

Another Business Trip, Part 2

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The seduction continues

Published on
Booksie

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He sat there and admired her eyes; they were an unusual green and her blouse really made them even more striking. He let his eyes move slowly down to her lips and she shifted in her chair and then licked her lips self-consciously. He watched her lips for several heart pounding moments and imagined what they would feel like on his cock. His gaze traveled slowly lower and took time to fully appreciate the fullness of her breasts. He could see her chest rising and falling and knew that her breathing was labored from her nervousness and arousal. He looked and noticed the almost imperceptible sign of her nipples hardening. He wondered if they ached to be touched as much as he ached to touch them.

He mentally unbuttoned the next button and wondered how it would feel to run his fingers along the curve of her breasts. Cupping their weight and letting his thumb trace around the areole; feeling the slight bumps forming. Knowing that her nipples would be aching to be touched, but tormenting her by missing them ever so slightly with each pass of his thumbs. His eyes moved lower and thought about licking her belly button; kissing the rolls that she probably cursed each morning and telling her how much he adored her curves. With his face at her belly, he'd be able to smell her arousal and that would make his cock ache even more.

Putting his mental images aside for the time being, his eyes went lower and wondered if he would ask her to strip for him; or if he'd simply hike her skirt up in order to get at the sweet nectar of her pussy. His gaze was affecting her and she shifted again and went to cross her legs. His eyes moved down and watched and she pushed down on her skirt to try and block his view. He smiled and let her have her moment of control as he sensed she would be giving up her control very soon.

She obviously couldn't wait any longer as she asked in a voice that was riddled with her lust, "What did you mean that you want to collect?"

He let her question hang in the air and she couldn't stand his silence, so she quipped, "Did you want me to buy you another drink?"

He smiled and softly said, "I'm already intoxicated by you, so I don't need another drink."

Her eyes were really betraying her arousal now and he knew from past experience that he had to be careful or she might give into her instincts to flee. He let his face soften and he smiled softly as he looked up to her lips again. Her pink tongue flicked out again and he was momentarily mesmerized by it. He imagined sucking it into his mouth and letting his own tongue dance against it.

He finally looked back to her eyes and answered her question with a question, "How do you want to repay me?"

Her leg was bouncing in nervousness and he desperately wanted to reach out and pull her into his lap so she could feel his arousal and know that he wanted her as much as she wanted him. He waited as he knew she was trying to process what was going on.

She finally answered and she had tears welling in her eyes as she did, "I don't know!..I don't know what you want."

He leaned in as he moved his stool closer and whispered, "There, there, don't get upset. Instinctively, you know exactly what I want." He paused and then added, "I want what you are willing to give me; nothing more and nothing less." His thoughts went to his young daughter and he had a moment of

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indecision, but he as too far into this to stop his quest.

She seemed close to hyperventilating and his eyes moved down to her breasts again as they rose and fell with her deep breaths. She glanced down and then her hand moved over and toyed with the next button on her blouse. She glanced up at him and he smiled and nodded. She was visibly relieved as she slowly undid the next button; she probably assumed that this would erase her debt to him. Her blouse was now open to the middle of her breasts and her black lingerie was even more on display and his eyes feasted on her. Her nipples were very noticeable now and with a flash of his hands, he reached out, grabbed each side of her bar stool and pulled her right next to him.

It caused her to rock back on the stool while also uncrossing her legs to try and catch her balance. He quickly moved his leg in between her knees while moving one hand up and pulling one side of her blouse off her shoulder. His tug was probably enough to have ripped the blouse, but it was open enough that it slid easily off her shoulder and halfway down her upper arm. She was so stunned that she didn't even move and he studied the black lingerie. He took note of the emerald green bra underneath the black lace that didn't quite hide its opulence. He was eager to undress her and roam her body until she shook with pleasure, but he was enjoying this seduction as much as he would enjoy her when he had her alone. She recovered quickly and went to fix her blouse, but she stopped and looked at him as if asking permission. He shook his head no and she stopped correcting her clothing. No one was close enough to see what was occurring and he resisted the temptation to reach out and cup the magnificent breast that was now partially exposed. Her creamy white skin was a magnificent contrast to the black lace and he enjoyed how her skin was turning a sweet pink from her arousal. He saw the deer in headlights look in her eyes and so he finally motioned and she quickly pulled the blouse back into place.

Knowing that he needed to keep her off balance, his hand moved to her knee and he traced a line up the inside of her leg; slowly rubbing his finger against the smooth nylon. It was irresistibly soft and silky and he felt her leg tremble at his light touch. He moved his other hand to her other leg and slowly caressed her legs as he gazed into her eyes. Her lids started flickering shut and he wondered just how wet she was. He assumed that she hadn't been aroused properly in a long time and he hoped her panties were hopelessly soaked with her honey. He wanted to duck under the table and suck her juices out of her panties and make her cum, but he knew she wanted to be led slowly to the table of pleasure. If done properly, they would enjoy a buffet of ecstasy neither of them would forget soon.

