The Alpha Male - Part IV

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Sexy little cheater Maya is in for a surprise when she stops by Eric's apartment

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The weekend stretched before Maya like a rock-strewn desert. Eric's invitation haunted her every waking thought. She tried to read a book. The print grew unfocused and his face swam up from the page. She tried running, but as she ran her tights moved against her and she imagined his hands moving beneath them, a finger sliding into her wet sex. It was imperative to leave the road before someone saw her flushed face and guessed her secret. Filled with guilt, she told her boyfriend she would be at an off-site conference in New York on Tuesday and stay at a hotel that night.

Monday morning she could barely function. Eric's athletic figure strode quickly past her office windows on several occasions. He didn't glance her way while she was looking, but she could feel his eyes on her whenever her attention managed to drift back to her work. Once she did manage tocatch him in a heated stare. His eyes fixed her like a butterfly on a pin. She was melting inside.

She left off work quite early and made for the gym. Perhaps a good workout would shake this mood and allow her to sleep tonight. The exercise distracted and calmed her. The rhythmic swoosh of the rowing machine reminded her of waves on a beach. She picture herself in a lounge chair. Cancun. Or Jamaica. That was a good idea. If she didn't use her vacation soon, she would go over the limit and loose some of it. Dressing, she vowed to take time off soon. If her boyfriend couldn't make it, she could just go solo. It would be relaxing.

Maya was halfway down the hall past the gym exit when the object of her recent obsession appeared around a corner on his way in.

“Maya. I see you're keeping in shape for me,” Eric said. He looked delicious, black hair slightly tousled, already in a t-shirt which clung closely to his buff upper body. He approached quite close and put his hand on her hip, his lips at her ear. “I'll have all of you tonight,” he whispered.

“Tonight?” she gasped. “I've told him I'll be away tomorrow night, not tonight.”

“Tell him you need to get there early Tuesday morning.” With that he pulled her in tightly against his body. She could feel his hardness against her belly. A warm hand caressed her neck. He leaned down and pressed his lips against hers, opening his mouth and forcing her lips to part. She let out a whimper of pleasure and allowed the kiss to deepen as a wave of heat washed over her. Steps approached from down the hall.

“Oh my God,” she gasped, drawing her mouth away. Eric did not release her from their clinch. The stranger (who seemed to be a male acquaintance of Eric's) gave him a wise look. Maya pushed away.

“Why are you playing games with me?” she asked.

“I'm not playing games, I'm just an impulsive sort of guy,” he said. “I'm finding it really difficult to wait. I can't concentrate on work. I've been thinking about you all weekend and all day today.”

“Well, putting this off won't help me concentrate at work, either,” she admitted. Maybe getting this over with would be for the best. “I'll see what I can do about leaving tonight instead of tomorrow. If I can't come tonight after dinner, I'll call you.” Eric tried to pull her in for another kiss but she demurred. “Save it,” she muttered.

Mark had left a note on the refrigerator. He was going out to dinner with a client and wouldn't be home until late. Well, that made it easier. She'd just leave him a note as well.

She pulled some leftovers out, but was unable to eat very much. Her nerves always went straight to her stomach. She lingered over her preparations, fussing with the razor until her legs were shiny smooth and she was trimmed to a tiny, nearly transparent, triangle. Her right hand rubbed silky cream onto her graceful breasts. She imagined Eric's face nestled between them. A small pulse throbbed between her legs in time with fingers pulling at her breast. Her fingers were caressing the slick warmth there when she noticed the clock in the mirror. It was almost time to go!

She couldn't resist checking her image in the pretty lingerie Eric had sent her. The delicate black and white lace flattered her pale skin. The demi-bra made small graceful curves of the tops of her breasts. Black and white lace flowers encircled her pert pinkish-brown nipples. The tiny panty consisted of more lace flowers in the front and sheer black net which clung to her toned buttocks in the back. She looked too delicate and too expensive to be a catalog model. More like a very high priced whore. It pleased her. She didn't have time to worry about what to wear on top and settled on a sleeveless black jersey dress and sandals. Couldn't go wrong with a black dress, right?

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Eric's apartment was in a row of distinguished brownstones. She was buzzed in and climbed a long walnut staircase to the third floor. The door was already open. She walked into a 1920s library which seemed to have been converted into a den. A densely-patterned rug covered most of the hardwood floor. There wasn't much furniture in the room save for many bookshelves against the walls, standing lamps and a large leather couch. A tall multi-paned window opened to a good view of the city against the fading sky.

