

EXPOSURE



Exposure

By Liz

Published on Lush Stories on 03 Jun 2013

2013-2018 Elizabeth Jones. All Rights Reserved. This story may not be copied, reproduced or linked in any manner, without the express written permission of the author.

Emma discovers her housemate's photographic talents

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/exposure.aspx>

Emma sat at her desk in complete silence. Her mouth hung open in utter shock at the image displayed on her computer screen. With a shaking hand caused by a sudden adrenaline rush, she took a deep breath and clicked to minimise the image before trying to regain her composure. Feelings of buried lust and guilt at her forbidden voyeurism coursed through her as she slouched in her chair,

the mental image of her gorgeous housemate still fresh in her mind. He had been sat at the desk in his bedroom, wearing the charcoal coloured suit that was made to measure and hugged his lean physique like a lover. It was obvious from his position in the photograph that he had placed the camera on his desk and set the auto-timer to take the shot. "Oh, my God," she whispered to herself, "I can't believe it." Staring into the blank screen in a daze, a mixture of disbelief and wanton longing washed over her as she felt her mouth going dry and her chest heaving slightly. She sat up straight, her eyes just peeking over the top of the five foot partition and surveyed the office; everyone was busy. Knowing she shouldn't but wanting to anyway, Emma maximised the photo once more. As it filled her computer screen, a sudden surge of paranoia caused her to glance around quickly once more to make sure no one could see her. Happy that no one could observe what she was doing, she turned back to the screen. Emma couldn't have counted the number of times in the past that she had curled her bottom lip between her teeth and bitten down to keep from moaning whilst in bed, silently stroking herself to climax thinking about that very man. Now she was looking at him reclined in his own chair, with his large, stiff cock thrust up through his open trouser zip. Quickly clicking on to the next image, it was obvious that Jack had just exited the shower. Droplets of water sat seductively all over his muscular frame, following the contours of his rugged muscles. His wet, dark hair, looking like a million fibres of black silk, was slicked back as he looked directly into the camera for the photo. Her eyes slowly slipped from his chiselled, slightly stubbled jawline, down over his broad shoulders and over his rippling physique. The perfect form of his muscular abdomen gave away his penchant for regular gym sessions and healthy eating. He was an Adonis! Emma's gaze drifted lower as she pressed her lips together firmly to keep from moaning her approval. A large, fluffy white towel was slung around his lean waist and hung lazily on his hips. The teasing shroud concealed what she already knew to be one of his best features. At that very second, Emma felt like dropping to her knees in the middle of the office and thanking God she was born a woman. A sudden pang of guilt washed through her and she once again minimised the image in shame. Jack and Emma had hit it off the first day he moved in. She had thought at the time that he was one of the most attractive guys she had ever met, only later coming to realise that he was also a genuinely lovely person. Although she secretly fancied the pants off him, for whatever reason, nothing had ever developed romantically in the six months since he had moved in and, over time, they had simply become just good friends. Now though, now she had seen his cock. This had all been due to the fact that Emma had been running late for her appointment that morning. The usually calm and collected exterior of a woman in complete control, had been replaced with one which exemplified, in every sense of the word, panic. Her relaxed evening the previous night had consisted of reading some naughty erotica and enjoying some slow, gentle masturbation whilst listening to mellow jazz music. The inevitable result was that she had forgotten to turn the volume back up on her radio alarm clock. Instead of being jarred to consciousness at 7am by the blaring voice of a radio DJ far too happy for that time in the morning, she was instead softly awoken by his gentle whispers; an hour later than normal. In classic 'running late for work' fashion, a hurried jumble of quick-fire cock-ups had ensued as Emma rushed to get ready and out of the door. She had hurriedly washed toothpaste from her hair, left the bathroom

