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Sexy Confessions to Venus



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Processing the Loan
Applicant

**“Sexy Confessions to Venus”
PROCESSING THE LOAN
APPLICANT**

BY

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PROCESSING THE LOAN APPLICANT

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Dedication:

Penelope, damn me for finding you attractive. This had to be done.

Dear Venus,

Whew!

Sucking the last bit of love juice from between my thighs, Béla lifted his head. His full lips had a glazed look to them.

I started to put my hands to my face to hide but he captured my wrists in his strong grip and shook his head.

“You are a beautiful woman,” he lowered his head to my pussy again, inhaling. Enjoying me with a smile, he licked me again and another shudder went through me.

I threw my head back, clenching my legs together around his head.

Gently, he pushed my legs apart and held them firmly in place. “Why fight me, Penny? I am going to love you the way I have fantasized about for months.” His sexy European accent sang over my already charged nerves.

He bent his head down, placing sweet kisses on my inner thigh, leading up to my pussy and back down to my knee, from one leg to the other. Then he stopped.

With a smile, he ran a hand through his long blond hair, moving it out of his face. “Better?”

“Yes,” I sighed. I was breathless!

I can’t believe I just let him do that to me! Béla’s mouth on my pussy was amazing. He’d tasted, smelled, licked, sucked and fingered me into a complete state of exhaustion in mere minutes, and asked if I was ready for round two.

My legs were splayed over my couch, one leg over the back and another on the floor. Béla’s lips had left bruises on my thighs. He’d left bite marks too.

“We need to actually eat first.”

I loved the deep rumble of his voice. “I thought you just did.”

“Silly Penny.” He chuckled low, “man cannot live by pussy alone.” He licked his lips and glared wickedly at me.

Heat crept up my neck and I felt my cheeks burn.

“What’s in your kitchen?”

“I’m not sure. You can tell by the mess that I just moved and haven’t had time to settle in.”

“How is your bedroom?” His sexy grin caught me off guard. I realized that we’d spent too much time apart and that I should have returned his phone calls.

“You’re always flirting with me, Béla. You’re a bad boy.” I shifted my weight on the couch. I felt lethargic.

“If you keep looking at me like I’m the main course, I won’t get up.”

“Maybe you should stay down then.”

“Arrogant ass!”

“No. What was our word? I’m...authentic.” He wriggled his hips and walked off to the kitchen, singing “Ice cream and cake.”

I laughed, partially because his reference to the song we danced to was funny. I remembered shaking my hips to the tune of the music, enjoying the smiles on my the faces of those in the group, only to feel Béla’s intense stare on my backside.

It was only nine a.m. this morning when I caught him looking at me. He didn’t even try to hide a lecherous grin. Smug bastard!

I took the few seconds he’d given me to sit up, pull my panties on and zip up my skirt. Embarrassed by the shape of my stomach, even though I was still dressed from the waist up, I covered it up as quickly as possible.

Just the thought of Béla’s rough hands fondling my ample breasts made my nipples hard again. The coarse material of my bra rubbing against my skin didn’t help matters, either.

“Ahem,” he stepped out of my kitchen, bare chested. Or should I say, barrel chested. My jaw dropped at the site of his lean body--as big and defined as a rock. His washboard stomach just begged for attention. The way his muscles moved when he walked towards me was like watching David in motion.

My mouth became dry at the sight of him. I wanted to taste him.

“Speaking of ice cream and cake, it turns out that you had some in your refrigerator.” He sat beside me on the couch.

His nipples were erect. The air conditioner had kicked on earlier but I hadn’t noticed. I’d been too busy gawking at him.

I started turning my head but he took my chin in his hand. His fingers smoothed over the edge of my jaw. “Why do you not look at me, Penny? I am only a man.”

A mouth watering, oh-so-fuckable, man.

“Here, let’s talk first.” He sat down beside me.

I nodded. Reaching for one of the bowls he’d set on the table, I leaned over him. Our bodies met for the briefest of seconds and my pussy was already wet again.

“Here,” his hand stopped mine, “Let me.”

Placing a hand on my thigh, he reached over me and grabbed a bowl. Picking up the spoon, he scooped up a decent sized bite.

I opened my mouth and let him slide the ice cream inside. “This could be other things,” he remarked.

My lips slammed shut around the spoon. My eyes widened. The cold from the ice cream did nothing to extinguish the fire between my thighs.

He withdrew the spoon and took a bite for himself. “Why so shy now, Penny?”

“My boyfriends never enjoyed the way I sucked cock,” I said, not knowing why I ever mentioned it. “So I stopped.”

“Oh honey,” he gazed at my mouth. “You have the hottest little mouth I have ever tasted.” He fed me another spoonful of ice cream. It slid down my throat, cooling the building fire inside me.

I blushed but couldn’t feel the heat as he fed me another spoonful.

Some of the ice cream had dripped onto my chin. I started to wipe it away, but Béla leaned forward. His warm tongue licked away the cool drops, sending signals down through my lower regions.

His lips brushed lightly against mine.

Reaching for another spoonful, he fed himself. A few minutes later, we had finished both bowls.

“There, better no?”

