Summary

As one of Fisk's personal assassins, you have been asked to accompany his assistant on a meeting. Nothing unusual there, except that it's to keep up appearances as his 'date'

It doesn't matter that you so happen to have the hots for Wesley...right?

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My first Reader fic! I hope you enjoy!
The Metropolitan Opera house was not your usual haunt. In fact, as a rule, you tended to keep away from Opera Houses after watching The Phantom Of The Opera on Netflix but tonight you had very little choice in the matter.

You had been asked to attend for the sole reason of keeping up appearances as Fisk had asked you to accompany Wesley who had some business to take care of before the performance of Norma as his 'date' to validate his appearance there.

Why a man couldn't go to the Opera alone without raising eyebrows, particularly one of Wesley's character, was beyond you but it was what you were asked to do so you obeyed.

Besides, spending the evening in a fancy opera gown next to a man who probably had knew more about the Opera than the artistic director in a lavish private box was hardly slumming it.

You sometimes wondered if any of Fisk's men knew you had the hots for Wesley.

How couldn't you?

He was well dressed, immaculately groomed, had fantastic taste in fashion and accessories and spoke in a sexy, husky voice.

It was bad enough that you had to deal with him so often without actually speaking to him much other than about work.

So tonight should prove quite interesting. If nothing more, you could enjoy the smell of his expensive cologne and perhaps exchange small talk like normal people enjoying a night at the opera.

Fisk had asked you not to take your weapons to the Opera House as it was technically a 'civil' affair. Besides, he had men stationed around the building should anything have gone sour.

Not that it would../

The contact Wesley was dealing with had too much to lose on things going wrong.

This was a field trip. Pure and simple.

As you picked up your cellphone from Fisk's desk after he had entered your addresses to take care of for the following week Wesley looked to you.

“I will pick you up this evening.”

Strange...

You were going to get a cab there.

“Alright.” you said evenly, breezily. “Is there a problem?”

“No.” he responded, watching Fisk leave the room with two of the others. Peter, or Paul or something. “I just wanted to ensure that if we were to do this, we should do it properly. Avoid suspicion.”
“Hmmm.” You agreed absently, checking the addresses you had been given, one of them was a former employee that Fisk was worried was about to go rogue.

“Incidentally...” he continued. “I trust you have purchased something suitable.”

You looked up at him, he was a clear foot taller than you.

“Strangely enough, yes, I had that forethought. I don't think they'd appreciate the leather and jeans look, do you?”

He smirked in amusement, a soft sniff of approval.

“I will pick you up at Six Pm.” he responded. “Don't keep me waiting.”

You raised an eyebrow.

“Looking forwards to it...(!)” you replied sarcastically, returning your gaze to the phone.

You didn't want him to actually know you were anticipating it.

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The gown you had purchased from the boutique was a shade of royal blue made of sequinned lace and a sheer over-skirt that gave the silhouette of your legs but kept them respectfully hidden.

You spent some time taking care of yourself that evening, taking more care over your make up and googling what looked 'right' so that you could pass effectively.

You spritzed yourself with some cheap perfume your sister picked up in Brooklyn and sprayed your hair one more time to keep it from mussing up.

You felt yourself almost making a character for the evening, playing a role as you normally did when some subterfuge was required for the job.

Fisk prized you so highly for that sole reason. You could charm the birds from the trees and tonight you were playing the role of Wesley's lady friend.

You found yourself matching the earrings to the dress, adding jewellery, accessories, and slipping into it all with the frame of mind that tonight you were too look pretty, and if necessary, make arrangements to get Wesley to safety.

She wondered if Fisk had keyed his second in command into that aspect of the evening.

At 6.00 on the dot, the doorbell to your apartment buzzed and fully dressed and ready to go, you walked over and opened the door.

Wesley was stood there looking unremarkable except that for his usual tie, he wore a bow tie, and waistcoat instead.

“...You're ready.” he breathed in surprise, his eyebrows raising above his glasses.

“Naturally.” you retorted, pressing your clutch-bag to your hip.

Wesley looked away, down the corridor.
“For tonight, your name is Ellen. We’ve been seeing each other for three months and we met at a charity gala. You’re an interior designer.”

You nodded, accepting the information and wondering if he had thought that story up himself or if he’d lifted it from some sitcom because it lacked originality.

“Alright then, what's your name?”

“...Wesley.” he snarked.

“...Your first name. I know Wesley isn't your first name.”

Wesley set his jaw defensively, his eyes darkening slightly.

“...James.”

“James.” you repeated appraisingly. “...You look like a James.”

“And you look like an Ellen. Now come along.” he presented an arm for you to hold and you rolled your eyes so hard your false eyelashes brushed your eyelid.

Really?

He was insisting on going the whole nine yards with this.

Fine. Play along. Best him at his own game.

You took his arm.

“From here on in, I want you committed.” he said quietly as he walked through the deserted corridor of your apartment block.

“Sure thing, James.” you smile, honeying your voice a little. “Anything for you.”

He shot you a look that was pure bemusement but continued to walk in any case.

Francis was the chauffeur for the evening. Which wasn't surprising as he seemed to take Fisk and Wesley everywhere they needed to go, the poor sap.

He was still extremely new to everything and despite not flinching went bullets flew, you knew he was still pretty green to the business.

Wesley opened the car door for you as you slid in, careful not to snag the dress on the door and sat facing forwards. You could feel Francis' eyes burn into you as he registered what you were wearing. He normally saw you in a tight leather jacket, jeans, boots and sunglasses but he didn't have long to admire the transition.

Wesley slid into the door passenger side door and faced forwards.

“Drive.” he ordered softly, crossing his legs and sitting his crossed hands on the knee.

You'd never seen anyone sit so stiffly who wasn't getting something removed, or inserted into their anal cavity.

You knew that provoking him would court retribution, but you insisted on it, especially given his warning in your apartment building.
You leaned in and whispered.

“...Are you nervous, James, darling?”

His blue eyes shot to you and when he met them you offered a smirk that was not theatrical.

“Not at all.” he responded through slightly gritted teeth. “...Though I don't much like the perfume you've selected to wear this evening, **ELLEN.**”

Ooh, playing like that are we?

You pout and move back to your seat.

“It was something new I was trying...”

It was the three year old shit your sister had bought you that you finally found a use for.

“I don't like it.” he replied bluntly, staring ahead.

You decide not to push it any further, after all, he could still make life uncomfortable for you at work.

An awkward car journey later, you find Francis pulling up outside of the opera house.

“Wait.” Wesley ordered as Francis got out and moved to open the door for him. He sighed deeply as if he weren't looking forwards to this at all and got out. He moved to open your door personally, a smile on his face that you felt was pure fabrication as he offered you his hand to get out.

You mirrored the smile, ensuring it didn't quite spark to your eyes and got out as he offered his arm once again.

