

# Secret Admirer 2: Teasing and Claiming

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*Antonio's hot voice claims Miranda again...*

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Authors Note: I would like to thank a dear and special friend here at Lush for their help when the writer's block set in. They know who they are! Secret Admirer 2: Teasing And Claiming It was a typical Thursday for Miranda, but it had been six days since the eventful Friday night she'd spent in Antonio's penthouse. Just the thoughts of all they had done and the way he had treated her, sent jolts of pleasure straight between her thighs. He had asked her to stay the weekend, and had she not had previous plans, she would have. He seemed disappointed in that, and she hadn't gotten another phone call from him, erotic or otherwise. It made her a little sad, because not only did he have a hot, sexy voice, and was sexy as hell, but he seemed to know exactly what to do and say to reduce her to quivering mush and be ready to do whatever he wanted. Antonio watched her from where his cubicle was, diagonal to hers. He could see her, but she could not see him unless she got up and walked past his cubicle. He saw the slightly sad look on her face and narrowed his eyes. Could it be that the beauty was thinking of him and wondering why he hadn't called her again? He knew he needed to remedy that soon, since he knew from just that one night, that she could be his, should have been his, if she had stayed the weekend. He decided then and there that he would remind her of what his voice and 'suggestions' could and would do to her. He smiled and pulled out his cellphone and sent her a text... 'Is my beauty thinking of me?' Miranda felt her cellphone vibrate and looked to see it was a text message...from HIM! She read it and answered... 'Yes..how did you know?' He smiled and texted back... 'I always know, beauty... tell me, are you wet, just imagining my voice in your ear?' Miranda shivered. Oh god, he was so sensual and hot and yes, she was wet, just from thinking of him. She texted back a simple 'Yes'. He smiled and texted back... 'Good, I like you that way. Like keeping you wet and aroused for me. And you know it IS for me, don't you, lovely?' She almost moaned and texted back as she squirmed a little... 'Yes, Antonio, I do know..' He watched her squirm and smiled..then answered... 'Good, thats a good girl, beauty. Work now, I'll call you later.' She wondered how he possibly thought she could concentrate on working after the short, teasing little interlude that had just happened between them. She was ready to get up and go over to his desk and straddle him in his desk chair and fuck his brains out then and there. He had driven her crazy with lust for him and all he'd done was send a few naughty texts her way. She didn't know what power this man had over her, but he could make her melt with just a look, or a word, be it spoken or otherwise.

Her pussy was dripping and she knew, just knew that the black, lacy thong she wore under her skirt was soaked. She also knew that if she was to get up right now and look, there would be a damp spot on her leather desk chair. By the time she had gotten home that night, Miranda was so wet and aroused that she could hardly think straight. It was a very good thing, she had a lot of errands to run after work, because every time she even thought about touching herself, his last text to her about her wetness and arousal being for him, stopped her for some reason. She thought that maybe he wanted to see her again soon and wanted her to be good and hot for him. She didn't know, but it was driving her crazy just thinking about it. When she went to bed that night, there was a hot throbbing between her thighs with his name written all over it. 'Antonio, what are you doing to me?' she thought as she dozed off to sleep. Miranda awakened groggily the next morning and immediately the first thing she thought about before her eyes even opened fully was him. She moaned softly and felt her pussy twinge. She bit her lip and dragged herself out of bed and to the shower, then to get dressed for work. She was almost compelled to go without panties, but decided against it at the last moment. She looked at the clock and cursed softly, realizing she wouldn't have time to eat much more than a couple pieces of toast and drink some coffee. She grabbed both and headed out the door. The morning at work had pretty much been uneventful and it was nearly time for her to go to lunch. All day, every time she and Antonio would see each other, he would give her a sexy smile and wink, which would drive her further into the state of lust she was in... because of him. She sat at her desk, trying to concentrate on her work, but she was so hot and wet from just thinking about and seeing him that it was about to drive her crazy. Antonio kept his eyes on her, watching her from where she sat, seeing how uncomfortable she was. He could tell that she was aroused nearly past bearing and decided just then to continue from where he had left off the day before. He clicked his blue tooth headset and dialed her cellphone from his own. Miranda heard her own blue tooth chirp in her ear and clicked it on.. "Yes?" "Hello, lovely..." Came his sultry, hot voice. Miranda felt her thong soak immediately upon hearing his voice in her ear and melted then and there. She whispered, "What is it?" Already under his control. "How is my beauty today? Are you wet?" "I...no... I'm not..." she whispered, not wanting him to know, but he could see her squirming a little. "Oh come now, lovely...of course you are...aren't you..." She groaned softly. "Ok yes I'm soaked" she whispered, her voice sultry too. "Good...I love to see you aroused, my beauty, and squirming in your desk chair..." She melted even more... "I'm gonna soak the chair if this keeps up..." Her hand moved to rub herself, not caring who saw, he had her so hot. He could see every move she was making and smiled, his cock rising at her arousal. "Ah, ah love...we wouldn't want to get in trouble, now would we?" Miranda whimpered softly into the headset.. "I need to... I haven't in a few days.." He grinned. "Is that so, beauty? Why is that? Tell me. Is it because you want my tongue on that hot pussy, licking you all over...or is it that you want my cock inside you?" He bit his lip, feeling his cock throb in his pants. She whimpered into the headset as someone passes by, giving her a weird look... "Everything... please... I need to...I'm so hot!" she begged softly. Antonio nearly groaned out loud at her soft begging... "Go to the ladies room, lovely...take your phone with you..' he said in a low, sultry voice. She grabbed her phone, threw it in her pocket and quickly moved to the bathroom, not wanting her juices to trail down

