

Her Elevator man, part 2; Is Today the Day?

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Her experience in the elevator reaches new highs.

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Due to her heightened state of arousal, the normal jostling of bodies as people entered the elevator took on a totally different feeling. She felt dizzy and unable to focus as she headed for her normal spot; the spot that she hoped would lead to something incredible. She had a moment of indecision as she wondered if this was dangerous, but then she felt an arm wrapped around her lower back and guiding her to "their corner". There was no pretense and as he settled into the back corner, he pulled her back to him so that her wonderful ass pressed against his erection. It seemed gigantic today and she shivered. His wonderful voice was in her ear a moment later, "Look at me." She shook her head out of a combination of her normal shyness and more importantly fear. What if she didn't like what she saw; wouldn't that ruin everything. He leaned in and with his warm strong hand on her delicate chin, gently turned her face to him. Her vision was still out of focus and all she saw was dark hair, flecked with gray at the temples and glasses. She tried to turn her face back, but he wouldn't let her. He moved his hips ever so slightly and she felt his length moving down the crack of her ass and she mouthed a silent moan and his thumb traced along her lower lip. She looked up and really looked this time and decided that it didn't ruin anything. He was in his early 40s or maybe slightly younger, but attractive. When she saw his hazel eyes behind the glasses, they seemed to sear her soul. It was like in a movie where she could see into his mind and she instantly knew that he wanted her as much, if not more than she wanted him.

It nearly took her breath away, but then his hand released her chin and slowly moved lower until he cupped her breast in his hand. The thin blouse and the nearly not there cup of the slip was no deterrent for the wicked caress of his thumb along her incredibly hard nipple. She turned to the front of the elevator car as it stopped at the next floor. She knew they were mostly hidden from others eyes and she closed her eyes and focused on the heavenly sensations as he was now twirling her nipple between his index finger and thumb. The elevator jolted upward just as he squeezed hard on her nipple and pressed his cock lower against her bottom. It was all she could do to keep from squealing from the radiating pleasure that came from the pain of his pinch. She'd never felt more alive or sensuous in her life. The crowded elevator only added to the lusty feel of it and she mentally willed his clothes off. Suddenly his hand was gone from her nipple and she let out a breath of air from the loss of his touch. Her despair was quickly forgotten as he was grabbing her hand nearest the wall and pulling it back. Her breath caught in her throat as she knew where it was going. When she first touched his bulging erection, she recoiled and pulled her hand away slightly. He was insistent and soon her hand was slowly moving up and down the length of his shaft through his thin cotton slacks. She was relatively inexperienced, but she considered this the most beautiful cock in the world. Not too big, but definitely big enough to hurt when, or if, he entered her tight pussy.

His hand was moving again and was almost immediately inside the flap of her wrap skirt. The anticipation built as his fingers slid across the silky slip and then slowly walked up and down the garter strap on one leg and then slowly traced along the top of one stocking. She desperately wanted his hand on her pussy and she turned towards the elevator wall trying to persuade his hand to move off of her leg. He leaned in and chuckled in her ear, "It's nice to see how eager you are." The momentary shame of him vocalizing how wanton she was quickly forgotten as his hand complied with her unspoken demands. His hand started stroking lazy circles through her slip against the front of her panties. It was tantalizingly close, but she wanted him to tear her panties off and bury his fingers in her hot, wet pussy. His fingers dipped lower and spreading his index and middle finger, they ran along the gusset of her panties, tracing the outer lips of her pussy. She could feel her entire body shaking and she moved her free hand over and tried to steer his hand to where she wanted it; no, where she needed it. He was much stronger than her and even though she tried to move his hand, he resisted her efforts. Her other hand was moving more wildly on his cock in an effort to spur him forward. She was frantic with need and was ready to turn and rub her pussy against his cock to get some release if necessary when his lips nipped her ear and then whispered, "I know you need it; I need it to, but I want to

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hear you beg.â

She wasnâ t sure how she was supposed to do that in a crowded elevator, but she turned and hissed through her lips, â Pleaseâ . She could hear him chuckle, but then his hand was under her slip and in that instant she understood the detailed stitching sheâ d seen on the panties. Grasping the gusset, he slowly pulled and she could feel the stitches popping. It felt seductive as hell to having her hot pussy slowly exposed and he seemed to take great delight in her building anticipation. She was so crazy for an orgasm sheâ d taken her hand off his cock and had it against the elevator wall for support. She rose up as high as she could on her toes and rubbed her ass against his cock and then she nearly screamed as he wormed two fingers inside her. Her pussy was so wet that he slid easily inside her and her muscles tightened against the intruders so much that he murmured, â Oh my, I canâ t wait to bury my cock in this tight fucking pussy.â His words burned her ears and as he fingered her slowly, she could hear her pussy making loud smacking sounds. She wondered if others could hear, but then it became a blur. The elevator door was opening and after pulling his fingers out, he guided her past the other passengers and into a lobby that was clearly under construction. There were no workers around, but she was vaguely aware of scaffolding and plastic sheeting draped everywhere. He literally picked her up against his hip with one arm and carried her to an open doorway and then into an office. He quickly pulled some plastic sheeting off a sumptuous leather coach before pushing her towards itâ lâ lâ lâ !.

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