

Encounter -- Demon Of Convenience: Shot To The Heart

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Shot To The Heart

Mina approached the shooting range. Although her thoughts were suspiciously silent, Taurinus felt her warmth slicing through the chill surrounding him. He carefully placed the Colt Single Action Army pistol on the table and picked up the Double Barreled Derringer, grounding himself in routine as he fought the urge to go to her. All this damn love business was making him soft, and a soft assassin was a dead assassin.

He aimed at the target and pulled the trigger. *Perfect.* Taurinus switched guns yet again, as his collection of weapons was vast, and all required regular use to stay functional. He heard the swish of long brown curls against naked skin, and the scent of Mina's arousal perfumed the fresh country air, making his cock harden. "No," he answered her unspoken question. "I'm working."

"And I'm working on strengthening your concentration, Taur," her sing-song voice lilted. Soft hands wrapped around his waist. "I want you to ignore me, and continue shooting." There was a rasp of a zipper, and his pants dropped to his ankles, the morning breeze cool upon his skin.

He *would* ignore her. He could do this. Taurinus watched the target fly across the field, positioned his gun, and fired, the smell of gun powder tickling his nostrils. It was another perfect shot. Satisfied, he stroked the warm barrel, as Mina stroked his hard

cock, her cheek pressing against his back, her breasts rubbing his tensed muscles with every breath.

“Continue,” she instructed, cupping his balls with one palm, rolling them with her fingers, while she pumped his shaft with her other hand.

Her hands felt good, but her pussy would feel even better. Taurinus gritted his teeth, and changed guns, while the target moved back and forth at demon speed, the white paper blurring against the backdrop of green trees.

Mina changed positions also, kneeling on the grass in front of him. Taurinus looked down, and then wished he hadn't. Her decadently long hair rippled down her back, and her breasts were bare, her nipples puckering into mouth-watering peaks. While watching him with big brown eyes, she parted her luscious lips, extended her pink tongue, and --

“Fuck.” He groaned, jerking as she licked the precum off his tip. No one touched him like Mina. No one ever had, and no one ever would.

“Ignore me, Taur.” Her lips curled upward as she inhaled his cock, sucking him into her hot, wet mouth. In and out, in and out, she worked his cock, sliding her tongue along his shaft, teasing his rim.

He took a deep breath, centering himself. He would ignore her. He was a professional, and professionals knew how to deal with distractions. His hand shook as he raised the pistol. He watched his target, every inch of him aware of Mina's mouth bobbing over his cock, taking him deeper and deeper until his tip tapped the back of her throat. He pulled the trigger without thinking, but his natural skill and centuries of training paid off, and the shot was ideally placed.

“Mina.” He set down the pistol, and he didn't pick up the next one, pressing the button for target retrieval. “Little one.” He threaded his fingers through her hair. It was so soft, and her mouth was so hot, pulling on his cock with an erotic persistence. He couldn't last, his balls aching for release. “I'm going to come,” he warned her.

Through their link, he felt her pride over pleasing him, her emotions layering on top of his, as she wrapped her lips around his shaft, and sucked, the tender tugging snapping his restraint.

“Mina!” he bellowed, thrusting forward, pumping his cum into her throat. She moved with him, swallowing every drop, because she knew him, she knew his body, his mind, his soul. He leaned into her, all of his willpower allocated to remaining upright. She licked him, cleaning his cock as meticulously as he cleaned his weapons, and his control slowly returned, straightening his spine.

“How’d we do?” Mina bounced to her feet, her knees tinted green from the grass. “Oh...” She unclipped the target. “Two hearts.”

“That’s yours.” He pointed to the heart drawn with bullet holes. “That’s mine.” The smaller heart was inside the larger one. You hold my heart. He pushed that thought into her mind, unable to say the sappy words out loud. He was a romantic fool.

Mina tilted her face upward, her eyelashes fluttering, her brown eyes clouded by a sheen of moisture. “I love you, Taur.”

He couldn’t say those words either. Instead, Taurinus brushed his lips against hers.

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