The consummate professional. Onlookers would have assumed you were in love. He must have been a theatre kid in Yale or Harvard or wherever he got that degree in ass-licking from.

You had to admit, though you had passed this before, hundreds of times at night while working, the debut performance night seemed to make the Metropolitan glow with anticipation and excitement as people whisked into the building with beautiful dresses and sharply pressed suits.

Yes, half the men here weren't wearing their own hair, but they certainly looked the business.

“My meeting is upstairs in the managers office.” he remarked, breaking character slightly as he maintained his smile, pointing out an aspect of the architecture. “...I will leave you at the bar. If anyone asks, you are waiting for me to come back from the bathroom. Make small talk. Nothing memorable. If I am not back before the performance starts. Alert Francis.”

You had your own orders, naturally but you nodded anyway.

“Sure.” you smiled, moving in close to his ear as if to whisper something. “The boss should have let me bring my revolver. I doubt your cute little intern can handle a firefight. He could barely keep his eyes out of my cleavage.”

It may have been a trick of the artificial lighting but you were sure his smile had wavered.

Sure, it wasn't your jurisdiction to comment on the professionalism of his men, but you did feel that he was a bit too obvious.
“That's unfortunate. I will be sure to discuss that with him.” he replied before opening the door for you.

You walked in and looked around.

The atrium was beautiful, soft opera music played from speakers as a waitress walked around with a tray full of drinks.

Naturally, alcohol was off limits while you were working. You usually found 2 units was enough to impair your judgement in a fight and didn't dare risk it.

Wesley on the other hand, reached for two and offered you one.

“Oh, I couldn't.” you sparkle for the benefit of the old couple to the side of you.

“I insist.” Wesley pressed.

“I'm not supposed to be drinking...” you press a little more, your eyebrows raising meaningfully.

“...Oh?” he dared, assuming this was part of the immature banter you had started in the car.

Don't test me, Wesley.

“...The baby...” you mutter a little too loudly.

The colour that flared in Wesley's cheeks was enough to make you want to start laughing but you bit the inside of your lip to keep it in.

This was far too much fun.

“...I'm going to the bathroom.” he announced rigidly, putting the glasses on the plinth behind you and charging off to his meeting.

You knew that you'd pay for that tomorrow.

Worth it.

Completely worth it.

You do, however, help yourself to the canapés that are circulating the room and find something to occupy yourself with.

You can feel now how floaty the material of the dress is and think that it was probably designed for looks more than warmth as you can feel the draft from the doors on your bare legs from under the hem of the dress but looking how some of the women were dressed you had a lucky escape.

Half the women here weren't dressed so much as stitched up into fabric so tight they'd probably die if they ate anything tonight.

You spend the following twenty minutes eaves dropping on other conversations whilst being enthralled with a pamphlet on the opera houses history and how to donate and become a patron.

You hear a woman rebuke her elderly husband for not clipping his nose hair. You hear another man tell his date how much thinner than his wife she was. You hear a group of men boasting about how much money they are expecting to inherit come their parents death.
It really was another world.

You are just starting to wonder where your 'date' is when you see him walking down the stairs with a smirk on his face.

The meeting went well then.

Shame to see that suit all bloodied up.

He stands at the top of the second stair case, looking for you for a moment. And you find yourself almost enjoying the lost look on his face.

Kinda helpless.

When he finally finds you, you give him a cutesy wave as he almost storms over to you, still probably pissed about the baby joke.

“There you are.” he remarks quietly as he finds you. His voice was doing that hoarse thing again. That thing that made your hairs on your arms prickle up, except now, there was no jacket to hide the evidence.

You move your hand to hide them at your wrist when he looks at you.

“...Are you...cold?” he asks with a quizzical expression.

You nod quickly, no smart-ass remark to bounce back with.

“...Lets move away from the door.” he suggests, putting his arm around you and moving you away from the door. His touch sends a warmth through you that seems to calm your goose-flesh but sets a fire in your stomach.

Fuck, you had no idea you were into him THIS much.

“Can I get you a soft drink, Ellen?” he asked, moving to the bar.

“Please.” you responded, a little winded after that.

He turned and asked for a fruit juice for you and a mineral water for himself before handing you your drink.

You took a sip, careful not to slug it back like a can of soda and ruin your make up and looked around.

“Have you seen Norma before?” he asks you, turning and sipping his water.

You shake your head. Last time you were in a theatre you were extracting a hostage from a back office.

“It’s Bellini.” he replied smoothly. “First performed in 1831. Its a Tragedia Lirica.”

You looked at him, shaking your head slightly to indicate you didn't speak...whatever that was.

“Its a tragedy.” he explained further, looking around. “...Initially, it was poorly received. Something worse than a failure in the world of Opera, it was met with indifference.”

“So what changed?” you asked. “Why so popular now?”
Wesley smirked.

“Bellini threw a tantrum, rode on the skirt-tails of an earlier success and it conquered Europe by 1832.”

You nodded. Hoping that it was the correct reaction.

Opera was lost on you. A bunch of moping women singing about shit in another language.

“Why is it a tragedy?” you ask, stroking the stem of the glass thoughtfully.

“A druid priestess breaks her vow of chastity to be with a Roman who she has two children with. He falls out of love with her and in love with another woman. In her grief, the druidess considers killing her children but cannot bring herself to do it so she asks the woman who has stolen her lovers heart to take the children and marry her lover. The final act brings an act of sacrifice so moving,...” he continued, closing his eyes and inhaling, gesturing. “So stirring...” he exhaled, looking to you. “...That it is considered to be bitter sweet, beautifully touching.”

The way he spoke about this opera certainly cast him in a fresh light for you. You had always assumed it was work that gave him his satisfaction, yet it was a hundred and eighty year-old piece of music written in what you assumed was Italian that made him break that icy exterior.

“...It's a personal favourite.” he replied, looking to his water again and taking a sip.

“It sounds...good.”

Good?

What are you? Five?!

He gave a soft grunt of amusement.

“It's very 'good'.”

Just then, there was a ostentatious bell rung and people began to walk up the staircase towards the doors.

Wesley took another sip and put his half finished glass down as you quickly sipped the remainder of yours.

He patted his lips with a handkerchief and offered his arm again.

“...Shall we?”

You smiled and took his arm, though this time, you felt no cockiness to it. And his arm seemed a lot more relaxed than it had been before.

He walked up the stairs with you.

“...this place was established in 1883.” You began, trying to sound somewhat educated based on what you had read in the pamphlet. “...was an academy of music before then.”

He smirked, somewhat impressed by the eyebrow that was raised.

“Very good...” he praised silkily.
You felt your stomach squirm again.

Fuck, you wished he'd snark at you again. It felt better that way.

As he walked you up the next flight of stairs, giving his name to the usher on the way you were ushered towards your private box.

