted to take a step back but found he couldn't. He was stuck in limbo, listening to her speak while pumping his arm up and down. Alejandro didn't seem to notice how awkwardly long the greeting took. Finally, the narration finished and control of his body returned to him. He tried to think unsexy thoughts to stop the wetness slowly seeping into his panties but it was hard when this hunk was standing right in front of him.

"Are you staying here long?" Alejandro asked.

"A week."

“Well, you have to let me show you around! This is my hotel after all, and we are having a big Cinco De Mayo party on Friday. You should come.”

This felt so creepy, he was a single woman who had just walked into her room to find a strange man inviting her to hang out. Yet...he didn't feel creeped out at all, after all Alejandro was the good guy, he knew how this all went. An idea formed in his mind, perhaps if he followed the story and created an ending he would be able to wake up in his real body again. It was worth a shot.

“That sounds lovely,” He smiled sweetly.

“How about dinner tonight then?” He offered, giving a gentlemanly bow that looked distinctly out of place. “I'll come get you at six.”

“Wonderful! See you then!”

He left, turning back to give him a wink before shutting the door and Derek collapsed back on the bed in a fit of nervous giggled.

“Oh my God he was so sexy!” He squealed, biting his tongue in horror the moment the words left his lips. “Fucking hell, Derek, get a hold of yourself. You're not Samantha, you're not attracted to that sexy ass man and his broad shoulders and...and his chiselled jaw with those lips that looked so soft and...and.. Oh...”

That wetness was getting stronger; much stronger in fact. He squeezed his legs together on the bed and shivered at the pulse of pleasure that flowed through his body. Oh no, the masturbation scene. In his story Samantha had been so overwhelmed with Alejandro's mere presence she had fingers herself right there on the bed after arriving, imagining that he was making love to her.

He didn't want to get off to another guy! He wasn't gay. Fuck, but he was so turned on right now. Every second that passed he became more aware of the sensualness of his body. He could feel the weight of his breasts rising and falling against his chest and his nipples turning hard inside his bra.

“Stop...” he begged himself as his hand slowly drifted down to the skirt of his dress.

Wait, dress? Wasn't he wearing a sensible pencil skirt a moment ago? He looked down as his hand lifted his hem and indeed, at some point his outfit had changed to a short, sexy mini dress. He recognised the design, it was one his favourite porn star had worn in her last film.

Derek wished he could think of her instead but Alejandro's face kept appearing in his mind, he couldn't help but wonder what those strong fingers would feel like if they parted his folds.

“Oooh, oh that's so nice...So wet...”

His finger stroked up and down, circling his clit torturously slow as Samantha's breathy voice echoed in his mind.

‘I was so turned on, I wanted those fingers to belong to that sexy man. I wanted to feel him fuck me. It had been so long since I'd had a man and never in my life had I been so turned on just at the sight of one. My finger plunged into my wet slit, in and out.’

“I-in and out oh fuck, in and o-o-out-!”

His hands were mirroring her narration now. His mind filled with images of Alejandro gently laying him down on the mattress and thrusting into him. He couldn't stop, his lips parted as he began to moan louder and louder. Pleasure was growing with each stroke of his fingers, every push inside him felt better than the last and yet simultaneously not enough.

He couldn't do this, he couldn't get off thinking about a man ploughing him into the bed. It was supposed to be the other way around.

“Oh...Alejandro! Yes! Yes!!”

His finger brushed against something deep inside his pussy and it caused his entire body to jolt with the intensity of sensation it elicited. It was like a drug, once he started he couldn't stop. He could hear his wet fingers sliding in and out of his pussy noisily as he pressed against that bundle of nerves again and again until-

“Alejandro! Fuuuuuuuck!”

He came, a steady stream of viscous liquid squirting from him onto the bedspread. His whole body shuddered as the air became thick with the scent of his juices and he was left gasping

for breath. For a moment he relaxed, letting his soaked finger slip from his hole. After a few deep breaths he opened his eyes again, looking down to see that he was now naked.

*'I watched my heaving breasts, nipples pet and hard pointing skywards. Even after such a strong orgasm I wasn't totally satisfied. Something told me I never would be unless I managed to make my fantasy with Alejandro real.'*

Derek groaned in frustration; he couldn't do this. He had to change the story somehow. Tonight's dinner was where Samantha started to fall in love with Alejandro, not just lust. On reflection, now that he was living it, the whole thing seemed a little rushed. He had to find a way to delay it somehow, change the story in his favour.

*'I knew I couldn't go to dinner smelling of sex, I would need to spend all afternoon making sure I looked perfect.'*

Compelled once more he was on his feet heading for the shower. Derek sighed, a shower did sound good but he couldn't allow himself to be controlled by Samantha forever. He had to find a way to break this hold the narration had over him or he was going to fall in love with his own creation and so much more.

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Evening came swiftly, almost too quickly in fact. The sunset was perfect of course, a vibrant rainbow of deep purples to vibrant oranges that was reflected across the, somehow, perfectly smooth ocean. His suitcase was open in front of him, his clothes perfectly smooth without a crinkle in sight as he slowly unpacked them.

He remembered in vivid detail the dress he had described Samantha wearing to dinner in the hopes of dazzling Alejandro. It was a long, dark blue number with a glittery hem; Alejandro would tell her it looked like the night sky and Samantha would swoon. Already his internal monologue was urging him to pick it and get dressed ready for his big date.

He fought against it, body straining against some invisible force that was trying to reach his arm out against his will. Avoiding the date all together seemed impossible but maybe if he could start to make small changes, he could build up enough strength to resist the narration all together.

His hand reached for the midnight blue dress but at the last second he managed to pull away, fingers closing on an entirely different garment.

*'At first I thought of my dark blue dress, then I realised it was too obvious for a first date. If I could even call dinner with a man a just met a 'date'. Instead I picked my sundress, white with yellow and orange flowers; the perfect casual dress for a summer's dinner.'*

He hadn't written that, but at least he had made one small choice on his own. He pulled the light, flowing dress over his hair and posed before the mirror, swishing the long skirt back and forth, enjoying how it felt brushing against his ankles. He couldn't help but smile; with his olive skin and dark hair the dress looked utterly stunning; at least he could take solace in knowing his character was beautiful, even if her internal monologue was starting to grate on him.

Somewhere, a grandfather clock struck six dramatically and there came a knock at the door. Derek took a deep breath; time to, hopefully, ruin his own date.