

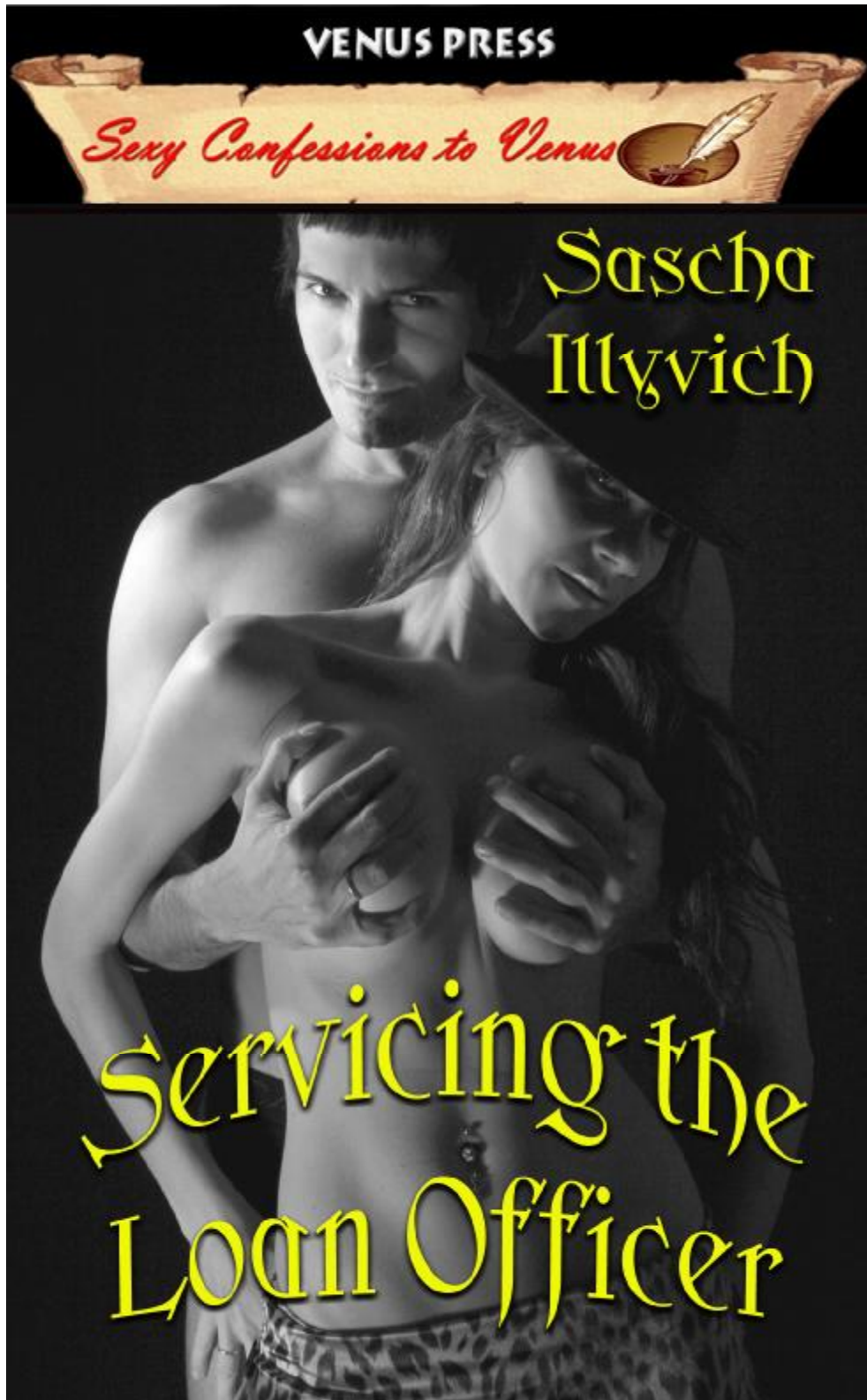
VENUS PRESS

Sexy Confessions to Venus



Sascha
Illyvich

Servicing the
Loan Officer



Sascha Illyvich

**“Sexy Confessions to Venus”
SERVICING THE LOAN OFFICER**

BY

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Sexy Confessions to Venus: SERVICING THE LOAN OFFICER

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SERVICING THE LOAN OFFICER

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Sascha Illyvich

Dedication:

Not very dedicated to:

Penelope. Ice cream and cake, do the ice cream and cake!

