

Meeting Marcel's Mistress

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Published on Lush Stories on 03 Apr 2011

Crysta's lover treats her to an afternoon drenched in sex and seduction

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/meeting-marcel-s-mistress.aspx>

She's afraid for the wet, salty stain her pussy lips will likely leave on the sofa. Crysta shifts in her seat and wishes fleetingly that her skirt wasn't so short, that she wasn't so aroused and most of all, that her brazenness hadn't prompted her to abandon her knickers at her rented apartment. Marcel chuckles into her mouth, feeling her shift, wondering at her sudden anxiousness. Crysta can hear his mirth through her lusty haze and it grounds her, pulling her back to the present. Marcel's sensual assault on her mouth continues. His warm tongue continues to slip in between her lips exploring and titillating her sensitive, wet skin. "Please, please?" She whispers into their embrace, against the heat of his kisses, in the sharp air she can gasp. She pulls away for a reluctant moment. The question goes unfinished. Marcel examines her fine features. Her cheeks are flushed and her swollen kiss-bruised lips shine with their mutual saliva. His gaze moves to her telling, desirous pools. Her green eyes question him. "Not here?" Marcel asks the question softly but he makes no move to remove them from the busy foyer. Crysta holds herself stiffly, unwilling to plead. There is an ache in the soft hollow between her thighs. Her fingers itch to run through Marcel's glossy, neat hair. She extends a hand, touching his thigh, ignoring the shot of carnal excitement that darts about her body. "I think I should go." Crysta knows the tone of her voice belies her need. Marcel leans in. At first she thinks it is to kiss her. "Don't you want me?" His voice is a whisper, brushing past her ear. She is but is unable to read the expression on his face. When he speaks again his voice is normal. "You're right. You go ahead, I'll catch you up. I need to make my excuses to the Board." He dips his head and kisses her lightly. Crysta gets up, anxiously glancing at her seat, where a small stain is beginning to spread. She hears Marcel's laugh as he strides away from her. His cruelty stabs at her. How could he know it troubled her? He doesn't look back. How could he be so insensitive? Quickly, she makes her way out the glass revolving doors and back to the apartment. Once through the doors Crysta takes off her clothes, throwing them carelessly over a chair. She pads about the apartment, reveling in her nakedness, making the choice not to 'gift wrap' her body for him. She dislikes the scratchy bras and tiny lacy panties that are meant to be seductive. They leave her cold. Instead, she paces, enjoying the feel of a cool breeze on the fine hairs of her belly. Like skinny dipping, she thinks and opens the balcony door. There is nothing in the rooms but white, sterile surfaces and clean, crisp order. Finally, Crysta takes a seat on the floor beside the immaculate bed. Before her is a full wall of mirrors. They

are the sliding doors that house the closet. She sits with her knees bent, feet flat on the floor. Her rich dark hair tumbles in unkempt waves past her shoulders. Crysta watches herself, first running a slender hand through her Hispanic locks. She opens her legs. The peach of her pussy is swollen and glistening. Marcel knows too well how to bring her to aching arousal with his kisses and caresses. She is tired now, from being teased. Tight, agitated and fit to burst. Her reflection cups a breast, feeling the soft weight. Next she licks her thumb and toys with the brown nub of her nipple. She leans back into the side of the mattress, plunging an eager few fingers into her wetness. Crysta begins to stroke, gently playing with her labia. She takes care to run her fingers across the fine hairs at her cleft, and then back into her secret place. Crysta shivers. She lets the air escape from her lips in one rapid breath. In the silence of the room her own need is the only sound. As she elicits pleasure, experimentally, she increases the volume of her tiny gasps. Her aural adventure succeeds in adding warmth and wetness to the lush playground beneath her fingers. She strokes and watches, her lips parted. The blood-flow to her face increases. She looks hot and ready. Now stroking is not enough. Crysta turns her body, facing her round arse to the mirror and her face to the mattress. Her chin almost touches the top of the sheets. She squats on her heels, leaning around to try and see her pussy. She wants to see her flower and its pleasing reaction to stimulus. Crysta dips a finger into her vagina, wiggles. She likes it a lot. She inserts two. The mirror-play is quickly forgotten. Soon she's on her knees, burying her face in the mattress, using both hands between her legs. One hand deftly rubs her clit and the other slides two digits in and out of her pussy. She moves them around, finding her g-spot. Her body begins to sing. "Oh!" Crysta doesn't hear the key in the lock. Marcel steps into the room and follows the small, hot sounds he can hear from the bedroom. He puts his keys down on the night stand and Crysta looks up at him with big eyes, snapping her hands from their playground. Caught in the act. Marcel blinks, he doesn't say anything. Her cheeks are stained with shame. She makes as if to get up. Marcel stops her, he kneels behind her on the ground, in the gap between her bed and the mirror. He kisses her neck, his warm breath helping to appease her embarrassment. Crysta has her hands on the floor, either side of her kneeling form. It looks to him like a position of defeat. Marcel takes her arms gently and raises them. He places her hands, palms down, on the bed and traces the line of her beautiful form. He runs his warm hands from shoulders to hips. She turns to question him, trying to look at his reaction through the corner of her eye. She can't read his expression. Behind her, still all dressed in his corporate suit, his eyes are downcast. Marcel is taking his time to admire her body. Flattered, she breathes a further sigh of relief. His gaze is obscured by his long, dark lashes. She turns her head away, content now to enjoy the sensation. She feels Marcel's hands traveling the length of her sensuous, nude back. He splays his hands softly under her bottom and cups each cheek in his hands. He leans down. She feels the silk of his tie brushing the small of her back. Marcel plants a kiss on her coccyx. She wiggles her creamy cheeks and the sensual assault intensifies. He plants warm kisses up along her spine, spreading his arms over her shoulders, caressing the skin there, all the way to her hands. Crysta is fighting to stay still, reveling in the feel of limbs turning to water under his reverential touch. His ministrations reach her nape. She's sitting back on her haunches now, her sex inches from the carpeted floor. She whimpers, her need a

