Predators: The Stalking

By LushPrincess

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We had been doing this for years now...

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The water flowed and candles flickered; the sweet scent of lavender filled the air. I walked in with a towel wrapped around my naked body, more than ready to enjoy a nice, relaxing bath. As my toe touched the water, my cell phone rang.
“Hello,” I answered, obviously annoyed.
“Hey Mia! I’m not feeling too good. I need a lay --- and of course my favorite wingman.
Can you be ready in an hour?” Max sounded serious.
“Give me two, I was about to take a bath.”
“Ok, meet you down at Combos Club at 9:30.” He hung up.
I placed my cell phone on the counter and slowly climbed into the tub. I started to think back to when I first met Maximilliano, in a bar about five years ago. We were both feeling down and after sharing a couple of beers we ended up fucking in the bar bathroom, then again in his car, and once more outside my apartment. He was a wonderful lover, well endowed, and great looking. He stood about 5’10, with a slim muscular build, short black hair, golden brown skin, large deep black eyes, and a smile that could melt butter. His Italian heritage was clear. We tried for a while to have a relationship, but after a couple of arguments decided to give up on the relationship and remain “fuck buddies.” This worked well for us, and we often trolled the bars in hopes to find a sexy lady willing to join us for some fun.
I got out of the bath, dried off, and applied moisturizer to my slim body. I tossed my hair and applied mousse and hairspray. After browsing in my closet for a while I decided on a short pink dress. The strapless design had a loop bust center; the mid-section had a drape center that swooped to the banded hem and left very little to the imagination. I threw the dress on the bed and got on my knees to look for matching shoes. “I really should invest in one of those shoe racks,” I thought to myself. After digging through half a dozen shoe boxes I found the perfect pair, some 6” white stiletto heel strappy lace-ups. No need for a bra - my breasts were nice and perky 32C’s - and I had stopped wearing underwear years ago. I looked at the clock - 9:15pm. Fuck, I was late. I ran into the bathroom and applied a little blush, lip gloss, and mascara. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed a hairpin with a big white flower attached. Smiling, I placed it neatly in my hair. Taking one last look in my full length mirror, I bit my lower lip.
“I’m one hot bitch!” I said out loud. I grabbed my keys and sprinted to my car.

I pulled into the parking lot and saw Max leaning against his BMW, smoking a cigarette. He was wearing a black silk shirt, black dress pants and white alligator belt, with matching alligator shoes. He was sizzling! I parked across from him, and he walked over to meet me.
“Wow, Mia! Lei sguardo bella stasera,” he purred.
“I have no clue what that means but it sounds hot!” I whispered as I walked towards him.
Then I noticed that he wasn’t smoking a cigarette; it was actually some “herbal medicine.” I breathed in, and licked my lips. He reached out and wrapped his arm around my waist, pulled me close, took a big puff, and blew it in my face. I opened my mouth and took all of it in.
“Mmm… let me hit it Max,” I begged. He looked at me and smiled, handing over the joint. I took a big puff and passed it back.
“Mia, Mia, Mia, bella… There’s something I’ve been wondering ever since I saw you sauntering towards me.” He reached under my dressed and rubbed my shaved pussy. “I knew it!” he said with a smile on his face.
I smiled and we walked hand in hand into the club. Right away all eyes were on us; Max’s eyes scanned the place and immediately spotted our prey. He tugged at my arm and signaled her with his eyes. We walked over to the bar area and sat down next to her. She was about 5’7, curvy, huge breasts, and long red hair. Cute you could tell by her demeanor that she would be a fun one! I sat down on the bar stool and bumped into her.
“Ay, I’m sorry, honey!” I apologized while I rubbed her back.
She immediately tensed up and said “That’s ok, don’t worry about it.”
“Let us buy you a drink sweetie. I truly am sorry!” I apologized again. “Are you here by yourself?”
“Yeah, and sure. I’ll have a rum and coke.” She replied, loosening up.
I introduced Max, and ordered her drink and a couple of beers. For a while we just sat and drank and danced in our seats. Her guard slowly came down, and now she focused on us; first on Max, whom she devoured with her eyes, then me. She bit her lower lip, and gently traced the outline of her large breast with her right index finger. After a couple more beers, I noticed she was grinding the barstool.
“Hon, you want to dance with Max?”
“Oh no, I couldn’t.”
“Don’t worry about it babe, I won’t be mad.”
“OK.”
I looked at Max and nodded my head; there was no need to talk. We had been doing this for years now, our looks and a couple of hand signals were all we needed. I watched as he fondled her ass and dug his knee deep between her legs. She threw her head back and sank into it. Max smiled and winked; she was ours. They danced a couple of songs, his hands all over her curvy body and his lips on her neck. I looked at my cell and it was now 1:45am; the club would be closing at 2:00am. Then I saw Max signal - a thumbs up and a light slap on her right butt cheek. I knew we were ready to go. As they made their way back to the bar she was blushing, obviously embarrassed about what went on while they danced.
“Oh, Max, the club is about to close but I want to keep drinking. What should we do?”

“I don’t know, Mia; we could go back to my place.”
“OK. What about you, honey? Want to join us?
She blushed. “Sure”
We walked out of the bar, Max between us. We reached the black BMW and I immediately jumped in the backseat.
“Wow. This is a nice car,” she said while she rubbed the leather seats.
Max’s hand reached over and caressed her leg, I saw her tense up. It was now or never. I reached around the seat and began to massage her huge breasts. She leaned back and purred. Her nipples instantly hardened between my fingers. I traced their outline mmm… nice and thick. While I played with her nipples and gently cupped her breast, Max’s hand caressed her slit trough her wet panties. He reached over her and slid the seat back. She spread her legs wider and I reached under her clothes to finally feel skin. Her breathing slowed, and low murmurs escaped her mouth. I positioned myself between the seats and liberated her breasts from their enclosure. While Max fingered her wet pussy, I nibbled on her nipples.
“Oh god! Yes!” She hollered.
The sound of Max’s fingers ramming into her sloppy pussy was making me extremely horny! With one of her nipples in my mouth and my fingers pinching the other, she reached her first orgasm. It wouldn’t be the last. We reached Max’s apartment and made our way upstairs.
“Oh honey, just relax. You’re about to get something you will never forget…”
To be continued…
Author’s Note: *This is a fictional story.*