looking like the aftermath of a college party, and had even taken the time to remove her panties and slip them back on the right way round. Just when she'd thought things couldn't have gotten any worse, they did. Although Emma's digital camera was advertised as Splash Proof when she purchased it, as she'd watched it taking a swim in the washing machine on a fast spin cycle, she doubted very much that it would survive. As the now useless chunk of black plastic had bumped and sloshed against the glass door, she had gotten a sneaking suspicion that today was going to be 'one of those days'. Emma was an estate agent and part of her job was to call on home owners and complete a survey of their property. This included making notes of room sizes, conjuring up impressive sounding property jargon for the adverts and taking artistic photos which always made rooms look larger than they actually were. "Think, Emma; think," she had said to herself as she'd crouched in front of the washing machine and stared into the soapy abyss. There was only one other person that lived in the house and, luckily, she knew Jack had recently treated himself to a new digital camera. Knowing it was her only option, Emma had kicked off her heels and rushed back upstairs, entering Jack's bedroom, knowing he had already left for work. She found the camera sat on a fancy looking docking station on his computer desk. In the spirit of sharing, Jack and Emma borrowed each other's things all the time so she didn't think borrowing his camera would be a problem. Okay, it wasn't a mobile phone charger or a tube of toothpaste, but she could be trusted to look after it. Many friends of Emma's assumed on first meeting Jack that they were in fact a couple. In reality, both Jack and Emma were technically both single with Jack 'half seeing' a girl on the internet. Emma had never really understood online dating or how it worked, especially considering the girl he was supposedly dating lived on the other side of the world. She had asked him once, purely out of curiosity and he had told her that it was nothing serious. "Just a bit of fun." They would chat, flirt and send each other photos. It was now as clear as crystal what those photos he referred to actually were. As she sat there in a haze of heady excitement, Emma knew she should unplug the camera from her computer and respect Jack's privacy. The problem was, the more she tried not to think about his ripped body and impressive manhood, the more she couldn't help herself. Emma was seriously aroused and in desperate need of cooling the burning of her flushed cheeks. She cracked open the window next to her desk to feel the caress of a cool breeze, and took some deep breaths, trying to calm herself. It was no good; she couldn't concentrate. Everything she looked at reminded her of what she had just seen. Glancing around the office, she was seeing cock— everywhere! Emma could already feel a dampness in her black lace panties as she sat back down and squirmed in her seat. As she went to close the minimised window on her screen, she stopped, her finger hovering above the button on the mouse. She knew she shouldn't but there were thirty more images on the camera, each one a temptation too strong to resist. The thought of seeing more of Jack at his most intimate caused her cheeks to flush an even brighter shade of red. Her breath became ragged and the familiar tingle of arousal began to spread over her body. Emma slipped her jacket off onto the back of her chair and, with no small amount of effort, clicked onto the next photograph. The towel was gone. A quick gasp, that actually sounded more like a squeak, escaped her lips as she was once again brought face to face with the most delicious cock she had ever seen. Emma unconsciously licked her lips whilst

