

Encounter: Hot Pursuit

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Hot Pursuit

As soon as he walked into the restaurant, Gina felt that irresistible attraction that told her this was the man for her. Tall and lean, with a square jaw and black hair bound at his nape, he glanced around the room with a calm, yet confident look. His gaze momentarily fixed on her and the faintest smile touched his mouth. Even from a distance there was no missing the fullness of his lips. That was the kind of mouth she wanted to feel pressed against hers or even better roaming over her naked body.

He said something to the hostess who guided him to the empty table near Gina's. Even the way he walked turned her on -- long, slow strides that were both masculine and graceful.

Gina studied her menu while glancing at him from the corner of her eye. She knew she had an average face and her straight brown hair was nothing extraordinary, but her body made up for it. She had full breasts, a curvy ass and long, sexy legs. She accentuated them with a short black dress that hiked up to mid-thigh when she sat. Shifting toward her dream man, she crossed her legs. Her high-heeled sandals matched her red-painted toenails. It was no secret that some guys were turned on by feet and by the way his gaze riveted to her toes, then roamed up her legs, her efforts weren't in vain. Though her heartbeat quickened, Gina pretended not to notice him.

She heard him order a glass of red wine before Gina's waitress approached and distracted her by taking her order. While she waited for her steak and salad, she kept watch over the sleek stud at the next table. He'd taken out a cell phone and was apparently concentrating on his text messages, yet she didn't miss the way his eyes kept drifting toward her.

Now was the time for some serious flirting. She stood and "accidentally" dropped her purse near his table. Gina had no choice but to bend over and pick it up, making certain he got a clear view of her ass in the snug black dress.

Her heartbeat quickened when his hand brushed the curve of her backside. She straightened before grasping her purse, but he reached for it and held it out to her with a sensual smile. Their gazes locked, then his dropped to her D-cups that strained against the slinky black material. She'd worn an ultra-sheer bra and her stiff nipples poked against the fabric.

Gina took her purse from him, but he refused to let go. Tugging harder, she said, "Give it to me."

"That's a very tempting thought." His voice was so smoothly masculine that it sent shivers of desire down her spine.

He released the bag and Gina hurried to the ladies' room where she stood in front of the mirror to collect herself. Finally her heartbeat slowed, yet she couldn't seem to lose that sexual ache deep in her belly. Her clit tingled and she felt dampness between her legs. She hadn't bothered with panties, but almost wished she had. Ducking into one of the stalls, she used a tissue to gently wipe away some of the dampness. All she could think about was making love with the gorgeous guy in the dining room. She was so wet and ready that she could easily accommodate the thick cock she'd seen bulging against his black pants.

When she returned to the table, her food had arrived. As she took her seat, he glanced at her and nodded, those dark eyes still gleaming with lust.

Gina ate slowly, not nearly as hungry as when she'd first arrived at the restaurant. It was difficult to worry about filling her stomach when she really wanted her pussy filled with him.

He smiled at her, exposing even, white teeth. How would they feel teasing and tugging her nipple? Again her pulse raced and her pussy ached more than ever. Not bothering to finish her meal, she paid the check quickly. She was so aroused that if she stayed around that hunk much longer she'd have to run back to the ladies' room to masturbate.

Outside she walked through the parking lot. The light near her car was broken and the night was quite dark. She heard footsteps and stopped, her heart racing. Glancing behind her, she saw a tall dark figure a short distance away.

Hell, it was him! The guy from the restaurant. This was getting a little dangerous. She took a few steps back, but he didn't advance on her, merely stood like a black stone guardian in the night.

This was weird, but strangely exciting. Gina hurried to her car and jumped in. Her hands trembled and she fumbled with the keys. Glancing in the rearview mirror, she saw the dark figure striding closer. The key slid into the ignition and she backed up quickly and tore out of the parking lot, her tires screeching as she turned onto the street.

Gina kept glancing in the rearview mirror, but the road behind her was empty. Then she saw the single headlight of a motorcycle. Her adrenaline pumped and she felt slightly dizzy, but quickly regained control of herself.

She lived a few miles down the road from the restaurant. It was a country town, though, with not much else around except miles of forest and farmland. As she turned in her driveway, the headlight disappeared yet she heard the motorcycle's engine and knew he was still following her. She parked close to the house, kicked off her sandals and ran for the front door. Before she could so much as grab the doorknob, strong arms wrapped around her.

Gina gasped.

"Now's the time," he said. That smooth, sexy voice close to her ear made her tremble with desire. He placed her hands against the door and nuzzled her neck while pushing his rock-hard cock against her backside. She felt something sharp against her flesh, like animal teeth, and she shivered with desire.

"It's about time," she panted.

He pushed a hand beneath her skirt and slid one of his long fingers partway into her drenched pussy. Then he withdrew his finger and stroked her clit. Gina closed her eyes and moaned, thrusting her backside against him.

"You like that," he said, continuing to rub her clit while his other hand cupped her breast. He gently pinched her nipple through the fabric.

"That was the most distracting dinner of my life," he continued. "All I could think about was fucking you. Do you want to be fucked, you beautiful bitch?"

"Yeah," she breathed. "I want to be fucked by you, you sexy bastard."

His deep, masculine chuckle made her tingle from head to toe. He pushed her dress up to her waist while he sank lower and covered her ass with lingering kisses. His tongue swept along the indentation then he pressed his lips to her lower back. All the while he stroked her legs, his long fingers sweeping her inner thighs and fondling her knees.

He momentarily released her and she heard the sound of a zipper being unfastened. Again he pressed his body to hers, his thick, velvet-skinned cock pushing against her. He kissed her neck and grasped her waist. His cock head prodded her pussy from behind and Gina gasped, bracing her hands harder against the door.

He filled her with a swift thrust and started pumped while licking and nipping her ear. "Oh damn," she panted, her excited body matching his rhythm.

"You're so fucking hot and wet," he said, his voice almost a growl. He slid one hand around and rubbed her clit in time with his thrusting hips. At the same moment, she felt his fangs pierce her shoulder. The initial pain faded into the most intoxicating sensation.

That did it for Gina. She came hard, her backside pounding against him. Her climax pushed him over the edge. Grunting with pleasure, he surged into her, his body almost crushing her against the wall, but she loved every moment. Besides, if he hadn't been so close, she probably would have collapsed onto the porch.

When he moved away, Gina turned and faced him, a contented smile on her lips. He took her face in his hands and kissed her, then bent and licked droplets of blood from her neck. Sliding her arms around him, she gazed into his eyes and said, "Nario, let's go in the house and finish this in bed."

"This role playing game is the best idea you've had in the past hundred years."

"Nothing like some fantasy to spice up an already wonderful marriage."

"All right," he said, unlocking the door. Before Gina had a chance to take a step, he swept her into his arms. "But next time I get to be the human victim."

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