

Milwaukee's Finest

by [abbeynormal](#)©

Milwaukee, Wisconsin is known for things like beer, bratwurst, cheese and motorcycles. It's also known for hot, muggy summers and cold, snowy winters. But it's not known for romance. Kelly Woodall, however, didn't go to Milwaukee looking for romance. She went to try to escape the pain of a broken heart... oh and also for a new job.

It began a few nights after her lover of two years decided that he wanted more than he thought she was willing to give and called off the relationship. As she tried to forget her sorrow by watching a movie on television, her old college roommate called. Though the two of them had remained close over the years, Kelly hadn't yet told her, or anyone else, about the break-up so she knew this couldn't be a call to cheer her.

"Kelly, come quickly. I need you!" she implored.

"Katherine, I have bad news for you. Steve dumped me Sunday so I won't be coming, quickly or slowly, any time in the near future."

"What?" she nearly shrieked. "What happened?"

Briefly she explained the situation to and the next thing she knew, she was being talked into quitting her job and moving to Milwaukee to work for Katherine's company. Her family wasn't happy about her decision but it provided her with a reason to leave memories of Steve hundreds of miles away; not to mention start a new career challenge and meet people who would help her build a new phase to her life.

It was six months later when Kelly was summoned to Katherine's office as she was putting the final touches on her latest project. She wasn't pleased to be interrupted since she was working under a tight deadline for a very picky client and her annoyance sparked in her eyes as she entered her office, nearly slamming the door shut behind her. Her mouth was half open to deliver a stinging comment when Katherine cut her off by directing her attention to the man who was sitting in the guest chair near the door.

"Kelly, this is Chris Turbin, our newest client. He's an attorney with the Milwaukee County Bar Association."

"Hi, Kelly, it's nice to meet you," he said, extending his hand to her as he stood briefly.

"Thank you," she finally stammered.

"We've been chosen to publish their bi-monthly newsletter and I'm putting you in charge of the account," Katherine continued.

While Kelly had been providing editorial oversight for several accounts since she started, this was the first account that was completely hers. She had to wonder what Katherine was thinking as she felt completely unqualified for such a task but tried to keep her shock from showing.

"I'm looking forward to working with you," he said, directing his dark blue eyes to look only at her. "Frankly, we're really unhappy with our current publisher and Katherine tells me you're the best here."

"Well, I don't know about that," she said, "But I certainly give my best effort."

Once Chris left the building, Kelly had some rather stern words with Katherine for putting her in this position without any foreknowledge. In turn, Katherine tried to reason with and even flatter her but when pushed; she finally admitted that she was tired of Kelly living like a cloistered nun. According to her standards, her friend was spending too many hours at work and that what free time she allowed herself wasn't being spent socially.

"And how is this supposed to change things?" Kelly asked.

"Because I'm shifting most of your other duties elsewhere so you can devote your time to Chris."

"To Chris?"

"And his publication," she added hastily.

Despite her initial hesitation, Kelly found that she liked working with Chris. It was obvious that he was not only charming and witty but also smart and he had a clear vision for what he wanted from the newsletter. She enjoyed the shared banter which took on an increasingly intimate and flirtatious tone as the weeks passed.

One evening, after putting in a very long day at the office, Kelly stopped at the market on her way home to pick up some things for dinner. August was being typically hot and muggy so she didn't feel like anything that required cooking and perused the produce section, looking to make a salad. As she picked through the tomatoes, she heard someone behind her.

"Carrots and cucumbers, eh? Feeling a bit frustrated are we?"

Instantly she recognized the voice as Chris' and didn't turn around but answered as she continued her search for the perfect tomato.

"No, I'm hungry. When I'm frustrated, I prefer lady fingers and a good Polish sausage."

She felt his hands gently clasp her shoulders as he leaned in and whispered, "Did I ever tell you my ancestors changed their name from Tubinski when they came to America?"

There was a hint of amusement in his voice that made her wonder if he was joking. Either way, she couldn't keep her impudence in check.

"I said a good Polish sausage."

"How will you know if you don't try it?"

"Is that an invitation?"

He pulled Kelly back into him and nuzzled her neck. His warm breath ghosted across her skin. Then his lips found her ear lobe and began to expertly nibble on it, making her break out in goose bumps that had nothing to do with the chill of the air conditioning. Just as she became aware of the hardness of his body, she also remembered that they were in the middle of the supermarket and probably shouldn't be acting this way, but then she felt the bulge in his groin press into her lower back and didn't care.

"Yes, that's an invitation," he said, subtly rubbing against her. "Will you come over for dinner tomorrow night?"

That was not what she was expecting to hear. Her body suddenly became rigid as she replayed his words in her mind, thinking she'd just heard something else. Unfortunately, she couldn't come up with anything.

"Dinner?"

He spun her around to face him before continuing. When he spoke again, she noticed that his tone was still cordial and enthusiastic but no longer so intimate.