admiring the impressive, uncut length; what she wouldn't give to get her hands on him. He even shaved his balls, 'God, he is so hot!' she thought to herself. Emma had her finger poised above the mouse, the cursor sat over the 'minimise' button, ready to hide her new, voyeuristic pleasure at the slightest sign of anyone in the office heading her way. Without even realising she was doing it, Emma had begun to gently tease her left nipple through the soft material of her blouse as a soft whimper escaped her lips. With increasing pressure from her fingertips, an aching tightness between her legs soon became her primary focus as she pressed her thighs together tightly. Realising how dry her mouth had become, she reached over to take a drink of water. As she put the glass to her lips and tipped the cool liquid into her mouth, keeping her eyes glued to the screen the entire time, her worst nightmare came true. "You naughty girl," came a voice from right over her shoulder. The water sprayed from her mouth and bounced back out of the glass, soaking her face and the top of her blouse. She quickly spun her chair around with droplets of water running down her panic-stricken expression and came face to face with her best friend, Cassie. Always a troublemaker and considered the office joker, her smile stretched from ear to ear as she tried to suppress a laugh at the sight of Emma, dripping wet and caught red-handed looking at dirty photos on her computer. "Jesus Christ, Cassie!" Emma whispered loudly, "You scared the shit out of me!" Cassie reached over to the box of tissues sat on Emma's desk and handed her one. "Sorry; I didn't mean to sneak up on you. I was just coming over to say hello and happened to catch you looking at some porn." "Shh! Keep your voice down," Emma chided quietly, taking another quick glance up and down the office. "This is not porn. It's... It's..." "Looks like porn to me," Cassie replied, leaning over Emma to get a better look. "Oh, he's fucking gorgeous! Can you email me that?" "No I can not!" Emma replied, a little louder than she had expected. Cassie turned to look at her, a puzzled expression on her face. "Why not?" she asked slowly, in a curious tone. Seeing the trepidation in her friend's expression, she started to piece things together as she flicked her gaze back and forth between the explicit photo on the computer screen and Emma's face, only now recognising her friend's housemate. "You did not! Is that...?" She almost screamed in excitement. Cassie had been Emma's friend for several years and had been over to the house and met Jack many times since he had moved in. "Would you keep your voice down! What are you trying to do, get me fired?" Emma grabbed her firmly by the sleeve and pulled her down for a conspiratorial, girly chat. "You did not see this. It is not who you think it is. No, I did not sleep with him." "Sleep with who?" replied Cassie. "Jack." "So it is him! I knew it." Cassie was the master of deception and could psychologically wrangle any secret from anybody. Her cunning powers of manipulation were legendary around the firm. "Shit. Okay, it's him, but you didn't see this, okay? I left my camera in my jacket pocket the other day and it is, at this very moment, doing the back crawl around my washing machine. I had to borrow Jack's camera for the Sanderson appointment this morning." Cassie crouched down next to the chair, reached over for another tissue and started drying a few missed spots of moisture from Emma's face. "I'm starting to worry about you, Em. Six months you have been living with this guy," she pointed to the screen, "And you haven't once fucked him. You're not going... funny on me, are you?" And with that she puckered her lips and made comical kissing noises. Emma couldn't help but laugh. "No, I'm not going 'funny'. You know I like him, it's

just... never happened. I'm not as, erm, forward as you are." Cassie's eyebrows rose. "I'm going to assume you didn't just mean to insinuate that I'm a slut." Emma blushed, nervously. "I'm joking! Listen, when he comes home from work tonight, why don't you just rip his clothes off?" Emma had had enough of Cassie's advice to last a lifetime. She was thirty years old and could make her own bad decisions, thank you very much. She closed the photo that was open on the screen, turned back to her friend and replied jovially, "Thanks, Cass. I might just do that." Cassie planted a huge kiss on her friend's cheek. "Lucky bitch." she giggled as she strode off. After an excruciating day of sexual frustration and thoughts that can only be described as mischievous temptation, Emma eventually made it home. The traffic of the central city almost drove her to the brink on several occasions. All she wanted to do was strip off her clothes, peel the now sodden panties down her legs and plunge her favourite vibrator into her aching pussy until she came so hard she nearly passed out. That's all. Slinging her bag onto the table in the hallway, she strode into the kitchen and poured herself a large glass of cold white wine that barely hit the sides. Not realising how long she had actually been stuck in the traffic, Emma was surprised to hear the front door open as Jack arrived home. "Anybody in?" he called from the hallway. "In the kitchen." As he strode through the doorway, she couldn't help but look at him in a different way. He was wearing an expensive, graphite coloured suit that just dripped from his muscular frame. Emma fought the temptation to allow her eyes to drift down to his crotch and instead of drooling, forced a smile. "Hey, Em. How was your day?" he asked. Jack was always thoughtful and kind. He enquired every single day and never out of a sense of duty or a need to make small talk. It was because he actually cared. "Pretty good, thanks. How about you?" "Oh, you know. I'm always kept busy solving other people's problems," he replied as he slipped off his suit jacket and slowly removed his tie. "I'm just going to grab a quick shower and then I'll cook us up something nice. Sound good?" Emma just smiled and nodded, not trusting her voice at that moment. He was handsome, successful, kind, had a cock that made her want to just kneel and worship it for the whole evening and, oh yes, he was also a fantastic cook. As he turned and left, her eyes closed and a dreamy sigh escaped her lips at the thought of him in the kitchen, completely naked except for an apron, his firm buttocks showing from the back. She bit her bottom lip and whimpered at the thoughts that now cascaded through her mind. She needed to cum and she needed to cum right now! Emma hitched up her short skirt as she perched her bottom gently on the corner of the kitchen table and slowly slipped her right hand into her panties. She was dripping with excitement and couldn't believe the state she had gotten herself into. Rubbing her throbbing clit in slow, circular motions, Emma tilted her head back and allowed a guttural moan to escape her lips as the pleasure spread from her centre. She could feel the tumultuous pressure of an impending orgasm building inside of her and could barely keep from plunging her fingers into her aching depths to finish the job. Now that she was on the precipice of bliss, she wanted nothing more than to ride it slowly to its conclusion. She began to imagine Jack walking back into the kitchen and ravishing her on the kitchen table. He would grip the delicate, lacy material of her panties and roughly tear them from her body as he stepped between her spread thighs. Gripping the front of her blouse, that too would be disposed of in an equally masculine manner as the buttons would bounce and skitter across the kitchen floor. He would place

