One Step Further

by RoseMadder ©

I set the telephone handset down into its cradle and lean back in my

chair. Stretching my arms above my head I feel the tension in my shoulders

relax slightly as I glance at the clock. Its 4:30 which means I have just

an hour to get through before I can go home and relax into a warm bath

with a glass of wine and a bar of chocolate.

The last three weeks have been incredibly busy, but the pace of work is

due to slow down shortly and I can afford to take a bit of time off.

Looking up towards the door I see Nick walking towards me. I smile warmly

at him and he grins back and winks. He's such a total flirt that it

doesn't surprise me in the slightest when he detours from his route and

comes to perch on the edge of my desk. He casts a quick glance down my

stockinged legs,

'Nice shoes baby' he says appreciatively

'Why thanks' I reply, smiling up into his face.

This is a game we play on a regular basis. I am pretty sure he fancies me

but up until now our relationship has been based solely on smutty

comments, usually about what I may or may not be wearing under my sensible

work suits. I don't mind this in the slightest although I am fully aware

that other girls in my office would probably hate that sort of innuendo. I

like it, it makes me feel attractive and Nick obviously likes it too. I've

decided that there's no harm in it and its fun.

I cock my head to one side slightly and look at Nick from underneath my

eye lashes.

'Do you have a shoe fetish Nick?' I ask.

'Absolutely sweetie, and a stocking fetish and an underwear fetish and a

pretty girl fetish too!'

I nod and smile to show that his comment has been taken in the right way

and I am happy to continue with the game.

'So I suppose if I told you that I wasn't wearing any knickers, you'd be

disappointed then?'

Nick shifts his weight on the desk and takes an almost inaudible breath

in.

'Oh honey, I am not sure I'd believe you if you told me that' he says

'you're such a sweet and innocent girl'

I smile again and wink.

'Well, that's what you think, but you never can tell' I tease.

Nick glances round the office quickly to make sure we're not being watched

before leaning a little closer to me. His hand is resting on the corner of

my desk, inches away from my breast and I focus on it as he whispers in my

ear,

'I'd like to find out for sure if you're telling the truth'

He reaches past me for a note pad and pen, brushing my shoulder as he

does. He scribbles a few lines on the paper and pushes it back towards me.

This is further than the game has gone before and I feel butterflies in my

stomach as I realize what's happening. The writing on the pad is an

address, his address I assume.

'What's this?' I ask, my voice shaking slightly.

'As I said, I would really like to find out for sure if you're telling the

truth. I'm in all alone tonight, my flatmate has gone away for a couple of

days so there is no chance of interruptions. Come over and I'll cook you

dinner... or something'

With that he slips off the desk and turns to walk away but not before

casting a lingering glance down my shirt, catching my eyes and winking.

I realize to my surprise that my nipples are hard inside my bra. Taking a

deep breath in, I sit for a moment and think about what has just happened.

One the one hand, it's incredibly nice to be admired but I have to work

with this guy. Is it really sensible to get into a situation where I will

most likely end up sleeping with him? I don't mind the teasing chats we

have, in fact I really quite like them but...

While I am carrying on my internal debate, my phone rings. It's a client

needing to be reassured about the plans she is making for her wedding and

for the next 15 minutes I am distracted from any thoughts about Nick.

When I next look up, at the clock, I see that it's 5:15. Just 15 minutes

to make a decision. I can see Nicks' desk from where I am sitting. He

seems to be working on a document at his PC and is engrossed in what he's

doing. I turn to my screen and notice I have a new email. I click on the

icon and the message pops up.

'Hey gorgeous,

When you get to my flat later, I might be in the shower. I'll leave the

key in the lock. Just come on in and make yourself comfortable. There's

wine in the fridge.

See you later!

N xx'

A little smile creeps across my face. I think my decision has been made.

The remaining minutes tick slowly by until finally the clock reads 5:30.

Nick is switching off his PC and putting his jacket on. I shuffle a few

papers into a pile and wait until he stands up and begins to walk towards

me before standing myself and bending down to adjust the ankle strap on my

shoe. The skirt I am wearing is pretty short already and I am hoping that

as Nick walks past he will catch a glimpse of the top of my stocking

through the split at the back of my skirt.

As he passes I see him slow a little and take a good long look. Hopefully

he saw what I wanted him to see. I straighten up and smile at him.