I sat in awe of the fact that a gorgeous man was sitting in my apartment spoon feeding me ice cream. “Cake comes later?”

“Yes,” he nodded. The sparkle in his beautiful ocean blue eyes reminded me of the beach. I could get lost in those eyes for hours, and he’d probably let me.

I ran a hand through Béla’s blond hair, enjoying the feel of the silky strands between my fingers.

He smiled. I could see his chest move, he was thinking.

“What brings you to me?” I asked.

“Penny, I have watched you today and knew I had to have you. The weekend I worked with you on an earlier seminar gave me fantasies for months. Just watching you bend over, seeing your delectable pear-shaped ass made me hard every time I watched you.”

“You liked me forty pounds ago?”

His eyes widened. “Oh god yes!”

He put a hand over my naked thigh, caressing it, sending a shiver through me. His fingers crept higher up my thigh, beneath my skirt. I started to close my legs, but he shook his head.

“Please?” His eyes were the most expressive thing about him. His hair fell in his face, hiding the obvious need he had for me.

I slowly parted my thighs.

A second hand started at my knee and caressed its’ way higher up my leg.

Light from a window emphasized the softness of the hair covering his forearms. I enjoyed watching the muscles in his forearms work.

He gave my thighs a gentle squeeze.

I leaned forward, lips parted.

His mouth pressed against mine. His tongue slid inside my mouth and started licking and stroking mine.

Our tongues danced. I tasted the mint chocolate chip ice cream on his lips and giggled into his mouth.

Gripping my shoulders, he pulled away from the kiss, only to open his mouth and seal it completely over mine, inhaling sharply through his nose.

I closed my eyes and let myself relax under his skilled touch.

His hand slid higher up my thigh, two fingers caressed me through my panties. I arched my hips closer, feeling the heat on his fingers.

A hand tangled in my hair, tugging me back from the kiss. “What gives?” I asked, aware that my breathing had grown ragged.

He smiled a slow, seductive smile. His eyes softened, but still looked hungry.

“Béla,” my voice was low and husky. I braced my hands on the expanse of his smooth chest, feeling the light curls of blond hair. Tugging mildly.

His nipples hardened further. I looked at the points sticking out of his chest and licked my lips.

“I want to taste you,” I said.

He didn’t say a word. He leaned forward, brushed his lips over mine and leaned back. The muscles in his stomach tightened.

“Come. Taste me, pretty Penny.”

I blushed. My body wanted him, ached for him. Every cell in my body felt alive, on fire.

He gave me a cocky grin.

I winked. Staring open mouthed at him, I leaned forward and reached for the large buckle on his jeans. I saw his bulge beneath his pants and wasn’t sure whether to be in awe, or afraid.

I slid his zipper down slowly.

He didn’t wear anything beneath his jeans. “There’s a shock.”

We shared a laugh until I reached for his cock. He straightened immediately, enough so that I could see the delicate hair on his arms rise. His cock flinched against my hand until I wrapped my fingers around it. His velvety, thick shaft was rigid. “This is because of me?”

He nodded.

I looked at his cock, smooth shaved balls drawn tightly against him. I cupped him with one hand. He smiled.

“Do you want to taste me?” How a man could hold a considerate tone and still sound so incredibly sexy was beyond me.

My mouth watered. I felt my stomach tighten.

Leaning forward, I opened my mouth and touched the tip of his erection with my tongue. He tasted of flesh, smelled all male. His scent was intoxicating.

Lowering my head to his groin, I took him inside my mouth, inch by inch. Slowly. Watching him, his eyes were shut. His head rested against the back of the couch, his teeth clenched.

I enjoyed seeing this level of arousal from a man as gorgeous as Béla. Hell, I enjoyed seeing Béla this fired up for me.

Sliding a hand down my stomach, I felt my pussy. I was hot, wet.

Taking all of Béla’s cock inside my mouth, I slid him in and out a few times. His groans were encouraging, so I kept pumping his engorged member with my mouth.

He groaned again.

I flicked my tongue along the underside of his shaft, licking him like a lollipop. His cock in my mouth made me feel powerful. I had him where I wanted him, almost!

“If you keep doing that,” he managed to say, I’ll come in your mouth. I don’t want that, Penny. Not yet.”

This guy was really good for a woman's confidence. My lips formed an O around his shaft. I slid him in and out of my mouth inch by painful inch. I felt his cock quiver.

I released him from my mouth and looked at him. Sweat broke out on his forehead, his eyes were shut still. His perfect lips were parted.

"My goddess," he whispered, "come sit on me."

I stood and started unzipping my skirt but Béla leaned forward and shoved it down my thighs, taking my wet panties with it.

Eagerness from a male lover was new for me, but Béla could share that with me anytime!

Yanking me forward, I fell onto his lap. Still with my top on, I felt his rough hands beneath my blouse. "I want your breasts in my mouth, your ass on my cock."

"Demanding, aren't we?"

"With you, yes. I've been dying to have you since we first met at *CASHFLOW* eight months ago. Please, Penny."

His voice was slow like honey against my ears.

Reaching for the hem of my blouse, I lifted it up over my head.