“How did we managed to get the box, James?” you asked, more for the benefit of the usher than anyone.

“The Financial Coordinator is a personal friend.” he replied.

_Translation: The Financial Coordinator owes Fisk money._

The usher opened the door to the private box and gestured inside as Wesley took your arm and gently propelled you to the seat nearest to the stage. It seemed he insisted on being the gentleman even if it was for show.

“Thank you.” you heard him say as you looked around.

Perhaps your first thought shouldn't have been on how good this would have been as a vantage point, but it was.

And the box next to yours was empty.

Strange. The entire theatre was sold out, why hadn't anyone snapped up the box?

You saw in front of you a pair of opera glasses which you doubted you'd need, and a bottle of champagne and two glasses.

Wesley took his seat, unbuttoning the bottom button of his jacket before looking around as you had.

“...Why is the box next door empty?”

“Its a VIP spot. Usually reserved for important people, or high paying guests. It seems that we appear to be the VIP's this evening.”

“Isn't that conspicuous?”

Wesley nodded, humming.

“Very. I think that's the point. The more normal this looks, the better for business.” he remarked.

“Now please enjoy the rest of the evening.”

You sighed and looked towards the stage and soon, the theatre grew dark around you.

The first act began in a dramatic fashion with actors and singers swarming the stage and singing the same music you had heard in the atrium while waiting for Wesley.

_Figured...Trying to push merch._

It was strange, in the dim light of the box, with Wesley at your side, listening to the opera, it felt...oddly intimate.

Surrounded by at least one hundred and fifty people, you could hear his breathing, see him blink slowly as he watched the opera through his glasses, smell his cologne.
And here you were, watching the debut performance of *Norma* at the Met, and yet your attraction, your attention was taken by the man you see every day at work.

You forced your attention to the action and watched the Primadonna, *Norma* sing her sorrow to the audience, watching and trying to give her your full consideration when you felt Wesley move a little closer to you, the warmth from his body very obvious through the sheer material of your dress.

“...*Ellen*...” he murmured into your ear, his breath against the fine hair of your cheek sending your skin into pinpricks of enjoyment.

“...Hmmm?” you asked, a quaver of curiosity in your voice.

“...I've changed my mind.”

*What?*

*About what?*

“...Hmmm?” you respond, trying to keep your attention on the stage.

“...I'm starting to appreciate your perfume...” he rumbled quietly before leaning in and pressing a soft, warm, sucking kiss to the skin just under your ear.

*Fuck...*

*Fuck...Fuck...what was he doing?*

*What was he doing!??*

He knew you could have embedded your stiletto three inches into his eye-socket for trying anything and yet he was here, trying his luck with you in a public setting...

*Except you didn't want to that did you?*

...*You wanted this...*

More than anything else you wanted right now.

You closed your eyes in surrender as his kisses became lighter, hotter, tender. Nursing the skin of your neck as his hand moved to your thigh and began to hitch the lace of your skirt up slowly.

Handful, by handful, scrunching the fabric, probably ruining the dress as he did.

His breathing was becoming hot on your neck, loud as his fingers grazed the skin of your thigh, you heard him give a soft grunt of amusement.

“...What underwear are you wearing...*Ellen*?” he asked quietly.

“...*Lace.*”

You heard a soft breath of amusement as he moved his hand to your panties and gently running his fingers over the periwinkle blue lace, you heard the hitch in his breathing which told him you'd made the right choice.

“...concentrate on the opera, darling...” he ordered softly before sliding his hand into the tight fitting fabric of your panties and finding your soaking wet curls.
Yes. You'd been wet since you'd heard him talking about the opera, but you never expected him to find you like that and there was some sweetness to fact that he was being so delicate about this but you really hadn't expected anything like this to-NIGGHHHT..

His fingers had found your clit and they were now idly stroking it in soft, messy, small circles as his lips continued sucking and kissing your neck.

“...Ti senti come il paradiso ...” he breathed into your ear as his fingers abandoned the soft circles around your clit to slip a little deeper inside you.

You felt his fingers penetrate you and you gave a shudder that he would be able to feel deep inside you.

“...what does that mean...” you moaned.

“It means I want to be inside you...” he almost chuckled as he worked his fingers a little deeper. “...You're so tight...” he remarked breathlessly against your neck. “...when was the last time a man had the privilege of fucking you?”

You groaned.

Dirty talk.

Fuck...he had to be a dirty talker.

“...Six months.” you admitted.

Yes. It had been that long.

He soothed your neck with more kisses and moved his thumb to rub at your clit.

“...Six months too long, I imagine, Ellen...”

“...If you'd have...done this six months ago, there...wouldn't be a problem...would there...James...” you tease back, keeping your focus on the stage though now, you can feel his fingers pressing against something that feels like a trigger inside you.

“...I should have had you in the back of my car...” he murmurs, his other hand now wrapping around your waist and holding you closer to him, despite the hard arm of the chair dividing you. “...Drove you to the piers, and fucked you into the upholstery...”

“...why didn't you...” you bite back, your breath hitching as he finds the soft spot inside you.

He gives a soft laugh against your ear.

“...and miss this? No chance.”

You could have killed him...he was enjoying every second of this sweet torment.

“Fuck you...” you hiss.

He answers by forcing a hard kiss to your lips, darting his tongue into your mouth and flicking his fingers so that it sends a wave of pleasure through you.

“...I can arrange that, Ellen.” he murmurs against your lips as you bite at them.
He gives a soft laugh against them. “...But first, let's see if I can get you to cum...”

_Here?!_

There was no going back now. If you had to hold him down and fuck him to get your orgasm, you were too far gone now. He had to continue, stopping was not an option, but doing it quietly, that was the trick.

You were not a quiet sexual partner. You would scream your lover's name into the night when you came but here, surrounded by all of these trust fund idiots, these sexless couples, these elderly women and balding men...

That would take skills.

Skills you weren't sure you had.

He leaned in again, breathing against your already agitated neck as his thumb rubbed more insistently, tighter, harder circles, slowly fucking you with his fore and middle finger.

“You get so wet...” he purred into your ear. “...I'd love to get down on my knees right now, get under your skirt and clean you up...”

You felt yourself clench around him, your nipples pert and rigid through the lace of your bra, your breathing hitching, your thighs wet with arousal.

“...later...perhaps? In the car?” he suggested. “...Of course...I would like to insist on fucking you at some point...my apartment isn't far...but that all depends on you keeping a lid on your mouth which you seem incapable of doing...”

It wasn't going to take much more coaxing. Your climax was building and you hadn't let off steam with your vibrator for a week now.

He wriggled his fingers against your G-Spot, rubbing your clit hard with his thumb as the Primadonna's aria peaked.

The bastard had timed this...impeccably.

You were going to cum as she hit her high note. And there was something incredibly arousing about that.

