

Chloe's Frustration - Part 2

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Chloe and Jack meet at last

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Chloe sits in the bar, attempting to calm her nerves with the drink in front of her. The first one hadn't had the desired effect, the second was doing a better job but her heart was still going faster than she would have liked and she'd had to put her drink down, the ice had been clinking too loudly from her shaking. As she contemplated a third a voice spoke up behind her, "Hello gorgeous." Her heart rate spiked and the shaking came back with a vengeance, she didn't want to turn around, but knew she had to. She turned to face him, "Hello handsome." Grateful she was sat down, her legs didn't particularly seem up to the task of supporting her. He stood grinning at her, she couldn't help but grin back, feeling some of her nerves disappearing as she did. In front of her at last was the man she'd been talking to for months, whose torso she'd spent hours looking at as they spoke, imagining how it would feel against her, whose skin she wanted to taste, whose cock she wanted inside her. Without thinking she stood and found herself moving toward him, after all this time her body craved his touch, his warmth, him. Chloe needed to be in Jack's strong arms. As they closed around her and she wrapped hers around him, she only knew him; she pressed her head against his chest, closed her eyes and breathed him in. Jack ran his hands over her back and she sighed against him. Jack kissed her forehead, forcing her to tilt her head, then taking advantage of the angle he pressed his lips to hers. Everything outside of the two of them disappeared. Chloe wrapped her arms around his neck and standing on her tip toes she pressed her body against his. She wanted him – now. His strong hands moved further down her back until he was squeezing her bum, then lower still behind her thighs. He lifted her up and she wrapped her legs around his waist, still kissing, bodies pressed tightly together they moaned in unison. Eventually they parted, gasping for breath, grinning at each other. Slowly the rest of the world began to creep back in to their consciousness, Jack laughed as Chloe hid her face against his shoulder as he lowered her back to the ground. Whispering in her ear, "I think we should go somewhere a little more private." "Luckily, I have a room upstairs." "Mmmm – handy that." Jack put his hands on her shoulders and turned her round, and she led the way to the lifts with Jack staying very close behind. As she pressed the button for the lift Jack put his hand on her hip and used his other to move her hair to one side so he could kiss her neck. Chloe felt her legs go weak again leaning against him for support losing herself in the moment until the ding of the lift doors opening brought them back to reality. Jack walked them both forward, Chloe pressed the button for the

second floor on the way past, then he turned her to face him and pressed her against the mirrored wall of the lift, leaning his mouth down to hers and kissing her hungrily, moaning as she returned his hunger, biting his bottom lip. When the lift doors opened they moved quickly towards the room, Jack kissing the back of Chloe's neck as she used the key card to let them in. They were barely through the door before Jack had her against the wall, his tongue exploring her mouth, his hands firmly exploring her body, his strong grip sending bursts of electricity through her, then she heard the door click shut. Finally, it was just the two of them. Chloe's hands found their way to his belt, quickly undoing it and the button and zip of his jeans, tugging them down with his boxers, managing to free his hard cock before he moved her hands to his shoulders and lifted her again. Her legs wrapping around him easily, knowing this time nothing would stop them, he held her with one hand and put his other between them almost growling when he found how wet she was. "You've soaked through your panties." Chloe's eyes met his and she tried to respond but the feel of his strong fingers on her aching pussy was too much, every time he moved, even the slightest twitch, was causing her to gasp. When he pushed them to the side the cool air was almost too much. "Hold them." She moved a hand down and held her panties to the side while he used his now free hand to guide his cock to her. They watched as he lined thick shaft with her entrance, and gently began to push it in. Rocking his hips to ease his way into her tight pussy, eyes locked on each other's, the sound of their sighs and moans filled the room, she could feel herself stretching around him, she shuddered with every inch, their bodies moving closer together until he was fully inside, his arms around her. After weeks of frustration her orgasm built quickly, Jack pulled almost all the way out before slamming back inside her, and it hit – finally. She almost screamed with the intensity of it, dropping her head and biting his shoulder, he held her tight as her whole body shook against his, her pussy clamping around his cock as she came – hard. Once she had got her breath back and was able to lift her head again she looked at Jack, he had a cocky smile on his face, "Mmmm, that didn't take long. Are you sure you've been struggling to cum?" Even his tone of voice was smug. "Yes, I have." She tried to say it in a strong voice, but it came out breathy instead, maybe she didn't quite have her breath back, "It's your fault too." He tensed his pelvic floor muscles, it felt as though his cock grew inside her, stretching her further, she rested her forehead against his and gasped, her body jolting each time he tensed. "I am a bad, bad man – forgive me?" He was smirking, revelling in the effect he was having on her. She'd hate it if only she could focus on something other than his cock almost pulsing inside her, and his lips – she loved how they felt on hers, she couldn't tear her eyes away from them, they were mesmerising her, drawing her in. "Just – mmmm – this – uh," she took a deep breath; their lips were almost touching, "once." She sighed into his mouth as their lips finally pressed together, winding her arms tightly around his neck. Their tongues meeting, teasing, exploring, full of their need for each other. Jack pulled away, and began disentangling himself from Chloe before lowering her to her feet. As her feet touched the ground she wobbled a bit. He turned her away from him, making her face the mirror. Whispering in her ear, "I want you naked." He slowly unzipped her dress, Chloe shivered as she felt more of her skin being exposed to the cool air, watching as he lifted his hands to her shoulders and gave the material a gentle push causing it to fall and pool at her feet, she could see his eyes taking in