the head of his stiff length between the swollen folds of her pussy and then... "Hey, Em?" Oh shit! Either Jack had just had the fastest shower known to mankind, or Emma had completely lost track of time. She quickly removed her hand from between her legs and hid the glossy, slick evidence of her fingers behind her back before Jack made it to the bottom of the stairs. With her cheeks flushed and burning bright red, her appearance gave away her condition but she tried her best not to show it. "Yeah?" she squeaked in reply. He appeared in the doorway wearing nothing but a white towel wrapped around his waist and padded across the cool, tiled floor of the kitchen, barefoot. His short, dark hair, the colour of a moonless midnight, was slicked back; his lean, rippling physique swathed in enticing droplets of moisture. 'He looks just like he did in the photo,' Emma thought to herself as she swallowed and ran the tip of her tongue over her plump lips. "Have you seen my camera?" The camera! Emma's eyes went wide and the colour drained from her face. In the confusion of her frenzied, sex-addled brain, she had forgotten to place it back in Jack's room and had left it in her bag which was now sat on the hallway table. Blushing furiously and struggling to maintain eye contact with him, she mumbled through her excuse as best as she could manage. "Your camera, yeah... I hope you don't mind but I borrowed it for a house viewing this morning." Emma glanced over the washing machine in the corner and then back to Jack. "Mine took a swim." "Oh, right. No, that's fine," he replied disarmingly, followed by a little laugh. "Sorry to hear about your camera." "Thanks." Emma retrieved the camera from her bag in the hall and handed it back to him, avoiding eye contact. She hadn't felt that embarrassed in a long time. As Jack went back upstairs to change, she watched his tight buttocks flex from side to side under the towel like a couple of walnuts wrapped in a tea towel. Letting out a deep sigh and having completely lost the motivation to continue pleasuring herself, she set the table for dinner and helped herself to another glass of wine. The fusilli pasta was delicious. As they both delved into their large bowls of steaming, saucy italian swirls, Emma was amazed at how she had yet to find a single thing that Jack was bad at. Everything they ate was fresh and homemade. Each savoury morsel was an explosion of tangy tomato and creamy parmesan cheese. "You could be a chef, you know," Emma remarked. Jack laughed and smiled, his perfect, pearly white teeth showing under his moist, licked lips. The warm glow from the lamp in the corner of the room accentuated the masculine form of his chiselled jawline. "You say that every time I cook us something to eat," he replied, giving her a slight huff of amusement as he took a drink of his crisp chardonnay. "Well, it's true. You have a natural talent in the kitchen," Emma stated in an off-the-cuff manner. The flirty banter was commonplace; a regular but friendly game played at mealtimes. A reluctant smile found its way to his lips. "Thanks, Em. I appreciate the compliment." Emma just caught sight in the corner of her eye of the wink he flashed her across the table, and she almost instantly felt her cheeks blush. 'More wine,' she considered, helping herself to another mouthful, 'Lots more wine.' Resting his fork on the edge of his bowl, he gently placed his elbows on the table and leaned forward slightly. "What were the pictures like?" Blowing bubbles in your glass of wine was never sexy. Having almost choked on her drink, Emma patted her chest as she coughed. As she grabbed her napkin and subtly dabbed her mouth, she eeked out, "What?" "The photos, of the house. Did they come out ok?" he asked. "I splashed out a little more for the expensive model but I think it was worth it." "Oh, right," Emma

