



Breaking In Elizabeth

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Elizabeth gets broken in at her first ever day at the track.

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With my head buried deep in my race guide, a thousand miles away, I feel a hand on my shoulder. Turning my head to the left I see my good friend Michelle. We had car pooled to the track earlier that morning with her husband and a few other friends. In amongst the hustle and bustle of the keen racing enthusiasts we had managed to find a tall round bar table and some stools to stand at for the day, somewhere to place our drinks, girls to put their handbags and rest their feet. My eyes glance behind Michelle. Thinking to myself, "Holy shit!" my heart begins to race rapidly in my chest. It's her, the same girl I have passed a couple times in the crowd today (in hindsight, she looked like she was looking for someone). The same gorgeous girl I've been shamefully imagining stripping out of that incredible dress she is wearing, which leaves very little to the imagination of what is concealed underneath. My mind is racing with unadulterated thoughts. We have locked eyes a few times already today in passing, our gaze lingering a little longer than usual. I could barely avert my eyes from her beauty. Her dress is ruby red, strapless and looks like she had to be poured into it. Smokey dark eyes, long dark curly hair and a voluptuous curvy figure that is just making me buckle at the knees and leaving me in a cold sweat. Matching tall red heels on the end of shapely toned, athletic legs completing the image. She is drop dead fucking gorgeous, and why on earth was she standing right next to me?? "Darren, Darren!!" calls Michelle, her voice echoing inside of my head. "This is Elizabeth." "My god, how long was I out for? Please tell me all things that raced though my brain just now, stayed there, and I didn't blurt anything out," I think, snapping myself back to reality. Smiling, Michelle continues to introduce us. "She is a good friend of mine and is going to hang with us for the day." My heart races even quicker, "Shit, ok... hrm..awkward ." Reaching for the table I place my beer down before extending out my hand to greet her. "Hi there, lovely to meet you, excuse the cold hand". Her delicate hand slides into mine, flashing me a pearly white smile. Her skin is warm and soft in contrast to mine. "Cold hands, warm heart," she giggles. "Hahaha, very true!" I grin back with raised eyebrows and a cheeky tone. "Michelle tells me that you are an avid racing fan? I've never been before. You could say I am a..erm...a race virgin," she chuckles, taking every opportunity to touch me as she talks. Laughing at her response, I reply, "I love it and used to own a racehorse. I could show the ropes. Break you in, whatever you prefer." We laugh with each other, feeling very relaxed and at ease. We make more small talk before I excuse myself and I head to the counter to

place my bet for the upcoming race. On the way back to the table Michelle pulls me to the side. "So, what do you think of her?" "Elizabeth??" I enquire, as if I have no clue what she is talking about. "Well, I have just met her and she seems like a great girl." A beaming smile appears on Michelle's face as she replies, "Well, she is single, and I told her about you and that you would be here. She was keen to meet you". "Hang on, you told her about me? You are setting me up you sly dog," I say with a wry smile. "What, you're complaining? Look at her! She is god damn adorable! You should be thanking me don't you think?" exclaims Michelle. "Well, you do have a point!" I grin, walking away feeling like the cat that got the cream. Returning to the table I grab my drink. She is standing there, looking a little alone, lost, her red lips sipping on a white wine. "My god, she is just breathtaking," I think to myself. Smiling as I walk up to her I say, "Come on, lets go outside and watch this on the big screen, then you'll be able to hear the horses thundering past the finish line." "Oh fantastic." She smiles, full of excitement as she grabs hold of my extended arm, inviting her to link me, and with a smile she holds my arm and I accompany her outside. The race comes and goes, and she turns to me and asks "No good I take it? I didn't hear you cheering." "Not on the outside, but I was on the inside." I grin. "I think it's my shout for a drink. How does champagne sound?" "Ah, well if you insist!" she cheekily mocks. I head to the bar and I return with a bottle in an ice bucket and two champagne flutes. Carefully popping the cork I pour the first glass handing it to her. I then pour my own. Touching glasses in a toast to each other I say, "Here's to your first race day and may it be one you will remember." Smiling at me she takes a sip, and I could just melt, like the ice attempting to keep our champagne cold on this warm summer's day. As the day continues, our flirting is becoming quite intense when we find ourselves away from the prying eyes our friends. Simple touching turns to kisses of congratulations when we snag a winner. The chemistry between us is instant and neither of us fight it. "Wow, I think this champagne is going to my head," Elizabeth giggles, her cheeks looked flushed. "I think you have a great talent for picking winners." "I sure do," I reply, leaning closer into her as I brush a strand of hair back from her gorgeous face. Our mouths suddenly become locked, sharing the taste of champagne on each other. It's quite obvious we can no longer control our lust and my heart, along with the stirring in my loins, begins to swell with the overwhelming excitement and need for her. I pull a spare Members badge from my suit pocket and hand it to her, "Follow me." "Where are we going?" she enquires, an excited tone to her voice. "Now that would be telling!" I laugh, cheekily as I take her by the hand, making our way to the lift located in the corner of the mounting yard level, the ground floor of the grandstand. "It's access all areas." " Hopefully I will be accessing all areas soon !" I think to myself. We wait for the doors to open. With my fingers running up and down her spine, I can't keep my hands off her; I'm even brazen enough to trace circles at the top of her ass cheeks. Sliding her hand inside of my suit coat Elizabeth reaches my back and I feel her nails dig into me, a subtle sign not to stop what I am doing. The doors slide open, and the lift empties and we are the only ones that enter. As the doors close she removes her hand from inside my coat and grabs the back of my head. With her fist full of my hair; she pulls my face to hers. Our noses touching, and lips separated by a breath, we can not contain our desire any longer. Our tongues dance and wrestle, concealed behind our mouths, thirsty for the other. My cock is straining in

