

“On the Road” - Braden-GTS

Today it may not be as prevalent but those who constantly travel for work sacrifice one major thing that most of us take for granted, comfort. While you may not always have the most fabulous home. It is still yours, and it's familiar. You can let your guard down; you can be your unforgiving self. Free of judgment and worry. It is where you recharge.

Constantly waking up to sounds and smells unfamiliar as you restlessly sleep on a mass-produced mattress. The stiffness of over starched sheets and slight wonderings of why those bed dressings required such strong detergents to begin with. The click of a radiator as the preset, unchanging temperature threshold hits only for the machine to rattle alive, blow dry air into a poorly circulated room. You think you will get back to sleep, you will toss and turn believing now is the moment you rest, but the moment sleep has a grasp the rattle of that radiator cutting off brings you back to alert. This is all in the name of energy efficiency they tell you. The cheap bastards.

Sleeping in a familiar place your body is able to put these sounds in the background due to repetition and familiarity. You don't need to worry about the vents opening to allow in your desired climate control preference because you've heard it so many times your body doesn't alert you. On the road, these simple comforts are lost to the vast wasteland of business economy lodging.

That is not to say this desert doesn't have an oasis. One traveler found that in the niceties of a particularly stunning house keeper was he able to have the best sleep he's had in months. His weeklong business engagement had him looking forward to returning to his room for rest, relaxation and if he was lucky, a passing encounter with the red headed angel.

She would greet him in the mornings as he would wake and head to the lobby for a quick breakfast. Given the short time he would take to consume the assorted Danishes and juice he would hurry back hoping to perhaps catch her once more. Her efficiency was commendable for the hotel, not so much for the lingering hopes of the traveler.

He would return to the room, and it would be spotless. The pillows and blankets aligned perfectly. Kissed with the smell of her perfume, towels folded particularly detailed while the glass table, as troublesome as it could be, without a single fingerprint. The room was immaculate. The temperature was set to 'room.' You felt neither hot or cold. It was simply a comfortable space to be.

With his need to remain in the location ending, the traveler had no illusions the woman was doing anything but an amazing job. She likely treated all guests this way, but to him it was a welcome respite from the dull and lonely road that still laid ahead of him. To show his gratitude he hoped to give her a moment to herself. A glimpse into what she's provided him this last week.

Rested and nearly packed, he spent time cleaning the room, cleaning the table off of his previous meal, dropping the trash off outside the room and emptying the drawers. The blankets were always tucked in such a way that was both secure but not confining. Emulating the way she made the bed took more of his focus than he had imagined. She managed to enter the room, unnoticed.



“Sir... excuse me, what are you doing?” she asked. Her voice touched with an European accent, startled him out of his focus.

“Oh, sorry. I was just finishing up.” he said, flustered she had caught him ahead of time. He dropped what he was doing, as both the technique for folding and the timeliness of the gesture were both lost for now.

She began about her duties when she realized everything was already completed. Turning to question the patron, she was greeted instead with a gift.

“I rarely relish the time I get to spend at away, but this last week has been one of my most restful and relaxing weeks in a long time. The care you take for your craft is admirable.” he stated. She simply looked down from her lofty height as he spent his first moments actually appreciating how grand she was.

Standing there, looming over him, he clearly had not registered her stature until now. Her uniform had her in heels that seemed unnecessary for a woman so tall, but she walked with such grace there was never a concern she was hindered by them. Her long legs, tanned and toned led to the skirt of her fitted blouse. Her curves, unhidden by the polyester garment, and actually complimented her figure. Her bosom, weightless and full, eye level with the otherwise slightly below average height traveler. Finally, getting to her face he was met with her puzzled expression. How long had he been staring... or was she wondering about the heart shaped tin usually reserved for courting?



“These are for you. I found in town these are some of the most popular chocolates, and I hope that knowing this room has been cleaned, you can enjoy a few moments to yourself with these as a treat. It’s my thank you for making this week so pleasant.” He blurted out, rehearsed the morning before as he went about picking up the room.

She didn’t respond. As the weight of the chocolates in his out stretched hands became evident, he placed them down on the table, unsure if she appreciated the gesture. He quickly moved around her to his suitcase, afraid he had simply made a fool of himself. Was he truly so distant from others that this housekeeper’s better than average job was enough to make him so appreciative? Was he lacking intimacy at such a level that he couldn’t delineate professionalism from tenderness? Cursing himself, he went to close his suitcase when a hand rested on his shoulder.



