Christie and Michael(Confessions from the House of Pleasure) Pt., 1 *Finale*

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the heat gets turned up...WAY up!

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/christie-and-michaelconfessions-from-1.aspx

As K prepared the scene she thought about the client's request. The voyeur that was in K needed to witness Christie with Michael. He made the perfect candidate for this session. Michael would be what Christie wanted. She would instruct Michael during the session, without taking away his power and control. Christie had wanted another client to seduce her while acting as a bar patron in the hotel House of Pleasure owned . Christie already had it in her profile that she wanted to submit sexually, so K laid out various ties, paddles, cuffs. She also had other toys and aides ready for however the scene unfolded. Michael was also a client and K was there to make sure all session play was obeyed.

Meanwhile in the limo Michael and Christie decided ride together in. They minimized the verbal exchange but could not resist touching. Michael's hand traveled down Christie's thigh from hip to knee, before pushing back. Bunching up her dress as one hand grazed her thigh. Christie's nipples visibly hardened. Showing against the material of her thin dress. Michal wanted to know how they would feel against his tongue. Christie knew a lustful gaze when she saw one. Michael wanted her so bad. Christie felt her pussy tingling. She moved the hand she had on his thigh, closer to the bulge she wanted to grab, squeeze, cradle, suck.

"Oh, god." Christie moaned then she felt Michael grasp her hand.

"Almost there babe." He whispered in her ear.

Michael couldn't believe his luck. This attraction to Christie was primal. The thought of begin inside her made him throb. The sight of her made him hard. The scent of her made him crazy. She was his tonight for the taking and he was going to make her scream his name.

The knock at the door alerted K to the arrival of Michael and Christie. "Please, come in." K waved them over and the Rep closed the door. K always reminded the clients to dress casual. For the ladies a simple slip dress would do. It was appealing and sexy to 'unveil' the client, removing the clothing and underwear, piece by piece. For the men a t-shirt, jeans and boxers if they did not feel comfortable

going commando.

K noticed Christie and Michael holding hands. They released their hold as they stood before her, waiting. K cupped Michael cheek, then Christie's. "I want to do what feels right. There are certain techniques but everyone adapts differently. Undress her."

K stepped back and Michael took K's instruction, but knew he wouldn't be able to immediately undress Christie. Michael faced Christie. Her silky black hair framed her oval face. The strands were long and his fingers itched to run through it. To feel it glide own his body as she moved toward his cock. That thought made him groan softly. Her dark, intense eyes never left his. His groan made her eyes widen slightly. He drank in the sight of her full lips. The way her dress clung to her in all the right places. The blood red color vivid against her pale skin. She wore her hair down. He smoothed it back before kneeling down in front of her. Bracing his hands on her hips he cupped her ass and squeezed, then he reached for the hem of her dress. He let his hands run over the curve of her thighs, hips, and sides of her breasts, pulling the clothing over her head. Letting the dress drape across the chair next to the bed. Michael continued to admire her as he unhooked her bra. Her breasts spilled from the cups into his hands. So soft. His thumbs rubbed her nipples until she moaned. Next he traced the thin material of her panties. The satiny lace that covered her mound, to the strings on her hips. Cupping his hand his stroked the center of her, she was already so wet. She parted her legs and rocked on his hand. He loved how responsive she was. Pulling the strings off her hips he knelt in front of her. The luscious sight of her bare pussy, already glistening with her juices made his need soar higher. He balled up the panties, the damp crotch on his palm . The scent of her arousal made his erection grow uncomfortably hard in his jeans.

As he stood he felt hands on his shoulders. K had come up behind. Her smooth, warm touch made him want in a different way. His lusting was a flame for K, for Christie, it was an inferno.

"Good."

K's fingertips drifted down his sides pulling his shirt out of his pants. Eyes locking with Christie, she spoke firmly to her.

"Unbuckle his pants. I want you to feel his cock."

The warmth of K's hands on his bare skin was incredible. She was dragging her nails along the ridges of his abs to the edges of his pecs.

"Your body feels amazing, Michael." K captured his earlobe between her teeth and tweaked his nipple with her nail. His name on her lips left him breathless.

“Ahh.”

Michael cried out in surprise finding his breath again. The dual assault made his body throb harder. He was so wrapped up in K, that he didn’t know that Christie had made a move to touch him until he felt her hand squeeze his cock.

“Oh god yes.”

He groaned as she stroked his shaft and circled the head with her fingers. Pressing her body close, rubbing her breasts against him. He reached down and lifted his shirt over his head, taking it off completely. She continued to stroke him slowly. Staring down at her perfect red lips, black eyeliner that intensified her sexy eyes. He rocked into her hand and shivered at the connection he felt. Sometimes sex was sex. Gazing into Christie’s eyes having her just stroking his cock, he felt himself falling. K pushed him forward and they spread out on the bed. He lay back while she finished undressing him.

K quietly observed Michael and Christie. She only saw that kind of exchange shared between long time lovers. They had barely touched each other and yet their chemistry sizzled under her fingertips. She could feel the spark as ran her hand down Christie’s arm, to her wrist, over her fingers, to grasp Michael’s cock.

