

Her elevator man

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By : zebo85

Linda soon finds out that elevators weren't as dull as she thought.

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As she shuffled onto the elevator with the rest of the regular 7:30 AM office drones, she wondered when something exciting would happen in her life. Linda was in her mid 20s and considered attractive to most. Her biggest negative was that she was painfully shy and therefore rarely made new friends; either female or male. Dressed in a conservative skirt and blouse, she went for her normal corner, but a tall man was already there. She didn't even think about making eye contact and tried to hold her ground several inches from him as others squeezed on. She was relieved when there was no contact since she despised getting smashed against some creepy man first thing in the morning. Unfortunately, the elevator stopped at the next parking garage level and another dozen people got on and this time, she was pushed back into him. Instead of the usual grope that usually followed, he leaned down and whispered, "Sorry about the tight quarters". She shrugged and didn't look back, but thought it was nice that he at least apologized. Not a second later, he leaned in again and with his lips even closer to her ear, whispered, "By the way that skirt is very flattering on you." She felt his hand softly graze her hip and she nodded her head to acknowledge his compliment as her heart pounded in her chest.

His cologne was understated, but quite nice and somehow she could tell that not only was he tall, but he was quite fit. She wondered if his compliment was about the dark blue color of her skirt or how it made her ass look. She was a fit gal, but with just enough curves that made clothing choices difficult. Something too tight made her ass look huge and something too loose just looked sloppy. This skirt was new and she thought it really looked good on her and she was happy someone else had noticed. A moment later, they stopped at a floor and the usual jostling occurred so people could get off as others wanted to get on. The commotion shoved her back against him again and this time she didn't fight as hard to avoid the contact. His hand went to her hip to steady her as he whispered, "It truly is my lucky day today". She shivered slightly and then she nearly gasped as she felt it. She felt the hair on her neck stand on end as she realized that his erection was pressed into the small of her back. She tried to take a step forward, but there was no room and to be honest, she was mesmerized by the feeling of it against her. She almost giggled as she thought that it would be much nicer if he was shorter and it was pressing squarely against her bottom.

As if he read her mind, he leaned in again and bent at the knees slightly which caused his erection to slide past her waist and press against the valley between her cheeks as he whispered, "I am sorry if this is uncomfortable for you, but your perfume is quite lovely and my lad seems quite affected by you." Such odd wording, but she found it exhilarating. Him referring to his very obvious erection as his lad made it seem cute while still very arousing. She realized his hand was still at her waist and she imagined him cupping one of her bountiful 36C breasts while pulling her more tightly against him, but her lurid thoughts were interrupted when the elevator stopped again. Before she realized it, the door was closing again and her mystery man was gone. She looked around the elevator, but didn't see anyone that she thought it could be, so he must have gotten off. A few floors later, she exited the elevator and went straight to the ladies room. She had to brace herself against the vanity as her body shivered with a surge of lust. She was surprised at how wanton she felt from his few words and the feeling of his body against her. She touched up her makeup and then went to work.

The next few days she was disappointed as there was no similar morning experience. Each day she'd carefully selected her clothes with an eye to please the mystery man. She'd finally resigned herself that this was a one-time experience and was more than a bit upset about the notion. The following morning she was dressed in new heels and a shorter skirt than her norm. It was a bit sheer so she was wearing a silky slip underneath and she felt a surge of energy as she noticed several men staring at her as she walked towards the elevator. The slight breeze blowing through the parking garage flipped her skirt about and she felt sexy as hell. She was glancing at her iphone as she headed for her corner of the elevator. Facing forward, she

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smelled his cologne and her heart raced with anticipation. As the door started to close, he leaned in and said, "I've missed you." She wondered if his "lad" had missed her as well and as the elevator started with a jolt, she leaned back against him as if she'd lost her balance. He must have been hoping for something like that as he was lined up perfectly and her ass pressed directly against his erection.

She felt a surge of joy, but didn't want to come across as a complete slut so she moved forward breaking the delicious contact. In a barely audible whisper, he said, "Not so fast" and he pulled her back against him. This time she did lose her balance and had to widen her stance to keep from falling. She felt him move his hips and his erection dipped lower against her butt and if it wasn't for his clothes in the way, his erection would have pressed against her very wet and wanton pussy. She put her hand against the wall to steady her balance and his hand moved to her hip to help steady her. She pulled forward again, but not to get away, but merely to bend at the waist slightly and she felt his cock head rubbing against her crotch. If it wasn't for all the damn clothes in the way, she could have pushed back and impaled herself on his wonderful cock, but that was obviously not an option in the crowded elevator. She broke the contact and was desolate from the loss of his touch, but she was worried about what others might see and what she might do if she completely lost control. The elevator door opened and the usual movement of people occurred, but this time he stepped into her while sliding his hand under her skirt. He lightly caressed her pussy through her slip as he whispered, "Think of me when you're masturbating later." Just as suddenly as his hand was under her skirt, his hand and the rest of him were gone.