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Dear Venus;

Recently I hosted a seminar on abundance to twelve investors. One of my staffers, Béla, who had been at a previous workshop, indicated strongly that he found me attractive. I'm not all that, really. I'm five-foot-four, with slightly longer than shoulder-length brown hair, and have fair skin. I'm not all that fond of my hips, but last June, Béla's hands never moved from them. His tight grip showed a possessiveness that made me wet.

I figured we wouldn't make contact much after that meeting. He'd been so obstinate about a lot of things I stood for at the time. To be honest, our personalities clashed completely. He had major issues with drinking at all meals, and I'm a teetotaler. He was rough, and I don't like confrontation much.

But damn was he hot! And interested in me!

Unfortunately, after dinner that night, my last glance of him was watching his long blonde hair swish just above his tight ass as he boarded the train.

This morning I picked him up from the BART station in Lafayette. Dressed in a blue trench coat, hair down and parted in the center, he walked towards the car with a wry grin on his face.

"Good morning, sweetheart."

I smiled and leaned towards him. I felt his strong arms wrap around me, crushing me to him.

"I like the dark red suit, it fits you well."

"You can't even tell until I stand up," I giggled.

Béla stroked his short goatee. "I dreamt about it last night."

It was barely seven a.m., and I was already getting hot under the collar. Maybe I should have taken him up on his offer to spend the night helping me put together the binders for the workshop.

He opened my door and let me sit down before sliding himself into the passenger seat of my car. He kissed me chastely, his lips brushing slightly over mine and adjusted himself in his seat. The rest of the drive was quiet, except for his hand resting high atop

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my thigh. I didn't even bother to move his hand, it'd just find its' way back on my leg anyway.

We arrived at the restaurant and set up the tables, greeted the coordinator, and began welcoming people. Thirty minutes later, I was deep into my presentation about the power of money consciousness.

Béla stood tall beside me, his confidence spilling out over the room while I talked. His body thrummed with sexual energy, his heated gaze never seemed to leave my body. Standing beside me with his hair cascading over his shoulders, he looked much larger since I'd last seen him. I wanted badly to run my hands through that thick, blonde mane, feel it slide over my naked body while we tried to see just how well we'd fit together in a game of naked twister!

But I had to finish up the morning part of the seminar first.

When lunch time arrived, he bent over and whispered in my ear, "You stay here; I'll go get our food from the waiter and bring it upstairs."

His voice slid through my body like silk over bare skin. Just thinking about his large hands on my body made my knees weak. He walked out of the room, shutting the large French doors behind him.

I guess I should set the scene. The room we're using is large, has wooden floors with yellow walls. French posters line the walls except across from the doors, where large, wooden blinds cover windows that overlook the parking lot. Four tables are spread throughout the room.

A few minutes later, Béla came back with two plates, both filled with fruit. "I had an idea."

My eyebrows shot up. "You're crazy," I said to him.

"You knew that when you picked me up this morning."

I did. His hand hadn't left my thigh the entire thirty-minute drive up here, sending heat straight to my pussy. He licked his lips, picked up a plump red strawberry and brought it to my mouth. I couldn't help but open my mouth and taste the succulent fruit. I leaned forward and allowed him to push the strawberry past my lips. I bit down, chewed the fruit, and let the juices run down my chin.

Béla leaned closer to me and licked the juice from my chin. His hand snaked around my head and pulled me to his lips. Béla's tongue pushed past my lips, exploring my mouth. From one side to the other, he licked and nipped, coaxing my tongue out of my mouth and into his. I tasted the nasty green herbal cocktail along with hints of sweeter fruit.

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He groaned into my mouth and pulled back, a smile across his lips. "I like the way you taste," he told me.