The bastard had planned it all so fucking...fucking...Fucking--!

Your legs flung open as you climaxed, your hands flying to your mouth to contain your cries as he massaged the full, devastating force of your orgasm from you.

You sat back, your pussy quivering, your hair now coming down in loose curls as he slowly removed his hand from between your legs and sat up, watching the opera as tears rolled down your cheeks from the force of it.

Nobody was any the wiser...

He just sat there, the hand he had used to make you climax tucked just under his nose in sincere concentration on the opera as he smiled, enjoying your scent.

You didn't know whether to drag him into a janitor's closet to beat him or drag him to the car to have some of the best oral of your life.
Bitter-Sweet

Chapter Summary

After an eventful first Act, you decide to skip the interval and enjoy the second act in the quiet confines of Wesley's car for a private audience of one...

The lights went up around fifteen minutes later, marking the interval with a rapturous applause and you had finally recovered enough to turn to him as you applauded absently.

“...James...” you began pointedly, still playing his game, wondering if your impromptu public fingering session had been prompted by this illusion or if he had a genuine interest in you sexually.

“...Ellen.” he replied, a smirk still on those soft, amazing lips that you wanted pressed against yours in the back of his car.

“...are you enjoying...yourself?” you asked, wondering what you could even say in a public setting to ask about what had just happened.

He paused to inhale the scent of you on his fingers and sighed out:

“...Immensely...And you?”

You found yourself nodding, brushing a curl of your hair back behind your ear.

“...Although...” Wesley began, sitting up a little to relieve what looked like distinctive sexual tension that was pressed against the seam of his inner thigh. “I always find the first act of Norma to be the better act...”

“...I'm ready to leave....” you respond automatically, unable to contain your excitement of the prospect of having his face buried between your legs in the back of Fisk's car.

“...Hmmm.” he nodded curtly. “...I'll call Francis.”

You managed to tidy yourself a little as he stood, walking to the corridor slowly to make the call.

You felt yourself glowing with cooling perspiration on the surface of your skin as you examined the scrunches of your skirt that he had creased as he unrelentingly finger-fucked you to orgasm in this packed opera house.

Christ, you were getting wet just thinking about it.

Why? I mean, fuck, you knew you looked good tonight. But why had he chosen here, now to do this.

Did he get off on doing this shit in public? The immaculately dressed and pressed James Wesley?

Or did he enjoy the idea of you being someone else for the evening and buying into the whole facade.

Either way, you hadn't cum like that for months and you were eager to know what else he in his
sexual arsenal to hit you with.

Standing, you felt your thighs, still damp, press together uncomfortably as your womanhood, tender from the effort he had put into it, and hypersensitive against the lace of your panties suffered pathetic after waves.

Perhaps he was that good, or perhaps you hadn't had someone else touch you like that for half a year.

He walked back in.

“Francis is bringing the car around...” he offered his arm.

You moved quickly to his side as he quickly opened the door again and almost marched you to the stairs.

Was he that eager too?

You could see the glisten of sweat on his brow, the way his jaw was set, the way his pupils were dilated.

“...Don't you want to enjoy the final act?” you asked, daring him to admit it. “You said it was...bittersweet.”

“No.” he replied abruptly. “I'd rather have you in the back of my car. Screaming my name and making me want to be eight inches deep inside you.”

Eight inches?

Wow. Either Wesley was extremely well endowed or was seriously misjudging his prowess.

Either way, it left you speechless as he whisked you down to the atrium and to the steps outside.

But surely, he wasn't going to just...give you oral in the back of the car...right?

It was a metaphor...right?

Because Francis would be driving...and able to see...and that wasn't going to happen, right?

Wesley marched you to the car and opening your door, helped you in before smoothing down his jacket and heading to the other side of the car. Not even stopping to let Francis unbuckle himself to open the door for him.

“...S-Sir?” Francis muttered, looking in the rear view mirror at you then him.

“Drive.” he ordered quietly.

“...Where?”

“My Apartment.”

Francis' eyes moved back to you, then back to him.

“...Sir?”

“Drive.” Wesley pressed more insistantly. “...And Track 16...”

Francis sighed and clicked the dial on the radio before pulling off.
You were almost too afraid to look to Wesley, as the opera music began to play softly from the speakers behind you, but like a car crash on the free-way your eyes were drawn to him.

He was devilishly handsome. His sculpted jaw, his vivid blue eyes, refined appearance and the way his eyes moved over you like he was ravenous for you made you want to grab a hold of him and let him do whatever the hell he wanted to you.

His eyes moved from your bosom up to your face, to your eyes and he inclined his head slightly, arrogance still present in that face as he wordlessly asked you for permission.

*Like he needed permission after what he did in the theatre.*

Something in your eyes must have ignited him again because it wasn't long before he had pulled you to him and as pressing his lips against yours heatedly, and the way that the car swayed slightly knew that Francis had been taken by as much surprise as you had been in the theatre.

His lips were soft, yet firm as they pressed to yours, his one hand thrust into the mesh of hair that was what was left of your up-do, the other supporting your waist, pulling you in tighter to him.

His glasses pressed to your cheeks, the plastic cracking slightly under the pressure as he pulled you in tight, kissing you as if he had never kissed anyone before, with such wanton NEED that you felt like he would consume you like this.

His tongue slipped into your mouth, tracing the inside of your bottom lip before touching with yours briefly...

He knew how to tease you...

You gave an involuntary moan into his mouth and you felt him smirk into the kiss as he tucked his hand under the bunch of fabric that covered your ass and pulled you to sit on his lap.

Your hands ran through his thick dark hair, mussing it up good now as you slipped your tongue into his mouth, seeking his out and worked yours against his.

You were no shrinking violet, two could play at this game.

Your skin was on fire by the time his hands had found the swell of your breasts and were cupping them, he broke his kiss to gaze down at them, squeezing your right one in his hand and watching in unashamed fascination.

You almost laughed, it came out as an amused pant as you drew his attention back.

“...Francis...” he almost growled, staring into your eyes, rubbing his thumb over the exposed flesh.

“...Sir.” Francis replied.

“Take the long route...”

“...Sir.”

With almost painful care, he reclined with you against the leather of the spacious seats in the back of the car and staring down at you with hunger in his eyes, your saliva on his lips, and the feeling of his erection against the fabric of your thigh, he caught a lock of your hair between his fingers and admiring it, looked to you, his voice husky and hoarse with sheer sex.

“...What do you think you taste like?”
Fuck...what kind of question was that?

You felt too sex-drunk to answer and looked up at him, captivated by how magnificent he looked right now.

If he'd pulled his cock out right this second, you'd just beg him to fill you up and fuck you until you broke the suspension on the car.

He gave an amused breath.

“...I think you taste sweet...” he said, letting the lock of hair slip down to your breast as he moved his hand under your skirt again.