“Enjoying the view?” Eric asked. “That's why I took this apartment instead of the one below with a second bathroom.” He had a glass of red wine in his hand. She took it to be polite. He wore a smooth black t-shirt tucked into gray slacks. The t-shirt clung to his lean chest as usual. That seemed to be his favorite look. It suited him. In fact, it made her want to slip her hand under the t-shirt to see if his chest was as firm as it appeared.

“It's great. Must make it worth the climb.” Eric had approached her and was stroking her shoulders and back with a hand as she sipped.

“You look lovely,” said Eric. “I hope you're wearing my gift underneath.”

She nodded. The wine glass in her hand shuddered as his hand drifted down to her bottom and stroked it through her dress so that she could feel the sheer netting rub against the skin of her backside.

“Are you nervous?” he asked.

“Mostly I'm hungry,” she answered. “I didn't eat much before I came.”

“I don't have a meal for you,” he said. “But I do have dessert.” He turned and presented her with a plate of chocolates. “You're not allergic, I hope.”

“No, just addicted,” she laughed. She picked one and bit through the hard sweet shell into a smooth froth of chocolate cream. She closed her eyes to savor it. Eric presented a second to her lips immediately. This one was hazelnut cream beneath dark chocolate. His hands wandered large and warm up and down her back, neck and backside as she swallowed. She relaxed into his hands. He squeezed her firmly like a masseur. The heat of his body drew next to hers and his lips pressed against hers gently, then with more pressure. His tongue was not gentle as it invaded her mouth. He tasted of whisky, not wine, and chocolate. The kiss became wicked, hot and aggressive. A hand slipped under her dress and gripped her buttocks. She could feel the tips of her breasts harden and

rub against the lace bra, against her dress, against his chest. Her body began to melt between her legs. She gasped.

“Oh god you're hot,” he murmured. She felt the tip of his tongue lightly trace the the top of her ear behind his warm breath. “I want to play a bit. Will you trust me?”

“That depends,” she said. “What do you want to do?”

“I want to blindfold you,” he said. “Nothing seriously kinky. I promise.”

“I guess that's alright,” she said. Actually, it was thrilling. Her heart started to pound. She allowed him to tie a silky scarf around her eyes and lead her into another room. It felt like a bigger room. A gentle breeze wafted through another window. Eric unzipped her dress and helped her step out of it. The breeze drifted over the lace lingerie and stiffened her nipples. Eric seemed to have noticed because he started to stroke her breasts, first the creamy tops of them and then the hard peaks through the lace. He pushed her backwards and guided her down until she was sitting on the edge of a bed.

He did not cease stroking her breasts. They felt hot, sore and tender. She pressed them into his hand. It seemed like he was kneeling in front of her. She felt soft lips on the tops of her breasts as his thumbs ran over her nipples beneath the lace. She whimpered. She wanted that bra off. She wanted to feel the breeze on her naked breasts. Eric understood. The bra loosened quickly and disappeared, freeing her breasts and relaxing her breath. A large hand squeezed palmed her left breast and squeezed the hard nipple repeatedly. Then a wet tongue played around the other areole Heat gathered between her legs as he gathered the entire breast into his mouth. He sucked it hard as he pulled the other nipple. She could feel his wet tongue circling the hard tip of her breast inside his mouth. Her breath quickened as her sex throbbed below in time with each pull on her breast. She needed to be touched. She arched her back unconsciously and tipped her pelvis toward him. So hot.

Eric watched her sigh and tip her hips. He was getting very hard. He needed to find out if she was as aroused as she looked. He tilted her backwards on the bed and slid a hand under the front of her panties as he attacked the other pretty breast with his mouth. She gasped as large warm fingers stroked her silky, slick tissues. She was wet and as hot as an oven. Oh, she needed that. She needed him to touch her there, to rub her there. “Again,” she said. He did it again. She gasped. She was tensing. She was almost there. She needed him to push his fingers...inside.

He did.

Aaah.. A soft moan echoed around the room. The climax shuddered between her legs and through her body. She pulsed against his fingers. He rolled her panties off and kissed her. Her naked buttocks

slide against a soft bedspread.

“Baby, you are making me so hard,” he murmured hoarsely. He drew her hand down between his legs. He was no longer wearing his trousers. She could feel his firm erection through some cotton briefs. “Stand up for a minute.” He helped her to her feet. The languor of her climax had not yet left her and she allowed him to pull her hands together in front of her. Another soft scarf was quickly bound around her wrists.

“What are you doing?” she murmured.

“I'm getting just a little bit kinky. Don't worry. You liked it so far, right?” he asked.

“Yes,” she breathed. “But I only go so kinky. If you go too far I kick you in the face.”

