

## Encounter: Concentrated Magic

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### Concentrated Magic

“This is concentrated magic. It’s the most dangerous substance on earth so be careful.”

Elias gripped the perfume vial in his hands. He couldn’t resist glancing at the curvy blond standing across from him in the elevator.

Lora. He’s cock ached. He didn’t need the secret ingredients that made Irresistible the world’s number one best selling scent. God, he wished she came to him for more than the money. He’d never wanted another woman as much as he wanted her, and he knew she didn’t wear perfume. All he could smell on her was the musky smell of real woman. He and Lora were the only ones who knew why Irresistible increased the odds of getting laid. His witch created the love potion and he snuck her in after hours for her to add it to the batches of fragrance.

Without warning, the elevator stopped with an abrupt jerk. He dropped the vial. It burst between them. The smell of pumpkin pie, lavender, and pine mingled strangely in his nose. His heavy cock had ached before, but now he thought he’d die from the agony. Elias moaned.

He fixated his gaze on Lora's fingers as they unbuttoned her shirt. Her mysterious eyes were looking at his bulging Dockers. He'd never seen a woman look so... hungry. She licked her lips. Her bra was simple and white. He watched her unclasp the front and her big breasts bounced free. His mouth went dry. Fuck. He'd dreamed and prayed for this, but somewhere in his mind, he knew it was wrong to take advantage of the mishap. She wouldn't thank him for taking her like this. He wasn't a good man, but he did have a little honor left. Yet, as Lora took off her clothing, he couldn't force his mouth and throat to work together to form words. Her pale skin was more perfect than he'd ever imagined. He wanted to see her. All of her. The hair between her legs was a darker shade of blonde hair on her head.

"I wonder if you taste as fantastic as you smell. I want to eat your pussy," he whispered huskily.

She moaned, and spread her legs. No one else was in the building, but as the old elevator jerked and began its decent, he slammed the emergency stop button. He was getting himself a little wet witch. He pushed her into the corner. She hissed, and he was sure the cold steel had to be the reason. Silas spread her legs wide and began lapping at her wetness. God, she tasted like heaven and hell all wrapped in one pleasingly plump package. Silas was six five and a buck eighty, but he didn't go for twigs. He liked a woman who was soft and warm. Lora fit the bill perfectly. He burrowed his face in her trimmed twat. Damn, she was beautiful and soft everywhere. He couldn't wait to sink his dick in that heat.

She moaned. "Make magic with me."

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