

Hot Welcome

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Ask any of my friends, and they'll tell you I have two loves in my life -- Jackie, and spicy food. I've loved spicy food all my life, and loved Jackie for the last four or so years. It took me two of those years to convince her to marry me.

Now when I say spicy, I mean spicy. For me, Jalapeño peppers are pretty bland -- sweet enough to put on ice cream. Serranos just start to get interesting -- mild with a good flavor. Scotch bonnets, little Thai firecrackers, and Habañeros -- now we're talking spicy. But it's got to have flavor. You can get stuff that's just heat, plenty of it, and no flavor at all -- what's the point? A good mix is two or three Chipotles to one Habañero -- you get a good smokey flavor along with smoke coming out of your ears.

As for Jackie? She's like one of those firecracker chilis -- a lot of woman in a compact package. She's only about five foot six, but she's got the body of a Goddess (sorry, Playmates are just too ordinary compared to Jackie), and libido that won't stop. I can go down on her for hours, and have, and she still wants more. Then she'll pounce on me, and soon have me completely drained and sleeping in her arms like a baby.

She shares my love for spicy foods, just not my fanaticism. We met at a chili-eating contest; she took first place in the women's competition, I took second in the men's. I love the stuff, but I'm not stupid -- when I saw the next bowl put in front of me contained mostly Habañeros, I let the other guy have first prize -- and the pain. He didn't even make it to the awards ceremony, so Jackie and I reigned that weekend as Chili Queen and King.

But my Chili Queen was far away. As a production manager for a high tech assembly company, she was off again starting a product into production for someone. Most of their plants are in Singapore, Malaysia, that part of the world. She'd been gone for a little over a week, and would be away for another week at least.

So that morning at work, my buddy Dave came by.

"Hey Johnny -- there's a new Thai place in Sunnyvale that's supposed to be good. Terry wants us to meet him for lunch. You game?"

I looked over my calendar; nothing much happening. I was actually caught up for a change.

“Sure, swing by when you’re ready to go,” I told him. I smiled and said, “Want to ask Denny along?”

Dave laughed and said, “We’ll do pizza later in the week.”

I laughed and waved as Dave left my office. Denny is a good friend, he’s just not much of a hot food fan.

We left around half past eleven and met Terry and a few others. Terry also loves spicy food. He and I keep trying to find new places that will burn out the others in our crowd. I found a really good Indian place a couple of months ago. They gave us a vindaloo that was really intense -- for days. I could tell by the smile on Terry’s face that this place was good.

We joined Terry and the gang, and as I sat down my pager went off. I looked at it -- it was a page from the company voicemail system. Someone had left me a message. Tough -- it’s lunch time. I’ll check it when I get back.

The house specialty was a sort of fish dish. Take mild green chilis about the size of your thumb, stuff them with a fish paste, then fry them up. What Terry conveniently forgot to mention was the fish paste was mixed with something really tasty. It was so tasty that by the second one I could feel the sweat breaking out on the top of my head. That’s one of the ways I can tell something is good.

I don’t know how many of these Terry and I put down -- after the first plateful the others gave up. Oh, we had some other dishes as well, but Terry and I loved those stuffed chilis. I think we impressed the restaurant staff -- they called out the owner/chef. He was a short guy, five foot two or so, with a big smile. He was happy to see us enjoying his food. By the time we were ready to leave, my head was wet, my mouth was numb, and I had a big smile on my face. So did Terry. Everything had been delicious.

We settled the check and started heading back to work. I’d ridden with Dale. He turned to me and said, “You’re not getting in my car until you wash your goddamn hands.”

I laughed and went to the washroom. You do have to wash up after handling stuff like that. You don’t want to rub an eye....

We told the owner we’d be back. He told us the next time he’d fix us something really special. Terry and I laughed at the way he said it.

Back at the salt mines I picked up the phone and hit the voicemail button to check my messages.

“Surprise, sweetie!” It was Jackie’s voice!

"I just landed at SFO. Our customer had some major design problems, so I cut things short. I'm going to go home, shower, take a pill, and crash. Wake me if you can. Bye..."

I hung up the phone. She'd called about eleven; it was a little after one now. Depending if she called before or after clearing customs, she might have been home for a while -- a week and a half without her is too damn long.

I shut down my computer. I gathered my stuff and stuck my head in my boss' office on the way out.

"Chris -- I'm taking off early -- I'll be at home."

Chris looked up at me. "Lunch get to you?" he asked with a smile.

I laughed; word must have spread already. "No, Jackie's home early."

He raised his right hand and gave me his blessing. "Go."

I waved to him. He knows how I miss Jackie when she's gone.

Jackie has a ritual she's developed for these trips. The mileage she racks up every year is impressive, and gets us free trips all over the place, but it takes a toll on you. I've only made the trip with her a few times, and on my own for business a few times. The flight going East, going back home, always seems to be the worst.

