

Igniting a fire below

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A surprise visit at the office on a Sunday leads to fun and friendship

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Sunday morning. Like every Sunday morning for the past six months, I find myself at my desk at my office. Make hay while the sun shines, some people say, so I can't complain about being busy. It's a quiet day, no phones, no faxes and I don't even look at my e-mail. It's a day to catch up on all the things I can't get to during the week, when I find myself pulled in a hundred different directions all at once. Productive, but deep down it wasn't my first choice of where I wanted to be. It was necessary, but not desirable. An hour or two of quiet. Then I hear the doorbell, someone buzzing from the first floor to gain entry to our building. We don't have any intercom connection working yet, so I have to go downstairs to see who it is. I didn't recall booking any meetings for today. Down a flight of stairs to the main floor and over to the entrance. A woman stands bundled in a heavy winter jacket, her hood covering her head and most of her face. I open the door and ask who she is here to see. "I'm here to see Alex, in suite 204." "I'm Alex. And you are...?" "Oh, I'm Rachel. We've exchanged some messages online." Rachel. The name does not ring a bell at all. The only messages I've exchanged online were...ah, maybe Rachel is her real name. I only know her as FireBelow." "I'm sorry...but this may sound odd...but I don't know a Rachel. You wouldn't be..." She interrupted me, "FireBelow? That's me. I forgot that we've never exchanged real names. Or at least I haven't given you mine." "How did you find out where I worked?" "Do you remember that e-mail you sent me, when we exchanged addresses so that we could send something more substantial than a two line message on the website? Let's just say I took a chance. You sent it during work hours, and my brother-in-law works for a high-tech company that does something with the internet I don't really understand, and knows how to trace IP addresses on e-mails. They matched to your company. So, like I said, I took a chance." "How'd you know I would be in today, on a Sunday?" "Another chance. Most of your e-mails come on Sunday around this time, so I figured I'd take a drive and see if you were here." She was still standing in the doorway, so I ushered her in from the cold and upstairs to my office. She sat down across from me at my desk. "Why did you come?" I asked. "Let me be very direct with you. I want to fuck you. Right here. Right now. I just want to fuck you." I wasn't sure if I should ask why. I had never met Rachel before. We had only exchanged messages online which progressed to some erotic emails, and we had never even exchanged photos. It was all very much a distant fantasy, just a lot of playing with words. But never any discussion about taking things further. For one, I was married –

maybe not a wonderful marriage, but I still had the ring on my finger. “You want to fuck me? Why?” – I had to ask. “I like the way you write to me. It is very sexual and it makes me so damn horny, but it is also very gentle and real. You don’t even know me, and yet when you write to me, you take the time to care about me and to put your own needs aside to make sure I am satisfied. I know it’s only just words we’ve shared, but you write to me with such caring. And passion too.” She was still wearing her jacket, with the hood covering her head and face. “Are you cold? Do you want to take off your coat and warm up? I can make you a coffee.” “No, I’m not cold. It’s just that...” She hesitated. “It’s just that I’m not sure about, if you want what I am suggesting and I am...” She paused again. “Yes?” “It’s just that I...” She stopped and stood up, and then pulled the hood from her head and face, and revealed a beautiful face with green eyes and flowing red hair, which reached down below her shoulders in both waves and curls. She continued to unzip her jacket, and the reason she had hesitated before became very obvious. She was naked from the waist up, and as she dropped her jacket, I could see she was only wearing thin black leggings below, with her boots. She was stunning, with firm, full breasts and pale pink nipples atop them, erect and pointing toward me. Looking below, I could tell she had nothing on beneath her leggings and the outline of her labia were clearly visible. I had no idea who this woman was except as a screen name and a series of messages online, and yet all I could do was stand up from my chair and walk toward my own door, close it and lock it behind me, and then walk over to Rachel, taking her in my arms. “I have only one request of you,” she said, “beyond just fucking me. I want you to be as dirty as you can when you talk to me. Online you are so gentle and even polite when we talk about sex, but here and now, I want you to be dirty and just fuck me. Don’t make love to me. Fuck me.” I leaned forward to kiss her, but she pulled back. “No kissing. No tenderness. Not until after, at least. For now, I just want raw and dirty sex. Anything goes. Just make me cum and I want you to cum too, on me and in me. Anything goes, but no kissing on the lips. Not yet.” I had never met anyone like this woman before. I was stunned. I was excited too, and as I stood in front of her, I quickly undressed while watching her pull off her own boots and the black leggings revealing a completely shaved pussy below a firm and pale belly. Her nipples seemed to grow even more erect as she watched me undress, and I saw her eyes dart down to my cock which by now was fully erect. “I don’t know where...” I began to say, before she interrupted me. “On the floor. On your desk. I don’t care. Just get that cock inside me before I count to five. One, two, ...” I am not the biggest or strongest man around, and in fact, if truth be told, I think Rachel was probably an inch or two taller than me. But I somehow managed to lift her up by reaching around her waist, and raise her up high enough so that she could wrap her legs around me and I lowered her already wet pussy onto my hard cock, which was pointing straight up to the ceiling. Over the next hour, we fucked without interruption. First I came inside her pussy and she gushed all over my cock at about the same time. I bent her over my desk and fucked her pussy again from behind, and then she got down on her knees and gave me a blowjob that I doubt I will ever forget, making me cum a second time and she managed to swallow every drop of my load. I called her every dirty name I could think of, which was not my style but I felt obligated to obey her wishes. I called her a slut, a cunt, I told her I wanted to cum over her entire body and on her face, I told her I wanted to fuck her until her pussy couldn’t withstand any