Your eyes fluttered shut and you waited for his fingers to find you wanting him again.

“...I think you taste like strawberries...” he said softly as his fingers pushed aside the fabric and traced the soft outer lips of you, taking the residue of fresh lust onto his fingertips. “...sweet, and slightly bitter.”

He withdrew his hand and slowly sucked on his fingertips experimentally, tasting you.

Fuck...

If that wasn't the hottest damn thing you'd ever seen.

You found your legs parting for him, wanting to invite him to taste you at the source.

He smirked, murmuring.

“Mmm...I was right.”

You pulled him to you by his jacket lapels and kissed him hard, letting him know you were ready to having him lap at your pussy for as long as he wanted if he liked the taste of you that much.

He pulled away and moving his way down your body, he lifted the seemingly endless layers of skirts, like peeling a very lacy artichoke and disappeared under your skirt.

Your eyes opened as you stilled your senses, wanting to feel every aspect of what he was doing to you right now in this car.

His breathing on your thighs was hot, shuddering as he peeled away the soiled remains of your panties and slid them down your trembling legs.

You wondered how he would to it, that you had much to compare to.

Your previous sexual partners had always said that oral sex was too hard work, or that going down on a girl was like eating warm grapefruit without a spoon.

You felt him gently pull back the hood of your clit and you knew that he was going to make you cry for him, just as he'd predicted.

His tongue gently brushed against your clit and you felt yourself tense in anticipation as you felt his fingers wrap around your thighs, holding them as he positioned himself just right between your legs.

His kisses on your thighs were enough to make you relax as he murmured, nuzzling the softness of the skin before moving his attention back to the main attraction.
And God...he was fucking skilled.

You thought, briefly before his tongue's work on your clit and inner lips claimed your rational thought, that he was not just good at using that tongue to placate Fisk and the men he worked with.

Fuck...he was eating you out in the back of Fisk's car...

Your eyes opened slightly and slid to look to Francis who was staring at the road, the back of his neck bright red against the whiteness of the collar.

His employer was tongue-fucking you in the back of his car.

You didn't care. Right now, Fisk himself could be watching and you'd still grind against Wesley's face and moan his name.

He was sucking on your clit now, his tongue brushing it intermittently as you pushed against his face, trying to get him deeper inside you as he brought you closer to cumming again, the second time tonight. You could feel his glasses pressing against your skin and you knew they'd be filthy by the time he'd finished but got the distinct impression he didn't care either.

He was eating you with such gusto the noises, the smacking, the wet flesh meeting wet flesh wasn't even embarrass now, it was a symphony of how fucking good he was at what he was doing.

“Fuck!” you gasp as he brushes his tongue roughly against your clit, pulling your outer lips apart to breathe against your inner-lips. “...James!”

You hear him pant in amusement against you and it makes you groan again, running your hand through your hair.

“...God...Why...why did you wait...why did you wait so long to do this...” you babble mindlessly, the torment of it truly bittersweet.

He responds by bobbing his tongue against your clit, arching his back to get a deep movement now and you feel your thighs trembling in readiness for a climax that has no intention of stopping.

“James...James...James!” you intone, rocking your hips against his face now as he makes groans of enjoyment, lapping you up as though you were a fine dish in a five star restaurant, his grip on your thighs increasingly hard and you were hoping there'd be bruises.

Driving your nails into the leather of the seats, you tense as you feel it start to spin out of control in your gut and you're crying out as you cum hard, feeling yourself ooze into his busy tongue as you echo his name mindlessly in the car's claustrophobic shell.

He only stops when you shy away from his still working tongue and you lay, dazed and heady with ecstasy as your mind slowly reaches back to coherence.

You feel him move from under your skirt and see him sit up beyond the bunches of your dress.

His face is red and saturated with your juices, his glasses smeared and his lips red from his efforts.

But the bastard is smiling.

He pulls the pocket from his jacket and takes his glasses off, cleaning them.

It takes you a moment to gather your head together, stop the world from spinning and realize that the same aria from the theatre is playing on the car radio before you sit up, smoothing down your skirts.
Had the lust in him cooled?

Was he going to change the destination.

You really didn't care.

That had been worth it.

You didn't care if he dropped you off home and regarded you with little more than a nod at work from now on.

Worth. It.

He lifted his glasses to see the light of the car, checking to see if they were clean before buffing them a little more.

You'd never noticed before, but without his glasses, his eyes looked smaller...somehow. More vulnerable.

He finally replaced them and wiped his mouth and chin before replacing the pocket.

“...Thank you.” he responded, staring straight ahead.

...Thank you?

THANK, YOU?!

“...No...I...My pleasure.” you offered.

You saw his cheek lift a little in amusement.

He didn't need to say it...You were both thinking it.

You sat there, your hands in your lap, your head dizzy as you came down off a breath-taking high, wondering if you'd left marks in the leather where your nails had dragged when you felt the car slow to a stop.

Wesley took a moment and then looked outside and waited as Francis unbuckled himself and opened the door.

Looks like this was your final stop.

Wesley stepped out before closing the door.

There as a delay in your door being opened, normally Francis was so prompt and you figured that Wesley probably had to address what he had witnessed. Probably swear him to secrecy, or instruct him to get the car cleaned.

And now the initial excitement from your lust-filled night, and the prospect of what lay ahead tomorrow was more prominent than finally getting into bed with him.

After all, you'd just been writhing in Fisk's private car while one of the men close to him had bore witness.

The door opened sharply and a cool wind cut at you.
Wesley offered you his hand to get out and you took it, looking up at where you had parked.

It was a large, expensive looking apartment block with a red carpet on the side walk, a doorman and marble floors that were complimented by rich wood and brass.

The rent for this place for a month probably amounted to three or four 'jobs' for you.

He nodded to Francis before leading you into the apartment building, nodding to Concierge as you passed.

You couldn't help but return your gaze to Francis who was looking a little shell-shocked. There was part of you that was almost relieved.

If Francis was phased by what had just happened, at least it wasn't something that happened often.
Respect

Chapter Summary

Finally back at his Apartment, you find yourself demanding answers...and action.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The concierge pressed the call button for Wesley, touching the shining brim of his peaked cap with a white cotton glove before leaving.

Wesley's passion had cooled considerably since he had had you on the tip of his tongue and you had realized why.

Rule number one.

Never shit on your own doorstep.

To the people who worked in his apartment building, his neighbours, he probably acted the part of the respectable business man who left his apartment building at 7 am every morning in shining black shoes, sharp tailored suits, and perfectly combed hair.

To rock up to his home, sucking the face off of a woman in a scrunched up ball gown, messed up hair and pinning her to the wall would probably destroy that image.

You waited until the doors opened before you went to step in, feeling his hand at your back as he propelled you in gently.