replied, now a nervous wreck. "Very good. The quality was... excellent." They finished dinner and, after clearing away the pots, Emma made the excuse that she had a little work to finish off. She sequestered herself on the couch with her laptop and a the last of her glass of wine. As the machine booted up, she jumped as she felt Jack's hands slide over the tops of her arms and gently come to rest on her shoulders. A quiet gasp of surprise and delight escaped her lips as he leaned in close, his face right next to hers. She could smell the fresh, fragrant cologne he had splashed on; it was intoxicating. "I'll be in my room. I'll leave you to it for a bit." Jack reached forward and tapped her laptop screen softly with the tip of his index finger, "Don't work too hard, ok?" Emma just nodded her head and watched as he stood up and walked out of the room. She knew that this was getting serious now; from the second that image had flashed across the computer screen that morning, she had been unable to think of anything else but Jack. It had rekindled a fire that had been smouldering for far too long now. Something would have to give. She sat with her computer on her lap and stared off into space. Emma wasn't sure how long she had been daydreaming but a 'ping' sound from the speakers brought her back down to earth. She opened up the email that sat in her inbox and suddenly felt lightheaded seeing who the sender was. It was the man upstairs. I know you saw my photographs today, I could see it in your eyes. You could barely look at me this evening but I couldn't keep my eyes off of you. You're fucking sexy when you blush, Em. Join me? "Oh, my God!" she squealed in shock, clapping her hand to her mouth. Her eyes drifted to the top of the email and saw that there was an attachment. "He didn't." Emma's hands were shaking so much she could barely work the track pad on the laptop to click on it. As it opened up, there, full screen and just for her was the hottest guy she had ever laid her eyes on. He was wearing the same pair of jeans and white linen shirt as ten minutes ago, he'd just taken the photo. He was relaxing back in his chair at the desk, the buttons of his shirt being teased open by his big, strong hands. She knew this was it, no turning back now. Emma placed her laptop on the coffee table and walked into the hall. She slowly climbed the stairs on unsteady legs, still aroused and with an incessant tingling sensation still teasing from her denied orgasm earlier; she could feel the swollen, squishy heat between her thighs with each step. Her stomach tightened in anticipation. She felt a little silly by the incredible level of nervous tension that she was feeling. It wasn't like she was a virgin, and Jack had just given her a very definitive 'come on'. Trying to control her breathing, she stopped just outside his bedroom door and slowly pushed it open. He was sat there waiting, his shirt now open and exposing his incredible upper body. It was enough to make any woman drool. Emma's attempt to remain in control of her own body began to fail as her breathing shallowed and her pulse quickened. "I, err..." Emma began, but was cut off with a slow shake of his head. Her mouth opened and closed as an amused smirk creased his lips. He looked straight into her eyes and she felt like a gazelle that had just turned around and caught sight of a lion licking its lips. "I'm going to say this once, Emma, so there is no misunderstanding between us." His voice was like dripping honey and as he shifted in his seat, the muscles of his abdomen rippled across his frame; the perfect, hard-earned abs like steel under his skin. "I want you." She didn't know if it was his words, or the lustful longing evident in his eyes, but their bodies collided in a whirlwind of sexual energy as he crushed her up against the door, slamming it shut behind them.

