At His Office -3

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Published on Lush Stories on 04 Nov 2012

after meeting turns enjoyable...

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We had a date. Two straight days of fucking then go on a date. I always do things backwards but this was... a pleasurable thing. I took a taxi to his office because I'm just not that familiar with the city. It was an impressive building, lot of stories to it. I went inside and told the front desk guy that I was here to meet a Mr. Bellacroix. All he did was stare at my chest and point to the elevators. I was wearing a short-sleeved red t-shirt that said "dirty bitch" and it was slit from the throat all the way down to "bitch." I rode up with another woman in the elevator. I ached all over from the constant sex. My butt was especially sore. I still could not believe he had taken my ass like he did. And damn, I loved it, too. I looked over to find the woman staring at me. She blushed and left as soon as the doors opened to the floor I needed.

It was a plush place, very modern. It was perfect for meeting high rolling clients. I didn't know what he did for a living, and from the name I still couldn't figure it out. I assumed he had a lot of money from the look of his apartment but this was a almost intimidating. I gave the receptionist my name and she led me to a very spacious office. I looked around at the décor. It was all dark wood and brushed chrome, a big brown leather couch sat off to one side. James was against the pane of windows, scowling at a laptop. The receptionist left us alone.

He looked up and fixed his gaze on me and leaned back. He had a slight smile on his lips. I shivered at the memory of those lips. It had only been 12 hours since I had seen him but it felt like a million years. My skin smelled like him. I thought he looked pleased that I was here, in his office.

I left my purse and sandals by the door and slowly walked to his desk. I moved the laptop and papers out of the way and leaned against the wood in front of him. He stayed where he was. Dressed in a dark blue suit with matching shirt and shiny tie, hair styled just right. He looked.... Fuckable. I grabbed his shiny tie and gently pulled him to me. I leaned down to kiss him, my red mane covering both of us in a soft cocoon.

Our lips met and I shivered. I heard him groan deep and he tried to pull me onto his lap but I leaned back, letting my "dirty bitch" stretch across my breasts. James leaned forward, sliding his hands up

my hips, pulling my shirt up. He leaned forward and pressed his lips to my skin. My hands threaded through his hair. It's soft, thick and black, and wonderful to hold. He glanced up at me with those dark eyes. I knew what he wanted, which was fine with me. I simply smiled back at him. I pushed against him. His hands kept going up till he had my shirt and bra off and I tossed them on his laptop. He smiled at that. He pulled me forward and sucked my right nipple into his mouth. He knows that is my sensitive one. I groaned softly and rubbed his shoulders through his jacket. I wanted to feel skin. He was flicking my nipple with his tongue and he knew what that would do to me, he found that out last night. Like I said before, this guy is so very oral. I like that, a lot.

I reached down to loosen his tie but he pulled back from me, letting go of my moist nipple. It puckered in the cool air. He stood and removed his tie, jacket and shirt, laying them in a neat pile on the laptop. I wanted to touch him, feel his body move under his flesh, but he pushed me back on the desk. I whimpered in frustration. He was firm, hard muscled, lean. Soft naturally tanned skin with no major marks. I would know, I've spent the last 2 days tasting every inch of it. He slowly unzipped my jeans, but never took his eyes from mine. He reached under me and cupped my ass and pulled the fabric away from me and laid it on the covered laptop. I wondered if he noticed I wasn't wearing any panties or if he cared. I didn't think he did.

I lay on the desk, bare. His eyes traveled down my body and I thought I heard him growl. He growled a lot, but that was ok. I liked it. I didn't realize that he had taken his slacks off and he shoved into me suddenly, causing me to arch in a mix of pain/surprise. Damn he was big!! His cock rubbed my sex in places that fingers or a tongue could never reach. I gasped loudly and pulled my legs up in reflex. He grabbed onto them and proceeded to fuck me. Hard. I was still tender but I took him, my sex felt like it was swallowing him. I started panting. James had his eyes half closed, watching me. He liked to do that. Oh, he felt good!

I could feel his balls slap gently on my sore bottom. My fingers rubbed my nipples and I pinched them as hard as I could stand it. I lifted my hips a bit to give him better access and his breathing changed. I wanted him to cum inside me, right then and there. James took one of my hands and moved it to my clit. It was hard and throbbing under my fingers.

"Play," he commanded. I spread two fingers on the sides of my clit and rubbed it. I was so close to cumming but this was too good of a feeling so I just toyed with myself. Which made me hump him back in frustration. James watched my fingers play and he fucked me harder. I cannot figure out how he's able to do that but he does, over and over. He arched is back and growled loudly and suddenly stopped. He pulled my hand away and I whimpered. Anger filled me instantly. Why did he stop???