my suit pants and her hand quickly finds its way to it. Managing to direct it sideways, my eyes widen and I gasp into her as she is virtually wanking me through my clothing. I can feel precum flowing from my cock, a cool damp sensation as it leaks against my upper groin. My mind goes into overload and I want to yank her top down and set those tits free, but I resort to just kneading them through the material and my other hand is pushing on the mound of her pussy through this tight dress. Moaning and breathing deeply into each other with pure desire, but holding back, knowing this lift will stop soon, bring this blinding rush of emotion to a violent stop. I glance out of the corner of my eye at the lights that indicate what floor we are on, I notice we have passed 3 floors without it stopping, which means the next stop is ours. I desperately break our kiss. "Ok, ok, stop!" I laugh, trying to regain my composure and reposition my hard on so that it's less noticeable. Thank god I'm wearing black. It will help to hide the shadow of my bulging cock. "God, look at my hair!" I laugh as I take a fleeting glimpse in the mirror. "Your hair!" exclaims Elizabeth. "What about my tits. They are spilling out all over the place." Laughing together I help her adjust the top of her dress and I spend the last few seconds I have fixing my hair. We share one last gentle kiss as the doors open. We spend a little while up there, high in the grandstand behind huge windows overlooking the course away from those we know, sharing another bottle of champagne and engaging in conversation. My phone vibrates in my pocket and it's a text message from Michelle. "Ok you two, we are heading across the street after the races for food. See you there." The day comes to a close and as we exit the air is full of conversation about how much this person won and hard luck stories. We head for the restaurant located directly across the street. The rest of our friends are already there and just about to be seated. "Perfect timing. I hope you guys have been behaving yourselves," snickers Michelle, and a wink from her husband Dean, also a great friend of mine. Elizabeth's cheeks flush slightly, informing everyone of just how well we were getting along. "Yeah, we have had great fun." Grinning at her as we take our seats in a booth, Elizabeth and I enter first, but we sit opposite each other. All the boys on one side, respective partners on the other. A round of pre ordered drinks hits the table and the day is fast becoming a little fuzzy from the consumption of alcohol. Dinner comes and goes as we share conversations of our own over the noise from the other diners. Elizabeth and I glance and flirt the entire time and I'm just about to take a sip on what I plan on being my last drink of the evening when I feel a foot brush the inside of my calf. I all but choke on what is in my mouth and I stare across the table at her. Her lips mouth out, "Fuck me." My heart races, the beads of sweat gather on my forehead. Her shoe-less foot continues to work its way up and down my leg, I even shuffle forward in my seat so she feel my raging hard on with her toes. It's not long before I pull away from her touch, I can't take that much longer. She smiles to herself, knowing the control she has over me and takes a mouthful of her drink, turns to Michelle and continues their conversation like nothing has happened. The evening wears on. "I'm calling it a night everyone after this," I announce, eager to get Elizabeth all to myself once again. It's a move full of strategy and only time will tell if it plays out the way I want it. "Think I'm going to head home too," says Elizabeth, her speech slightly affected from the amount we have had to drink today. "Which way are you heading?" I ask her. "Castle Hill." "Well, its kind of in my direction, so come on, I'll make sure you get home safely, the cab will be here shortly." Standing outside the temperature feels as though it

