

**Encounter -- Slick as Hell**  
**J. Hali Steele**

All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2014 J. Hali Steele

**Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.**

## Slick as Hell

Slick hated being the third son of Satan -- his older brothers, Sly and Wicked, had first dibs on everything.

Not tonight.

Slick was on his own.

Sniffing the air, he caught her scent, gave his cock free rein as the woman's big ass swiveled on the dance floor. Long, brown waves touched bare shoulders and Slick imagined grabbing handfuls, forcing her lips onto his engorged dick. Cold beer in one hand, the other massaged and squeezed his hardness through the denim material and he didn't give a shit who watched. Slick could glamour the patrons, but what the fuck, he liked an audience.

The song finished and she walked to her table, said something to one of the three guys playing cards, then she sashayed out the front door leaving a trail filled with the delicious aroma of womanhood. Nuts full and aching, dick harder than the beer bottle he held, and damn near as thick, Slick followed.

Going to hell without relieving the pressure wasn't an option.

Reaching the street, he followed her scent to a new SUV parked near the corner. She spotted him and crooked her finger. He reached the vehicle and she opened the door. "Get in."

*Jackpot.* And he didn't even use magic.

Slick sat with his back to the door and asked, "To what do I owe the honor?"

"That big cock I've eyed all night."

"Think you can take it in your mouth?"

"I'm going to try." Slick unzipped his pants and released his dick. "Oh God!" she cried.

The pavement beneath the truck rumbled violently.

“An earthquake!” Surprised, she sucked in a lungful of air. Her mouth formed a perfect O he couldn’t wait to fill.

“An aftershock.” *That would be Daddy.* “Sweetheart, I won’t be taking you near any pearly gates so, please, don’t use church words. Tugging back and forth on his cock coaxed a drop of pre-cum from the slit. “But I will give you an experience hotter than hell.” He grinned. “Come here.”

Relaxing, she kicked her heels off and climbed to her knees on the big seat. “Damn, that looks good.” She leaned down and captured the drop with her tongue. “Let me watch you jerk off.”

“I can do that.” Slick loved masturbating, and with a beautiful, attentive onlooker, all the better. “Suck it a little to make it wet.” He could have spit in his hand, used it to lube his length, but why should he? Kneeling beside him was a gorgeous, big-boned girl with a mouth made for sucking and fucking.

When her lips covered the tip, pre-cum spurted into her mouth. “Aww, shit,” Slick growled. He spiked his hips and she took inches of rock-hard cock deep down her throat. He watched her draw full lips along his length reaching the thick ridge encircling the crown, and then she licked the smooth cap some more. “That’s what I’m talking about,” he whispered. Grabbing a handful of hair, Slick urged his cock deeper. “Damn, honey, you know how to suck some dick.” Her head rolled side-to-side, her tongue wrapped, she sucked, licked, and occasionally used her teeth to nibble until Slick felt another surge of cream pulse from his slit. “Enough.”

She sat back on her heels and said, “I want more.”

“Watch.” Slick began to stroke his dick, moving the skin up and down, palming the tip. He squeezed it hard then moved to his balls. “Hell, my nuts ache.”

She’d slid her top down and pinched puckered brown buds until they stood at attention. “Ooh I want that cock in my pussy.”

“You’ll get every inch.”

Slick continued to manhandle his dick. No one worked his cock better than he did. His large hand closed over the tip each time he stroked upward. Each time he pulled skin back, he caressed his nuts. The woman had sucked his dick so well, the urge to come rode him hard. "Shit, I'm close."

"Keep enough in that fat cock to fuck me."

"Honey, I can come in your mouth, your pussy, and still have some left for your sweet ass." Being the devil's spawn carried wonderful benefits. "Here it comes, put your mouth over it so I don't soil your seats."

She leaned down, took his thick cap in her mouth, and Slick fired a load of semen down her throat. "Hell yeah!" He continued to pump in her mouth, and she caught every drop. "Damn, you're good, baby. Lift your skirt." She did, and he ripped her tiny red panties off. "Climb on my lap."

He guided his thickness to her cunt, and then grasping her hips, Slick slammed her down in his lap. "Is that enough cock for you?"