I felt heat rise up my cheeks. I ran my hands down my skirt, smoothing it over my thighs. I was glad I wore panties today.

Béla leaned in, his lips brushed my ear. He moved strands of hair behind my ear and whispered, "There's more where this came from."

I pushed him away and stood to meet his full six-foot-one height. His broad shoulders made me feel small. The hungry look in his eyes said plenty. *I want to devour you.*

Béla bent down to plunder my mouth again, this time taking his time to slowly, deliciously map out every inch of my mouth. His hands caressed the small of my back, bowing me towards him. My breasts crushed against his suit and I could feel the rhythm of his heartbeat against my chest. Groaning in pleasure, I arched my body further into his, pressing my hips against his rather large erection.

"We shouldn't be doing this," I muttered.

"You're right. I should be inside you."

He reached out with one finger and touched my cheek, trailing that finger down over the line of my jaw and around my throat. His heated touch made my stomach tighten.

I ran my hands up the sides of his lean body, underneath the suit coat he wore.

Béla hissed and dipped his head to my neck. He locked his lips onto my sensitive flesh, sending chills racing up and down my spine.

He pressed his hands into the small of my back, forcing me even closer to him. One hand lifted up the hem of my skirt, a large knee slid between my legs, parting them.

His other hand cupped my breast.

I moaned louder in painful pleasure. I wanted to feel his teeth and tongue over my swollen bosom.

"Goddess," he whispered into my ear, his tongue circling the delicate flesh there.

His hand snaked underneath the backside of my blouse and began removing it from the waistband of my skirt.

"Hey," I said, but didn't make much effort in pushing him away.

His long fingers spread out over my bare flesh. Aroused nipples peaked into tight little buds. I knew if we didn't stop now, I'd have to let him fuck my brains out here in this restaurant. I couldn't do that, with a room full of people downstairs who could come in at any moment and find their financial trainer in mid thrust with one of her trainers.

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“We’ve got to stop,” I mumbled again, but he didn’t hear me. He leaned me back to one side of a chair, his arm holding me tight. His hot breath on my bare skin was driving me wild. He stood me straight up, spreading my legs apart with one powerful thigh. My skirt bunched up around my hips and I felt the pressure of his groin against mine. “Seriously, Béla, I don’t want to stop but if someone comes in and sees us, it’ll just be...” His mouth sealed over mine and I felt his hand cup me.

“I’ll stop,” he breathed, “but we’re going straight back to your place after this is over.”

My own breathing had become ragged. I was soaked and would need to go into the bathroom to remove my sopping wet panties. Unfortunately, I didn’t carry an extra pair and was *not* going to walk around the place sans underwear. Not with Béla standing so close anyway. A girl’s gotta play hard to get.

I sat up, stood, smoothed out my skirt and tried to tuck my shirt back in. Béla stepped back and popped an orange slice in his smug little mouth. Little bastard!

“You should wipe that smile off your face,” I whispered.

“You should adjust your bra.”

“Fucker...”

We both adjourned to the room downstairs where lunch was being served to the rest of the participants. Thankfully, another assistant had ordered for me. With my nerves on edge as they were, I wasn’t really able to eat. Béla kept looking at me, suggesting I try the dessert, insisting that it wouldn’t compare to tonight’s meal. Everyone at the table kept looking at him, laughing with him, but I knew he was doing this to torture me. The smug bastard had the gall to order alcohol with his meal.

After lunch, the seminar rolled on. It was fun, teaching others to empower themselves financially. Watching Béla dance during one of our energy revitalization sessions was certainly a treat, until I felt jealously well up inside when I noticed him staring blatantly at three other women’s asses.

One of the games I had the group play, Béla volunteered to coach, alternating between two of the four tables, and of course standing behind me, his fingers tangled in my hair. I arched my head back, looking up at his deep blue eyes. Feeling my nipples hardening again, I quickly moved away from him. I pulled my jacket off the chair and buttoned it up around me. Couldn’t have a room mostly full of men staring at my chest while we talked about money, now could we?

