

The 32nd Storey: Playing With Fire

By Madison Blake
Copyright December 2009
All Rights Reserved

Jenna walked into Abram Whitney's penthouse suite, her steps slowing as she was dazzled by the elegant décor and spacious arrangement. His unit was so huge it seemed her entire rental flat could fit into his living room.

As they had agreed, she was waiting for him at the underground parking lot at exactly eight o'clock. He'd only been a few minutes behind her, after which he'd bundled her into his car and drove directly to his flat. He hadn't tried to steal a kiss or cop a feel in the car. Instead, he'd driven his Maserati with studied concentration and pushed the speed limit all the way.

"It's beautiful," she said now, sincerity in her voice. She couldn't seem to stop staring at her surroundings.

"Thank you. I can give you the name of my interior designer, if you want." He tossed his briefcase onto the sofa. "Want a bite to eat?"

Jenna stiffened. She could be courteous and polite, but this was purely a business transaction. No other feelings but lust and satisfaction should color their dealings. Not even those, if she could help it. However, standing this close to him, she could feel his heat and breathe in his aroma, and she *was* hungry. For him. "I'd rather we get right down to the sex so I can go home."

Abram grasped a fistful of her hair and tugged her head back as he looked down at her. "Not so fast, my beauty," he said, his voice smooth as warm honey. "I intend to savor you, which means taking things slowly, no matter how much I want to bury myself in you..."

She shivered, not from fear or revulsion, but from arousal. That he would be as hungry for her as she was for him...the thought boggled her imagination. His brown eyes glittered with a need so intense she trembled and her hands came up to grasp his arms for balance as he tugged her head further back so he could lick her throat with his rough tongue.

Oh God. The incredible heat of him, the scent and hardness of his body surrounding her.

His mouth dragged up her neck to settle on her mouth and he kissed her with the same slow thoroughness that he'd demonstrated in his office. His tongue plundered the depths of her mouth, pushing in to tangle with her tongue, to stroke her into a response. The moment she did, he groaned and released her hair, his

hands going to the buttons on her blouse. In moments, she was naked, his hands cupping her bare breasts and plucking her nipples. It was her turn to groan.

His hands on her skin felt so good, better even than Tom's.

Tom.

Oh God, what was she doing? How could she even begin to compare this with what she had with Tom? With Tom, she was making love, not that it lasted. No, this was merely sex. With Abram, it was all sex. Business, and since it seemed she was lucky, there was pleasure in the act. But it wasn't anything more than that.

His mouth on her breast chased the troubling thoughts away. He kissed and rasped his tongue all over the two mounds of flesh until she couldn't help but moan and arch her body, seeking for more of his caresses. He licked tiny fires all over her breasts before he sucked each turgid nipple into his mouth. A lance of pure lust streaked to her groin and her juices pooled between her thighs.

"Mr. Whitney...I..."

He chuckled against her breast, then raised his head. "Abram," he said firmly. "I think we've gone past formality. In private at least, you should call me by my name."

With effort, Jenna shook her head. She couldn't afford to do so. She would lose all perspective if she did. He was her boss and this was a business transaction. "I can't...Mr. Whitney, please..."

"Stubborn chit," he growled. He released the clasped on her skirt, which dropped to the floor, and pushed her back onto the sofa. His gaze roamed over her half-naked body, his brown eyes gleaming with admiration and lust. He trailed a finger down the middle of her body. "You're gorgeous."

If he was pleased with her, so much the better. She hoped she pleased him for a long time, for she needed the money. Hot on the heels of that thought was shame, but before it could do more than flash across her mind, he was urging her on her hands and knees. With her buttocks raised in the air, he rolled down her pantyhose with painstaking slowness, pausing every so often to kiss and lave the inch of skin that was bared. She didn't know whether she should praise or curse herself for wearing a thong this morning. He followed the path of her pantyhose down to her feet before his mouth moved its way back up, lingering over patches of skin that had her shivering with the eroticism of his act.

"I can smell your arousal." He groaned, then his tongue swiped across her sopping wet pussy.

She shuddered at the sensation and keened as he continued to caress her folds, his skillful tongue stroking over nerves that tingled. Her cheek pressed into the back of the sofa as she absorbed the pulsing sensations. She was only half-aware that the leather was cool beneath her cheek. She was so hot, burning, her entire body a

column of flame. His tongue made a half stab into her channel and she writhed with need. "Oh God..."

He held her down and continued his ministrations and somehow, she wasn't surprised when he peeled down her thong and his tongue forayed into her ass. He held her butt cheeks wide open as he kissed and prodded her hole, his enjoyment very evident in his sounds of satisfaction. She'd never met a man who found so much delight in her backside.

Two fingers probed her channel and she held her breath. Her pussy almost contracted in anticipation. Slowly, he slid his fingers into her, and a raw, heartfelt moan escaped her. Just his fingers, yet he felt so good. He pumped her a few times, causing her to push her hips back against him for a deeper penetration. He thrust hard into her, but not enough – no, not nearly enough – before he was withdrawing and inserting his cream-coated fingers into her ass.