His lips mashed against hers, a passionate press of hot, moist flesh as their tongues danced against each other. "Oh, fuck," Emma whimpered, as Jack's untamed fervour possessed her body in whatever way he wished. The sharp, grating of his stubbled cheek against the soft skin of her own drove her wild. She tangled her fingers in his hair and pulled tightly as his hands roamed her body and his lips began their descent. He played his tongue and teeth down her the side of her sensitive neck and she tipped her head back as he passionately kissed her throat. Emma's hands roamed the landscape of his chest, resting on his firm pecks, the warmth of his skin fuelling her fire. Jack's unrelenting assault of her body was animalistic and impassioned as her back and shoulders bounced off the door. She gasped as she felt his strong hands slide up her legs, gripping the bottom of her skirt as he shimmied it up over her thighs. He dropped to his knees and Emma had to lean into the door behind her, resting her hands on his head to stop from collapsing. The lust-filled aroma of her sex permeated the room from the cloying dampness of her lacy, black panties as Jack slowly worked his fingers under the waist band and began to tease the hot, swollen lips of her aching pussy. "Jack... please!" she moaned, before bruising her bottom lip with her teeth. It had been a long time since anyone else's fingers had touched her. It felt... electric. Gripping and tugging at his hair, she could hear him breathing deeply, taking in the scent of a woman. Hooking his fingers over the waistband of panties, her heightened senses detected the slight rustle of the delicate material slipping over her hips and sliding down her smooth legs to pool on the floor at her ankles. Encouraging her legs a little wider apart with his hands, Jack leaned forward and, with one long, slow motion, turned Emma's mind to mush. He ran his warm tongue from the soft, puckered skin of her arse up, slowly parting her swollen, hot folds and finally flicking gently off the tip of her throbbing clit. Emma's knees buckled and Jack stood to hold her. He placed one strong arm around her waist and, with the other, gripped her bottom and lifted her from the floor effortlessly. In his arms, she was in heaven. His stubble brushed against her cheeks once more as he again whispered his seduction softly into her ear. "You taste so fucking good." Completely unable to help herself, Emma giggled like a girl and Jack laughed also. Carrying her over to his kingsize bed, he playfully threw her onto the crisp, cool cotton sheets as the glint in his eyes suggested all manner of terrible things in Emma's imagination. As she lay there with a splay of messy blonde hair covering his subtly, cologne scented pillow, she relaxed into the reality of the situation. Now she knew how Jack also felt about her, all of Emma's earlier nervousness began to dissipate and a streak of mischief presented itself. Jack leant forward to crawl onto the foot of the bed but Emma halted his progress with a raised finger. "Strip for me." With an amused smile on his lips, he stood back up and began to slowly undress for her in a private striptease of her very own, a show that money could not buy. Watching that perfect specimen slip the open shirt from his shoulders whilst he looked directly into her eyes reminded Emma of the urgent need to relieve the tension that had been building all day. In a mirror of sensual teasing, she lifted her hips from the bed and wiggled the black material of her skirt over her hips, and discarded it off the side of the bed. Her breath caught in her throat and she licked her lips as she watched Jack's nimble fingers unfasten the buckle of his brown leather belt and, in a clenched fist, slip it from his jeans before slackened fingers let it drop to the floor. Each pop of the buttons on his jeans sent a shudder of delight through her before he finally