Immediately, he grabbed a breast in one hand and began kneading. His thumb and forefinger pinched my nipple, sending waves of pleasure down south.

Straddling his large thighs, I felt his cock against my belly. "I've been shy about approaching you," I replied.

"Up," he wrapped his fingers around my hips and pulled me up. I sank back down, impaling myself on his swollen cock. Pleasure seared through both our bodies. The moan that escaped my lips didn't sound like my own voice.

Fingers caressed my ass, spreading my cheeks farther apart. I giggled and groaned, moving forward from the waist down.

From his position, there wasn't much he could do.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and began rotating my hips in circles around him.

He brought his mouth to my breast and captured a nipple between his teeth. I hissed, arching my body into his.

Fiery kisses trailed from one breast to the other. He stopped in between my breasts and swirled his tongue in counter clockwise motion before suckling on a nipple.

Frustrated, he stopped me. "This isn't working, lover."

Moving me off him, he stood. Picking me up, he held me in his arms, my legs sliding around him.

Once my legs locked around his hips, he slid inside me again. Holding onto him tightly, I waited. I ran a hand through his full mane, moving strands of blond hair from his face. I loved seeing the desire he possessed for me in his sea blue eyes.

He arched his pelvis forward and back again.

Whimpering, I felt him slide out and drive himself in deeper. The sound of our bodies colliding echoed throughout the room. We established a rhythm, his cock hitting me in just the right spot with every thrust.

“Oh god,” I cried, feeling him ram himself inside me harder, faster, and then slower. We had to stop and laugh a few times; his thrusts were a little too hard and he slipped out.

After about the third or fourth time, the routine grew old. “The floor,” I asked.

He set me down. I started for the floor, but his hands on my shoulders helped me get there quicker.

Lowering his head to a breast, he suckled me.

Arching my body towards his mouth, I felt a hand snake around my lower back. Reaching for his cock, I grabbed him and pumped him a few times. “Just a reminder, this belongs inside me,” I demanded.

He nodded, my breast still in his mouth. Taking himself in one hand he set himself against my heat. One swift thrust later, I cried out from the pleasure of him filling me with his massive tool.

I arched my hips up to meet his, spreading my legs far apart.

Béla brought a hand beneath my ass and bent my leg further, locking it around his shoulder. From this angle, he couldn’t suckle me anymore, but I could watch him take me.

Furiously, he slammed into me, his rod hitting that spot every time. Crying out his name, I felt tension build in my body, every nerve open, every sense aware of our surroundings.

The scent of sex filled consumed me and all I could concentrate on was Béla’ driving himself into me, the way his balls slapped my ass.

His hair fell down over one side, blocking out the sunlight that came through the window. I had to laugh, but it came out muffled with the cry of an orgasm as the first waves hit me. Release, sweet release had unleashed itself inside me.

I bucked hard against him, matching his thrusts with mine, harder, driving himself deeper. My nails dug into his flesh, tearing into his skin hard enough to leave marks for hours. I thought I even felt blood trickle out of a wound, but didn’t care. I slammed my eyes shut, trying to ride the orgasm out until completion.

Béla continued thrusting, alternating between fast, short strokes and hard, slow ones. I came, all the tension tied up in my body unwinding itself.

Faster, harder, he drove himself into me until I felt his cock spasm. His grip on my shoulders tightened to the point where it bordered on pain.

He came in large spurts. Some of his seed dribbled down the crack of my ass but I didn’t care.

Béla stopped, falling on top of me. I ran my hands through his blond locks. Our breathing had become jagged.

Béla gasped short, shallow breaths. His heart beat loudly in his chest, hard enough for me to feel it against my skin.

Caressing his shoulders, back and finally his ass, I calmed down.

It took another moment, but Béla had regained a normal heart beat.

Closing my eyes, I sighed and let my head fall against the floor.

Béla pulled out of me, his cock glistening with our love juices. “Couch or your bedroom, Beauty?”

His deep voice threatened to arouse me again.

“My bedroom. We’ll nap there.”

He smiled. Bending down, he lifted me off the ground and carried me into the bedroom.

Setting me down gently onto the bed, he stretched my legs out. Still naked, his erection hung heavily between his legs. “You could go again?”

He yawned. “I’d like to cuddle with you for a bit.”

My heart swooned. “Are they all like this?”

“They who?”

“Lovers like you. Are they all this sweet?”

“Worrying about them doesn’t work for me. Having my way with you, does.”

His cocky grin reappeared. He sprawled himself out on my bed, giving me a view of his delicious, taut backside.

I licked my lips. “Hey,” I poked him in the ribs.

He laughed, “What?”

“You promised me cake, too.”

“Later today,” he replied, snaking an arm around my waist. He pulled me closer, snuggling.

I let my head rest in the crook of his shoulder and closed my eyes.

Hours later, I awoke to find him still here, a hand nestled between my thighs. I was still wet.

But that’s another confession!

About the Author

Alexandria Rayne also writes erotica and sensual romance as author Sascha Illyvich. She likes writing, wine, cigars, bass and angry loud metal! Her love of romance is only surpassed by her love of good wine, pleasurable times with the partner and...*wink*