He hit the 12th floor, and waited, his hands joined in front of him as he stood, as he usually stood when standing sentry over Fisk, a power pose—you thought of it as.

You had no reason to use one. The poor motherfucker who had the misfortune of being in your never got to notice how you stood before you'd cut their throat.

You decided to wait until you at least got to his apartment before saying anything. After all, it wouldn't be a great idea for one of his neighbours to overhear you talking about what happened in the car.

You wondered about the practicalities of spending the night here, though your mind barely made it past the vision of Wesley moving over you as he thrust powerfully into you with that 8 inch cock he boasted of.

You were in a god-damn opera dress, impractical shoes, and your panties were probably half way across Hells Kitchen by now where either an incensed Fisk would find them and choke you with them or a red-cheeked Francis would fish them out of the back seat foot-well and burn them.

The walk of shame would turn into a 3-change subway commute where you'd probably be pictured by Humans Of New York and asked for your story.
You were jerked from your thoughts by the elevator stopping, and Wesley's warm hand on your elbow as he steered you left and towards the black door of his apartment.

As soon as you were in there, you'd speak.

You couldn't let go completely, utterly, and freely until you knew exactly what the fuck was going on here.

The fantasy had long since ended, its sparkle fading as soon as you realized what you'd done in the back of his car. As soon as you stepped onto the sidewalk and felt the the sweat cooling on your skin.

He pulled his keys from his pocket. A single set with an unremarkable black leather fob and unlocked the door, standing back so that you could enter first.

It was everything you had imagined it to be.

Minimalist, governed by dark colors and bold lines. Conservative and but not exactly spartan. Dark leather. Clean, uncluttered surfaces and closed doors with polished brass fixtures.

He closed the door behind you, putting his keys on the black wooden table beside the door as you made your way through the apartment, the soft black rugs muffling your footsteps.

The only thing that surprised you was that the view was unremarkable. You had considered he'd have a place that overlooked the whole of Hells Kitchen, huge windows that he could watch Fisk's plans unfurl from.

Instead, the blinds that covered what was visible were half-tilted so the view was obscured.

Surely, privacy wasn't an issue on the 12th floor.

You turned to him as he walked in behind you and moved to the corner, flicking on a lamp.

“...Something to drink?” he asked.

“No.” you replied, not prepared for the civil hospitality.

“You're not on duty any more.” he responded, looking to you as he turned from the lamp to head to the small tray of drinks that lay on the sideboard.

“I'd still rather keep my wits about me.” you respond coolly.

He gave a soft scoff.

“I'd say you lost those in the car, just now.”

“James.” you begin, regretting using his first name immediately. You had intended to be more forceful.

He raised an eyebrow.

“...Look.” you sighed, putting your clutch-bag on the back of his leather couch, not letting it go just yet. You weren't intending on looking like you were going to stay. “...It's been...a really good evening--”

“Your vocabulary needs work.” he critiqued. “I'd say it had been better than good.”
“Wesley.” You practically snapped.

His smile dropped a little, he looked pissed off now.

“What the fuck were we doing?” you asked, looking to him. “That, in the theatre. You ate me out in the back of Fisk's car! While Francis watched!”

Wesley looked unapologetic.

“...What were we doing...?” you repeated to yourself, wanting to drag your hands down your face but remembering the heavy make up you wore.

You were already gonna look like some kind of fucked up prom queen on the way home, you didn't want to add to it.

There were a few moments as he looked to you, almost appraising you before responding.

“I don't...” he began, choosing his words with care. “...recall you, rebuffing me. As I recall, you were more than...enthusiastic.”

You closed your eyes.

Yes. A Six month dry spell had made you a little more than eager to comply but, it was besides the point.

“...Did you do that in the back of the car to prove a point?” you asked, getting to the crux of the matter, meeting his eyes again. “Some kind of dominance thing? In front of the guy you give orders to? Am I some kinda example?”

Wesley's forehead furrowed and his eyebrows narrowed.

Anger was etched into his usually handsome face.

“...You think I used you to prove a point...?” he asked, his tone low and dangerous.

He moved with such fluid grace and swiftness that he had seized your face in his hands, cupped between them and was staring down at you before you could react.

You were almost afraid by the intensity in his eyes, the firmness he held your face.

“...My men--” he began, again, selecting his words with care, as he looked at you. “--have respect for me that goes beyond me having to do something as base as screw someone in the back seat of my employers car, to drive home the message.”

He licked his bottom lip, gazing into your eyes now, his voice low and sending fresh chills over your skin.

“...I wanted you. And I got you.”

Oh God...

He leaned in a little more, breathing against your lips, his eyes flickering from your lips to your eyes for an unbearable eternity where you couldn't breathe anymore before he released you and moved away towards the tray of drinks that stood atop a sideboard.

“I'll call a taxi for you.” you offered coldly, pouring himself a drink and sipping at it.
“...Just...answer me this.” You said, your voice a little weak from the way he had just spoken to you. “...This...is real. Right? This isn't a mind game, or some fucking way of getting to me. This is real. You want me, because I make you feel--the—I make you feel--”

He turned, smirking, his eyes creased with amusement as he held the glass of whiskey in his hand.

“...Because YOU make ME feel, the way that I make YOU feel..?” he completed, a curious expression on his sneering face.

Yes.

You lifted your chin in defiance, but it may as well have been a confession.

“...You think I make a habit of this?” he asked, looking into his glass before returning his gaze to you. “...Taking a woman home. Pleasuring her in the car. In a private box in a theater on opening night?”

You sighed, looking to your clutch.

Leave now, keep the remains of your dignity, and make it awkward at work. Or stay, answer his question and go from there.

“...No.” you replied. “I don't.”

He nodded, averting his eyes in thought and hummed.

He finished his drink and then put it on the table before putting the cap back on the expensive looking bottle.

“...If Fisk finds out about this, he'll kill us both.” You sighed, loosening your hair gently, letting it out of its up-do.

Wesley shook his head and murmured.

“No. Just you...”

You folded your arms and pinned him with a stare.

“...Better if he doesn't find out then.” Wesley remarked. “...It will simply distract him from his work.”

He walked towards you again and put his hands on your shoulders; His warm, soft hands before touching you gently under your chin.

“...Ellen...” he teased softly, using your 'codename' mixed with that voice he must have known sent you wild.

Fuck. That...voice...

You look up at him, into those sexy blue eyes.

“...I want you...”

You reach for his face and bring it close to yours and kiss him.

To hell with it.
You are Fisk's hired guns and you hadn't got much of a life expectancy anyway and if you were gonna burn, he may as well be the tinder they set you aflame on.

He kissed you softly, tenderly, his lips pressing and caressing against your lips as you felt his hands roam down your back tenderly, pulling you closer, settling on your rump. Your hands ran down his chest, finding the buttons of his shirt and began to unpick them.