At the end of the day, I stood thanking the crowd for attending and expressed excitement about the following day. Béla stood behind me, so close you’d think we were

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married. His scent filled my nose, even from behind. He was gracious enough to step away when I started to stumble over my final thoughts for the day.

He and I were the last to leave.

“So, where do you want all of this?” He pointed to the large blue container that I carried my supplies in.

“What the hell was that?”

His expression became puzzled. “What?”

“I saw you staring at those other women’s asses. What the hell was that?”

“I’m a man.”

His nonchalant attitude annoyed me. Now I remembered why we weren’t exactly compatible.

“You told me to be authentic.” He leaned into me so close that I could feel his body heat. The hair on my body stood up.

“You’re not getting away with this,” I barely managed to get the last word out before his mouth sealed over mine. His tongue immediately plundered my mouth, sweeping first from one side to the other before he pulled away from the kiss.

I stood catching my breath, stunned. His hands went to my shoulders, pulling me into his body. A hand snaked down my back, underneath my jacket and against my skin. His hands were hot against my bare skin. I felt his fingers inch slowly up my back until they slid between my bra straps. “No.”

“You mean—“

“Not here,” I cut him off. “My place. Quickly.”

He grinned wickedly, his tongue gliding over his lips. “Okay.” He leaned forward, seizing my mouth again with his and gave me another one of those stunning, heated kisses that left me breathless.

Then he picked up the container and trudged downstairs with it while I attempted to collect myself.

I sat down waiting for the flush to leave my cheeks. Béla came back into the room, standing with his legs just barely spread apart. “I really like you at waist length.”

“Let’s get out of here.”

Nodding, he took my hand and led me carefully downstairs and out of the restaurant. The entire drive back to my place his hand was on my thigh, stroking it. His fingers picked at the nylons, making my leg twitch. He didn’t say a word but his hand inched up my skirt, his fingers skimming over my bare thigh. Why on earth did I bother with thigh-high stockings?

My legs quivered at his touch, but I kept driving.

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Parting my legs for him, I tried to relax and concentrate on driving, but I jumped when his finger reached the inside of my thigh.

“You know, we have got to do something about this.” His fingers tugged at the band of my panties. I slammed my legs together, trapping his hand. His fingers wiggled, making me wetter by the minute. Sweat broke out on my brow. His fingers managed to part my legs and slid underneath the band of my panties. I guess it didn’t matter anyway; they were soaked.

“You’re so ready for this, aren’t you?” His deep masculine voice rumbled in my ear.

I nodded, it was the only response I could give; my stomach was tied up in knots.

His finger slid inside, past my moist lips. I froze, barely missing the red light at the intersection five minutes away from my apartment.

“You like that, don’t you?” His fingers moved inside, deeper, slowly.

Agonizingly delicious sensations raced up my spine. “Oh God!” His fingers brushed over my clit. I couldn’t believe I was letting him do this to me, but I couldn’t stop him either—wouldn’t stop him.

Just when we pulled up to the curb, he slid his hand out and patted my thigh.

I groaned. “You’re not going to leave me like this, unsatisfied are you?”

He shook his head. “No, baby, I’m not. I’m just getting started.”

I put the car into park and tried to get out of the car as fast as possible, fumbling through the pockets of my jacket for my keys. Béla stood, closed the door gently, and walked around to stand beside me.

“Can’t have my favorite dream run over.” He handed me the keys to my own car.

“Smart ass.”

“Still not as nice as yours,” he retorted.

I licked my lips. “I’ll be the judge of that.”

He smiled. His hand on my elbow and led me up the steps. He waited for me to open the large Italian style gate

“First floor, past the pool, number 1045.”

“Right.”

He followed in step with me, his hand brushing my elbow while his knuckles grazed my breast. I nearly jumped.

I jingled my keys against the door, anxious to get inside. Béla grabbed my wrist, gently slid the key in the lock, and turned the handle. It opened and he picked me up. I squealed and latched onto his shoulders. He carried me inside with ease, setting me down on my couch.

