

Her elevator man, part 4

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Linda finally sees her mystery man again; would it be worth the wait?

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Linda's experience with her elevator man had started out with spine tingling touches on a crowded elevator and was finally consummated with pinnacle of her sexual experiences. Every time she closed her eyes she relived it. He had been like a concert pianist; instinctively knowing just how to play every part of her body. Since that day, she trembled each time she got on the elevator hoping he would be there waiting for her. Each passing day just added to her sexual anticipation. The first two days she'd almost collapsed as she entered the elevator as her legs were shaking from the desire coursing through her body. She hoped that each accidental touch as people jostled each other on the crowded elevator was her elevator man, but alas she was left wet and wanting. By the third day she was smart enough to bring a fresh pair of panties as her arousal was leaving her panties soaked through. On day four, she didn't even wear panties and she felt her honey leaking down the inside of her thighs as each floor announced its passing. It was so bad that she caught herself rubbing her hard nipples against the back of the man in front of her. His rough wool coat against her nipples made her body tingle and she instinctively pushed back against the body behind her. Even after realizing that that she was rubbing against a purse, it didn't even stop her and she ended up managing to coax a slight orgasm from her tortured body by the time the elevator reached her floor.

By Friday morning she literally throbbed from need. Her nightly masturbation sessions were not satisfying her hunger in the least. She decided that maybe she needed a bit of luck, so she slid into the beautiful lingerie set he had given her. Except, of course, the panties which he'd ripped from her body the day he had taken her to that floor under construction and made her body sing with pleasure. She looked in the mirror at the sensuous woman looking back at her. She'd never felt so lustful and she realized she felt no pang of guilt or didn't even question it. It was like he had flipped some switch inside of her and she didn't know how to turn it back off. Of course, she wasn't even sure if she wanted to; even though she was frustrated from not seeing him again, she'd never felt more alive. Her body seemed to talk to her; how the wind whipping up her legs felt so sensuous or how when she looked at a man she felt like she could read their thoughts. If what she imagined they were thinking was correct, there were a lot of sexually frustrated men and women out there!

She felt a strange calmness as she waited for the elevator this morning and as soon as it opened, she headed for their corner. By the third stop, the elevator was crowded and she was pressed against a very male form. She glanced back and felt despair when she saw it wasn't him. The despair was quickly doused when she recognized the bicycle delivery boy. Her mind quickly changed the boy to man because he was college aged and incredibly physically fit and definitely befitting of being called a man. He smiled and tipped his helmet to her and she read his mind, "Boy, what a hot piece of ass; I'd like to give her a special delivery." She stifled a giggle but then she felt her body moving back until her ass was resting against him. He must have been surprised as he didn't respond. Well, that wasn't exactly true since she could feel his cock stiffening against her lower back. She reached back and scratched her hip through her pleated skirt; nearly touching his cock in the process. He didn't pick up on her subtle hint, so she snaked her hand up under her skirt giving him a quick view of her bare ass in the process so beautifully framed by the emerald green garter belt as she scratched more vigorously.

In a trembling voice, he finally whispered, "Maybe I can help scratch your itch?" Fireworks went off in her brain as she felt his bicycle gloved hand on her thigh quickly moving higher. She longed for his touch and she turned towards the wall of the elevator in case he chose to bury his fingers in her throbbing pussy, but then she felt an incredible rush of guilt as this wasn't what she wanted. Her itch would never be completely scratched just by some quick grope by the delivery boy. She needed her elevator man; the one that had magically pushed all her buttons and then turned her into a molten mess of need. She quickly bolted for the closing elevator door and barely made it out. She leaned against the wall of the foyer as she fought hard to

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control her breathing. She knew what she needed and she stumbled into the stairwell with the intention of burying her fingers in her pussy. She didn't even realize someone was behind her until she heard the teasing voice, "I thought for a second that I'd been replaced." She knew without looking that it was her man. She turned and started to ask where he'd been, but his hands were on her shoulders and the message was clear.