He breaks the kiss suddenly, resting his forehead against yours shaking his head.

“...Not here, darling” he urges, stroking your hair and nodding towards the back of the room “...Bedroom.”

You let him lead you to his bedroom, one of the rooms off of the main living area and closed the door behind him, clicking on the lamp on the dresser.

Again, it was unremarkable, though the full length dress mirror and walk in wardrobe that was slightly ajar did catch your eye immediately.

You felt his hands on your shoulders as he turned you around, gently lifting your hair up to unzip the zip on the back of your dress, clearly keen to release you from the net nightmare that had proved his enemy for most of the evening.

The feeling of his warm hands on your skin was enough to turn you to butter as he brushed the straps from your shoulders, pressing kisses to your neck as he did and let the bodice of the dress shed from your body like a fabric shell to reveal your bra.

You stamped the rest of the dress to the floor, to hell with it, it had served its purpose tonight. You felt perfectly stupid, stood there in a bra and no panties, trying to undress him as he wore what seemed to be way too many layers but he seemed in no rush.

In fact, he wasn't really attempting to assist you in any way. He was enjoying watching you work.

With previous lovers, you had merely reached their crotch and grabbed at the bulge to see if they were aroused enough for sex but he seemed to be enjoying every last moment.

He had been all night.

It had all been about you...Nothing for him, and now, now he could get you into bed and screw your brains out, he wasn't tearing his clothing off.

You wondered if he prized his precious suits so highly that he wouldn't dare let them drop to the floor.

He took off his jacket and waistcoat, letting you push it from his shoulders and threw it carefully over a chair before unhooking your bra and letting it fall to the floor.

He stood there, admiring your breasts for a few moments, letting his hands cup and stroke them, teasing the nipples with his thumbs before letting his hands roam down your figure.

You were carved up plenty. Of course you were. Marks from your less skilled days when knives would slice through your flesh and leave you with painful lessons that faded to memoirs on your skin, surely he had figured you'd have scars.

His thumb brushed one of the more prominent ones over your ribs where a knife had missed your lungs by half an inch.
He looked down to it, brushing it over again, experimentally, a thoughtful look on his face.

You wore all of your scars with pride, even that one, that nearly killed but you didn't like his attention on it.

Suddenly, he scooped you up onto his hips, carrying you to the bed, his hands under your ass, squeezing almost painfully hard and lay you down, crawling on top of you, slipping off his shoes and socks as he did, one knee between your legs as he ran his hand through your hair, fanning it over the pillows.

Your fingers undid the rest of his shirt buttons feverishly, your fingers working quickly as you exposed the pale flesh underneath.

Your hands strayed under the fine cotton and over his chest, his sides.

_Hmmm, you figured as much, he didn't exactly work out, but he wasn't out of shape exactly and..._

Your fingers stopped a little way below his navel as they found something...something you didn't expect to find.

A scar...

You looked up at him with curiosity in your eyes.

Had he been in a gunfight? Had he actually seen and experienced real action?

There was something there, he wasn't in the mood to discuss right now and illustrated the point by removing his shirt and tossing it behind him before moving back down to kiss your neck again, his fingers teasing your nipples into pert, dimpled points but before he could dedicate too much time to them you bent your knees and brought him between your thighs.

He murmured in approval as he now undid the buckle on his belt and unzipped his pants.

You couldn't help yourself as you reached between your thighs, into the gaping zip and felt for him... _Christ..._

_Those boasts weren't just boasts..._

You sat up and pushed the pants from him, pushing the silk boxers with it and freed him from the clothing that was restraining him as he crawled onto the bed with you again.

His cock sprung from the elastic of the waistband of his boxers and made you ache for him so much that you stared. Actually STARED at his erection.

He smirked confidently, before leaning down to kiss you again.

You wrapped your arms around him, letting his tongue sweep along your lower lip, parting your teeth so he could slide his lubricious tongue into your mouth, seeing yours and touching it playfully with his.

You could feel his cock pressing hard against your thigh, inches away from where you needed it to be right now.

He moved to your neck softly, tenderly puckering it with kisses as he slides his fingers into you, checking how wet you had become, you can smell the Whiskey on his breath now, the tickle of a
barely there stubble against your skin, the movement of his fingers inside you, stretching you out, preparing you for penetration...

“Wait!”

He looks up, his glasses slightly askew, his fingers sliding out of you.

“...Condom.” you say urgently. “Condom...?”

He almost looks relieved, and nodded, leaning over to his night-stand and he opened the draws. As he leaned, you caught sight of the scar near his navel.

Fresh looking, less than a year old, by the still obvious redness surrounding it, and if you know your scars, as you know you do, its from a gunshot wound.

He pulled a condom from the draw and sitting up, tore it open before carefully rolling it down his thick, particularly impressive length.

Clearly not eight inches...but not MUCH short of seven and a half. Enough for you to be able to get your fingers around, but not with much to overlap with and hard enough for you to ache for him.

You reach down and gently taking him in your hand, stroke him.

His heat in his gaze on you matches the heat in your core right now and as much as you're enjoying watching the micro-expressions in his face as you lazily masturbate him in the half-lit light of his bedroom, you want that cock somewhere else entirely.

You part your legs for him invitingly as he crawls between them and presses the tip of himself against your entrance which is now slick and ready for him. And only him.

Your desire to have him inside you is more than just a fancy now. It's a life or death craving. You physically NEED him inside you, you can feel yourself throbbing, eager to have him there...

Holding your waist, you feel him slide into you slowly, carefully. Obviously understanding you hadn't had much more than a dildo inside you for half a year.

Your eyelids fluttered shut as he claimed every last inch of you, meeting some resistance.

“Are you alright?” he asked softly, his hand on your hip, gripping your thigh.

“...I want all of you...”

He smiled at you and with a roll of his hips, filled you up in one more stroke.

You moan as he pushes all the way into you, feeling his balls press up against your ass as he does and he gives a soft shuddering gasp, feeling himself all of the way inside you. In your damp, hot core.

He gives you a moment to adjust to him before slowly thrusting in and out of you.

You give a soft moan of enjoyment as you feel the warm, hard length brush against your sensitive ridges and each time and hearing him murmur praises into your breasts as he bucks his hips hard, you realize why he's been holding out on you all night.

He wants to take it slow.
He likes it slow...

You wrap your legs around his and look up into his eyes as he settles inside you, his hands firmly gripping your waist.

His eyes are hazy, fogged over with the sheer arousal of being inside you now. You can tell he's craved this all night, and had worked himself up and brought himself down twice now after satisfying you.

You can feel him, stretching you out, claiming every last fraction of you with his girth that you're bordering on damn uncomfortable.

“...James...” you murmur breathily. “...God, James...you're fucking huge...”

He gives a shaky laugh and slowly pushes in and out of you again, managing to strangle a fresh groan out of you.