He asked, "Does this feel nice?"

Her response was a barely noticeable nod of her head.

As he dug his fingers more firmly into her legs just above her knees, he softly asked, "Stockings?"

She nodded again and he added, "Describe your garter belt."

She exhaled loudly and in a voice that was noticeably quivering simply said, "Black."

He chuckled slightly and shook his head and said, "You have a choice: either take off your skirt right here so I can see you in it or you can describe it in sufficient detail that I can envision you in it."

She gasped, "Oh fuck" and then took a deep breath before starting, "It's black and has six garters with silver catches and emerald green ribbons attached to each strap. She took another deep breath, and when she continued, her voice wasn't quite as weak, "The stitching is exquisite and it has emerald green accents along the sides. Its form fitting and rides high on my hips, but it's not like a girdle or anything."

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She looked at him expectantly to gauge his approval and he smiled and slowly closed his eyes as he imagined her in it.

Without opening his eyes, he asked, "I bet you look incredible in it and it must beautifully frame your pussy and ass."

He heard her gasp quietly at his observation and then he added, "Tell me; are a garter belt and stockings normal attire for you or is today the exception for some reason?"

He opened his eyes and saw she was very uncomfortable with this discussion and it made him want her even more. She finally took another deep breath and said in the tiniest of whispers, "I prefer them as I feel more glamorous or... maybe feminine is the word. However, they aren't always practical, but today I had a big meeting and I wanted to feel... special, I guess."

He leaned in close enough that he could whisper into her ear as he said, "I can't thank you enough for sharing that with me. Please know that I think you are special; in or out of your lingerie. Very, very special."

She was trembling and he let his lips graze her ear lobe and she pushed her cheek into his and he moved his hand along the side garter strap; slowly stroking its entire length. He finally sat back and he noticed for the first time her eyes going to his crotch and he moved so she could see just how aroused he was.

He felt an incredible bond forming between them; especially since she'd shared something so personal about how she wanted to feel special today. He wanted to make her feel special and for some reason this woman was affecting him in a way that none of his other conquests had.

He looked into her eyes again and asked, "So, tell me, as you walked to your meeting today, were you conscious of the stockings tugging at the straps; I mean, is it something you think about or not really? I'm just curious, I guess."

She seemed surprised at his level of curiosity and he wondered if she noticed how unsure he sounded when he asked that question. Normally, he'd be paying the bill and leading her to his room, but he wanted to know her more intimately before physically knowing her. She answered more quickly and confidently this time. "Well, since I don't wear them every day, I am aware of how they feel. Like you said, how the stockings seem to tug on the garter belt when I walk. I actually change my stride a bit to accentuate the feeling as I really enjoy it."

She paused and then without prompting added, "I was nervous before the meeting, but I rubbed my fingers against the front strap and there was something soothing about the feel of it that it calmed me down."

He moved his hands from her knees to her thighs and gently stroked each garter strap as he looked into her eyes, "Like this?"

She nodded and exhaled through open lips and then she groaned and sat upright as he dug his hands into her inner thighs and he knew she felt it go straight to her pussy.

"Are you wet?" he asked.

She nodded and he smiled and said, "I bet you taste incredible."

Her eyes were closed and he relished the signs of her obvious arousal.

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He continued the seduction, "Your lips are so sensual, freshen your lipstick for me."

Her hands were shaking as she pulled her purse over and found her lipstick. He watched in silence and couldn't believe how sexy she was as she slowly rolled it over her lips. She did that thing with her lips that women do afterwards and she gave him a look that betrayed that she knew what he was thinking. What he was thinking was obvious and his cock twitched with tremor after tremor as he thought of those soft lips on his cock.

He knew that she was vulnerable and ready for him, but he wasn't ready for the next step.

He moved his thumbs higher up her inner thighs and then said, "You haven't described your panties yet."

He paused and then added, "Before you do so, unzip the back of your skirt so you can hike it higher up your legs."

Her eyes betrayed bewilderment as she wasn't ready for that. Her back was to the rest of the bar so he assumed she was worried about others seeing the back of her skirt undone. He motioned to the chair next to him which was against the corner of the room like his. Her legs would be hidden by the table and he was actually partially surprised when she quickly got up and walked over to the chair and undid the back of her skirt before hiking it up and sitting down. His eyes were instantly on the stocking tops that became visible when she sat down and her skirt rode up even higher.

He noticed a twinkle in her eyes and he smiled knowing that she was losing her inhibitions. "!"

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