more. And then I knelt down behind her, as she was still bent forward over my desk, and began to rim her ass, plunging my tongue into her tiny puckered brown hole, and licking around it, while spreading her ass apart. I buried my face in her ass and made her wet, occasionally tonguing down a bit farther so I reached her dripping pussy. I made her cum at least once, that I could tell, from just playing with her ass with my mouth, and when I felt she was as wet and relaxed as I could get her, I stood up and pressed the tip of my cock against her ass, gently inserting the head inside of her, slowly feeling the wetness lubricate my entry and with a gentle back and forth tried to enter her ass. "Fuck you, just shove it in my ass hard and fast. I don't care if you rip me apart," she yelled, while pushing her ass backwards towards me. I complied, and in a single thrust felt my cock enter that tight hole until my balls were resting against her body. I started slowly at first, but soon was thrusting into her with force and determination, and she bucked her ass back at me to meet each thrust, grunting like an animal with each movement. She began to shake and I could feel her having yet another orgasm as I pounded my hardness into her ass, marveling at how she was both so tight around me and yet stretching to accommodate my cock. I was about to tell her that I was going to cum, when she said "Not in my ass, I want to suck your cock and take more of your cum in my mouth." I wasn't sure. I figured after having my cock in her ass, she would want me to clean it up before taking it in her mouth again, but that was not to be. She pushed me out of her ass, and then dropped down to the floor again on her knees, and took my cock directly in her mouth and sucked me so hard that her mouth felt almost as tight, or maybe even tighter, than it felt inside her ass. It didn't take me long before I came into her mouth again, and she continue to suck me and lick me until my cock was drained. I was breathing quite heavily, as was she, and both of our bodies were sweating. She had been fucked in every hole, and I had cum in two of them, and I was wondering if there was anything left in either of us. "I'm a fucking slut," she said to me. "A fucking whore, and I need to be punished for just coming to your office out of the blue and expecting you to fuck me like this. I want you to punish me and spank me now." I have never spanked a woman in my life. Maybe a playful swat, but never a spanking. I wasn't sure I could do it. It went against everything I had been taught, about never hitting a woman. Never hurting someone. "Do it now, you fucker," she yelled at me. "Spank me now and don't be soft on me." She bent over my desk again, her ass facing me, and I gave her cheeks a gentle swat. "Not like that, damn it. Harder. Like you mean it. And get closer so I can grab your cock while you do it to me." I slapped her ass again. It made a sharp sound and felt like a sting, even to my own hand. Again I spanked her ass. And again, harder each time, as her hand reached backwards and found my cock, which had softened somewhat after my last cum, but with the touch of her hand it grew hard again. Swat. Swat. One spanking after the other, each one harder and her cheeks were beginning to get red, but not yet raw. "Keep going until I tell you to stop," she begged. "Keep it up...oh fuck, that is so fucking good...shit, my ass is on fire." It made sense. The FireBelow name had nothing to do with her red hair (she was shaved below anyway). It was her ass, after a hard spanking. She continued playing with my cock as I spanked her, and she started jacking me hard. My cock was still wet from my previous cums and from her mouth, so her hand slid somewhat as she stroked me. "Ok, that's enough," she said, and I stopped immediately. "Get down on your back," she ordered me. "Now. On