“I can deal with that,” he said. He pushed her back down onto the bed. Her arms were pulled over her head and she felt more binding attached to her wrists. She pulled her arms up but they only went a little ways before catching on a rope. She was tied to something, probably a headboard. Eric pushed a pillow under her backside. “Comfortable?”

“Physically or psychologically?” she asked. He chuckled. He lifted a leg and stroked the length of it with a warm hand. She shuddered. He massaged the bottom of her foot and fastened something soft around her ankle.

“You don't need to do that,” she said as she felt another binding around her other ankle. “I'm not going anywhere.”

“I want to make sure you don't kick me,” he said. He was holding down one leg now as he fastened the other somewhere.

“Bastard,” she muttered. Her heart started racing again. How kinky was Eric? He hadn't done anything painful so far. She realized she might have no choice but to find out. Her legs were being pulled apart in a “v” shape as he fastened the second ankle to some sort of post. The breeze drifted across her exposed sex.

“Ah,” Eric grunted. “Beautiful. I can do all sorts of things to you now.” Maya tested her bindings. They weren't uncomfortable, but they held firm. She had about a foot of slack in the arms and only a few inches on each leg.

“O.k?” asked Eric. “I'll take them off if it really bothers you. Just say the word.”

“What's the word?” asked Maya.

“Chicken,” said Eric. May stuck her tongue out at him.

Eric drew his hands down her body from her shoulders to her hips, tracing across her breasts. He did this several times until her nipples hardened again. She felt his body hover over her and he kissed her hard squeezing both breasts in his hands and thrusting his tongue in her mouth. His erection pressed against her midsection. It was wet at the tip. She gasped in mild discomfort and arousal. Her pussy was wet and throbbing lightly again. Maya felt soft wet kisses work their way down her neck and breasts. A mouth stopped to suck her nipples again and then progressed downward. His hands slipped under her backside and pushed her higher onto the pillow so that she was tilted up. The breeze drifted across her exposed sex again. The bindings pulled against her ankles.

A wet tongue suddenly slid up and down the folds of her center. The sensation was so intense she raised her head and back, but was restrained by the binding around her wrists. Large warm hands still cupped her buttocks and lifted her a bit higher. Bonds pulled against her ankles as she squirmed in arousal. The tongue was relentless. She couldn't close her legs and couldn't change the angle. The licking stopped and started, building an exquisite tension just before backing off. He blew warm air on her exposed sex.

“Eric, please,” she whispered.

“What was that?” he asked. “Please what? A hand was stroking a breast and suddenly tweaked a nipple. She lifted her upper body until the bonds pulled against her wrists and then fell back heavily.

“Please let me come. I need to come.”

“You'll owe me for this, “ he said. She could feel the wicked smile in his voice. But fingers spread her folds below and the soft wet tongue traced slow circles around the most sensitive part. She imagined a warm mouth sucking her sore nipple while the exquisite sensations from his tongue slipping up and down and around her center drove little flashes of pleasure from her breast to her sex. The bonds were preventing her from pressing right up to him and she strained against them. She wanted more pressure, she wanted his tongue inside her just..like.. Wet lips closed softly around her button and gently..sucked...

The point of sensation pulsed and then flared and exploded. She groaned as the orgasm rolled over her, throbbing inside her. Her voice seemed to echo around the room. It sounded like someone else. She shook against her bonds violently three times then twice more with less power. A heaviness

swiftly invaded all her muscles and she lay back, unable to move.

Eric was talking to himself. A whispering sounded by her feet and she felt her ankles freed. She flexed them and shook out her legs. It would be nice if her were to free her arms too, as they ached a little stretched above her head. However, instead, Eric snuggled up next to her on the bed.

“That was beautiful baby,” he said. He turned her sideways facing away from him on the bed and pressed his length against hers. Maya sighed and snuggled closer. She made a tactile inventory of his body. Those were his lips against the back of her neck. His small nipples nested in light curls of chest hair against her back. His large member tucked itself firmly between her buttocks. Despite her languor, she writhed slowly against it. It was wet and slippery at the tip.

“Still hot after all that?” whispered Eric into her hair.

“Hotter,” she murmured. “Eric wasn't letting her touch him. Unbelievably, she was aroused and tense to a point of agonized anticipation. Her pussy was empty and aching. She gasped with despair as he moved away from her. His long fingers returned swiftly. They reached into her dripping sex sliding gently up and around her inner lips. She groaned. The fingers retracted and were replaced by a large hard object which gently pushed against her from the back. It was a dildo, she guessed. She tried to turn her head to check it out beneath her blindfold, but Eric jerked her back by the hair.