Without a word, she turned him. Whether he complied or she forced him he was not sure, but as she stood there, wry smile with unflinching focus, she showed him one of the very chocolates he'd purchased for her. The only sound on the planet at this moment was the click of the thermostat coming on. Perhaps from the sudden rise in temperature as sweat coated the man as the unexpected advance had him entirely flat footed.



She didn't wait for a response. The chocolate was slightly moist as the sweet coating lubricated his lips allowing for easy passage of the morsel into his mouth. Her finger, following until it was entirely inside, she simply smiled down. He couldn't protest; nor did he want to. Standing there, her finger still on his lips he began feeling something amazing. Weightlessly there in the moment, he slowly consumed the offering as she peered out from under her bangs.



The human body has many ways of alerting you when something is off. It's part of why an unfamiliar room is so hard to sleep in. The ticks and sounds around you need to be learned so they can be ignored. Everything in his being right now was screaming out as he suddenly

realized the woman was towering larger every moment she lingered. The competing forces of arousal and fear can be intoxicating. The conflicting notions of escape and embrace cause your heart beat to rise. Until a decision is made, you will continue to wind up knowing consequences do not linger for long.



Placing her hand on his chest she could feel his heart throbbing. The first thing he focused on outside of his internal struggle was the excitement in her eyes as he dwindled against her grasp. Not excitement at his fear, but his realization. That something beyond him was happening. He began to speak but she simply pursed her lips into a shush, uttering a low fading white noise that washed away his need to raise questions. He simply calmed as she continued to expand into the room around him. But she was no bigger than before. He simply was reduced.



Satisfied he must have been the appropriate size she stood, silently, and walked over to the table. Walked... she sauntered. Her exaggerated steps showed off the command she had of every muscle. It was an expression of control not lost on the now tiny traveler as he sought to gain his composure at his new perspective.



Tentatively he approached the now seated woman. She reached over to the token from an appreciative customer, she carefully selects chocolate for inspection. Uneasily he walked over to her, looking up. Why was he approaching her? She had somehow reduced him to a fraction of his stature and yet he was going to join her with no explanation. Why was he not alarmed?

How could he be so at ease in the presence of something far greater than himself without fear? He was drawn to her to learn more, to learn why.



As he approached the foot of the chair, she casually offered a hand. As if being called to her, he began scaling the chair. Climbing a common piece of furniture now inaccessible to him without exertion usually required to climb a mountain. His first attempt at leaping was unfruitful and woefully undercalculated as he simply fell back to his feet. Her finger, soft enough to grip was perfect for pulling himself up. The road was not a place for physical fitness, and while he would have loved to simply hoist himself up, he required something more. On his next attempt she shifted her heel. His flailing legs found purchase and, with all his strength, he managed to mount the cushion she mostly occupied.



Seductively she finished her own piece. Looking down, she motioned to the remaining candies. “Divine” was all she said, a grand review of the sweets if there ever was one. She offered assistance onto her leg, reaching for another treat. Pheromones, on a primal level, make those of the opposite sex do crazy things. Accepting an invitation to sit in the lap of a dominating and mysterious house keeper can now be added to the list. He waited, patiently there, as if this was where he should have been all along.



The once bite sized morsel is now closer to a basketball. The only thing keeping the reality clear that he was out of place was the pair of fingers delicately dropping the chocolate in his hands in

the first place. The sheen of her fingernails surrounding him at his hips, was caught in his peripherals. Slowly realizing he fit, quite literally, in the palm of her hand. The acceptance of such a fate is natural. It is survival.



The challenge of how to consume the chocolate basketball was not long lived as he slowly rose to meet her face. Her tongue, moistening her upper lip, she pursed her lips out taking the weight of the chocolate off of his hands. His fingers followed the chocolate into her maw as she slowly closed her lips around it, squeezing his digits firmly. A moan rumbling through her as she delighted in the treat. The treat... of his small hands.



Her lips turning to a smile she lifted him up as she stood. Helpless to stop the next events he found comfort in the way she carried him. No malicious attempt to control, only a careful effort to deflect the impact of a rapidly changing perspective. She was careful in every other aspect he had seen, and this was no different. Moving around the chair she stared at him, wordless, but with clearly communicated intent. Her knee taking her weight, bending down she deposited him on the bed. On his back, he took in the sight of her uniform becoming a memory. Her magnificent body on full display as she seemingly swam across the bed toward him.