tangible presence in the room. Marcel chuckles deep in the back of his throat. It makes her think of chocolate and caramel and not the busy foyer from less than an hour before. Into her ear he whispers. "I can't believe you started without me. I'm glad I came when I did. Let me worship you." Marcel stands and pulls her up beside him. Crysta feels the heat of his body through his suit. She presses her flesh to the material. It feels good, cloth and buttons teasing her nakedness. Rapidly, she does her best to undress him. She removes his tie, tugs out enough of the knot to lift it up over his head and she splays the shoulders of his suit jacket recklessly, brushing the unwanted item to the floor. Crysta's hands are shaking as she begins to unbutton the collar of his shirt, first one button then two, then three. She's going too fast. Marcel grabs at her wrists and halts her progress. He kisses her lips and draws her tongue into a sensual dance of longing, feeling the velvet insides of her mouth, sucking her tongue. She can hear the pounding of her own heart in her ears. Then, Marcel is planting little kisses on her cheeks, her eyes, the lobes of her ears. She giggles, taken aback by the gentleness of the love he is trying to give. Marcel clasps her wrists and all but throws her onto the mattress. She tumbles eagerly onto her back. He doesn't follow her. Marcel undoes his own buttons, looking her directly in the eye as he undresses. Never has she seen a man look better in his shirt tails. The singlet hugs his hard torso and the muscles of his arms are clearly visible, more so when he moves to remove his shirt. Next he flicks his belt buckle and Crysta can barely stand it. Marcel grins, watching the parade of emotions across her lovely features. She props herself up on her elbows, dark hair spilling onto the bed in delicious contrast to the sheets. She is unaware of her captivating beauty. A tiny self-satisfied smirk threatens the corners of his mouth. "What?" Marcel doesn't reply. He unbuttons his suit pants and slides down the zipper. He reaches in and eagerly pulls his erect cock over the elastic of his starched, white boxers. "Do you want this?" He points his member at her. It's thick and substantial. "Oh yes!" Crysta breathes, closing the distance between them and rising to her knees. She holds him in her hand and increases the firmness of her grip. Very slowly, Crysta's small hands trace the entirety of his length. She makes a primal kitten-grunt in the back of her throat and fairly pounces on him. At first she licks. Her delicate teasing, after so much tension, threatens to drive him insane. "You're no good for me," Marcel stammers. Crysta goes on to lick him thoroughly, like a Calipo, covering all of his shaft in her sweet saliva. Finally she plunges his length into the recesses of her throat. Marcel's relief is short-lived. She stops. "I want you to fuck me. This is very nice. But I want some. You owe me cock." She tugs on his member. Marcel flinches. Crysta feels his reaction in the muscles of his thighs. "Take off your pants" Marcel obeys. His steel-blue gaze leaves her as he draws his pants down to the floor. She admires his handsome profile and those flawless, chiseled cheekbones. Stubble threatens his chin. Mine. She thinks fleetingly, proudly. Wickedly, Crysta leaps up off the bed. She means to prolong their foreplay, rushing outside into the cold of the afternoon. He watches her through the glass, playfully leaning out over the balcony and looking at the other high-rises. He shocks her by joining her out on the terrace. Marcel's body presses her thighs into the cold mesh of the balcony railing. His hands appreciatively take in the contours of her slender waist, her breasts. Her nipples are budded from the wind. Unable to help himself any longer he nestles his cock head into the warmth of her thighs. She shifts, glancing over her shoulder at him,