Her solution is to stay awake during the flight home, drinking plenty of fluids and no booze. You learn quickly that booze is a no-no on these long flights -- it gets you really dehydrated. When she gets home, she takes a tranquilizer, a long hot shower, and collapses on the bed. My job is to wake her. It usually takes a while; that's part of the fun of it.

And after a week and a half, I couldn't wait. I was out of my car and stripping off clothes before the garage door was all the way closed behind me.

When I got to our bedroom, I could smell her perfume. She knows how much I love perfume, and especially the combination of perfume with her own special scent.

I know she's been gone a long time when I start putting a little dab of perfume under my nose before I go to bed at night; that way I can go to sleep filled with her perfume. But even that's not the same; there's something special about the combination of her perfume and her own special scent -- especially when I'm surrounded by it and squeezed by her hot thighs..

She's taught me well. My original idea of oral sex was to dive right into her. She taught me to work my way up, tantalizing her legs and hips, then the insides of her thighs, before moving in to adore her.

But after one of these flights, after a trip such as this one, she likes me to dive right in; she's told me so. She says the combination of jet lag, the pill, and my tongue hitting the mark are just what she needs.

Well honey, that's what you're going to get. And, I have to admit, getting her when she's incoherent and whacked out like that is a turn-on for me as well.

I lifted her bottom and put a cushion under it to make things easier on my neck. She'd even gotten out a towel so we didn't stain the bedspread, so I put that under her as well. As I spread her legs gently, stroking up and down her thighs, she moaned a little. I stroked her thighs gently until I could smell her scent along with her perfume.

I closed my eyes and dived in. She was delicious. Soon she was moaning and moving under me. She seemed louder and more animated than usual; I was glad she'd missed me so much. Her first orgasm was quick, as usual. I drew out the second one to make it more intense, and it was still surprisingly intense, with her shuddering around me and still incoherent.

I know she's not really with it at this stage. Rather than holding on to her bottom, I'd grabbed her wrists and held her hands by her sides. She struggled and moaned, thrashing underneath me so strongly, so wonderfully. I know how exciting the restraint is to her, and to me as well. It also keeps me from losing chunks of hair -- she gets pretty wild.

Usually I'd keep going until she begged me to stop, or collapsed. This time I needed her as much as she needed me; her cries and movement had such an animal quality to them.

I brought her through another orgasm, and then to the edge of another. The last time she'd been this wild was when we'd been apart over three weeks and I'd met her in Hong Kong. She was so loud I'd worried we were going to have hotel security after us.

I felt her tensing up, getting close again, alternating between pulling away from me and pushing to meet my lips and tongue. She was so vocal, she was moving so much. She hadn't been this intense in a long time. I couldn't wait any longer; I raised up, held her waist, and plunged into her.

I was close as well, and my head went back as I slid in and felt her clamp around me.

And after three or four blissful strokes I knew why she'd been so intense.

I could feel the burning spread, and spread quickly. Evidently, so could she. My mouth must have been loaded with chili residue, which I'd spread over her, and was now spreading deep inside her as well. My cock was on fire, and trapped in an incredible gripping, pulsing furnace.

It was crazy; in spite of the intense burning, her hands were on my hips and her legs were locked around mine, helping me move, pulling me in deeper. The more we thrust, the more we

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spread the heat. My cock was on fire. Now I felt my balls catch fire as they became slick with our juices.

She dug in her short nails and started moaning again, tensing up from head to toe, grunting and panting as we slid together and apart. The burning was exquisite as she pulled me deeper inside her, spasming around me as she came, taking me over the edge.

I don't know if I shot fire into her, or I just felt the fire spreading down the inside of my cock, but feel it I did, and it added something extra to the delicious agony.

I started leaning down on to her, and moved my lips to hers. With half-opened glazed eyes she quickly turned her head away from me. I laughed and collapsed on her, kissing her neck.

"Welcome home sweetie," I said between kisses.

She moaned again. I slid off to her side with a slurp. As I rolled to my back I laughed a little. I expected the cool sensation of my damp wick and associated parts exposed to the air, but not the continued burning sensation. What a trip!

I reached over and pulled her to me. She snuggled to my side, resting her head on my chest. She sighed and mumbled a little, settling in. "I missed you," I whispered.

I faded out for a while, awakening to her chewing on my neck as she stroked my cock back to life with one of her hands. It was my turn to moan.

"I'll get you for that," she growled in my ear.

"Promise?" I asked as she started moving on top of me.

She slid on to me with a mixture of sensations, including a little burning still.

"Oh!" she moaned. "I expected a hot welcome, but nothing like this!"

I put my hands on her hips and rocked into her. "Just for you -- welcome home."

FIN

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