“No peeking.”

“I don't know. That thing feels way big,” she said. “Just put a condom on.”

“You'll love it. I guarantee,” he chuckled.

The enormous dildo slid slowly into her. It's girth filled her in a way which made her heart pound. He was pushing it in gradually so that she had time to accommodate it. She had an irresistible urge to move up and down on it. She tilted her hips toward it, then away and felt it massage her insides. As she pushed back again she felt a slippery finger penetrate her rear.

“Oh god,” she gasped.

“You naughty girl,” said Eric. “Don't you love it?” His voice was hoarser and he was breathing heavily against her back. She couldn't feel anything except for the dildo, his finger and his breath against her back. They were enough. His finger pressed deep in rhythm with the dildo. The pressure inside built. Her arms strained again above her head in her bonds as she rocked her pelvis back and forth, faster and faster. The whole bed was rocking. Eric was grunting. She was gasping and moaning. Was that

her? She was coming apart. He pushed it in further than she thought possible. She felt like she would be split open, exquisitely.

“Oh. Yes. Yes.”

She peaked violently. Her insides vibrated wildly as she screamed a release.

Eric kept groaning for a while longer.
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The haze of relaxation faded. Suddenly Maya felt empty and exhausted. Eric was untying her aching arms, thank god. She let her arms down and hugged herself. A hand softly stroked her hair and untied the blindfold. She opened her eyes, not sure why they were closed.

A lush brunette with big brown eyes was kneeling on the floor between Eric's legs at the end of the bed. She looked rather sated.

Maya sat up very quickly.

“What's going on here?” she demanded. “Wait..... I know what's going on. She just sucked you off while I was out of it. Didn't she? And she was watching us the whole time.”

“Maya, this is my girlfriend Lynnore. She likes boys and girls,” Eric explained.

“You came so hard – you made me come watching you!” burbled Lynnore enthusiastically. “I came masturbating while Eric went down on you too. It was great. You are so sexy, Maya. I would just love to go down on you. Do you like girls?”

“I think it's a bit late for that question,” said Maya. Lynnore looked downcast. “Eric, I can't believe you did this to me. Well, yes I guess I can, considering what you did to get me here in the first place.”

“It's my fault,” said Lynnore. “Eric is a hound dog, but I saw you at the train station the other day and Eric told me you were the hot chick he was lusting after at work. After that I wouldn't stop bugging him until we got you here.”

“I'm flattered but I'm not really into girls,” Maya admitted. Lynnore looked despondent. “If I was into girls, though, I'd certainly be into you, you're gorgeous.”

That seemed to perk Lynnore up. She sat up and pressed her lush lips onto Maya's pretty bow. Her

large breasts pushed up against Maya's small ones. Maya was startled at how quickly Lynnore's tongue insinuated its way between her teeth, and how intensely pleasant that was. She drew back.

“No, sorry. That's enough for tonight. I don't have another orgasm in me. I'm going home,” said Maya. She slid off the bed and stood up.

Eric rather faintly apologized before turning back to Lynnore. They were starting up again before Maya left the room. She collected her clothes and decided to avail herself of their shower while they got busy.

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The drive home seemed very long. She was bone-tired and disappointed. Even though she hadn't expected anything but sex from Eric, it was a let-down somehow that he really didn't expect anything but sex. Plus, she would be embarrassed forever whenever she ran into him at work. Well, maybe not forever, but for a long time. Was she really that kinky or had she just caught kinkiness temporarily from Eric and his kinky girlfriend? It was a relief that she didn't need to worry about anonymous emails to Mark, but somehow she didn't feel very relieved. Her mind was running in tired circles. What she needed was a vacation. Someplace warm and quiet. A beach resort. A beach resort with a spa with a good masseur. A woman masseur. But not a bisexual woman masseur. Oy.

Maya's Forrester pulled into the driveway. Their windows of their apartment were dark. Mark was probably already in bed. She'd try not to wake him up. He would be surprised that she was there in the morning.

Mark was breathing heavily in dim bedroom. She left the lights off. The dark lump of him under the covers stirred slightly. Maya dashed into the bathroom and undressed. She eased back into her side of the bed. There wasn't much room, however, because another woman was already on her side of the bed.

Maya jumped back out of bed and flicked the lights on. Mark blinked drowsily. The blonde beside him sat up clutching the covers.

“Maya. You're not supposed to be home yet,” Mark blurted.

“Well. Yes. It was inconsiderate of me not to tell you I was coming back tonight in advance,” said Maya. “Don't let me spoil your plans. My suitcase is still packed up.”

