



Love in the Elevator
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Love in the Elevator

I'm not the type of girl who is easily aroused, but he had this kind of smile that could make the temperature around me soar. This beau looked young, maybe in his late twenties or early thirties, but he dressed with an impeccably mature look. No, no, I'm not talking about suspenders or old man's high-waisted pants. I mean he dressed in three-piece suits with tastefully coordinated tie and shoes.

He might have been a stockbroker, or lawyer or something. All I know is he worked a few floors above me. Don't ask me about his name either, 'cause he never introduced himself. I only saw him in the elevator almost every morning when I was going to work. On occasion I'd see him in the evening when I had to work late.

We never exchanged more than a nod. I never initiated a hello and he never attempted to break the ice. Mind you, when it comes to the opposite sex, I'm quite a snob. If a man's interested in me, he should be the one who makes the first move, shouldn't he? So, our encounters consisted of long silence in the elevator, up or down the dozens of floors in our office building. But one thing I noticed, he always stole a glance at me when he thought I wasn't looking. I caught him a few times. Then he grinned.

And nothing happened.

At first, I wasn't bothered by his antics. Men do window-shopping and people have told me I am quite a looker. He had no ring on his finger. I figured he probably

had a girlfriend, or a fiancée, or maybe a boyfriend... you just never know these days. But lately, he did more than just steal a glance at me. He actually ogled me through the elevator's mirror. A smile always followed when I caught him.

Still, he didn't make the first move, but I very much wanted him to.

For the next couple of days, his behavior made me think either he really was interested in me or I just looked funny. The notion bugged the hell out of me, so when I met him again in the elevator that night, I scowled at him when he did his ogling routine.

His smile disappeared when he saw me frown.

Did I really look funny? My gaze drifted to his trousers. I had a knack of spotting a hard-on. If he thought I was a ditz, he wouldn't be having that erection, would he? I knew with every fiber of my being that he was having a big one right about now.

The elevator was empty, other than us, with seventy floors to go to the lobby. I was so curious, I decided to get to the bottom of this mystery. I took a step closer and groped him between his thighs.

Ah-ha. He was, indeed, fully aroused.

He blanched. His eyes flew wild, staring at me with an expression of disbelief. At this point, I was pretty sure he would bark at me and later he would press charges for sexual harassment when we got to the ground floor. So I was surprised when he grimaced and said, "Oh, babe, you're gonna get it."

That was the first time I'd heard him speak. His voice was deep, throaty, a signature male voice. Very sexy. Before I could say a word, he swept me off the floor

and pushed me against the wall. His mouth silenced my yelp of surprise with a greedy kiss as his hands slid under my skirt. He groped me everywhere, as if he had wanted to do just that for a long time.

I burned. My surprise turned into full blown heat. My pussy throbbed and creamed. I kissed him back with the same greed. He tasted spicy, orange and cinnamon. He grunted, assaulting me back with a forceful kiss, his tongue inside my mouth, sweeping past my teeth, over my palate, devouring me as if he would die if he didn't.

Suddenly, he broke the kiss. "What took you so long, sweetheart? Damn, all these months..." Then, unceremoniously, he wrenched my panties down.

I gasped. I heard the fabric tear.

The elevator was on the 44th floor when he took a step backwards and slammed the emergency button. The elevator stopped. He had my panties in his hand — they were the black ones with frilly lace I'd bought last month in Vegas. He watched me with his mischievous grin, then he inhaled the scent of my panties deeply into his lungs. "Nice," he told me.

I stood shaking when he stalked back with a predatory gait. I've never in my life been this turned on. He kissed me again, hard, while he unzipped his pants. He shoved my legs wider and palmed my mound, stroking my dripping pussy as if I were his kitty cat. I purred happily.

My purr turned into a loud meow when he poised the tip of his cock into my cunt. His blunt cock-head grazed my slippery folds before it dove into my needy core. He thrust into me in one jealous pounce. God, was he big. Fuck, too big. I felt

lightheaded when he forced my pussy to take him whole. I gasped again, feeling the air around me thinning. I'd never been stretched like this before, but I was loving it, every inch of him. So deep and nasty it hurt, but it felt so good after he ground himself to the root.