She eagerly dropped down, but instead of kneeling, she sat on a stair so she was perfectly positioned for him as she ripped open his slacks and freed his cock. She'd never given a blowjob before, but she enthusiastically took his head into her mouth. She slowly took more of it in and was amazed at how incredibly seductive she felt. She heard him whisper, "Relax" and she felt his hands in her hair gently pulling her face forward; urging her to take more of it in. She didn't know how that was possible, but she let her body's natural instincts take over and soon his balls were resting against her chin. She thought about using one hand to finger herself, but she was too mesmerized by his anatomy. She began moving her lips up and down the length of his shaft while she played with his balls. She pulled her lips off and he groaned, and then groaned again as her soft tongue swirled around his cock head. She tasted his pre-cum and thought that was all too delicious and so she sucked the very tip trying to draw more of it out. That must have stirred something in him as said something completely unintelligible and forced his cock back into her mouth and deep into her throat.

He was in control now and all she tried to do was keep her teeth out of the way and figure out how to breathe as he fucked her sweet lips with a growing intensity. It was a blur as he thrust his shaft into her soft lips and a few moments later she could tell from how his strokes diminished and his ball sack grew tighter that his release was on the way and she mentally prepared. She was amazed at the violence of his explosion and the succeeding follow up discharges and she felt a sense of pride from her newly used oral skills. She slowly worked her way up and down his shaft milking all of his spend into her mouth and he sighed and shivered. She noticed with curiosity that he was still rock hard, but then he was lifting her roughly by her hair. He pushed her over the railing as he hoisted her skirt up and out of the way. When she felt his tongue probing her anus, she felt a flood of honey down the inside of her thighs. His hands found it and he paused long enough to say, "I take it that you missed me?" She said something in some foreign language that she didn't know, but he took it to mean, "Shut the fuck up and tongue me some more" as that's what he did.

As he did so, he rubbed her clit and the dam broke on her climax and she felt like she was falling over the railing as her body was wracked with wave after wave of intense pleasure. His tongue never left her ass and his deeper and deeper probing made her feel things all the way to her toes. As she finally gasped what seemed like her first breath in five minutes, he stood and swiftly buried his cock in her pussy. She'd recalled that he had promised to do her in the ass the next time they were together and she momentarily wished he'd kept her promise. However, his cock rubbed her g-spot a second later and she lost her train of thought. He must have read her mind as he whispered, "Not the place to enjoy your ass; soon, though, my sweet little minx, soon." With rapid fire strokes he pounded her pussy and she felt like her waves of orgasms would never end. All too soon, she felt him explode inside her and then he was pulling her up so he could kiss her as he slowly thrust inside her a few more times. Her pussy squeezed him until his softening cock "popped" out. She was about to start fixing her clothes, but his hand moved off the breast he had been gently caressing, found her clit and squeezed it.

The unexpected and wonderfully painful touch was just right and he had to clamp his hand over her mouth to stifle the scream that was trapped on her lips. His fingers alternated between caresses and pinches until she hit a new pinnacle of pleasure and she felt herself ejaculate for the first time. She watched in mesmerized awe as an arc of her honey streamed out and somehow managed to find the gap between the stairs. She imagined someone several floors below having her honey land on his or her hand and somehow share the same sensations she was feeling. Her next stream of honey wasn't as forceful and landed on her black heels. The splashing sound was ear shattering for some reason and she pressed against him when she heard him

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chuckle. He finally stopped his torturous touches on her clit and he held her tight against him as he murmured that she was one in a million. She seemed to black out again, but she was vaguely aware of him sliding some wonderfully silky panties up her legs and covering her now aching pussy. He kissed her behind her ear and whispered, "I can't wait to see you again."

She remembered walking up the eight floors to her work floor and entering the lady's room to fix her makeup. When she reached into her purse for her lipstick, she looked dumbfounded when she pulled out the piece of paper he'd placed there. It had an address, apartment # and the following Friday's date along with a time. She gasped at what might be in store for her.

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