"Unnhh, yes, fuck me hard."

Slick pounded up and into her pussy, again and again. Lifting her butt, he rocked her back and forth, and the friction was delicious. "Shit, you're tight!" he exclaimed.

She bounced up and down snagging every inch. Didn't take long for her to murmur, "I'm... ooh, I'm coming."

"Come all over my dick."

She did, and it flowed forever. "Hell, that's a lot of cum." It felt warm and good wetting his balls.

"I don't come often."

"I can remedy that. Get back on your knees." He removed his shoes and shucked the jeans off. "I could fuck your tight pussy forever." Slick gripped an ass-cheek with one hand and sent long fingers of the other through her moist crevice, he flicked her clit, teased it before delving into her cunt. "Ahh, you're

wet." He shoved three fingers deep, pulled them out, and jammed them in again. Soon her hips rocked back and forth on his hand. "Is this what you need, baby?"

He watched her ass jiggle and swerve, getting what she wanted.

"Fill me with your fat cock."

"I aim to please." Slick snatched his fingers from her hot cunt and took hold of his rigid dick. "You want all of it?"

She peered over her shoulder. "Please, please, fuck me. Hard."

All nine inches of solid cock thrust into her pussy. Slick's balls slapped her ass. "Shit, shit," he roared. In, out, repeatedly he pummeled her tight hole, gave the woman every fucking inch more times than he could count. His hips slammed her butt, ground his dick deeper and deeper with each stroke. He reached between her legs, found her clit and worked it until moans echoed through the vehicle. "Come, honey, come all over my dick."

She cried out, "Now... unnhhh... yes, yes!" Her walls constricted, released, and clenched some more, holding him prisoner in her cunt. "I've never come so much."

"Damn, damn, you're fucking hot," Slick bellowed. Faster, harder he pistoned in her pussy. "Give me all of it."

Cream drenched his dick, made it easy to ram in and out her tightness. "Aww, hell," he shouted, emptying another load of cum. "Sweet, and so fucking beautiful." He fell across her back.

After catching his breath, he dressed and rested on the seat. "Why don't you come more?"

"The boyfriend is too busy playing cards."

"He's missing out on some good pussy."

She plopped on the seat and pulled her skirt down. "Thanks. I gotta get back." She examined her nails, and whispered, "I like him. A lot."

"What's he wearing?"

Pretty, brown eyes widened. "You're not going to tell him are you?"

“Shit, you’re really special.” Slick wanted to give her something. “I won’t tell him.”

“He’s in the green shirt.”

“Come on.” He zipped his pants and followed her into the bar. Bastard hadn’t missed her. Walking over to the man, Slick whispered in his ear, then smiled, and winked at the man’s girlfriend.

\* \* \*

Sly and Wicked were at the bar with him a week later when she approached Slick with a huge smile. “Whatever you said, thank you so much.”

“My pleasure.”

Sly asked, “What *did* you say to him?”

Slick shrugged. “Used a little magic, told him to count the strokes when he fucked her and he would win that much each time he played cards.”

Wicked threw his head back and laughed. “He’ll fuck his brains out the way he plays cards.”

Slick grinned. “I know.” He watched her gyrate and shimmy in front of the jukebox. “She deserved some happiness.”

Wick glanced at him. “Not sure Pops will like what you did.”

“Magic, huh?” Sly eyed him curiously. “What happens if he literally fucks himself to death?” He felt his brothers ransacking his mind. Sly’s lips curled sardonically. “You slick son-of-a-bitch, Mom sure named you right.”

Wick’s fiery red eyes gave Slick the once over. “Damn, little bro, there is some deviousness hiding beneath that charming exterior.”

“She really likes him so I’ll leave it alone. But,” Slick chuckled, “If the fucker dies, that mouth, her sweet, tight pussy, it’ll all come back to me.”

Yes, being the devil’s spawn carried wonderful benefits.

**Click here to preview more books by J. Hali Steele:**  
<http://changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=127>

**Use the code "J.HaliSteeleEncounters" for 10% off your next order of any title by J. Hali Steele!**