has dropped since the sun has gone down, and Elizabeth is visibly cold, so I remove my jacket and I drape it over her shoulders, pulling her close in an effort to warm her up. "So you survived your first race day, not many do. Did you have a great day?" "I had a ball, I think that is quite obvious, don't you??" she laughed, burying her head in my neck, a little embarrassed about the events in the lift. "I'd say it won't be your last. You are more than welcome to come anytime you like." "Thank you, I'll be taking you up on that offer." Peering into the darkness, I can make out the black shape of a cab under the lights, with blacked out windows. Stepping out onto the curb, I wave him down. After assisting Elizabeth inside of the cab, I climb in and sit next to her, in the middle of the back seat. Putting my arm around her, I pull her close to me, brushing my hand over her curvaceous hips. Turning her head she looks up at me, and reaches her lips in my direction, and I meet her halfway. Breaking our kiss I look into her eyes, and whisper, "My god, do you know how beautiful you are? I mean, how is someone like you, single?" She dips her head, a little embarrassed, which I find irresistibly adorable, and with my index finger under her chin, I tilt her head back up, and I lean in and kiss her once again, with an urgent need to have her mouth on mine. Finding the back of my head once again, she forces me to kiss her harder and deeper. Our tongues delicately brush against each other, tasting and exploring. Trailing my fingertips down the side of her face to her jaw, I glide the backs of my fingers down her neck and to the top of her dress where I pause. I sense her breathing quickening; the rise and fall of her chest as her heaving bosoms captivate me, wanting them to spill out so I can take them in my mouth. With the palm of my hand I knead her left breast, she moans into my mouth in response. Feeling her hardened nipple through the material of her dress I massage it more firmly, teasingly pulling down the material to expose it. "Oh god yes, pinch my nipple, twist it." she breathes. My cock responds to her moans as it twitches harder in my pants. Pinching and pulling on her already erect nipple I cause it to protrude further. "Oh god yeah, like that..oh fuck..I need it in your mouth, suck my fucking tits, both of them." Tracing my fingers along the top of her dress, under her exposed breast, my fingers linger above her concealed right one. Looking directly into her eyes, and with a swift sharp motion, I yank it down. A louder than expected sigh, uncontrollably escapes her mouth. So she likes it a little rough, a sense of urgency, to be desired and wanted, I like that. That's what she is going to get then. My mouth finds its way to her right nipple while my hand works the other. My mouth provides gentle suction while my tongue circles the rippled texture of her puckered bud. Stopping briefly to lick my fingertips, I look at her and use my saliva as a slight lubricant to lessen the friction of my fingers on her delicate knot. Sliding my hand down over her tummy to her fleshy thighs, I press down on the top of her pussy. The dress feels too tight from her knees being wide apart, the length of it barely goes halfway down her thighs, so I continue to slide my hand on its path until it reaches the hem. I pause again for a second, but it feels like an eternity. I need a sign to say it is ok to proceed further. Resting my hand on the inside of her thigh she suddenly grabs it, indicating she wants me to continue. With her dress in my clenched fist, she raises her ass off the seat and I pull it up until it is around her hips. "Fuck I want you so bad," she moans, her breasts exposed. The street lights strobe through the dark window tint, shedding flickering light on a matching pair of sheer red panties. "Fuck," I groan, as I feel the air leave my lungs, voiding me of oxygen. This girl has me gagging, a desire I

