

Encounter -- Caveat Emptor: Medusa & Darius

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Caveat Emptor: Medusa & Darius

When she got free, she was going to kill him. He wouldn't stay dead for long. Mortal death held no sway for beings like Medusa and Darius—she a vampire and him an immortal mage. But that didn't matter because she would still do it and enjoy every second of choking the life from his body.

Her hands clenched into fists as she strained against the magic that trapped her wrists over her head. The same magic bound her body against a cold steel beam with her knees spread as wide as they would go.

Darius chuckled. He floated a few feet from her, merriment dancing in his odd-eyed, blue and brown gaze. "You did say you wanted to see the Eiffel Tower."

"Not like this, you perverted bastard," she said in a quiet, venom-laced voice. She would have shouted the words but the sounds of the people walking on the platform a few feet above her quelled the urge. She and Darius were right below the uppermost observation deck. No one above could see them, but plenty people below could if they knew where to look.

Why hadn't he chosen to do this at night? At least then, the darkness would hide them. His magic could hide them too, but he didn't use it. All it would take was for someone to call attention to them and then the authorities would be there demanding

an explanation. Medusa knew they would have no trouble reaching them either. Darius wasn't the only mage in the world. Once she got free, he would be the only one with his head on backwards.

She strained against the spell, hoping to find a weak spot. Why hadn't she studied more magic? Darius wouldn't have been able to trap her like this if she had devoted more time to perfecting her craft.

She was a warrior. That's why. She preferred the finesse of a well placed fist in the face to the subtlety of spell. Oh how she would dearly love to punch Darius. "You know you have an ass whooping coming once I get free."

"My dear Medusa, I never doubted it. I plan to enjoy this encounter all the more because of the beating I'll receive later." He walked forward as though solid ground were beneath his feet instead of air. "From the way you're drooling, I would say you're enjoying it too."

He cupped his hand beneath her pussy to capture the hot liquid leaving her body in a broken stream. Each time her inner muscles clenched, she pushed free another a little more. Thankfully, the magic Darius used didn't allow her body's juices to rain down on the unsuspecting crowd below. It landed on the same invisible surface he walked on.

"If you let me down now, I'll only break your neck."

"If I let you down now, all my efforts and planning would be wasted. I hate waste." He brought his hand to his face and licked her juices from his palm. "And I would never waste an opportunity that makes you taste so sweet."

He bent towards her.

"Don't you dare."

Her irate command turned into a keen of pleasure as he passed his tongue over her clit. She cursed at herself for pressing her hips forward to feel more. She didn't like being bound. They could enjoy the same pleasure without tying her up.

Darius whispered, blowing his hot breath over her sensitive flesh, "Tell me what to do, Medusa."

“Free me.”

He tutted. “Now, now. We’ve played this game a few times. You know freeing you isn’t an option.”

Of course he would delight in reminding her of the other times he’d caught her unawares and bound her. He had to spring it on her like the trap it was. In all their centuries together she had never once simply agreed to letting him bind her. Every time he’d done it, she’d let her guard down. Since it was something he tried every few decades, Medusa couldn’t remain vigilant and look for signs. And the centuries had made him a clever opponent.

Medusa closed her eyes and sucked in a shaky breath when Darius licked her clit again.

“What do you want?”

Getting free was fast becoming a secondary need to getting off. She whispered, “Your fingers.”

“I didn’t hear you. What?”

“Your fingers,” she said a little louder but still below her normal voice.

Darius cupped his hand to his ear. “The wind is quite strong up here. What?”

She glared down at him and snapped, “Your fingers.”

“Oh? You want my fingers. How many?”

Anticipation thrilled up her spine. Okay, so maybe this game did get her off... a little. She licked her lips. “Two.”

He held up the two digits. “Where?”

“Where do you think?”

“Play with me, Medusa. I promise I’ll return the favor.” He wiggled his fingers. “Where?”

She shifted her hips. Her pussy had started to ache. “Inside.”

“Inside what?”

The more she dodged the words, the more he would insist on making her say them. This was all part of the game. All of it contrived as way to force her into

admitting she liked it when he did this to her. She did. Loved it, in fact, and wished he would do it more often. But she would never admit it to him. Her pride wouldn't let her. And that was all how the game was played.

"Touch my pussy inside."

"Ah. Such dirty words from that lovely mouth of yours." He slid his fingers inside but didn't move. "And?"

"In and out."

"Like this." He pumped his fingers

"Yes. Oh, yes." Medusa rolled her hips. "Faster."

Darius sped up his pace.

"Lick me. Lick my clit."

"Gladly."

The combined sensation of his fingers pleasuring her hot hole and his tongue teasing her clit had Medusa huffing and panting. She tried to hold back her sounds of enjoyment, but the high pitched keens escaped.

Some unknown woman on the platform above asked, "Did you hear that?"

Medusa pursed her lips together and held her breath. If they were caught the game would end. She didn't want that.

Darius sucked at her clit and pumped his fingers faster. She started to tell him to stop but the look of mischief in his gaze said he had sped up on purpose. Medusa found herself fighting to keep her voice contained even as she thrust her hips in a bid to feel more.

Her climax ripped several gasping moans from her lips.

The woman from before said, "Oh my God. Someone is having sex up here. How gross. This is a public place."

Another woman said, "Some people have no shame. Come on. It sounds close. Let's go to the other side."

The women's shoes clicked against the platform as they hurried away. Medusa breathed a sigh of relief and let her eyes close because the women left and because Darius had stopped his ministrations. "They're right. I have no shame."

Medusa opened her eyes. A slow smile curved her lips at the sight of Darius's hard dick bared to the open air. "Is that for me?"

"Do you want it?"

The question made her pussy clench. The ache from before returned. Only one thing could satisfy it. "Oh, yes."

Darius positioned himself at her opening. "Someone will hear us."

"Let them. I don't care." She shifted her hips so the tip of his cock teased the opening of her pussy.

"Oh? Are you saying you're enjoying yourself? I thought you were angry and wanted to be set free?"

"Use your dick to get me off and I might consider letting you do this again... with my permission."

Darius swallowed. His voice cracked when he asked, "Really?"

Medusa strained forward against the spell so she could run her tongue over his slack lips. "Give me a good reason."

His eyes turned dark with lust. He grabbed her hips and buried his shaft as far as it would go.

She cried out her satisfaction as Darius tried to convince her of the merit of being tied up willingly. His "argument" was one she couldn't deny. Once they returned home she would tell him the game had officially changed.

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