

# Billionaire In the Building (BWWM Billionaire Erotic Romance)

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Billionaire In The Building By Jezzra Taylor

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A Note From Jezzra

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Looking out my bedroom window, I could see into the living room of our building's owner. He was about the same age as my dad, but he was taller and looked a lot younger with his broad shouldered frame and trim waist. He always wore tight Levi jeans that sculpted his muscular thighs and ass.

He was a very good looking man, and from what I've heard mega rich. Like not just millions right, but billions. Why he lived in this apartment, though, was beyond me. It was nice enough, but certainly not where I would live if I was a billionaire. But people say he's a quiet guy that keeps to himself, earned his money in real estate and this was his first apartment. He never wanted to leave it. Keep him grounded. Close to his roots. Whatever. I'd have been like the Jefferson's if I hit it rich, buying a deluxe apartment in the sky.

Anyway, I discovered what was underneath those tight jeans one night a couple of weeks ago, when I saw something I shouldn't have. I've been secretly glancing into his window at night for the last year or so. I mean, how often do you get to spy on a billionaire? But I never saw anything interesting until that night when I caught him coming out of the shower wrapped in a towel. His chest was bare, with only a few sprinkles of dark blonde hair trailing to his navel.

After that night, seeing him dripping and bare-chested, I have thought about him a lot more than normal. Each night, I would glance over from my darkened window and hope that I would catch sight of him.

A few days later, I saw more than my young mind could handle. My attraction to Kevin went from a school-girl crush to a curiosity about things that I had not experienced before.

That Wednesday, I was brushing my long, dark and straightened hair in the vanity which was pointed towards the only window in my room. The main lights in my room were turned off and the only light came from the three small bulbs above the mirror.

I looked into Kevin's window and saw him talking to the woman from down the hall. She was an older woman, about thirty or so. Kevin handed her a glass of wine and then kissed her on her shoulder. The woman's head went back and her mouth opened as Kevin's kisses went up her neck, his free hand sliding over her stomach.

Unable to take my eyes from the scene, I watched him go to his knees in front of the woman. Candace I think. His drink was set down on the floor to give him use of both hands which he set to work on Candace's panties, pulling them down from beneath her skirt. Her legs lifted up one after another to allow Kevin to pull them completely off. He tossed the small bundle of fabric onto the nearby floor.

Lifting the skirt, he buried his face into her mound. The sound of her moan coming from the slightly ajar window sent a shiver down my spine. I had to press my thighs together to hold back the squishy wetness in between my legs. The woman next door screamed from pleasure and begged Kevin to fill her.

Kevin's pants came off in a flurry and he quickly had her bent over the arm of the couch. I couldn't see how big he was, but by the reaction of Candace, he was big enough to please. Her screeches and moans were lower, but far more audible.

I watched with rapt attention as he pummeled her from behind. He didn't make much more noise than a few grunts and groans, but when I accidentally dropped my brush on the glass vanity table the noise seemed ridiculously loud in comparison. I froze, afraid that they had heard me but when I looked back there was no change in his pace, except that he was quickening.

I watched with amazement as he pulled out of the woman and shot streams of cum onto her back. Kevin turned, his profile showing a huge white dick that was quickly softening. He slapped the woman on the ass and walked into his bathroom, coming back with a wet cloth and wiping her off. She mewled like a kitten and finally stood up. Kissing him on his cheek, she left after a quick goodbye.

After she left, I was breathing fast in my darkened room. My hands found their way inside of my sleeping shorts and I could feel the moisture on my fingers. Closing my eyes, I played with my clit,

jumping from my own ministrations. I thought of Kevin doing the same thing to me as I started shaking, fingers flying across my core. I bit my lip to stop the moan that came out of my mouth, though it did not fully mask the sound.

A noise coming from Kevin's caused me to open my eyes, and I saw him walking towards his window. I panicked and switched the lights off on the mirror. Ducking behind the sheer white curtain, I held my breath. My heart was racing and my blood was pumping through my ears. The sound was deafening.

After a few moments, I ran to my bed away from the window. Jumping under the covers, my heart was now slamming in my chest. I couldn't hear anything, but I was so embarrassed with the thought that he may have caught me that sleep was hard to come that night, and has been for most of the nights since. My curtains have remained closed now for almost two weeks. I've been so afraid to look so I've avoided it, but the desire to do so is strong.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another change since that night was how I looked at people at school. I was a freshman at Hillsborough College and I was surrounded by young, hot guys all day, every day. Before watching Kevin take the neighbor down the hall, I never really thought of things like that. Call me crazy, but between school and track, I didn't have much time for boys in high school. I was starting to wonder if that was a mistake. I was in college now. It was time I grew up.

At eighteen, everyone else around me was hooking up and I had barely had my first kiss. I dated a guy for a few weeks back at the end of high school, but as soon as he found out I was a virgin, the pressure was on. He got as far as a hand on my breast before I pushed him off me and that was that.

Now looking around, I caught myself gazing at my classmate's chests and bulges. There was a problem though, they all seemed like scrawny kids compared to Kevin. When I dreamed of my first time being with a man, it was a man I saw. Not a boy. I wasn't sure freshmen were going to cut it.

"Alyssa! Are you coming over for the party tomorrow night?"

I looked over at my friend Michele and smiled. Her deep dark hair was pulled back and her makeup was as bright as usual. Always a contrast to her very dark skin, which was only a shade

darker than my own.

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This white man has a cock that can put any black man to shame, and Alyssa is dying to try it out... but could it be too much for her first time?

**Young and innocent**, Alyssa has spent more time concentrating on college than men. Lately, though, there's one man in particular that she's had her eye on. Kevin, the super wealthy real estate magnate that just happens to live in her building. From her own room, she can sometimes spy on him, and lately she's seen some things that are **positively steamy**.

But he's so much older than the **beautiful young black woman**. And so much ... whiter. And yet, this **alpha male** puts any of the young men that have been trying to capture her eye to shame - especially with what she happened to see that he packs in his pants.

So when Kevin saves her from a potentially disastrous date, Alyssa knows that she can no longer hold herself back from him. The only question is, how can she catch the eye of a man she knows likes to do it **hard, fast and without protection?**

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