have not felt in a very long time. Parting her legs, I run my fingers up the inside of her thigh as we continue to kiss. My cock is aching in my pants, precum flowing as my hand stops at the outer seam of her panties. I trace it up and down, teasing the fuck out of her, keeping her guessing as to when I was going to actually touch her pussy. The heat radiates from her saturated mound, her juices soaking through as I feel her bare flesh being exposed through the sheer material of her panties. "I need them off, please Darren take them off me, right here and now," she cries, pushing her hips forward to meet my fingertips. "All in good time you gorgeous woman, I want to savour the feeling of you on my fingers," I growl as I continue to slowly rake my fingernails over her pouting mound. Her swollen clit throbs through the lace. Slowly pushing it with my fingers she jumps, moans, and circles her hips every time I touch it. Applying a little more pressure I can hear the slurping of her sweetness over the road noise of the moving cab, not caring who could see us as its only her that matters at this moment. Taking my fingers from the outside of her saturated panties, I look at her as I bring my fingers to my mouth, slowly sucking on her delicious honey, making her watch me taste her. "Mmmm...you taste as delectable as you look," I grin, licking my lips. "Fuck, I want that tongue in my pussy so bad right now. More than I have ever wanted anything," she whimpers. Touching her again I can feel the sticky strings of her pussy between my fingers and her panties. "See how gorgeous you taste," I growl, as I raise my hand to her lips, inviting her to taste herself. Moaning she sucks hard my fingers, my already pulsing cock throbs even more. I imagine how good of a blowjob she would give me. "Finger fuck me," she demands, with an uncontrollable urge to be taken. "I want your fingers knuckle deep in my cunt, then just when you think they are in all the way, I want you push them in harder, and don't stop until I say." I want nothing more than to feel her from the inside, and her commands drive me insane. I reach down, maintaining eye contact showing her my desire and determination to give her what she wants. I peel her panties to the side. "Uh Uh, take them off," she instructs. I am in two minds. Do I peel them off her, or do I just rip them off? I'd hate to ruin such a sexy piece of underwear. I unbuckle my seatbelt, and I position myself somewhat between her legs. Turning towards me she puts her feet on my thighs and raises her ass once again. Running my hands up the outsides of her thighs I twist the thin silky waistband between my fingers, pulling them slowly off, the scent of her pussy is intoxicating. My mind races, "God, I want to devour her right here and now. I want to bury my face and my tongue deep inside her fleshy folds. Her juices covering my mouth, her legs pinned under her arms, I want to lick it all." I seductively remove her panties and I draw them to my mouth, making her watch me lick them, tasting her, tasting what I had to her. Running my fingers over her lower tummy I reach the top of her slit, her engorged clit is hot and slick with her juices. Circling it with my middle finger, I feel it flick back and forth. My other fingers massage her lips. My hand reaches further down with each stroke, until I can feel the entrance to her hole. "My god it is tight, what would it feel like to slide my cock in there," I thought. With each stroke, my finger slides deeper and deeper into the wettest pussy I have ever felt. She is literally foaming. I switch fingers for a moment and when both are covered in her sweet cream, I drive both, knuckles deep like she instructed. Her gasp and deep husky groans are the sexiest things I have ever heard. "Deeper, fucking deeper," she growls. With my thumb pressing firmly on her clit, I begin to slowly work my

fingers in and out of her. Her hips moving and grinding on my hand, reacting like a woman possessed as further juices spill out onto my fingers. Her hardened nipples are so close to my face, I can't help but suck and bite on them further. I can tell she is close to her orgasm. Her breathing is heavier, faster, and she is grinding on my hand like my pace is not fast enough for her needs. "Curl your fingers, rub the front wall of my pussy, and just keep going, don't fucking stop," she orders. My free arm has her pinned against the back of the seat, almost bracing her for her orgasm. And just when I don't think she could get any wetter, I feel the sleeve covering my forearm become warm and then a sudden cooling. She is starting to cum, covering her mouth I attempt to stiffen her sounds, but that just seemed to make her orgasm even more intense. Squeezing my hand with her thighs, her screams are muffled behind my hand. Her breathing starts to slow, and she releases the grip she has on my hand still stuffed between her legs. Her liquid continues to cover my hand. Removing my hand from her mouth, she pulls me close and we kiss with urgency. Then she whispers in my ear, "Keep going, I'm not done yet, keep fucking me with your hand." My god, she is insatiable, and I love every bit of it. After massaging her slit with my soaked fingers, I carefully insert them, bringing her to an earth-shattering climax once again. Her muscles contracting so tight that she almost squeezes my fingers out of her. "Fucking hell, are you kidding me??" I say, totally breathless with what has just happened. Raising my hand to my face I suck on one of my fingers. She pulls my hand from my mouth and she sucks on the other. "Imagine this being your cock," she says as she reaches over with her other hand and feels my throbbing dick through my pants. Had it not been for the booze, I might have cum right there. A day full of teasing and a cab ride like that takes its toll on a guy who has not had sex in a while. She continues licking and sucking my finger when the driver says, "Ok, we are here folks," a sudden reminder that we are in a cab. What the fuck, where did that thirty minutes go? We did not even pay attention to what was going on around us. We kiss and Elizabeth exits the cab, her fingers pulling at her dress to cover herself up. Winding down the window, I lean my head out, not ready to say goodbye. She leans in and kisses me again. With her eyes raised and a devilish grin Elizabeth says, "So, are you staying or are you going?? The choice is yours."