She could not summon the energy to be angry. The hypocrisy of the condemnation she had

prepared stopped the words in her mouth. The evening had been a massive cosmic joke at her expense. She had the feeling tonight had been around the corner for a long time. Mark's distance and pre-occupation had preceded her impulse to cheat. She had though it was his work, but maybe it had been this blonde.

“Mark, I'm going to a hotel for the night.,” she said. “I'll talk to you in the morning.”

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Maya woke up disoriented in the Holiday Inn. She made a list of things to do in order to save her sanity:

1. Go to work and arrange a two-week vacation to start as soon as possible.

2. Get a handyman to take the flat screen down while Mark was at work, and put it with her good speakers in storage. She didn't care what else Mark took.

3. Go back to the apartment tonight and face Mark. Tell him to be out of the apartment by the time she got back. It was her name on the lease anyway.

4. Take two ativan and call her girlfriend Ellie to complain about her life.

That should do it. At least temporarily.

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The sunshine glittered off the blue-green waters of Montego Bay. Maya was relaxing on her lounge chair, sipping her coconut smoothie. The resort she had picked was populated by sweet honeymooning couples. The last thing she was looking for was men. The spa was great, the beach was beautiful, and she felt like she could almost face work and Eric again. She had another week to think about that. Mark had left messages, but she was putting off answering him. He had moved out into the quarters of the blonde, who was a client of his in the middle of a divorce. Best of luck to him with that.

Maya felt like she had got off easily from her adventures. She hadn't been subjected to any heavy-duty S&M, she hadn't caught any nasty venereal diseases, and her heart wasn't even broken.

She put the smoothie down and pulled a book out of her beach bag. The day stretched in front of her with promise. She had four more books to go in this series, and it was as good as advertised. After

this chapter, she'd take a short dip in the surf and get lunch at the clam shack. Tomorrow she had booked a snorkeling trip. Of course she'd probably be the only single person there, but the young couple from breakfast were enthusiastic about joining her. They were probably tired of being alone together so much. She smiled.

A shadow blocked her reading sunshine. She turned her head to see who had moved behind her. A pair of long muscular legs topped by knee length swim trunks moved in front of her line of sight. The swim trunks hung on the hips of a nice-looking male torso, lean and fit, with just a bit of curly chest hair. Deep blue eyes peered out from under dark lashes in his handsome, amused visage. It was Dan, her traveling, adulterous, executive paramour.

“Nice to see you looking so relaxed. I like the bikini.” Dan looked relaxed himself.

“This isn't a coincidence,” said Maya. Who told you I was here?” Dan had pulled up another lounge chair beside her, and unfolded his lanky body into it.

“I called your office. The call was answered by a guy name of Eric. He told me you were on vacation, but he thought you'd take a call from me. I guess he thought I was an important client.”

“I'll kill him,” said Maya. "Who on earth is letting him answer my phone?”

“Is there something I should know?” said Dan.

“No,” said Maya. “I just have a messed up love life. I no longer have a live-in boyfriend, thanks to you and Eric, and I'm in no mood to start anything up again. I'm sorry you came out all this way to see me. I'm not interested. Your wife will thank me for it.”

“My wife doesn't care,” said Dan. “We've been divorced over a year. Who's Eric?”

“Then why were you sneaking around like that?” said Maya. “I don't believe you.”

“I wasn't really sneaking,” said Dan. “I was being an asshole. I was damaged goods. Just looking for sex. Dating girls who were already in relationships seemed like the safest thing to do. So I looked for them. I figured that if they were looking to cheat anyway, I might as well have some fun.”

Maya mulled this over. It didn't reflect very well on his character. On the other hand, she hadn't had the courage or sense to break up with Mark before sneaking around behind his back. She couldn't claim the moral high ground.

“So you're back for more meaningless sex?” she asked.

“Good sex is never meaningless,” parried Dan. Maya looked cynical. “Well it's a good line, right?” Maya just sighed. Dan tried again. “I really just want to spend some time with you. By the way, who's Eric?”

“You're not going to leave me alone,” said Maya.

“No,” said Dan. A long pause ensued. Maya put her book back into her beach bag and stood up. Dan stood in front of her. He reached down and touched her cheek with his hand. Her heart started hammering. He bent down and pressed his warm lips on hers. She started to melt in the sun. He rubbed his lips side to side against hers and caressed her bare back with his big warm hands. When she relaxed the tension in her jaw his tongue darted in and caressed the underside of her bottom lip. She moaned very softly and drew her mouth back. He wrapped his arms around her, keeping her close. She looked up into his heated gaze.

“Well,” said Maya, “What do you think about snorkeling?”