her underwear. "Very sexy." "Glad you approve." She could feel his warmth as he moved closer, the gentle brush of his shirt against her back, watching his every move; all she could hear was her heavy breathing and all she could smell was him. He unhooked her bra, slipping the straps down over her shoulders, reaching his arms around her to peel the cups away from her round breasts and dropping it to the floor. He hooked his thumbs into her panties and pulled them down, they fell to her feet and she stepped out of them. He lifted his hands to her breasts, kneading them in his large hands, lowering his head he kissed and nibbled on her neck, moving a hand further down, slipping it between her legs and running a finger along her dripping slit before lifting it to her lips for her to taste herself, their eyes met in the mirror as his finger pushed into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around his finger and as he started to pull it out she sucked hard, so he had to pull hard. Their eyes still locked, fogged over with lust, breathing heavily, needing more. She turned to face him and began to unbutton his shirt, her fingers moving quickly, pushing it off his shoulders and down his arms, which were quickly wrapped around her the moment they were free, he moved her easily over to the bed pushing her onto it, stopping to look at her as she stretched out on the bed, loving the feel of the cool sheets on her warm skin but needing his touch, his warmth, aching for him. He didn't leave her waiting long. He quickly removed the rest of his clothes before climbing onto the bed over her. He lowered his mouth to hers and quickly kissed her, his hand on her neck, his thumb stroking her jaw. Then he began his exploration, starting behind her ear and making his way down. She could feel him, his nose, his lips, his breath, gently skimming her skin, teasing, tasting, savouring. Her body reacting to it all, moaning, arching, shivering, goose bumps following his touch. She gasped sharply as his lips locked around her hard nipple, his tongue flicking over the tip as he rolled it between his teeth. His eyes flashing up to meet hers, then he started moving further down her body, his large hands roaming, gripping her flesh, his lips tasting, teasing, then she felt his head between her thighs, his breath on her soaked pussy. He paused. Just for a second. The only sound was her short, hard breaths. Then his mouth closed around her clit and he slid three thick fingers into her. He moved between using his tongue and his teeth on her clit while he pumped his fingers in and out of her. It felt as though all the nerves of her body were connected to her pussy, every flick of his tongue, every tweak with his teeth, all of his fingers moving inside her sent powerful jolts through the rest of her body, and underneath all of it her orgasm was building, but just before she could cum he'd alter what he was doing. He kept doing it, keeping her right on the edge but not letting her tip over. He was driving her crazy. She tried to tilt her hips, to do something, anything to cum, but his other hand held her firmly in place, not that she was able to try too hard, her body was barely responding to her thoughts, it was too busy enjoying the sensations he was giving her. Then she thought of something else he could give her. "Jack? Mmmm – I think – it's time – you – fucked – me." It had been a struggle to get the words out, and she was exhausted from the effort. He stopped what he was doing to answer her, "Oh, do you?" She nodded in response. "Not yet." "Please?" "No." She gave him an exasperated look and he just smiled back at her. He plunged his fingers back into her pussy, her back arched and she moaned loudly. He smirked at her then returned his mouth to her clit, teasing her for a bit longer. Kneeling over her at the bottom of the bed he lifted her legs, and lined his cock up with