'Night Nick, see you tomorrow'

'Yeah, ok night then' he calls back over his shoulder, cool as you like!

My stiletto heels click purposefully along the walk way which leads to the

flat. It's taken me a good half hour to finally find where I am supposed

to be and all of a sudden, it seems like utter madness to be here. I tuck

a stray strand of hair which has come loose from my updo behind my ear as

I check the slip of paper in my hand. The number on the door corresponds

with the number on the paper and as he promised in the email, there is a

key sticking out of the lock.

I take a deep breath, not quite believing what I am about to do and turn

the key. As the door swings shut behind me, I can hear the shower running.

I drop my jacket, handbag and briefcase on the chair next to the phone and

look around me. There are three doors leading off the hall. One is

obviously the bedroom, the other two are standing slightly open giving me

views of the kitchen and living room. Choices choices! Do I go and wait in

the living room or...

After thinking about it for a second, I cross the carpet to the bedroom

door. As I enter the room, I am faced by a solid wall of windows through

which a sunlit view of the river twinkles.

'Impressive' I think to myself. 'This certainly has possibilities'

Taking all my courage in my hands, I turn and walk towards the en-suite

bathroom. A cloud of steam brushes my face as I enter and I wipe a hand

over the mirror to clear the mist. Looking at myself in the mirror, I

inspect my outfit. My skirt clings to my hips and skims my thighs. My high

heels force my pelvis forward slightly and define my calf muscles. The

white shirt I am wearing shows a demure amount of cleavage. My make-up is

softening slightly from the steam and just a smudge of red lipstick

remains.

Slowly, I reach behind my head and pull the clip from my hair. I know Nick

is watching me and I'm loving the feeling. I lightly shake my head and my

brown curls tumble from where they've been placed, down around my

shoulders.

The door of the shower opens releasing more clouds of steam. Nick's face

appears, streaming with water.

'Hi' he smiles shaking his head so that droplets of water fly everywhere.

I see you've found me, I wasn't sure that you'd come.

His words jar me back to reality, he sounds so normal. Is this a normal

thing that's happening to him? Does he often have girls from the office

let themselves into his flat, his bathroom while he is in the shower?

I can feel myself blushing, becoming unsure of the situation. This

obviously shows in my face as Nick's expression falters.

He steps from the shower and I don't know where to look. His cock is semi

hard and he's obviously very proud of his body as he doesn't try and cover

the fact. His torso, also slick and wet from the shower is toned but not

over defined. I can see that his arm muscles are, well, gorgeous! Despite,

or perhaps because of the situation, I feel my nipples harden and a flood

of warmth rushes between my legs.

I smile over at Nick because, what else can I do? Although I feel unsure,

I do want to be here and I don't want to ruin the moment.

Without a word, I decide to take control of the situation. Besides, I have

to do something to move things along. The sight of Nicks' nakedness is

really exciting and the image of kneeling and taking his semi-hard cock

into my mouth, licking and sucking it until it reaches it's full firmness

has started to work it's way into my head.

As Nick stands and stares at me, I reach around and unzip my skirt,

sliding it down over my hips and thighs to my ankles. I delicately step

out of it, leaving it crumpled on the floor.

'Whoa! I see that you were telling the truth' Nick stutters.

Underneath my skirt I am totally naked except for my suspender belt and

stockings. The fabric of my suspenders frames the bottom of my stomach and

the tops of my legs. Because of the way I am standing, legs crossed, Nick

can't see the whole of my pussy which is tucked away neatly.

Without saying a word, I turn so my back is facing him and lift one leg

onto the step next to the bath to re-adjust my black stocking. As I do

this, I hear Nick stifle a low moan. I know that he has a very inviting

view of the smooth creamy curve of my backside.

I want to turn and look at Nick, but I resist the urge. The low sound

makes my stomach flip and I take a deep breath before lowering my foot to

the floor, swapping legs and re-adjusting the second stocking. Standing

straight I push my pelvis slightly forward and run my hands over the

straps of my black suspenders before moving them up to my crisp white

shirt.

With a deft flick I pop the first button open to expose a tiny bit more of

my cleavage. A second flick and Nick catches a soft focus glimpse of a

smooth breast encased in lacy fabric in the steamy mirror. As my hands

accidentally brush my nipples, I can't help but release a low moan myself.

