

Excerpt from *Extreme Circumstances*

She didn't look back. She just headed for her car. Donnell ran after her. He knew he could smooth things over with her. He always did. Donnell was so smooth and charming he could talk an Eskimo into buying ice. Besides, he was horny and he was damn sure going to get him some ass tonight. When he caught up with her, she was just about to get into her car. He noticed that she had begun to tear up. He pushed her hair out of the way and kissed her forehead.

"Chanel let's just go back to your place. We can sip on some wine, I'll massage your feet, we can get in the hot tub..."

She nodded. Chanel understood exactly what Donnell meant. Once they arrived they headed for the elevator. Chanel lived in a high rise condominium on the top floor.

Once they were inside the elevator, Donnell grabbed Chanel by her waist. He wanted her right there in the elevator. He sensed she wanted the same thing too.

Donnell looked over to his left at Chanel and reached for her face and gently slid his tongue in her mouth and their tongues seemed as if they were playing ring-around-the-rosy. Chanel slowly caressed Donnell's crotch as he kissed her. She could feel that he was rock hard. She wanted him inside her *right now!* She was on *fire!* He slid his hand in between he split on her skirt and pulled her panties down far enough to feel her juices flowing. He massaged her womanhood gently.

"Oh, Donnell," she sighed

Chanel's moans were driving Donnell crazy. He had to have her. He had always fantasized about having hot sex in an elevator. Now was a good time to turn his fantasy into a reality.

He pressed the emergency stop button. The elevator halted. He continued to slide her panties all the way down. Chanel lifted each leg so Donnell could get the panties off completely. Donnell pinned Chanel against the wall of the elevator. He stooped down and placed each of Chanel's legs behind his head enabling his face to be level with her sweet spot.

He playfully licked her clitoris with his tongue. Round and round, up and down, faster then slower. Chanel moaned with delight. She felt as if she were in a whirlwind of pleasure. Each lick brought her to brand new heights of ecstasy.

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Chanel swiveled her hips to the motion of his tongue. Grabbing his head and pulling him deeper and deeper inside her.

Donnell moved his tongue slower this time to sort of tease her until she finally climaxed and he drank all her love juices.

She panted. "Ooh, damn you know you make me feel so good!"

He looked up at her and smiled. He got up wiping his mouth and nose. "I love to watch you come," he told her.