her thigh where someone could see it and went into the end stall and sat down, her skirt up around her waist and her legs spread wide. "Are you there, lovely?" He asked. "Yes," She whispered, not wanting to be overheard by the one woman fixing her makeup at the mirrors. She was about to explode, he had her so hot. She wasn't sure how much more she could take. "Good.....now tell me how wet you are....I want to know how wet your cunt is...how juicy it will be when I lick it...how hot you are...tell me, Miranda". "I'm so hot, Antonio, my pussy is soaked and I'm squirming because I want you so badly.." She moaned softly. "Slide a finger in, darling...tell Antonio how you taste.." He seductively commanded as he got up from his desk and made his way slowly towards the ladies room. He watched the woman who had been in there walk out, then glanced to make sure no one else was in there but Miranda and quietly slipped inside, locking the door and slipping into the nearest stall. Miranda pushed her finger in and then withdrew it and sucked it clean, moaning loudly. "So good," she whispers. "Yes...I know you taste good...and I know how much you love it when I eat at you like a starving man, don't you, love?" He said quietly, so she could only hear him over the phone, even though he was three stalls down from her. "Yes..oh yes.." she moaned, about to explode just from his voice.. "Please, don't stop!" Her fingers inched closer to her molten pussy. "Oh how I love your sweet voice pleading for me to make you cum.. I so enjoy tantalizing you. You love it when I lick every inch of your hot cunt... and then move up to kiss you hotly, so you can taste yourself..don't you love.." and he lets out a little groan himself. She moaned, her thong soaking even more. "Your thong is soaked, isn't it, beauty?" "Yes," She whimpered, rubbing her thighs. " I like the sound of that. Take them off, lovely. I love your sweet pussy bare, so I have good access...mmmmmm" he groans again. She slid them off right away and tossed them aside, then spread her legs out as wide as she could go. "Please..Antonio..." She whimpered. "Now, lovely...go to the counter and lean over it and close your eyes..." He said, fighting to keep his voice even. He was so hard by now that his cock was about to burst through his pants. He couldn't wait to get inside her. Right there, right then. Miranda thought that was a sort of strange request, but at the moment, she was so hot that she was powerless to do anything except what his hot voice was telling her. She went to the counter and leaned over, legs spread, pussy exposed, ass in the air and her cheek pressed to the counter, eyes closed. She was so wet and hot that her juices were trickling down her leg. She heard someone come out of one of the stalls and mortification hit her immediately until she felt strong, manly hands stroking her thighs and ass. "Mmm...yes, I can see how wet you are.." He said softly, leaning down to kiss her neck. "'You are lovely, beauty...." As he gently stroked fingers over her quivering cunt. Miranda gasped and nearly exploded right there. He could wait no more, sensing her hot arousal because of his talking to her...and slowly eased just the head into her, biting his lip as he did. He had to fight not to just shove into her. She came just from that, quivering under him, as she gripped the counter and panted harshly. He grunted low and lustily and shoved slow and deep into her... "Yes, yes lovely, you wanted that, didn't you. You needed it.." He said in a sexy whisper and he pulled back and then thrust again, slow and deep. He kept doing that, slow, deep strong thrusts as she gasped, feeling shock waves all through her with each one, completely melted for him. Antonio knew then, when he had to fight to keep from cumming himself, that it was time, right now, to make her his. He asked her then, in that

sexy, quiet, commanding voice.. “Who do you belong to, lovely? Tell me...who can make you cum with just his voice, without even touching you? Who has you so aroused right now and always does, to the point that you can't think straight?” As he kept at that agonizing slow, strong pace. “You...” She gasped, thrusting back against him, arching deeply, releasing a lusty moan from her chest. “And who am I , my beauty?” He thrust deeper and harder...but still slow. “My... Master...” She groaned, pushing back against him, her back arched. “That's a good girl....now cum for your Master, my lovely” And he picked up his pace, still fucking her sensually, but firm, strong and masterful. She moaned throatily as she came hard, squirting all over, then collapsed against the sink, breathing hard,and still rocking back against him. Her squirting, clenching cunt made him groan and thrust into her hard and deep as he came hard, filling her pussy with hot cum and slowly leaning over to plant kisses all along her neck... “Yes, my lovely, yes...you are mine...now!” He whispered against her ear and then kissed it. “Yes, Master...” She whimpered, nodding slowly. “Good girl...” He gave her ass a pat and moved from her, sliding out, his cock shining with their juices. Compelled to, Miranda dropped to her knees and started to lick him clean, moaning at the taste and then sucking all their juices off of him as she clenched her thighs, not wanting to lose his cum inside her. He was a bit surprised, not thinking she would so soon, but his hand slowly stroked her hair and he grinned down at her as he watched. She finished and let him slip from her mouth and smiled up at him. He offered a hand to help her up, smiling down at her.. “Come to my arms, beauty” She took his hand and stood up, immediately going into his arms where he pulled her close and kissed her, masterfully and hard, but sensually nonetheless. She moaned into his mouth and then he broke it and said, “Now, clean yourself up,lunch is just about over..we will see each other tonight perhaps...” And pulled up his pants and fastened them, and with one more hot look at her, unlocked the door and walked out of the bathroom. Miranda got herself together and put her panties back on, so she could feel his cum inside her. She went back to her desk on shaky legs and sat down, her pussy already quivering again, just thinking of what would happen after work. The End