I tense the muscles in the tops of my thighs and a millions tiny sparks of

pleasure rush through my pussy. I want to touch myself, push my fingers

through my sparse pubic hair and touch the wetness which I can feel

trickling over my slit. Instead, I run both palms up to my breasts and

pinch my nipples gently. I want to tease Nick, to make him want me.

I can see Nick watching me in the mirror, his mouth is slightly open and

the tip of his tongue is poking out slightly. It's a sweet expression of

concentration which I have seen him make at work when dealing with a

difficult situation. The thought that he makes that same face when aroused

makes my legs weak.

I glance down his body and see that his cock is much harder than before,

the image of getting on my knees and taking him all the way into my mouth

while he grips handfuls of my hair flashes back into my mind.

I release the remaining buttons on my shirt and shrug it off my shoulders,

the muscles on my back flexing under my skin. Nick sighs softly as I do

this. As the shirt slips from my shoulders, my breasts strain against my

bra, bulging slightly at the top.

'Oh wow, they are beautiful, how do you manage to cover those puppies so

well at work!'

I'm not surprised by this comment. I have been told this before, but it

never fails to excite me. The thought that I am being watched and admired

at work, that men look at me and fantasise about what I have on under my

work clothes, is a huge turn on. The butterflies in my stomach make

another appearance.

Standing in the humid room in nothing but my underwear and a pair of

wickedly spiked shoes, I feel an incredible sense of power. I know that I

could just get dressed again and walk out of the flat, leaving Nick

wanting me. The mini striptease has got me to a point where I need to be

satisfied though and I am not about to be that cruel.

I smile in reply to Nicks comment and lean forward, balancing myself

against the counter with my hands. I raise myself slightly on my toes so

that my back arches and my ass sticks out, the muscles flexing gently.

Nick reaches one finger towards me and strokes the smooth skin of my back,

trailing his digit from the top of my spine, all the way down until it

touches the valley of my backside.

I breathe in hard and shiver slightly, my stomach pulls itself up against

my rib cage. I steal a glance in the mirror and notice that Nick has moved

his other hand down onto his dick. He's not moving, just holding and

squeezing. I can see the length of his fingers, the smoothness of the

backs of his hands, the whiteness compared to the darker tones of his

cock.

I feel another flood of warmth between my legs as I imagine those fingers

sliding slowly inside me. A tiny trickle of my juices makes its way down

the inside of my thigh where it is absorbed into the silky fabric of my

stockings.

Nick looks up and sees me gazing at him, lips slightly parted, the tip of

my tongue wetting them. He squeezes his cock harder enjoying the pressure

and begins to move his hand up and down the shaft so I can get a better

look at the length. I moan appreciatively and look up into his face. His

bottom lip is caught between his teeth and he moans gently with each

deliberate stroke.

His hips move in rhythm with his hand and he stumbles forward slightly so

the tip of the shaft hits my ass with each stroke of his hand. Each time

it touches me it leaves a tiny wet spot. I feel a sudden desire to feel it

pushing between my cheeks and hitting my hole. I close my eyes and tilt my

head back, stretching my neck and letting out a soft groan.

Nick must be reading my mind as he stops what he is doing and takes my

hand. He leads me out of the bathroom, across the soft carpet and out onto

the balcony which overlooks the river. It's a warm evening and the soft

breeze blows my hair around my face.

Nick pushes me back against the cold glass and holds me for a moment by my

shoulders casting his eyes over my body. Since I'm still wearing my shoes,

I'm almost as tall as him and he leans forward to graze my breasts against

his chest. As he touches me, I can't help but moan a little, a soft sound

which resembles a cats purr. Gently he takes my face in his hands and runs

both thumbs over my lips.

'This is fun, huh?' he asks.

'Oh yeah!' I reply

Nicks arm slides around the small of my back causing a band of heat

against my skin. My ass presses against the glass spreading it slightly.

Nick moves forward in a quick unexpected motion and slips one leg between

mine, pressing it against my damp slit. I'm now covered by a wall of heat

in front of and a wall of coldness at the back. The different sensations

feel incredible and I wriggle, fitting my curves more closely against him.

I start to move my pelvis backwards and forwards rubbing myself against

his thigh.