She hissed. She should've known he wouldn't be interested in her pussy so much as her ass. The rumors *were* true. At least, *that* part of the rumors because there was still more that was being whispered across the company grapevines, gossip that she realized now must have their basis on fact.

What had she gotten herself into?

His fingers scissored within her, stretching her, and she gasped as pure, liquid lust coursed through her, making her wetter. God, she was so hungry. If he would only dip his cock into her pussy, let her clutch him for a few seconds, she'd be happy.

"Wait here. Don't move," he said thickly, his fingers seemingly reluctant to leave her hole.

As if she was going to move. As if she *could* move.

He was back a few seconds later – but it felt like eternity – and the snap of a cap and the subsequent thud of the lube on the sofa made her realize he'd prepared himself. She had no chance to say anything because the blunt head of his cock was in position at her anus and he was easing himself into her. She deliberately relaxed, yet she couldn't help the small sound of pain as he pushed further in.

"Push back," he said, his teeth gritted. He fingered her clit and the distraction helped, her body craving the pleasure as he inched past the tight ring of muscles of her anus.

"Ah, God," she panted.

"Yes, easy there...You're so beautiful and tight and hot...Jenna..." Then he was seated wholly in her, his thick cock filling up her ass. Even though she wanted him in her pussy, she'd take anything she could get. He felt good anyway, better than good. Wonderful. He nipped her shoulder. "God, you're killing me." His hands stole around her body to grasp her swaying breasts, fondling and rasping his thumbs over her nipples. "So good. If I'd known, Jenna, I would've –"

“What? Fucked me sooner?” Men. They really couldn’t think with anything other than their cocks.

“Yes. I’d have taken you in the ass a hundred times over by now.”

“I hope your technique would’ve been better by then, because you certainly don’t seem to know what to do now,” she pointed out acerbically. Her body wanted to shift with the urge that was rising, but he pressed down on her, holding her immobile. Her pussy walls pulsed, but there was nothing in there and she ached for the emptiness. “Are you going to move anytime soon?” She yearned, but he didn’t seem willing to give her satisfaction. “Do you even know how to fuck?”

A huff of laughter escaped him. “Maybe I don’t want to fuck because I’d rather savor this for some time, my cock in your ass.”

Her heart stilled, then thundered. *He didn’t mean anything by it.* She refused to think what he might mean by it except the most obvious – his obsession with buttocks.

She sniffed. “I think your education in fucking is sorely lacking in the ass area.”

This time, he laughed long and hard, his cock rocking in her and making her squirm. *Oh God.* “I’ll *show* you how to fuck.”

He withdrew from her and eased back in, and when he was satisfied that the passage was slick and oiled, the tempo of his rhythm changed, increasing with every push. So good. Yes. She tried to push her hips back on the counterstrokes and at first, she matched him stroke for stroke. But when his rhythm became frenzied and laced with urgency, she gave up and just allowed him to pound into her, hard, fast strokes that plumbed her anal depths. Her left cheek was permanently pressed to the sofa by then, but she didn’t mind, all her concentration riveted to the action in her ass.

She was nearing the edge, but she couldn’t go over yet. She didn’t something, a push –

“Come, damn you,” he growled, his hips never letting up on its thrusting motion.

“I told you...” she panted, “ you don’t know...how to fuck.”

He grunted, then one hand snaked down to her clit and made a tiny pinch.

She shattered, her ass contracting around him and triggering his own release. Waves of intense pleasure rolled over her as she jerked and writhed. She loved that he didn’t let up the strokes on her clit. He kept her on the pinnacle of pleasure for several ecstatic seconds longer before she started to drift down, only to have more mini-spasms racked her pleasure-filled body.

The man did know how to fuck.

He withdrew from her, allowing her to slump down onto the sofa. She didn’t mind lying here forever, she was so sated and boneless. Well, except for her cunt,

which was still empty and hungry for a man's hard, thick cock. *This man's hard, thick cock.*

She couldn't wait for him to come back. Maybe she could maneuver him so he'd fuck her pussy.

He came back from somewhere, the condom disposed of, and he was tucking his cock back into his trousers. Embarrassment sent heat to her cheeks. She was so far gone that she hadn't even noticed he was fully clothed while they were having sex. No doubt he only pulled down the zipper of his trousers to take out his cock, the way some man would take a prostitute he'd bought in some dingy room or back alley.

Shame made her forget her hungry pussy and pushed her pride to the forefront. She sat up, dragging her blouse over to cover her privates. She forced herself to remember the reason she was here and it wasn't for her pleasure. It was never about her pleasure.

"Where's the advance you promised?" she demanded, her voice coming out harsher than she intended.

He stilled and watched her, and she must have imagined the momentary warmth in his eyes because they were now cold chips of brown ice. "Ah yes," he murmured silkily, "how could I have forgotten?" He reached into his wallet and extracted a check. "Here you go." He tucked the piece of paper between her skin and the blouse she clutched to her breasts. "Thank you for your service tonight. See yourself out, would you? And oh yes, be ready tomorrow. I may call you anytime into my office for more servicing." A little smile played about his lips at his own joke, which wasn't all that funny. Perhaps he didn't think so too, because the smile never reached his eyes.