He sheathed into me balls-deep when we heard a voice from the speaker. "Are you all right?" Building security, responding to the emergency button.

"Sssh." He ordered me not to answer.

"Hello? Hello?"

"But -"

He covered my mouth with his hand, silencing my objection. "Baby, we only have 40 floors to go."

"Is anyone there?" the voice through the speaker seeped again.

The elevator trembled when we didn't answer. The light showed descending digits. We were going down.

My protest turned into a yelp, and then a long moan when he started to fuck me in short, rapid thrusts. My head banged against the glass mirror, and my spine creaked as he pummeled in and out like an incessant jackhammer. He looked straight at me as he was fucking me. I was startled to see the intensity in his eyes. Hungry and predatory. He called me baby again as he wildly hammered his ravenous cock into me, into my eager cunt that had been speared open to the point that soon I could only feel fire. Each thrust was so deep, so unbelievably good, a savage, pistoning fuck one after another

that made me want to scream at the top of my lungs from the overwhelming ecstasy. But I couldn't. He made sure I wouldn't squeak a sound.

"God, I love you," he growled, letting go of his hand from my mouth and replacing it with a starving kiss. His mouth ravaged my lips as his cock battered my pussy, slam after slam as if he wanted to fuck me up to my throat. My head smashed against the glass making white vertigo swim into my vision for seconds. I whimpered.

I was so helpless against the flood of his torrential fuck. My body quaked, my muscles ached from the maddening sensations. I clung to him as the pleasure climbed higher and higher, digging my nails in his shoulders, not caring that I might ruin his expensive Versace suit. My heart hammered into my throat. My ears rang. My breath stalled. I couldn't breathe...

"Fuck," he screamed.

I floated. Fireworks burst before my eyes as a blinding orgasm consumed me whole. He came a second after me, gusted his feral curse on the side of my ear as he exploded, emptying spasm after spasm of hot, sticky cum inside me.

I felt like a rag doll when he withdrew and zipped his pants.

The elevator's light flashed floor 7, then 6, and counted down.

He helped me fix my clothes, but I still looked dazed, like a woman who'd gone off her medication this morning.

The elevator door opened and two security guards stood, waiting. "You folks having some trouble?" asked one of them. The other guy glanced suspiciously at me

because I was so flushed. Any idiot could see I looked like a woman who'd just gotten boned.

"We're fine. Must be a faulty alarm." My lover tugged my arm and urged me out of the elevator. I trudged next to him as if I just had woken up from a dream. In the corridor we stood face to face, and yet we didn't have anything to say to each other.

He basked me with his signature smile and kissed me on the cheek. "See you tomorrow, babe."

And he left.

I went home in a daze, feeling like something was missing. When I got home, I remembered what it was. My panties. He hadn't given my panties back. Or were they left in the elevator?

When I went to work the next morning, I didn't see any evidence of our scandalous tryst in the elevator, and nobody was insane enough to put my panties in the lost and found bin.

The mystery unraveled when I received a bouquet of red roses after lunch and a pink card that said: "If you want your panties back, meet me at the Sears Tower at 10 P.M. tonight. Just so you know, the Sears Tower has 110 stories. It'll be fun."

I sank in my chair with wanton aches in my pussy. Yeah, I thought, it would be fun, wouldn't it?

About the Author:

Lizzie Lynn Lee was a guitarist, receptionist, executive assistant, tarot reader, boutique owner and graphic artist before she discovered writing is her dream job. The advantage is she can do it in her pajamas and socks. She's an incurable chatterbox, heavy metal aficionado, book worm, digital enthusiast and a night owl since most of her stories were done in the wee hours of the morning because of her caffeine-induced insomnia. These days she still plays her guitar whenever she gets bored, staring at her computer's screen or plotting the most elaborate scheme of world domination. Fortunately, she has a chronically short attention span.

She loves to hear back from her readers, so drop her a line at:

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