slid them off exposing his rippling thighs and a huge bulge inside of his tight, black boxer shorts. Unable to keep his hands off her a moment longer, he crawled up between her legs like some prowling, wild animal and gripped the soft fabric of her blouse. In a perfect mirror of her earlier fantasy and with a subtle grunt, he tore her shirt open, sending the delicate, pearlescent buttons bouncing and rolling across his bedroom floor. Emma gasped in shock at this display of primal lust and reached up to bring his mouth to hers, their lips crushing together in a press of warm, soft flesh. Reaching down between their bodies, she slid her hand over the bulge in Jack's boxers and squeezed gently. This elicited a moan of approval that resonated in her mouth as she moaned in reply. Emma slipped her hand inside and closed her fingers around his long, thick cock for the first time. Rubbing slowly up and down the length, she could feel that he was as hard as steel as his hips began to push back and forth, thrusting into her fist. Working his hands behind her back, he unhooked her matching, black lace bra and slid it from her heaving breasts. With her nipples firm and aching for some attention, Jack's warm mouth and skillful tongue felt like heaven as he took each one in turn and sucked on them with a loving tenderness, each gentle nibble causing a whimper of appreciation. Cupping her breasts in his large hands, he kissed his way down between the swell of her supple mounds of feminine flesh as his cock slipped from her grip. His lips burned over her skin, leaving a path of fire and passion etched like a trail of sexual fervency. Delicately scraping his teeth across the silken skin of her abdomen, Jack slid lower on the bed until he was nestled between Emma's thighs. A high pitched groan of sexual ecstasy escaped from her pursed lips as he firmly spread her legs wider. With a hunger that betrayed his inner desire, he began to devour the beautiful woman laid before him parting her puffy, warm labia as his tongue began to stroke against her tortured sex. Emma arched her back and slipped her fingertips through his hair, pulling him into her. Her agony of constant arousal and orgasm denial had left her on the brink of insanity. With a renewed vigour, Emma bucked her hips against his face, feeling the flat of this tongue as it lapped at her pussy. Knowing from her response how much Emma needed this, Jack decided he was in a mischievous mood and infrequently flicked and feathered his stiffened tongue across Emma's clitoral hood, knowing it would drive her to madness. Just when he thought that Emma could take no more and one more solitary lick would tip the scales, he stopped and slowly worked his way back up over her body, placing his hands either side of her slender shoulders. "You fucking tease," Emma whispered coarsely. "Who's teasing?" Jack whispered in his husky voice, his playful grin disarming yet infuriating. Pushing his hips forward, his cock played slowly against her folds, becoming slick and feeling the waiting warmth. Emma gripped his face firmly and looked into the eyes that burned with a passion she had lusted over for so long, "Jack, I need you to fuck me!" With a smouldering expression that made her squirm, he lowered his body to hers and kissed the crook of her neck as the head of his cock spread her crease and speared its way slowly into her depths. "Yes!" she cried out, raking her fingernails across his muscular shoulders as she wrapped her legs around his back, hooking her ankles just above his buttocks and forcing him deeper inside. With each thrust he eased a little more of his length into Emma's tight, clenching pussy until, with a final push and a grunt of satisfaction he felt his balls press against her ass. She squeezed his cock with an unknown hunger, gripping his shaft like a vice of hot,