I can feel Nick's cock pressed against my leg, hotter than the rest of

him. I am so wet and slippery between my legs and my breath is coming hard

and fast, my chest rising and falling, grazing my breasts against him.

Nick slowly and deliberately slides down my body, and holding my hips to

steady me, plunges his tongue deeply into my sopping wet cunt. I am

shocked at the sudden sensations which prickle across my skin and squeak

loudly. I look down to see Nick licking and sucking at my clitoris. He

lets a long meaningful 'Mmmmmm' escape his full mouth and the vibrations

make me squirm in pleasure against his face.

The way he is crouched at my feet means I have a full view of his engorged

dick. It's twitching gently, wet with his pre-cum. I want more than

anything to take it in my mouth and lick the salt from the tip. I rock my

head back against the glass as Nick slips one, then two fingers inside me.

His other hand has worked itself from my waist to rest on my ass and he is

gently kneading the flesh there, working closer and closer to pulling my

cheeks apart.

He removes the fingers which were deep inside me and replaces them with

his tongue. Now both hands are behind me, pulling me open, a wet finger is

gently, insistently pressing against my ass-hole, circling it, and teasing

me. My stomach is turning to water and my knees are weakening. No-one has

ever done this to me before but, hell, it feels fantastic. Without warning

a single finger slips easily into me. I didn't realize I was so relaxed.

Nick moans against my cunt again, those little vibrations tickle my thighs

again adding to all the different feelings which are coursing through my

body. My nipples feel like they are on fire and beg to be touched. I grab

at them with my fingers, twisting them. A silver trail which begins in my

stomach creeps up through me to connect in my nipples.

I suddenly become aware that I am standing on a strange mans balcony,

outside, totally naked being eaten out by a guy I know from work.

Incredibly, the realization doesn't panic me. In fact I feel even hotter

because of it. Nick is quite obviously enjoying exploring me but I don't

want to cum like this.

I slip sideways out of his grasp. He looks up at me, his face slick with

my juices. I smile down at him and beckon him up to standing again.

'I need you to do something for me' I purr. 'I need you to put your cock

in my mouth and I need you to do it hard'

Nicks eyes widen 'Seriously? How hard?'

'As hard as you can, I want it all the way in my mouth, so far in that

your balls slap against my chin' I explain 'I love it, you won't hurt me'

I promise.

'Ok then' Nick grins

I drop to my knees and breathe the scent of him, closing my eyes,

preparing myself to give him best blow-job of his life. Nick grabs the

back of my head and twists his fingers into my hair. Little trickles of my

juices drip onto the wooden deck as I open my mouth, shaking slightly with

anticipation. As Nick brings his hips forward I lower my mouth to meet him

and the tip of his cock slides onto my welcoming tongue.

He jerks as he enters my mouth and I can't help but smile. A satisfied

groan comes from somewhere above me as I close my mouth onto him. His

thick tangy pre-cum coats my tongue and I begin to suck greedily at him

taking him little by little, further and further into my mouth.

Nicks hand pushes insistently at the back of my head as he groans again. I

put both palms flat against his thighs steadying his thrusts so he doesn't

go too far too fast. My tongue is performing a miniature dance around the

underside of his shaft, working along the ridge. I'm aware that I am

groaning with pleasure with every thrust of his cock in my mouth. Because

I am balanced on my heels, my ass and cunt are spread open and I can feel

the soft breeze caressing my most intimate places.

A gush of fluid escapes me and pools on the deck, Nick glances down and

notices. A little surprised gasp escapes his lips and turns into a full on

groan of desire. He begins to thrust harder, hitting the back of my throat

and I feel what I have been hoping for since I arrived, his balls banging

against my chin.

My mouth is so full of saliva and pre-cum that a tiny amount escapes and

trickles down my cheek. Nick is really thrusting into me now, his hand on

the back of my head forcing me to keep going. I reach up and cup his balls

in my hand, massaging them gently. I'm really moaning now, little cries of

pleasure and pain which Nick is responding to.

My other hand has slipped down between my legs and is massaging my

clitoris. The waves of heat it's generating, flowing through my body and

making me shake. Nick is staring down at me.

'Do you like the way that feels? Me fucking your face, my cock in your

mouth all the way up to the hilt?'