catching his awkward kiss on the corner of her bottom lip. God she is beautiful. He pushes his cock into her, not asking, taking. His urgency surprises them both. Crysta bends her knees and shuffles him backwards. The delicious fullness takes over her senses as he enters her slick passage fully. Cold, eager hands grab the railing. Then she pushes back. Marcel grunts, he strokes. He keeps his rhythm long and uneven. Crysta pants, silently begging for relief from his teasing. He holds her hips in his hands, watching his manhood disappear time and time again. A sheen of sweat forms on her pearly white skin. She is the most delicious woman he has ever fucked. It's enough to keep him rigid, bigger than he's ever been. "Mrhhhm," she says. "Mrhhhaaa." Pride swells in his chest. Her loss of control is his doing. Marcel is careful not to give her too much, it's a heady combination, a fine woman, the cold; their view. He wants to save something of himself. He wants to make their time together unforgettable. Marcel wishes to fuck her with grace. When he withdraws his cock she wiggles with surprise. He reaches up to hold her shoulders, until she is facing him. The balcony air whips her hair into a mermaid's frenzy. Pink spots shine on her cheeks. Marcel leans in. "I have more..." He takes her hand and leads her inside, making sure he has control this time. He doesn't trust this sprite to stay put and let herself be made love to. Marcel wants her undivided attention. He wants to unload his seed into this special woman, but only once she has become his sated, mewing lover. He kisses her in the space before the bed and makes no attempt to pull her onto the soft mattress. "You're beautiful Crysta. Your skin is the colour of cream." Her leads her into the kitchen and beckons for her to sit on the counter. Crysta obeys, her curiosity aroused. From his briefcase by the door, he brings a pot of thickened cream. Crysta grins. Marcel's steel-blue gaze holds hers as he takes off the plastic lid and peels away the foil seal. He dips fingers into the tub and licks one, feeding her the rest of the cream on his hand. If she was any more excited she might be forced to purr. Marcel enjoys the show as she sucks his digit. Her mouth is deliciously hot, her tongue swirls. He dips his fingers into the tub and smears some more of the cream on her thigh. Marcel comes to her on his knees. Crysta takes in the sight of his handsome head between her thighs, licking lightly at her left thigh. She might burst from the pleasure of it. When the cream is all gone he continues planting his heated lips on her thigh, traveling inland to her shaved labia. Until finally, he dips his tongue inside her lips to taste her centre. Crysta curls her toes. She runs appreciative fingertips through Marcel's thick, dark hair, mussing it in her unbridled enthusiasm. She doesn't think he'll care. Moments later, in wide-eyed bliss she's cumming on his face. The orgasm rips through her, almost unexpected. A searing delight. Marcel looks up from his task. He wipes his lips on her thigh. As he stands before her, his satisfaction is evident by his straining arousal. She pulls his head down into a hungry kiss. Marcel uses his hands to slide her hips forward. In no time his hard cock bears down at the apex of her legs, seeking entry to her intimate space. "Oh. Yes" It is all Crysta can think to say. Her limbs are deliciously jelly-like and the ache in her middle is intense. Marcel slides his ample man-meat into her. They fit snugly, perfectly in union for a moment. He holds her thighs in his hands and looks down into her green eyes, creating a pause in the storm. Crysta closes her lashes in a silent plea to hurry. Marcel strokes. Bliss. He continues, happily picking up the pace. Sliding his member in and out of her soft folds. Soon, he's hammering into her slit and the room is alive with his grunts, her softer tones

and the wet sound of their flesh meeting. Despite the thoroughness of the fucking he is administering to his willing accomplice, Marcel takes a moment to kiss her on the lips. She cups his face in her hands. As she cums a second time he tastes it on her tongue. "Mmmm!" Her pussy muscles convulse around him. It's too much. Marcel feels the volcano building in his toes. He clenches and unclenches his butt muscles, trying not to dig his nails into her delicate flesh. He aims his head skyward, ready for release. Crysta chooses her moment perfectly, reaching in to stroke his perineum. He spurts his substantial load and it feels as though he is emptying his soul. The moment swims and spins. Panting they lean on one another. Bodies slick with sweat, limbs rubbery with exertion. A perfect contrast to the characterless surrounds. Crysta kisses his salty lips and unwinds her legs. "We should rest," she whispers. A grin turns her expression mischievous. "We only have all night."