"To-tomorrow?" she sputtered. She had a prior important appointment on the morrow and she'd already made the necessary arrangements. "I'm on leave."

He had turned away, but at her words, he faced her, his left eyebrow raised. "I think not. If you want our arrangement to continue, you'll cancel your leave and wait for me at your desk like a good little whore."

Her fists clenched in impotent anger at her sides. She was tempted to shove his check up his ass and tell him to go to hell, but she couldn't afford it. She needed the money too much. In that moment, she decided she hated him.

Inhuman. Totally without compassion. A monster.

"I'll leave you to struggle with yourself," he said, drawing her attention back to him. "If I can't find you at your desk tomorrow, I'll know your decision."

When she could no longer see him, Jenna got up and dressed, her mind whirling with myriad thoughts and conflicting emotions swirling in her chest. She was still angry at Abram Whitney, yes, but her fair mind couldn't help but point out that he

didn't know her situation, so he couldn't be without compassion or inhuman or a monster. Maybe if she told him her troubles, he'd help her.

Maybe, but she didn't know him enough to ask help from him.

And she didn't need to think regarding her arranged leave or her very important appointment. She already knew what her decision would be. She had no choice.

* * * * *

Abram Whitney strode with angry steps into his study, his mood and plans for the night thoroughly destroyed.

Women. They were all the same – money-hungry, gold-digging sluts. Why had he thought Jenna would be different? He only had to remember their meeting in the office this morning to know that money was her aim. Selling sex for money. But for a moment when he'd been deep inside of her, he'd forgotten.

Especially when she came apart in his arms. When she gripped him so tight as though she'd never let him go. When she'd pushed him and dared him with her sassy mouth. When she lay there on his sofa, eyes glassy from the pleasure, soft and pliant and womanly and so fuckable.

He'd meant to feed Jenna before they go for round two or even three. He'd ached for a taste of her pussy, to see if she was as sweet there as her ass. As he stuffed his cock into his trousers however and caught sight of her, he had felt himself growing hard again. He was thinking to forego dinner for a few more minutes of bliss when she opened her damned mouth.

If she hadn't, he'd probably be buried deep inside her by now.

His jaw hardened as he heard the front door slam.

There was still tomorrow, and he would work Ms. Stone hard to make sure she earned every cent of what he paid her.

* * * * *

Jenna let herself into the rental flat she shared with her mom and son. The house was quiet and she hoped this meant Mark was asleep. On good days, he was energetic and had enough strength to sit up and watch his favorite Hi-5 show. On middling bad days, he lay in bed, listless. On very bad days, he couldn't stop screaming from the pain.

"Jenna." Her mom, Sandra, looked up from the book she was reading. "Your food's on the table."

"Thanks, Mom. How is he today?"

Sandra stood and followed her to the dining table. The place was so small there was no visible partition for a dining room, just a space that extended from the living

area. "Generally good. He watched some cartoons after dinner, then he became restless. I put him to bed as soon as I saw his eyes drooping."

Jenna's heart ached as she seated herself at the table. Her precious son. "He didn't feel pain." The statement was both a declaration and a hope.

"No, there wasn't pain," Sandra agreed, "something we have to be grateful for."

"He's improving every day."

"Yes."

With more treatment, he'd be fully recovered one day and Jenna was determined they would see it through to that day. She would give her son all the help she could, everything that was in her capacity to give. If it meant letting Abram Whitney use her as he will, then so be it. As long as he kept the money coming, she'd do whatever was needed.

She looked up from her soup to find her mother watching her. "Mom, I...can't make it tomorrow. Something came up in the office."

Sandra merely nodded. "Very well. I'll take him to the doctor's myself, though I think Mark would be very disappointed. He has been looking forward to the outing with you."

Something within Jenna twisted. How she wished she could stay at home and just be with Mark. "I'll make it up to him this weekend."

Though she had no appetite, she forced herself to eat. She needed the strength for the upcoming confrontation with Abram Whitney.

After dinner, she'd look in on Mark and sit with him awhile and breathe in his sweet, baby fragrance. And remind herself that everything she did was for him. She'd do anything for him.

~ To be continued ~

Madison Blake is the author of several books published with Ellora's Cave (<http://www.jasminejade.com>), [Perhaps Love](#), [Love In Mysterious Ways](#), [Playing For Real](#), [Sex Symphony](#), [Psychic Heat](#) and [At Long Last, Love](#). She has two books to be released soon, also from Ellora's Cave – [Pleasure Trap](#) and [Honoring the Goddess](#). She welcomes emails at Madison@thelovechronicle.com

Website: <http://madison.thelovechronicle.com>

Yahoogroup: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/thelovechronicle/>
(low-volume mailing list)

Blogs: <http://authormadisonblake.blogspot.com>, <http://sixsexysirens.blogspot.com>