I was about to scream at him when he stepped back, pulling out and stood me up. He moved me to the glass behind the desk and pressed me against it, breasts flat.

I could feel his cock rubbing me between my legs, giving him time to calm down.

"Like this," he whispered in my ear. He put my hands flat on the glass and nudged my legs apart just a bit. My nipples puckered hard against the frigid surface. I looked out and found that we were several floors up but anyone in the next building could clearly see what was going on. I was going to get the fucking of a lifetime pressed against glass by the most beautiful and intense man I had ever met. I smiled when I realized that. He trailed his tongue along my shoulder to my neck, nibbling softly. I let my head lay to the side. He nibbled harder and I knew what he wanted.

"Yes James, please," I whispered.

He growled yet again and sunk his teeth into my neck at the base of my shoulder. I stopped breathing as he bit me. In that moment I wanted him to use me, fuck me, split me open with his desires, lust, greed. He marked me with his mouth and my body screamed for release, but only from the lust. I needed him inside me desperately. I whimpered as he dug his teeth into me harder. I reached behind his head to push his mouth into my flesh. I started shivering at the mere thought that I was craving this man to bite me, and just fucking use me. His hand wrapped around my waist, as he held onto me tight. My head fell back and I gave in to what I was fighting. Control. I let him have me. I started squirming under the glass, trying to find some sort of release to the exquisite torture he was putting me though. My lips found his cheek and I kissed him. He pulled his mouth off me and I could hear the unmistakable sound of teeth that had been pressed so hard into flesh almost rip away. He kissed me hard and I could taste a trace of blood in his mouth. I whimpered and opened my mouth for him, taking in the taste of my flesh in his mouth.

"Marvelous," he managed to whisper once I let go of him. I felt his hand between us and sighed in pure pleasure as he slowly pushed inside of me. I laid my head on the glass and smiled as he adjusted to stand behind me as he slid inside. I lifted my leg just a bit to give him room. I opened my eyes to see a woman in the building across the street watching us. I froze.

James looked up and saw her as well. We both looked at each other and the woman. She was obviously masturbating, she was against the window and had her skirt pulled up and rubbing her sex. James moved inside me again and I closed my eyes. It felt naughty to let someone watch us but I figured, what the hell.

I moved my hips as he slid into me. I could tell he was hard and ready to cum. So was I. He moved his hand down to my clit and mashed it hard. I bucked against him and the glass, crying out as my body jerked in a climax so hard and deep that I couldn't breathe. James rammed his cock into me hard and fast, and groaned as he unleashed his seed into me. He continued to fuck me as he came,

making me shiver against him. All I could do was lean on the glass and hope it didn't break. I had never cum that hard and quick before, and I didn't think he had, either. I opened my eyes to find the woman's head back and her fingers buried in her pussy. She lifted her head and smiled at me, blew a kiss, and grabbed what looked like a pad of paper. She held it to the window and I saw it was a phone number.

James leaned back and grabbed his cell off the desk and dialed the numbers, handing me the phone.

"Yes?" The woman said on the other line.

"Did you like what you saw?" I asked her as James hand caressed my swollen pussy.

"Yes. I can't believe he bit you. That's so fucking hot," she reached down and started rubbing her pussy again.

"I know." I giggled into the phone. "It made me so horny, I came as soon as he shoved into me."

There was a pause as we watched each other. James behind me, his ear pressed to the other side of the cell to listen. His body still buried in mine.

"You're beautiful," she said softly.

"Thank you, so are you. Can I see your breasts?" I asked on a bold nerve. She put the phone down and unbuttoned her blouse and unclasped her bra. She picked up the phone and rubbed her nipples.

"Delicious," was my reply. She continued to rub her breasts.

I reached down and rubbed my hand over his, pressing his palm into my twitching clit. I raised my hand to my mouth and tasted our juices.

"He tastes good," I murmured into the phone.

"Oh shit, you two are going to make me cum again," the woman panted. She had a hand buried in her pussy, fucking herself as hard as she could.

I felt James move behind me and push into me again. He was only semi-hard at this point but clearly giving a show for the woman. Who knew he liked this kind of stuff, or me for that matter.

I moved the phone to my other ear and whispered, "Bite me again." James moved over my neck and

bit gently, watching where his teeth once were. The woman groaned and we watched as she arched her back and literally screamed into the phone. I pulled away from my ear and smiled as I watched her buck against her hand. She lay back on her own desk, almost moving out of eyesight.

"Thank you, oh thank you both so much, you are both beautiful," she whispered and hung up. I closed the cell and kissed James softly.

"My house?" I asked against his lips. He only smiled back and kissed me soundly.