the entrance of her tight pussy, with a look of such intense concentration on his face as he entered her, slowly, purposefully, rocking his hips to ease into her. She could feel her pussy stretching around him as he moved deeper, leaning over her, pressing her knees to her chest, his big hands around her wrists, gripping them tightly, still rocking his thick shaft teasingly inside her. She wrapped her ankles around his neck and pulled his face to hers, lifting slightly and pushing her lips against his. "Please, fuck me." She looked at him, her eyes begging him for more. "Who's in charge?" It wasn't so much a question as it was a statement. She wanted to say she was, or say anything that wasn't admitting his control, but when she opened her mouth no words would come. She tried again, still she couldn't speak. "You prefer it this way." She felt another flood of warmth, her body jerking slightly in response to his words, skin tingling as though electricity was humming through her. She opened her mouth to deny him but the words wouldn't come. "Admit it." She managed to shake her head. Suddenly she could feel his breath on her ear. His voice was firmer, "Cum for me now." Her body arched as the orgasm ripped through her, his arms surrounded her and held her tightly as she shuddered against him. Before she could fully recover he began his next assault, long, deep thrusts. Each one sending waves of pleasure through her. He knew exactly what he was doing, he was working hard to stay in control, and it was clear it was becoming more of a struggle the closer he came to cumming, but it was written all over his face, the smug satisfaction she was under his control. She wanted to do something, anything, to wipe that smile off his face, but all she could do was react to his movements, with sighs, gasps, moans and involuntary shudders. She did the one thing she could and closed her eyes, trying to regain some control. Instead it just intensified everything else; his hands around her wrists, his body on hers, their hearts pounding, his cock moving inside her, his breath on her skin, the sound of him fucking her and the smell of... them. "Look at me," he growled, she kept her eyes tightly shut, she knew what he wanted and wouldn't give it to him, "look into my eyes as I cum inside you." Her eyes tried to open to obey him, but she fought her urges and managed to keep them closed. The hand gripping her wrists squeezed tighter, sending a pulse of pleasure through her body, as did him using his other to tug her hair, her body arched in response and she felt her mind lose control to her body. "Look. At. Me." she couldn't help but moan and her eyes opened with his command, locking with his. She could see him fighting to keep his eyes open, keeping the two of them connected as his warm cum coated her internal walls, holding himself deep inside her, his body against hers, she could feel every muscle flex and twitch as he shuddered with his release. Jack's movements slowed and a smile began to creep across his face, that smile you get after really great sex, fully satisfied and basking in the afterglow, with a hint of smug, as his cock deflated he pulled out of her and rolled onto his back, the only sound was their breathing as they tried to regain their breath and their hearts slowed. She still couldn't move, she tried to tell Jack and found she still couldn't speak, so she giggled instead. "What are you giggling for?" He asked bemused, propping himself up on one arm, leaning over her. She tried to answer but couldn't, so she kept giggling. He started laughing still managing to look pleased with himself, "Why are you giggling?" Again, she giggled in response. Taking deep breaths to try and regain some control over her body, "Can't.... erm.... sp-sp... ugh - speak." Gasping, trying to get her breath back. "Mmmm, or move." "Really?" His smile became

smugger. Chloe nodded in response. Jack lifted her arm and dropped it to check, they both watched it fall and bounce off the bed. Chloe giggled again. "Awww, poor Chloe. That Jack is so mean isn't he?" Even his tone of voice was smug. Chloe nodded and, in spite of herself, grinned at him. Jack pulled her to him, arranging her arms so she was comfortable, wrapping his strong arms around her as she nuzzled her face into his chest, her lips pressing against him. Slowly she regained the feeling in her hands, as she did she lifted one and stroked his chest, enjoying the feel of his warm skin.