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“Sorry it’s a mess.”

“We’ll clean tomorrow.” Was all he managed to say.

My eyebrows shot up. “Tomorrow?”

“Yeah, I’m cooking you dinner after I eat mine.”

“But I have roommates. What will they think?”

“Fuck ’em.”

Shrugging my shoulders in frustration, I glared at him. “Just come here.” I sighed.

Reaching up to him, I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him onto me. He fell down hard, blanketing my body. Slipping out of his coat, he tossed it aside.

The massive expanse of his chest was just beneath a thin cloth. “You don’t need this shirt, do you?”

He started to respond but I popped the first few buttons open, astounded at the expanse of toned skin that was in front of me.

“Never mind. I’ll sew them tonight.”

Béla laughed then dipped his head down to my neck, gripping my flesh with his teeth. He wasn’t gentle, either. I would certainly have bruises tomorrow.

“Not so hard.” I tried to reply but his hands had found the hem of my shirt. Lifting it up over my head, I stretched my arms out so the shirt could be removed.

I lay on the couch, bra and skirt still on. I felt the rush of cool air over my skin, but his lips on my belly gave me goose bumps.

His tongue trailed a fiery path down my bellybutton, slipping between the waistband of my skirt. Tugging the skirt down slightly, he kissed down farther.

I broke out in a sweat.

“Are you going to fuck me, Béla?”

“No, I’m not.”

I cried out.

He yanked the skirt down my hips, taking my sopping wet panties with it. Tossing them on the coffee table, he reached over and retrieved my panties. “Souvenir,” he laughed.

“You wouldn’t.”

“I just did.” Forcing my legs apart, he looked down at my body. I hated my little belly, but the wicked gleam in his eyes said volumes.

Exposed completely, save my bra, I craned my neck to see what he’d do next.

“I love that you keep your pussy trimmed. It,” he inhaled, “smells wonderful.” Then he dipped his head between my legs and sank his tongue in.

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I shivered when his tongue touched my slick flesh. His large hands parted my thighs and held them down even as I tried to struggle. His tongue swept from one side to the other, coating every inch of pink flesh with slickness before he leaned over and held my legs apart with the weight of his body.

“Why can’t I touch you back?”

“Patience. Isn’t that what you taught us earlier?”

“You’re a little shi—” His tongue swirled around my hole until his arms brushed my legs. I gripped a couch cushion in one hand and clenched my teeth. My stomach hadn’t been this tight since I can’t remember. The last man to give me head like this was...was...

“Ohmygodohmygodohmygod!” Two fingers slid in, spreading my lips wider apart. The largeness of his fingers filling me was more a torture than a relief—I ached for his cock.

“Please,” I begged. I couldn’t believe I was begging, but I repeated the word over and over again, “Please, please, please, Béla.”

His fingers pumping in and out, his tongue and teeth working over my pussy made every nerve in my body take notice.

My hips rose to meet his thrusting hand, the sound of flesh slapping against flesh filling the room.

He held me down firmly, dug in with his mouth and covered my pussy completely, his tongue lapping at every damn bit of skin. I was going insane, thrashing from side to side, and hoping he’d stop this torture and slide that big cock in me. I clenched my eyes tightly, I hoped and prayed that he’d stop the games and fuck me.

It was too late.

The familiar calmness, followed by a noticeable wetness and the unknotting of my entire body washed over me.

I lay beneath him, my body as limp as a wet noodle. He knelt down beside me, taking one hand in his, the other stroking my hair. He leaned in for a kiss and I tasted myself on him. Surprised, I sat up.

“You’ve never had a guy swallow your come before, have you baby?”

I turned away. “No, I’ve never had a guy do a lot of things.”

“So what’s for dinner?” he asked, the smug look returning to his handsome face.

“I can’t move.”

“Then I will. You’ll need your strength. I’m far from done, if you’d like.”

“Oh, I’d like. Very much indeed.”

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About the Author

Sascha Illyvich/Alexandria Rayne writes erotica and Sensual romance. Her likes are 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*

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