

## **A Little Bit Of Luxury** **by Kitti Bernetti**

There's something about things being brand new which really does it for me. Always has. I don't know why. Even when I was a child there was that sheer joy of opening a new packet. The cellophane would crack in the silence as I ripped the sticky label off. I'd take the item out carefully and lay it on the table. Even something mundane like a new school shirt would bring me total satisfaction. With all the reverence of performing a Japanese tea ceremony, I would unfold it, take out the pins and the cardboard collar and hold it to my body, all stiff with starch and that clean smell of cotton newness. It was like no one else had ever touched it. I was going to be the privileged one. Be the first to defile it. I'm the same now. Except I've set my sights a lot higher.

I like luxury. That's why I'm here this morning in this recently built penthouse flat. The block's just opened. It's the ultimate in expensive living. Everything bright spanking new. I can't wait to indulge myself. Thinking about it sends shivers juddering up my spine. I'm such a lucky girl.

There is nothing like the feel of a fresh bedroom before any other person has slept in it. Rick said I should phone him as soon as I got into the flat. But I'm going to put down my handbag and the keys and breathe in that new-paint smell. I want to savour my moment alone just a bit longer. My heels sink into the white carpet as I make my way to the window. New sheer stockings swish against the lining of my black silk dress bought earlier today. The skirt's tight and constricting, just the way I like it. Everything I have on today is new, as a homage to this flat. I wanted it to be perfect for the first time in here. I'm so wound up, so excited. I don't know whether to take in the view first or to turn and look back at the whiteness of the smooth walls. I take off my neat black jacket. My mobile rings out in the silence. Damn.

'You couldn't wait, could you?'

My impatience at the interruption is momentary. He can tell I'm smiling now.

'Are you in?'

'Of course I'm in.'

'Congratulations, darling.'

'Thank you.'

'Is it fabulous?'

'Totally and utterly. I've always wanted a flat like this.'

'I've always wanted a woman like you. And now I've got her.'

'You're sweet. Thank you.'

'Okay. So tell me about the apartment. Talk me through it. What can you see?'

I keep on smiling. Trust Rick to say 'apartment'. He watches too much American television. But then he's as excited as I am about this morning and the new flat. And preparing himself for our little game. I can tell. I can hear him settle down, invisible on the other end of the phone, I can see him clearly in my mind's eye. He'll be sitting at his desk, legs up, one ankle folded over the other. His hand lying in his lap, ready.

'I can see the view. London looks so fabulous at dawn from up here. I feel like I'm on top of the world.'

'Okay, enough. You're not selling it to me. Let's get down to business. Have you been in the bedroom yet?' Rick doesn't hang around. I always have to slow him down.

I'm holding the phone close to my lips, glossy with pillar-box red lipstick, as I walk slowly over. 'I'm going there now. Do you want to know what I'm wearing?'

'Yeah, yeah I do.' I hear him breathe in slowly and imagine his hand resting now against his crotch.

'I've got a new black dress on. The skirt is very, very tight. So tight I can hardly breathe. But it has a slit up the back so that I can walk. The slit is quite high, almost as high as my bottom.'

'Um.' Rick likes to let me know he is still there. Still connected. At times like this he's a man of few words. He likes me to talk.

'I'm in the bedroom now. It's absolutely gorgeous, just like we've always talked about. The walls are a milk brown. There's a massive bed in the centre of the room with a fur cover. Nothing else. It's clean and totally unused. I'm going to be the first to use it Rick. Do you want me to get on the bed?'

'I do. I want you to.'

'Not yet, I'm going to tease you a bit first. Guess what's on the wall, I'm looking at it now.'

His voice becomes thick. 'A mirror.'

'That's right, a huge great wall to ceiling mirror.'

'Are you still standing?'

'Yes.'

'Undo your dress.'

I reach up and pull the zip slowly down imagining Rick listening to the sound of it like a cat's purr. The material peels away. 'I'm taking it off my shoulders now.' The dress drips to the floor.

'Step out.' A moment's silence then he remembers something. 'What shoes are you wearing?'

'Which do you think?'

'The red ones.'

'Uh huh. Red and high with fuck me heels.'

'Keep them on.'

'Say please. You bad bad boy.'

'No way.'

'Then this is where I stop and the dress goes back on.'

'No way. Please, please.'

He knows I'm only joking about getting dressed. I'd die of frustration if I stopped now. I can feel my heart pounding. It always does when I get down to my underwear. Yes, you've guessed it, new on today. I could take prizes in shopping. Shame it isn't an Olympic sport.

'Where's your hand? Resting by your cock, I hope.'

'You guess right. Top marks to the lady in high heels and stockings.'

'How did you guess I was wearing stockings and not tights?'

'My favourite. I knew I was in for a treat. After all, it's Saturday and I'm having to work.'

