

Limo Driver Confessions (Short Story Erotica for Women): One Night.

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✓ Verified Book of Limo Driver Confessions (Short Story Erotica for Women): One Night.

Summary:

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Limo Driver Confessions: One Night is a short story erotica for women, written by a woman, to scintillate and 'push buttons' for almost anyone.

WARNING: This 7,000+ word short sotry contains graphic language, imagery, situations, mindblowing ocal sex, rough sex, and explicit wording of intense sexual activity between an emotional woman and her alpha male limo driver. Intended for MATURE AUDIENCES ONLY, 18+ Only!

When Ms. Marianne Caveness, a New York Professional finds herself quitting and walking out of her high-end career from an unruly and rude boss, she happens to find a connection with a limo driver that is sent to her from one of her favorite (but possibly now past) clients, driven by Victor. She can barely contain herself as he not only knows how to speak to a woman, but escorts her up to her apartment to carry her box of 'office things', and for a glass of wine. After some small talk, her and Victor can barely keep their hands off of eachother and things escalate quickly...

"After slamming the trunk of the car, he proceeded to open the back door for me just like this morning. A girl could get used to this kind of treatment from such a dazzling man such as himself, but I did my best to remain a neutral look on my face though the thoughts in my head were are from that. I gazed at him as he strolled around the car to the driver seat and warmth grew inside my belly. The way he carried himself stole the entirety of attention that, once again, I didnâ€™t realize he was speaking to me.

â€œSorry, what did you say?â€ Flushed cheeks, I settled behind his seat so he wouldnâ€™t have been able to see my face and strapped myself in. â€œIâ€™m not in my head todayâ€ Although what was going on in my head would have been just as inviting!

A light chuckled rolled through his body and the warmth in my belly started to spread to other parts of my body as well. â€œItâ€™s okay, I was wondering why you called so early. I was under the impression you werenâ€™t getting out until four.â€

Was it wrong that a small part of me was flattered that he remembered what I said to him this morning? Granted it was only about an hour ago since we last spoke, I couldnâ€™t stop myself from feeling pleased that he retained my words. â€œOriginally that was the plan, but something happened.â€

He nodded his head and didnâ€™t try to pry any further, most likely respecting my privacy, but part of me wished he did. Shaking my head at my ridiculous neediness, I resorted to staring out the window, so I wouldnâ€™t stare at his focused and handsome reflection. His eyes caught mine in the rear view mirror and they softened a little. â€œIs everything okay with you, Miss. Caveness?â€

I loved when a man knew how to speak properly to a woman, but being called by my last name just reminded me of the job I had just thrown away. â€œPlease, call me Marianne, but no, Iâ€™m not okay.â€

He bit his bottom lip and I swear a tingly feeling shot throughout my veins, but I ignored the sensation to keep myself in the present. â€œWell then, Marianne, I do apologize that things are not the way you wish them to be. By the way, I donâ€™t know if you heard me, but this morning I told you my name is Victor Adams.â€

Okay, a man that continued to speak proper captured my attention every time, but Victor was taking my heart captive as he spoke. â€œIâ€™ll remember that for next time, so I can just ask for you.â€

This Short story erotica is the first in a series, following the life of Ms.

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