She stood there, very off balance and very horny. When the door opened on her floor, she literally ran to the ladies room and into a stall. Pulling her pantyhose out the way, she leaned against the stall and rubbed her silky slip against her equally silky nylon panties. Her clit was hard and ready and the silky layers rubbing against it were intensely erotic. She was at the pinnacle more quickly than she could imagine, but just as she was about to squeal out in pleasure she heard the door open. She managed to stop the last caress that would have pushed her over the edge and she was very aware of her heavy breathing as she stood motionless. She nearly cried when the office manager stopped near her stall and asked, "Linda, is that you? Are you okay, dear?" Trying to catch her breath enough to respond, she said in a shaky voice that she was just a bit lightheaded from her earlier workout and she thought she'd be alright once she had a bite to eat. The woman said, "Okay, well let me know if you need to go home or something" and then slowly walked off, checked her makeup in the mirror and then walked out. As soon as the door slammed shut, Linda closed her eyes, imagined him thrusting his cock into her wet pussy right there in front of everyone on the elevator and with a few strokes of her slip against her clit, she climaxed. Having to wait made it even more powerful and she nearly collapsed to the floor.

The next few days were filled with unrequited expectations. She entered the elevator each morning hoping he was there and left breathless and frustrated. She wondered if there was something wrong with her for being so eager to be felt up by a complete stranger in such a public place, but it was such a turn on that she didn't dwell on the psychology of it all. On the third day, she wore slacks as it was rainy out and she felt exhausted from the emotional roller coaster ride. Sure enough, his voice was in her ear almost immediately, "Your ass does look fine in those slacks, but certainly limits the imagination." Just the way he said imagination it was clear he meant that it limited what he could do with his hands. Her panties were immediately wet and she wanted to shout to just grope her anyway, but she stood quiet like always. During the first shuffle of people, he pressed up against her and whispered, "Wear that wrap skirt I saw you in two weeks ago and this." As he said "this", he shoved a package under her arm and squeezed her ass hard; and then he was gone. She stared at the package on her cubicle desk all day long and walking into her apartment later she felt like she was in a fog.

She went to her bedroom and slowly undressed until she was weary the lacy panties and bra that had been under her slacks and blouse. She was shivering as she slowly opened the package. The tissue paper crinkled in her hands as she pulled it up and slowly undid the ribbon that was holding it closed. Her hands felt the

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silky lingerie before she saw it and her body shook in anticipation. The lingerie was an emerald green which would match her dazzling green eyes and was so silky to the touch it took her breath away. There was a short slip; probably no longer than mid-thigh in length and it had a slit that had to go to her waist. There was also a high waist panty and garter belt, all in the same sensational color, as well as some incredibly silky nude stockings. The garter was a vintage style with six adjustable straps and metal loops and had a silk lace in the back like a waist cincher. The panties were all nylon with delicate black lace in all the right places, the same as the slip had. As she touched the incredible items, she felt suddenly dizzy and she knelt near the foot of the bed. As her hand continued to caress the silky items, she closed her eyes and she felt like she was hit with electrical jolts as a slideshow of erotic images passed behind her eyes. It wasn't long before her panties were pulled to the side and she had three fingers buried in her pussy as her other hand took her new slip and rubbed it over her breasts that she had forced free from the bra cups. As she imagined herself on her knees in the elevator with her mouth moving up and down the man's glorious cock, she caressed her clit with her finger and thumb until she had a mind blowing wave of orgasms. She must have passed out as she woke later, leaning against her bed; with her bra half on and her panties still soaked from her orgasms.

The next morning her body buzzed with excitement. Just sliding the stockings into place and attaching them to the garter belt made her want to finger her very wet pussy. She examined the panties and saw the delicate stitching along the front as well as along the double nylon gusset. She imagined his fingers pressing the silky fabric against her wet pussy and she shivered in anticipation. She slid them into place and looked in the mirror and felt small tremors course through her body. Just the idea of what may happen had her close to climaxing. She pulled the silky slip over her head and down. As she adjusted the slightly supportive cups, she noticed for the first time that the cups were only quarter cups and there was just the slightest bit of black lace covering her nipples, so even the slightest movement would allow her nipples to push above the delicate lace. She noted that her nipples were hard and aching to be touched, so she caressed them quickly and felt the first trickle of honey into her new panties. The front slit was trimmed in the same black lace and it was cut so high that her panties were visible; it was a sexy sight and she imagined herself lowering her pussy onto his waiting lips and tongue. She wrapped the requested skirt into place and found a blouse that matched which would be provocative for him, but could be adjusted to cover up her very sexy cleavage for working hours.

In the car on the way to the office, she couldn't help but open her skirt up as she sat at the first stoplight. She caressed the silky slip against her equally silky stockings and toyed absentmindedly with the garter straps as she thought of what might happen in the next hour. As the light started to turn green, she looked out her driver's side window and saw a college aged young man on a motorcycle leering into her window at the sight of her sexy lingerie on display. She waved seductively and then sped off. She giggled as another trickle of her honey dribbled into her panties. She was going to be a sodden mess before she even got to work if she wasn't careful. As she walked to the elevator, she felt seductive as hell and she wanted it so badly that she looked at every man around her and wondered if it was his cock she'd have soon. She felt breathless as she waited for the elevator and as it dinged its arrival, she thought she might climax. Her legs felt weak as she walked through the door and

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