'Poor baby. If it's nice and quiet there, why don't you undo your trousers and get that cock right out.' I move my legs apart till I'm standing in a straddling position. A scent, my animal scent, reaches my nose as I detect a moist creaminess soiling the lacy gusset of my nice new knickers. I feel very relaxed. Very in control.

'Thank you ma'am. That's the best offer I've had all day.'

I imagine him undoing each button of his flies, one by one, trembling a little. He always tries to undo the buttons too quickly when I'm not there. Like a little boy dipping into the sweetie jar, he can't wait.

'Now just picture me standing here in front of the mirror. Red shoes, black stockings. I'm feeling sooooo warm. My new knickers were very very expensive. Coffee brown lace with a sheer net panel over my little bush. Do you know, I just can't wait any longer. I know it's bad, very very bad, but I can't resist stroking that little beaver. She's waited so long and been so good. Mmmm I wish you were here. If you were, you know what I'd do?'

'What?' I hear Rick swallow. I stroke myself through the sheer fabric and feel my own warm liquid seeping out, dirtying the lace.

'Are you holding your cock?'

'Yes.'

'Tight?'

'Yes.'

'I'm afraid I'd just have to get down on my knees in front of you.' I paused. My lips were dry and I ran a wet tongue over them.

'And -?'

'And I'd have to take that lovely big lollipop of a cock in my hands and run my tongue all down the side and then back up again to the tip.'

'Mmmm.' He moaned and I knew he'd started pulling his hand up and down the shaft of a gorgeously erect penis.

'Rick?'

'What?'

'Just checking you're listening. I hope you're good and hard.'

'Rock hard.' He breathed deeply and I felt my throat constrict, reacting to his mounting excitement.

'If I were kneeling in front of you, I'd take the tip of your cock in my mouth and suck it with little licks. Tasting you on my lips I'd rub you over my face and in my hair.'

'I want you to sit on the bed,' he said urgently.

'I'm sitting.'

'Lie back.'

I felt the fur warm and slidey on my near naked skin. My suspender belt constricted me like a rope. I liked the feeling of it tightly wrapped around my waist, straining over my ample buttocks.

'Lick your finger.' He commanded and I obeyed. I let him hear the sound of my tongue lubricating my finger and I knew what he was going to ask me to do.

'Put your finger in your knickers.'

I breathed a huge sigh of relief. I'd been wanting to do that so badly. Wanting to feel the relief of something, anything, to probe my warm pussy. She needed desperately to be stroked. She'd been needing it ever since I got in here. All night I had thought of this moment, longed for it to come and now, here it was. Rick breathed at the other end of the phone, working himself up in time with my stroking movements. Completely detached, we were completely together. In our own little worlds and in each others' heads.

The lace of my knickers was totally sodden now as I drew them aside. They rode up the cheeks of my arse, cutting me, but I didn't care. I wished I had time to take them off but time was running out. I knew I had to get a move on.

My voice sounded low and croaky and my eyes looking back at me from the mirror were half closed and dreamy as I said, 'I'm looking at my clit in the mirror now, all pink and swollen. I wish you were here.'

'So do I, darling, but you can imagine me. Just listen to what I tell you. Put your finger in your honey pot, get it really sweet and moist and then whisk gently round and round. Imagine it's my tongue on the tip of that juicy little cherry, lapping you up.' As he spoke and I moved my finger over my soft warm flesh I could hear him furiously working away at his tool. I could hear his own moisture lapping up over the head of his cock as I imagined him pumping up and down, the muscles in his arm standing out as he gripped and pulled with tightly wrapped fingers.

I closed my eyes and listened to his words growling instructions at me insistently.

'Work that finger harder, harder, press against yourself. Imagine it's me sucking and drinking your juices, imagine my face buried in your sweet little pussy, breathing you in...'

I groaned, I moaned and, like standing under a shower of rain, I felt my skin tingle and the hairs over my body stand on end as I came, arching my back into a shuddering mind-blowing orgasm. As I came to, I listened down the phone to Rick's guttural breathing. I listened with a smile as I heard him grunt, the way I had heard him grunt with satisfaction so many times before.

'Does that feel better?' I asked.

'Mmm,' he murmured. 'Though you're going to have to get this uniform cleaned again, love. Can't have a security guard with a mucky uniform now can we?'

The door bell of the flat went and I looked at my watch. Nine o'clock. Bang on time. 'Got to go, sweetheart. See you later,' I said, shoving the mobile in my bag and fishing my clipboard out at the same time. I ran my fingers quickly through my hair, slipped back into my dress and pulled my business jacket hastily over my shoulders. The bell rang again as I opened the door.

'Mr and Mrs Allen?' I beamed my best estate agent's smile. 'Thank you for coming so early, this is going to be a popular flat. I've got ten people booked in for viewings today. Come through to the bedroom first,' I gushed. 'It's truly spectacular.' I just managed to smooth the fur cover on the bed, my hand brushing over a small traitorous wet patch, before they followed me in.