“...And you're...impossibly...tight...”

He presses another kiss to your lips, letting his lips press against yours in relief as he lazily thrusts into you, setting a steady pace now.

His fingers find your nipples again and gently squeezing your left breast, teasing the nipple you feel the already wavering pleasure in you peak.

“...God...I should have fucked you sooner...” you hear him mutter into your breast as he kisses it, arching his back and pushing into you. “...I could have...had you...like this...”

“...You should have...” you concur. “Could have...fucked me over...his desk...”

He punishes you with a powerful snap of his hips which pushes your head into the pillows and makes you pant out.

“Maybe I will...Maybe I'll wait...” he pants, gripping your hips as he rams into you again, his thrusts becoming almost aggressively powerful. “...Maybe I'll pull your jeans down...bend you...over...and fuck you...from behind...”

You gasp and reach down to rub your clit that is burning from lack of contact now.

He pushes your hand away and takes over the task for you, rubbing it in rough, tight circles.

“You want me to fuck you over his desk?” he asks, staring down at you, sweat beading on his brow.

You look up at him, his fingers working your clit into a frenzy as he thrusts.

“Yes...I want it...”

He gives you a wicked smirk that is as good as a promise as he holds your tight to his hip and pushes into you hard, brushing against your core.

You cry out now and he nods.

“...Yes...Yes...Say my name...Ellen...”

“James...” you breathe out, wrapping your leg around his hip, pulling him tight into you now so that he barely has room to deepen his thrusts.
He leans down and kisses you eagerly, his tongue sliding into your mouth rhythmically reminding you of how much he liked the taste of your pussy earlier.

You moan into the kiss, your fingers pulling back your clitoral hood all of the way for him, the stickiness coating both of your fingers as he works the nub of tenderness unrelentingly as he moves inside you powerfully, his thighs flexing as he brushes up against your red hot core again.

“...Fuck me...” you pant against his lips.

He gives a low laugh and moves your legs so that they're pressed between you now, and his depth is deeper.

You cry out as he pounds your G Spot with the head of his cock.

“...You're beautiful...” he praises. “...I could watch you come undone every day...find new ways of breaking you...and shaking you apart...Lick you until you can't stand it anymore.”

You wanted him to claim you, every inch, in every way as this slow, lazy fucking session completely ended you.

You were in his thrall now, whether you liked it or not, because this could not be a one time thing.

It just couldn't.

His thumb worked harder against your clit as his thrusts confused and titillated your senses as the two pleasure streams clashed violently causing you to moan wildly now.

It was going to be a short trip to your own climax.

“James...James...Oh God! James!!” you murmured, your eyes fluttering shut as you concentrated on your impending orgasm and he ceased his efforts on your clit and instead worked on fucking you with short, hard thrusts.

Thrusts that hit the spot.

Your eyes opened wide as your body trembled, teetering on the edge of its third orgasm tonight, the head of his cock pushing your G-Spot harder...harder...harder...until...

“JAMES!”

You came hard, and fast, shaking around him as he held your hips tight, holding you onto him, relishing every shake around him as he closed his eyes and let his head hang back, holding onto his own climax and gasping as you flooded his cock with your cum.

As you fluttered back to reality with the shreds of your awareness falling around you like furls of ash from a fire, you saw him gazing at your body. Your sweaty, sex stained body and admiring it.

Actually...admiring it.

You reach up tenderly, and caressing his jaw invited him for another kiss.

His kisses were hot and tender now, his lips barely touching yours and his shaking hands in your hair, holding you close as though you were the last thing on the Earth that he had.

*Who would have thought that James Wesley was a tender lover after all?*
“...I want you to cum inside me...” you muttered against his lips. “...I want you to fuck me senseless...I want to feel you shoot off inside me...claim me...” you whispered, thinking of every filthy thing you could lay your tongue to.

It had the desired effect because his hips bucked and you cried out as your sensitive pussy began to get pounded again.

His thrusts became fast and erratic as he gripped your hips, your breasts bouncing up and down with effort as he arched his back, pushing harder and harder and finally, his eyes fluttered shut, his breath hitched in his throat and he cried out loudly with a loud gasp, exploding into you.

He panted loudly, pumping the last few drops of his seed out, groaning as he did, shaking as he held you before dropping his head onto your shoulder, his forehead saturated with sweat, his curly hair now damp with sweat as he stilled.

His chest was heaving against yours, his back drenched with sweat as he panted heavily into your shoulder.

You soothed his back with your fingertips, pressing lazy, grateful kisses to his temple until he rolled off you, holding the condom in place before removing it with some tissue and discarding it into the waste paper basket beside his bed.

He breathed heavily, his one arm above his head as he stared up at the ceiling and you wondered what was going through his mind...

Regret? Panic? Ecstasy?

You pulled the sheets of his bed to you, covering your naked body as he looked over to you, the rustling catching his attention.

You dared to look back and found him giving you a crooked smile before reaching over and scooping you to him, wrapping his arm around your shoulder and kissing your forehead soothingly.

You lay there, in post-coital glow until both of you could breathe easily again.

Aching and sticky. Sore and tingling.

In his arms, you felt content and feeling as though you had championed the world as he lay there, his fingers running through your sex-matted hair, you wanted to know...if this was to be a regular thing...

“...James?”

“Hmmm?” he murmured.

“...Tell me this isn't a one off...”

He smirked.

“...Perhaps...I may be inspired to give an encore. some time. A matinee performance midweek...”

You knew enough about theatre to know that was a yes.

You hid your own smirk in his side as you stroked around the scar on his stomach, knowing not to address it, even if you acknowledged it.
Just then, Wesley's cell rang.

You felt his muscles tense as he sat up, and extracted the cell from his pants pockets giving you enough time to admire the view of his fantastic ass.

He sat back and answered it.

“...Sir.” he began, his voice returning to normal as he smoothed a hand through his hair. “...Yes Sir. It went as planned...”

You looked to him.

*Fisk was calling about the mission.*

“...I left during the interval, Sir. There was no need to wait any longer...Yes, Sir. I sent her home in the car with Francis.”

You grinned at him wickedly as he diverted his eyes and suppressed a quite frankly immature smile.

“...Yes sir, 8 am. Understood. Goodnight.”

He put his phone on the bedside cabinet and lay back down, his arm open for you to return to his side.

You dutifully did, stroking his stomach again.

“...James?”

“...Hmmmm...”

“...I'm still going to call you Wesley...at work.”

“Hmmm.” he concurred, his eyes closing behind the smeared lenses of his glasses. “...And I'm still going to call you Ellen, when we're alone.”

Chapter End Notes

I am genuinely interested in turning this into a “feature length” story, but wanted feed back.

Would you read more? Do you want more?

Works inspired by this one *Marked by LittleSpider*

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!