"Yes, dinner. I know it sounds mundane but I am a pretty good cook, well, so long as I'm cooking on the grill."

"Okay," she complied, still a bit whip lashed, "When and where?"

"Tomorrow. I'll email you with the details. Deal?"

"Deal."

"Then I'd better leave you. I've got some preparations to make before tomorrow."

"Sure, I look forward to it."

The next morning Kelly opened her email with eager anticipation, finding the message that would give her the details she so desperately craved. She knew that he was cooking out so it would be a casual affair but still she found herself yearning to know where he lived and how soon she would see him again. Her fingers lightly

stroked the side of her neck where his lips had been the previous day and she wondered what the evening would bring. Would he tease and torment her all night long or would he take her all the way to nirvana?

Kelly needed some nirvana. Since moving to Milwaukee, she'd come to rely on her toys for sexual satisfaction. Though she couldn't claim to have no social life, so far she hadn't met anyone else she connected with on such a visceral level. His quiet confidence in who he was and what he wanted was attractive. He wasn't brash and boastful and he'd never been a tyrant, but she knew he had it all together and was going to get what he wanted. Now it just remained to see how long he was going to take before he got her.

The day passed far too slowly. Hours seemed to drag until she could finally leave the office and go home to change for her date. She was pleasantly surprised to find his house wasn't all that far from hers since she expecting him to live in a gated community of an upscale suburb, not in a historic neighborhood.

Chris led her through the house to the beautifully landscaped back yard. Several large old oak trees ringed the property with flowerbeds interspersed between them. At the back she saw a gazebo next to a pond with a fountain and left him at the grill to go explore it. For a long time she watched in fascination as the brightly colored koi darted around in the water. The light breeze kept the temperature from being oppressive and she felt very tranquil.

Warm hands gently clasped her shoulders and she smelled the odor of charcoal coming from behind her.

"Dinner's ready," Chris said, planting a warm kiss on her cheek before leading her back to the patio.

The meal was everything she could have wanted and then some. Chris certainly hadn't exaggerated his cooking abilities when it came to the grill. He even used his skills to fix a sumptuous desert that more than satisfied her sweet tooth. She offered to help clean up but he wouldn't hear of it. Instead, he stacked the dishes on a tray and took them inside, returning with two tall glasses of iced tea. The two of them sat close together on the swing in the gazebo and listened to the evening breeze sigh through the trees.

Kelly wasn't really surprised when he pulled her even closer and sought out her lips with his own. What did surprise her was that she could almost feel the passion radiating from him in waves. Though his kiss was tender, it was like the rest of his body was fighting hard to not fling her to the ground to be ravished and she found herself responding in kind. Chills ran down her spine as his long fingers entwined with her hair.

"God, I've wanted to do that ever since I saw your picture on Katherine's desk."

"What picture?" she asked, barely able to even remember who Katherine was, let alone what she had on her desk.

"The one of the two of you at her wedding," he responded before kissing her again.

This time he let his lips slide from her mouth, across her cheek and to her ear. Her nipples tightened when his breath floated across her neck. As he whispered the things he wanted to do, she felt herself begin to get wet and grasped his arms, almost unable to believe that this was really happening. Nearly seven months of celibacy was about to end in what she knew would be a blaze of passion.

Abruptly, he pulled away, taking Kelly by the hand and practically dragging her into the house. As she walked through the kitchen, she kicked off her sandals and wondered how fast she could get out of the rest of her clothes. Chris didn't give her time to undress. Before she knew what was happening, she was lifted up on the dining table, her skirt unceremoniously hiked up, her panties pulled off and her legs parted. She gasped in surprise as she felt his tongue slide over her labia.

"Oh my God, you taste so good," he exclaimed before burying his face in her feminine folds.

In all her years, Kelly had never met someone who seemed so enthusiastic about eating her out. Even when she was chatting online with men who claimed there was nothing as good as going down on a woman, she assumed they were all liars, handing out a clever line to try to get girls. Chris' enthusiasm, however, was very real and when he latched onto her clit, his talent became very real as well. Never had any man been able to stimulate her so quickly and thoroughly.

It was no time at all before she felt the tension welling up inside her. She struggled to push her hips forward to meet his insistent lips and tongue. Finally she couldn't take it any longer. The hunger that couldn't be sated by

any number of toys, the thirst that couldn't be quenched by mere masturbation, it all came to a head and she thought she felt her blood stop pumping for a moment before the universe crashed in on her.

The scream that escaped her lips as her climax ripped through her was animalistic in its pitch and timbre. Her body convulsed as though a demon were being cast out and through it all Chris never lost contact with her. Even as she shook and writhed on the table, he continued to lightly flick his tongue across her clit, making her orgasm continue on well past anything she'd ever experienced before.

Finally, the spasms ended and she went limp. Chris continued to slowly lap at her labia while he gently stroked her thighs and hips and even brushed his fingertips across her belly. She felt light and ethereal, almost as if she could float up to the ceiling. A soft, sigh escaped her lips while a contented smile played at her lips. She felt him slowly pull away from her genitals and kiss his way over her dress up to her face.