I moan desperately in response, moving my fingers faster on my clitoris,

I'm gulping down mouthfuls of saliva now, it's almost too difficult to

breathe and my eyes start to water. A look of concern passes over Nicks

face and he roughly pulls out of my mouth and pulls me up into his arms.

'Oh god, did I hurt you?'

'No, not at all, that's exactly what I wanted'

Nick takes me by the hand and leads me into the bedroom. His concern

touches me and for the first time since I arrived, I take his face in my

hands and kiss him.

'It's really fine' I say 'I love doing that and you really didn't hurt me'

'Hmm, ok, I'll take your word for it, but I think we'll stop just for a

second. I want you to do something for me now'

Nick positions himself flat on his back on the bed and pulls me so I am

straddled over him.

'I want to watch you play with yourself until you cum' He explains

I'm more than happy to oblige and raising myself up to my knees slowly

slide my hand down between my legs. I come alive again almost instantly,

my touch gentle and flowing. I slide my fingers the full length of my

slit, moaning softly before bringing my fingers to my mouth and licking

the juices off them.

I delve down again, pushing two fingers inside myself this time and

massaging my g-spot. Instead of bringing my fingers back to my mouth, this

time I let Nick lick them clean. He makes and appreciative noise as he

does and says,

'Mmm, sweet'

He reaches forward to touch my nipples, still encased in my bra. After

playing with them for a moment, he eases the fabric away from my skin and

lowers his mouth to take one of the firm nubs into his mouth, circling it

with his tongue and sending shivers sparkling through it.

My hand is moving faster now and Nick is being showered with tiny drops

from my wet pussy. He reaches forward with his hand again, underneath me

and between my legs to probe again at my ass. I remember how good this

felt before and sigh hard as I press myself backwards on to his finger.

I am bucking my hips now, pleading with him to push his finger inside me,

knowing that it will start a chain of ripples which will end in my orgasm.

I need him to stimulate me with everything he's got so I stand up, turn

around and kneel down again facing his feet. My soaking wet pussy is now

inches from his face and I hear him gasp as he inspects it closely.

He pushes his finger into my ass and at the same time buries his face into

my pussy, pushing his tongue as far in as it will go. I go to work on his

stiff cock, lapping and sucking it as if my life depended on it.

My pussy is convulsing around Nicks tongue as the first waves of my orgasm

approach. It feels like there is liquid in my joints as an overwhelming

feeling of relaxation washes over me. I push down hard onto his finger,

begging him not to stop. My mouth is full of his cock and my two holes are

filled with his fingers and tongue.

Nick is panting, telling me to cum and I give in and let the waves of pure

pleasure take me over. I'm crying as I cum, my orgasm jolting through me,

making me feel as vunerable as a newborn baby. My hands form fists and my

heart bangs against my ribs as though it might burst through at any

moment. There is a buzzing sound in my ears and I am calling out for Nick,

asking him to hold me, tears pouring down my cheeks. As my bucking hips

slow down, Nick keeps eating me, more gently now, almost caressing my

swollen pussy.

He doesn't let me rest, he grabs my hips and positions me so I am half

sitting against the headboard. He kneels over me and again feeds his cock

into my mouth. He begins to fuck my face, telling me how, when he cums

he's going to shoot it all over my neck, my tits, my pretty face. I

alternate between sucking his rigid cock and his smooth balls, I push my

tongue all the way along the underside of his dick, flicking my tongue

almost all the way down to his ass.

I moan as his thrusting becomes frantic and hold his balls, cupping them

in my hands as they become tight against his body. I slide my hand down

between my legs again massaging my clitoris slowly. Nick sees me do this

and throws his head back as he cums, just as he said he would, over my

face, neck and tits.

Nick smiles down at me as I trail my fingers through his semen and bring

them to my lips to lick clean. He rolls off the bed and opens a cupboard

and passes me a towel to clean up with.

'Any chance of a glass of water Nick?' I smile at him

'I think I can do one better than that' he replies disappearing from the

bedroom.

He returns with a bottle of wine and pours me a glass before hopping back

up on to the bed next to me. As I lay back, sipping the wine, Nick casts

his eyes the full length of my body.

'Do you think there's a chance we might do this again?' he asks.

I consider his request for a moment before breaking into a grin.

'I think there's a very good chance we will do this again' I reply.