

Love in an Elevator – An Excerpt

“What the hell?”

Catherine pummeled the controls, quite clearly she was very nervous – not something I’d ever seen before.

“Ms. Triannon, relax, it’s okay. You know they’ll have us out in no time.” She was starting to panic as she hit the emergency alarm, her chest heaving, I couldn’t deny that I was finding her flushed and fearful appearance more than a little arousing. Quickly chastising myself, I turned my attention back to Catherine. This wasn’t the place or time. Resting my hand on her shoulder, I vainly hoped it might offer some comfort to her, but instead her body stiffened and her lips formed an ‘O’ of shock. Should I take my hand away? I paused for a split second as she slid her gaze from the control panel to meet mine. There was ‘that’ eye contact again. I wasn’t imagining it, there really was something there between us. My opportunity was now.

“Catherine, it’s okay, really it is. We’re just stuck here for a little while longer, security’ll have most likely already called the mechanics, and they’re on it.” I kept my voice as even and calming as I could. I wasn’t particularly fond of confined spaces, but today, my focus was her. Trying to keep her calm, I could see that she was acquiescing to my words, my touch... Sliding my hand down her arm, keeping a firm, but gentle grip on her, she turned to me. Taking a tentative step closer to her, the incessant buzzing of the lift alarm seemed to pale into insignificance as we silently stared at each other. Looking up into her eyes, I could feel my power rise from deep within me. I wanted her, and I knew she could feel the intensity of my desire.

She stumbled back a pace until she was leaning against the mirrored wall of the lift, but she wasn’t saying no, she wasn’t pushing me away. The urgent throb of my sex urged me on as I thought of what I was going to do next. I knew every inch of this gorgeous woman’s face in detail; I just never dreamt I’d ever be this close to her.

I leaned in slowly. I didn’t want to scare her, I wanted to make absolutely sure she wanted to do this. She was a number of positions my senior after all, but here, in this place, no one would ever know what happened. My word against hers. Much to my

delight and surprise, she didn't close her eyes as I claimed her kiss, but I could sense the quickening of her breath as my lips met hers. Pressing my hands against her stomach, I pinned her to the elevator wall, watching her carefully as her eyelids fluttered closed and she finally responded to me. Moving my hands slowly across her body and on to her arms, I grasped her wrists, pulling them upwards, lacing my fingers with hers, holding them securely to the mirror on either side of her head. Subtly taking charge of her, I breathed in her life's essence as my tongue continued to explore hers. She was mine now.

Idly, I wondered if she'd ever kissed a woman before, let alone been Dominated by one so much younger. Pressing my body against hers, I could feel the heat of her burning through me, her breasts had become firm through her own arousal and her nipples brushed my chest tantalizingly through her chiffon blouse. I'd no idea how long we'd be stuck in this elevator, but I was going to make damned sure that we'd make the most of the situation. I was determined she would be utterly mine before we were rescued.

As quickly as the embrace had begun, she feebly tried to push me away. Confused, and a little worried, I pulled out of our kiss, releasing her.

"Are you ok? What's wrong?"

"Isabella...I don't know...We shouldn't be doing this, you..."

I put my finger to her lips.

"Ms. Triannon, I think it's futile to pretend to not enjoy what we just did. Your whole body is screaming out for more, and in my experienced opinion, you want this." I studied her reactions whilst my words sunk in. Confusion and desire raced delightfully across her features as she thought, unable to look away from me as I waited patiently for an answer.

"I know you fight your feelings every day, I'm the same. Everyone assumes I'm straight, or whatever assumption they decide to make about me, but there is no shame in being bisexual. I find it makes me more attuned to others' desires...Take you, for instance." I stared at her in a way that left her in no doubt that I wasn't playing with her in the slightest. A half smile crept across my lips as I let the beast within me emerge, flashing in my eyes for her to plainly see, to tempt her to succumb

to me. If she had the desire to submit, this was the crucial time. She knew I was trustworthy and discreet in my job, and I was offering everything she'd ever dreamed of. Of that, I was absolutely sure.

Leaning in closer once more, I breathed in her ear. "I know many women like you, Catherine. Aching with a desire so deeply hidden within you, a desire to submit to another woman, because you know it's not cheating on your husband if it's a woman, is it?" I chuckled a low, teasing sound, the goosebumps that raised across her chest in response spurred me on further. I was not losing this battle of wills, not now.

"And, you're sick of always being in control. At home. At work. Always in control. But, you need to release all of this tension somehow, safely, deniably...No one can ever know what drives you...and yes, Catherine, I am the woman that can give you this. Right now, right here. I can show you delights you've only ever dreamed of in your wildest fantasies, those moments when you slip your fingers inside yourself...those moments when you think no one else is watching you, and you close your eyes..." I took her chin in my fingers, holding her steady, unable to move her head away. I looked hard into her eyes and watched with great satisfaction as the last vestiges of her defense slipped away. She was mine now, utterly and completely. She would submit.