liquid silk. Feeling the intense pleasure of her warmth, Jack stroked his thick, hard length into her slick pussy with a rhythmic clarity, the ridges of his muscular outline relaxing and contracting as his hips rolled into hers again and again. "Oh yes!" Emma cried, "Jack, please! Fuck me hard." Jack picked up the pace and began to plunge harder and faster into Emma as her hips bucked against his, meeting each forceful press. Her bottom lifted from the bed each time his cock withdrew, only to be pounded back into the mattress with each powerful thrust of his hips. Feeling such a powerful, strong man taking her roughly and filling her so completely, Emma felt the stirring within—the tightening of her muscles, the tingling of her skin, the warmth, the indescribable sensation of climatic inevitability. "Jack... I'm gonna cum!" she screamed, her head pressing hard into the soft pillows as a trickle of sweat ran between the swell of her breasts. Unhooking her ankles, Emma let her legs fall to the sides as she slid her hands down his rippling back and gripped his smooth, clenching buttocks. With handfuls of firm, undulating muscle, she pulled him into her as deep as he could go. Feeling a tightening of his own, Jack's thrusts grew more demanding until eventually she felt his body stiffen above her. With her body being pummelled into the bed, her ample breasts undulated with each ebb and flow; a few final, forceful thrusts signalled the end as a groan of pleasure escaped his lips. As Emma's own orgasm burst to life and she reached the point of no return, a low growl from Jack tipped her over the edge into the abyss of sexual cataclysm. Every muscle in her body tensed as she arched her back, mashing her breasts against Jack's firm chest. A torrent of come rose from his heavy balls, up through his cock and erupted into her aching pussy as he came inside her. His pulsing shaft twitched again and again, filling her until it leaked out around his width and began to trickle from her. The wet heat of his come pooled inside of her felt excruciatingly good as the shudders of his dying orgasm rippled against her naked body. When not a single more ounce of strength remained, he collapsed on top of her as she released a trembling breath, his muscular torso, hot and glistening with the sweat of their sexual exertions pressed down heavily on her delicate frame. Breathing raggedly against each other, the heat of their worn bodies feeling like an inferno, Emma rolled over on top of Jack as his spent cock slipped from her plundered crevice. Straddling his hips, she began to kiss him, tasting the lustful cocktail of their coupling on his lips; savouring the aroma of her own juices paired with the saltiness of his sweat. Whispering now in a soft voice, she confided, "You have no idea how long I've wanted you, Jack." A tender crease of a smile touched his lips as he stroked her hair softly. "I've wanted you too. You're a beautiful woman, Em. I can't believe it has taken us this long." Kissing him passionately, her tongue wrestling with his, she stopped as suddenly as she had started and asked, "You know what this means, don't you?" "No. What?" Feeling empowered and like a completely new woman, she leant down and whispered quietly in his ear, "We have a lot of catching up to do." Laughing, Jack slapped her ass as Emma giggled girlishly. She sat up a little straighter and softly placed the tip of her right finger on his forehead, running it slowly down the length of his nose and over his lips. "Now that you're my man," she began, continuing down over the crest of his stubbled chin and slowly over his throat, "I guess I can do whatever I want with you. Right?" Subconsciously licking his lips, Jack nodded his head as Emma's finger continued to trace a scintillating path on his skin. She ran her finger slowly around one of his nipples then, shuffling lower

down his body, traced the outline of his defined six-pack. Forcing his legs apart with her knees, she slid her smooth body down between his legs and rested her arms on his thighs. Taking his soft, come-slicked cock in her hand, she slowly licked up the entire length, feeling as it already began to grow. Slipping the head into her mouth, she sucked, running her tongue around the ridge and tasting him for the first time. Teasing and playing with her new toy, Emma wrapped her tongue deftly around the head and swirled it in circles as his erection returned in full. She watched with no small amount of self satisfaction as Jack's lips parted and his eyes closed. Cupping his balls with her other hand and squeezing gently, she whispered to him, "Tell me how much you want me to suck your cock right now." "Oh fuck, yes! More than anything, Em," he moaned. Taking his now hard length in her hand and jerking him off slowly, a thought occurred to her. "You know what? This is going to sound really kinky but, I wish we'd filmed that." Lifting his head from the pillow and looking down at Emma's lithe, naked form stretched out between his legs and his stiff cock in her hand, he replied with a big smile on his face, "You do?" Looking up into his eyes, she was about to reply when she saw the daft grin plastered across his face. "What?" she asked him. His gaze subtly shifted from Emma, to the desk in the corner of the room. As she noticed, her eyes followed to see what he was staring at. There, sat on the desk with a little red LED light blinking on the front, was Jack's brand new camera. It took a second for her post-orgasmic brain to work out what she was looking at but when it did, her eyes went wide and her mouth hung open as she turned back to him. "You didn't!" she exclaimed, a huge smile spreading across her lips. Jack grinned, flashing his perfect white teeth and with a glint of mischief in his eye, replied, "High definition."