“Off” she uttered.

Unflinching due to uncertainty, he watched as she purposefully reached out a hand in a direct manner. Hooking around the waist band of his pants she effortlessly discarded his pants. "Off!" she said, more forcefully. Removing the remaining garments, he quickly lay there bare and wanting. No matter his size or overarching fear of the situation, the physical sign of arousal was present, even in the presence of something so impossibly large. She moved over him, bathing him in her sweet breath, the warmth from her proximity pulled them away from the rest of the world. His whole existence was vulnerable and submitted to this moment.



Pinning his arms, unnecessary for restraint as the thought of protest long left his mind, she displayed her power nonetheless. "Why?" he thought. Was she waiting for something? Was there something she needed from him? Her silence only added to the questions. But with ignorance to the reason, her intentions were crystal clear. Exhaling over his body, every muscle, every sense, each individual vellus hair on his body jumped as if pulled by a powerful force. She smiled. Her smile was not that of a casual acquaintance or a friendly passerby. It was that of someone knowing exactly what they wanted and getting it. She lowered her gaze and her head as her tongue came out as a guide for his member. The very act of taking him to her waiting lips was more than he could take. Her lips bringing his whole shaft in with ease, she manipulated his most delicate organ in a mind-bending way.



As the pleasure rose it masked the realization that something more intimate was happening. Her bangs now tickling his face made it clear he was experiencing the feeling from before. He was dwindling with every moment she was attached to him. Panic? He felt no need to panic. Total subordination.



With every ounce lost the pleasure only increased. Passing her nostrils, he could feel her exhale wash over him, the air moist as she controlled her increased breathing, great effort expended for this display. Her red lips, soft and supple, pushing against his chest quickly engulfed his face. His only thought at this point was how had he not completed. By all accounts this should have

happened multiple times now. But he felt the peak of climax for what seemed like a lifetime. As she continued her act, he felt the coming flood. Face to face with the craters in her lips he experienced the rush of a coming explosion. What usually lasted a fleeting moment was stretched over an eon. He could feel it happening over every microsecond as his body yearned to bring this act to a close. There was no hurrying this. At the absolute moment of breaking, he finally gave in. Release.

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“Sir... Sir?” he heard.

“Sir?” he wondered. Why so formal now? Wait, where was he? A ménage of colors filled his vision. Panic taking over as he was now thinking about his wellbeing in mind for the first-time in... he wasn't sure how long.



“Sir!?” he heard one more time, more urgently.

Flailing he threw off his bed coverings. Coming out of what must have been the deepest sleep, he looked up seeing the house keeper confused and alarmed. A film of sweat covering his body, he checked himself for injuries. He looked up as she continued waiting for confirmation, he simply began trying to calm himself.

Coming out of a deep sleep suddenly is often met with the challenge of organizing stimuli in a way that causes confusion. What was that sound? That feeling? You may have not been prepared and your brain rushes to categorize it with something “known.” When it cannot quickly relate to a prior experience, it will seek to assess the situation. How does one appreciate such

an experience so quickly? Looking up, her puzzled look remained, and the need for assurance that he was in fact alright, became audible.

"I'm... ok. I'm better than ok actually. Thank you." He confirmed.

Accepting his confirmation she left, clearly seeing he was not dressed for the day. "I will be back soon." she said, making an exit.



Getting ready to leave, he quickly made over the room, as he once did before. Soon a knock at the door, and the familiar ask for 'housekeeping' rang through the room. His hands slightly trembling, he offered the chocolates to her with his thanks for making this hotel an experience he will never forget. Stunned, she eagerly opened the box, staring over the individually wrapped treats. He smiled as she selected one. There was no need for more words. He had planned a gesture to someone who through her own hard work and care for her job, gave him comfort he had longed for. Collecting his things, he made his way to the door.

The brain has an amazing ability to replay events in your head. The whole happenings of a seemingly vivid dream will never be lost on the traveler. But those details were not what consumed his mind. No, he was thinking back on just this recent exchange. He handed her the chocolates, supposedly for the first time... but were three of them already missing? He turned back to raise the question, but stopped short. He had his memory. There was nothing left to do but leave. He made his way out of the room and back onto the road, never to forget this particular establishment of simple business lodging or the caring nature of his room steward.