“Let go. I want you to suck him.”

At K’s command Michael lifted his head to watch Christie. She looked up at K. Christie loved the caramel toned goddess leaning over her, ordering her to do wicked things to a man she wildly desired. Her body craved to be the center of someone elses pleasure. Opening her lips and placing the tip of his cock in her mouth, her tongue rasped across the slit. She enjoyed the act of sucking cock, tasting, feeling smelling the arousal. Her pussy warmed and juices trickled down her inner thigh. She heard him and exhale loudly. Her tongue and lips worked his cock head, spit began dripping down his cock. Then she slowly began taking his shaft down her throat. She mastered the technique and did not gag as she swallowed his cock. K held him at the base of his cock as Christie pulled back. Her saliva glistened on his hardened flesh, and K used the moisture to stroke him.

Micahel put his hand on Christie’s head while she swallowed his cock. He couldn’t take his eyes off her as she took his long cock deep into her throat, over and over. K held him firmly and spoke some words of instruction and praise.Soon they were switching positions. Christie was on her back, arms over her head.

“Cuff her and make her come.”

K spoke gently to Michael handing him the cuffs. The black leather cuffs were soft and made to bind the wrists together as if tied with rope. His cock pounded with his unspent release. The thought of making Christie come fueled his desire even more, keeping him rock hard.

Christie closed her eyes soaking in the sensation of hands caressing her breasts. Fingertips rolling her nipples until they plumped. “Ahh!” Someone pinched her nipple and then continued to roll the tip. Each movement sent shock waves to her pussy. Her legs were spread. She knew Michael was there his touch was divine. She felt K’s fiery touch there too. Spreading her pussy lips, exposing her hard clit. Holding her open as Michael experimented with pressure and places until she rocked and moaned against his mouth. He swiped his tongue through her drenched slit, and she cried out. His flat, broad tongue pressing against her clit over and over, bringing her closer to the edge. He inserted two curved fingers into her pussy. She was so slick. He slipped in another finger and she arched her hips up to meet his deep thrusting. He sucked her clit and kept his three fingers buried in her pussy deep. “Yes. Just like that.” Christie encouraged him. She grabbed his head, pushing his face against her. K was beyond turned on. She could see why they looked at each other like no one else existed. Michael ate pussy like a starving man at a buffet. Christie showed no shame in being spread like a grand feast. K moved down to where Michael lay between Christie’s legs.

Michael was fully focused on wanting to feel Christie come apart on his fingers and in his mouth. He didn’t realize K had moved until her mouth was on his cock. She had him down her throat in seconds. He groaned in pleasure sending vibrations humming against his lips, straight to her Christie’s pussy. She clenched down hard on his fingers, he slipped his fingers from pussy, thrusting his tongue in deep. Lapping up her juices, extending her orgasm. He lessened the thrusting, then lovingly licked pussy. He heard the condom being unwrapped, and K unrolled the latex down his cock.

“Christie, baby, you ready for more.”

K knew Christie was far from finished. K was just preparing her as Michael positioned himself and pushed in slowly.She was so slick and ready. Her pussy sensitized from her orgasm, loving the fullness of the cock dragging along her inner walls. He had her open wide. She looked at him looking down at her. His slow almost love-making strokes was quickly building up another orgasm.

Michael wanted to make this last but the beauty of her pussy stretched around his cock was too much. Swollen and red from her orgasm. Her moans went straight to his cock as if she were teasing his balls with her tongue. Leaning forward and lifting her legs he thrust into her deep. The angle allowed for him to pound into her, hard. He loved seeing her bound more than he ever thought he would. Her face was turned and her hair hide the rest.

“I can’t see you. Turn so I can see your eyes. Shit.”

Christie felt him brush her hair aside. She was used to sex with her eyes closed. Absorbing the smell, feeling the sensations magnified. Seeing him leaning over her, pushing into her. Her drenched pussy sucking at his pounding, thrusting cock. The look of raw desire in his eyes was too much. She cried out as she came again, harder. His cock kept pounding into her again and again.

“Ah god. Damn it, Michael!” She shouted, clenching down on his cock again. He finally pushed into her deep and she felt his cock pulse as he lost his load. They were both panting, dripping sweat. He slipped from her pussy and laid down next to her.

“Your perfect.” Michael couldn’t keep his hands off her. He ran his fingers across her breasts and down to her flushed pussy. “So perfect.” She slowly spread her legs as she traced a finger down the center.

“You guys are quite good together.” K backed off the bed. “Take your time.” K went to the small door that served as a side entrance to the suite. She exited and did not have to worry about getting dressed. In moments she was back in her office. Closing the door, she went to have a seat at her desk. Opening the file she had for Christie, she re-read some notes she had made. A grin curved on her lips. They would be returning, Christie and Michael, but before then K wanted a piece of Christie. Michael didn’t seem possessive but love changes things. K knew that firsthand.