

Encounter: Gettin' Out

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Gettin' Out

Tiffany's tight red T-shirt flew somewhere. My black one went somewhere else. I knew where my jeans were. They were locked around my ankles by my boots that had about fourteen buckles and I'd be fucked -- or rather wouldn't be -- if I stopped for the time it'd take to get out of 'em.

Where her almost shorts and panties ended up, I didn't know. Didn't care. The way her eyes sparkled with amusement as I crawled worm-like up the rental cabin's musty mattress toward her lush tits didn't go well with me either.

I spanked her pussy with enough force to sting. "Meet me half way."

"Come and get me."

She tried to wiggle back against the wall, but she forgot only my legs were tied, not my hands. I grabbed her under her knees and yanked until she slid down the bed, making it possible for me to cover her with my body.

I tried to separate my legs, momentarily forgetting that they were locked together and cursed. Next time some hawt chick came in to clean my room -- as if this oasis in a woodsy hell was the Hilton -- she best do it before I get my boots on.

Tiffany scuttled back, and I growled. The sheet slipped through my hands as I tried to follow her.

She spread her legs wide, giving me a great view of her damp pussy. Spreading herself open further and pouting prettily, she said, "Don't you want me?"

"Fucking tease." I grabbed her calves, which she held tight for me, and pulled myself up her body. My face landed right where I wanted, buried between her thighs. I dove in. Nothing about sweet honey, fresh cream or romance crossed my mind. Just gimme the fresh taste of a real woman.

A few licks around her clit, then finger fucking her cunt got her rocking her hips, moaning. Now that's what I like to hear. My dick was hard and I wanted to see her pink pussy wrapped around it. Now, damn it. Something dark and dangerous crept into my throat. "Gonna fuck you now, sweetheart. No more games."

Tiffany got the hint -- or maybe it was a threat, even I didn't know -- and shifted her body into the perfect place under me. The ruddy head of my dick was planted at her entrance, her heels digging so deep into my ass that if she had on stilettos, they'd be up my asshole, and my body was contemplating the short term nirvana ahead when she jerked on my hair. "Condom?"

She chose to ask about that \$now? But kids... I didn't want to think about 'em. Not now, not ever. Not even my own. "Back pocket."

She shifted out from under me, bit my ass on the way toward my feet -- earning her a smack in return -- then flashed the foil wrapper under my nose before taking out the rubber and rolling it down over my cock. She squeezed my shaft hard before sliding back into place.

"Go for it," she said breathlessly as she wrapped her legs around my waist again.

"Open those legs for me, baby. I want that pussy."

I growled as I slid into her wet heat. Was she as tight as a twenty year old nun? Fuck no. But I didn't expect that. She did have enough tone to grip my dick firmly as her juices coated the latex. No whore then, just another free spirit.

I allowed myself that one last thought before my brain shut down and my body took over. I cradled her shoulders and rocked my hips, trying to drive deeper into her

sexy pussy. Having my legs trapped together though was driving me mad. I wasn't able to take all she could give me.

Again, Tiffany giggled at my frustration. "Turn over."

Didn't like being ridden. Not with my feet pinned together and my junk so exposed. Especially not if she...

\$Breathe. We aren't playing war games.

I rolled over onto my back. "Saddle up."

She did, with less awkwardness than most women. I lifted my hips up into her wet heat. The look in her eyes said she wanted to play, but my answering shake of the head stopped her. Maybe another time, if there was another time, but I was out of patience for games.

She planted her hands on my chest and rode me hard, squeezing at just the right times. I rose to meet her every time she came down. She ground her pussy against my short and curlies until they were damp. Neither of us made much sound except for the wet sucking of our fucking and the heavy breathing that resulted.

Her tits bounced with every movement. I just watched, and she took the hint. She sat up, driving herself further down onto my shaft, then twisting and pulling on her nipples, tossing her blonde hair back from her now sweaty face. The sexy noises came then. Oh how sweet her moans sounded to my ears.

Even with the condom on I was getting real hot real fast. I wanted to shoot into her in a primitive way. That thought had me growling. I grabbed her hips and slammed her down on my dick, hard and fast. "Cum, damn it."

Tiffany ground down on me, the cords of her neck straining, and she panted until a keening wail left her throat.

"Fuck yeah," I muttered as her pussy clenched me tight. A few more strokes, and I was with her, over the edge of orgasm, toes curling, thighs tight and dick shooting cum as though it could break the rubber and fill her the way I really wanted.

She purred as she rolled off me, taking the condom with her and throwing it in the trash. Normally I didn't do much in the way of kissing, but I grabbed her by the hair

and pulled her toward me until I could cover her lips with mine, hard and fierce against her surprised surrender.

When I let go, she sat up beside me. "So," she said, swirling her pink satin thong around on one finger while her legs were spread wide so I could still smell her intimate scent, "Where you goin'?"

I shrugged. As long as there was a road and I had gas money, did it really matter? "Somewhere else."

"You alone?"

"Do you see anyone else here?"

"No, I mean, like, a gang? You know, others."

"No, don't like the noise." Just my bike and the road, that's all a man like me needed. OK, and the occasional fuck.

She stood up from the bed, dressing faster than I could. She raised her hands over her head in a position that pushed her budded nipples against her thin T-shirt. "Got room for me on the back?"

Usually at this point "no" shot out of my mouth faster than a spark from an ignition plug. Instead, I gave her another look. She was over twenty -- I didn't do jail bait. She was a good lay. And something about her just clicked with me.

For the first time since I left the war behind, I actually thought about hooking up with someone else. "I'm heading out in ten. Beat me to the bike or you get left behind."

She didn't smile. She didn't even ask questions. She just flew out the door. In ten minutes, I'd know...

Fuck, why did I care? I didn't want to care. Left everything behind with my ex, even my dog. But this chick, Tiffany, she didn't need all the tender things the war had killed in me. And if I was wrong, hell, parting ways with her had to be easier than a divorce.

I washed up with cold water, jammed my essentials back into the small bag I'd strap to the back of my bike and headed out.

I was early and she'd still beaten me. On my bike in that red T-shirt, but with a black leather jacket and jeans that covered the top of proper riding boots. Her long blonde hair had been corralled into a kind of pony tail. Sunglasses hide her blue eyes. She knew what she was doing, all right.

"Let's get out of here," she said, already looking down the road.

I straddled the seat, started the engine and felt her hand slide over the crotch of my jeans. "Hell yeah."

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