the floor. On your back. Trust me.” I did as I was told and once I was on my back she continued to stroke my cock. Then she suddenly lifted me by my legs and bent me over myself, so that my legs were over my head and my cock was dangling (actually pointing, since it was still so hard) not far from my mouth. She continued to stroke me and it was clear she wanted me to cum on my own face or even in my mouth, something I had never done before. I had tasted my cum before, second-hand from a pussy or even in a kiss, but I had never cum into my own mouth. “Open your mouth and I want you to cum into it, but don’t swallow it. Understand? Do not swallow it.” She only had a few seconds to give me that warning, because almost as soon as I opened my mouth, my cock erupted once more. After cumming a few times already, I won’t lie and say a flood erupted from my cock, but I was surprised that anything was left at all, and what did come out flowed and then dripped out into my mouth. I held it there, not wanting to swallow. I was curious as to why she didn’t want me to swallow my own cum. “Now get up you sexy and crazy man, and kiss me, and let me taste your cum from between your lips. Kiss me like it is your first time ever kissing a woman.” So I dropped my legs down and managed to seat myself upright on the floor of my office, with my cum still in my mouth. I leaned forward to kiss her, and she leaned toward me and our lips met, and they opened and her tongue probed my mouth taking my cum into her mouth. Our lips pressed hard together, we kissed and her arms came around me and pulled me in closer to her. With all we had done, this was the first time our bodies had really pressed into one another, and I felt her breasts, sweaty yet firm, pressed against my chest. That kiss was almost as exciting or maybe more so than all the fucking and sucking and spanking we had done. It was hard and passionate, almost with desperation, and yet it was also gentle and tender, and it spoke to me as if to say that this is why she came to my office. Not to fuck me, but to kiss me and to share something very close and intimate. “Now wasn’t that worth waiting for?” she asked, after we broke off from our kiss. I couldn’t answer except to pull her body closer to mine, and to kiss her neck, and then her shoulder, and to bring my right hand up to her face and gently trace a line along her cheek. A line that ended up touching a tear that flowed from her eye. “I’m sorry,” I began to say, “is there anything wrong?” “No. Absolutely nothing is wrong. I’m just thinking about how good everything felt. And how I’m sorry I was so rough on you, so direct and so forceful. I’m not usually like that. I was just afraid if I was timid about this, you might say no to me, and be afraid to be with me. I was afraid from your writing that maybe you would be too considerate and gentle, and you’d never want someone like me.” “What do you mean, ‘someone like you’?” I asked. “I’m married. I’m 40 years old. I have two kids. I don’t have anything to offer you except maybe some friendship, and I know I’m not some young, exciting and bouncy...” I stopped her. “No, you’re not. I know you’re not some young novelty. I could sense that when we wrote to each other. But that’s not what I care about. What am I, for that matter? I’m 47 and married, I have a bit of a belly from too many late night dinners and not enough exercise, my dick is six inches long and not some ten-inch monster, and I don’t really have anything to offer you except maybe some friendship. My life isn’t perfect at home, but I’m not the kind of guy who will give up on it, just because it isn’t perfect. Maybe I don’t have the balls to change, but it’s also about thinking about other people too. A wife. Kids. Other family.” “What we just did is a bit more than friendship,” she said. “Maybe. But don’t ever think that

just because I used the word friendship, it is because I don't find you intoxicating. Intriguing. Exciting. Sexy. Maybe we are both just two people who find ourselves in lives that don't let us explore everything we have inside of us, and today, you came here and we explored some of it together." "And that kiss? Where does that fit in?" She looked at me with a grin, knowing she had answer for her own question. "The kiss?" I answered, "the kiss is our way of saying that all the words we exchanged in e-mails before we ever met were sincere and not just a game. It was a way of saying that two strangers did not fuck each other, but two friends just shared some happiness." "Even the spanking?" "Ok, maybe the spanking was closer to the fucking aspect, but if two friends can't spank each other now and then..." She interrupted me. "Spank each other ? You only...does that mean...?" I stood up after releasing her from my arms, and I bent over my own desk, my bare ass just a foot or so from her face. "Let's see if you've got anything left in you," I said. "Maybe I'm game to see what it's like to have a fire going on down below too." She laughed as she stood up, and gave my ass a first playful swat. By her third shot, my cock was getting hard again. I shuddered a bit from her swats, not being accustomed to the sensation. She was laughing. Not at me, but a playful laugh telling me she was enjoying herself. Two friends having some fun. Sharing some happiness. Sundays at the office were beginning to look a lot more desirable to me.