"Thank you," he whispered in her ear.

"You too."

"Do you have the energy to keep going?"

A broad grin cut across her face.

"Hmmm, I think that if you'd get me some water, I could keep going. I'm just a bit dehydrated from all that panting."

"Not to mention all the fluids you lost down here," he added, slowly running a finger between her damp, swollen labia.

She squirmed again and smiled to see the twinkle in his eyes as he walked to the kitchen. Noises drifted to her ears and with great effort she pushed herself upright on the table and watched for his return. When he came back into the dining room, her jaw dropped for not only had he picked up two bottles of water, he had also shed his clothing and his erection preceded him by a good length. He didn't speak as he handed her an opened bottle and used his free hand to slowly begin stroking himself. Eventually she collected herself enough to remark on his condition.

"You know, there aren't many people who can make me speechless but you've done a good job."

"Good," he said with a wicked grin.

Kelly continued to watch as he kept pleasuring himself. The dark red head of his penis slipped in and out of the loose fist he had wrapped around his length.

"There aren't many people who can make me this hard either but you've done a good job," he added.

He noticed as her eyes became glassy and her stare fixed on his groin wondering what he would do next. Never in her life had anyone teased and tantalized her so much without laying a hand on her but Chris was a master of the mind fuck. He knew how to make her desire him with a look that went straight to her libido. He'd done it several times in the office and even that once in the supermarket but this performance topped them all.

"You want this, Kelly," he said, his eyes never leaving hers.

Her mouth was dry despite the water she'd been sipping and she could only nod in agreement, unable to form the words that were spinning through her brain.

"Then come and get it."

She couldn't resist and desperately wanted to replace his hand with her mouth so she rolled around on the table until she was on her back and her head was hanging over the edge. Eagerly she opened her mouth waiting for that first taste of him.

Carefully he stepped up to the edge of the table and slowly began to feed her the hard length of his penis. After she had several inches inside her mouth, she readjusted to let her head fall back even further, opening her mouth and throat so that she could take even more of him. He lovingly stroked her face, surprised by her

enthusiasm and expertise.

Kelly's tongue exerted a subtle pressure on the underside of him, as if encouraging him to go deeper but he stopped to slowly pull back out. She felt him sliding away from her but not for long. When only the head was held by her soft lips, he plunged forward again, slowly and deliberately ending with a wiggle of his hips. His moans of pleasure added to the experience and for the first time in several months she felt completely blissful.

It wasn't much longer until Chris' moans became louder and more staccato. When her hands reached out to caress his legs and butt, she felt his muscles getting tighter.

"Oh God, Kelly. Let go now!"

His instructions came through gritted teeth and she wondered what she'd done to cause this but he didn't give her time to think beyond that. He reached over and grabbed her ankles, spinning her around once again until she faced him. He pulled hard on her legs until her shapely ass was nearly off the edge of the table. Without even a hint of warning, he settled himself between her thighs and shoved his aching hard cock into her hot, moist folds.

For a short, panicked moment, she thought she was being split in two. Despite the fact that she was more aroused than she could ever remember being, Chris was amazingly well endowed in both girth and length. Once he was buried deep inside her, however, he held still and let her body adjust to him. His self-control, however, came with a price. He gripped her thighs so tightly that she knew she'd have bruises there the next day but she considered it a minor price to pay for such fantastic sex.

Patiently she waited until he started to move inside her; just slightly at first, building up to longer and more languorous strokes. The urgency he'd felt just a few moments before had waned slightly and though he knew he wouldn't last a particularly long time, he wanted to make sure that she enjoyed the experience as much as he did. Somewhat awkwardly, she pushed up into him, trying to feel him deeper inside her.

"Yessssssssssss," he hissed as he arched his back meeting her thrusts.

His fingers gripped her tightly once again and she reached out to grab the sides of the table as she felt herself slide back on the polished wood. A momentary comical vision of the two of them sliding off the other side flashed through her mind but she was instantly brought back to the here and now by Chris' increasingly loud and frequent groans of pleasure. With one final jerk he slammed into her and held her close, bending over to wrap his arms around her. She could feel his entire body twitching with the intensity of his orgasm as she returned the tight embrace. Her legs wrapped around his back and pulled him even closer.

It seemed like an eternity before they finally loosened their mutual hold on each other and even longer for her breathing to return to anything close to normal. Chris took her hand and helped her down from the table but neither of them were in any condition to walk so they sank into the deep pile of the carpeting. Once there he cradled her gently in his arms, planting soft kisses on her lips and smiling a very contented smile.

"Thank you," he whispered. "Thank you for a lovely evening."

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Author's Notes: The author does not condone unsafe sexual practices and their use here should not be construed otherwise. As the saying goes, "Cover the stump before you hump."