

A Bullet in The Fountain Part II

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Published on Lush Stories on 12 Nov 2011

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A BULLET IN THE FOUNTAIN

CHAPTER 2

“Miss MacTavish?”

The leather pants encased broad with the shocking red hair stopped chattering for a moment and looked over her fashionable shades at Mozzie in his less than hip wind breaker and geeky spectacles. She tried to look amused but Mozzie could tell she was really pissed at being interrupted.

“Yes. Is there a problem?”

Up close now, Mozzie could see the blond was quite the looker. She was wearing almost no make-up at all except for a hint of lipstick and still looked like a super-model. He looked sideways at Miss Lizzie MacTavish and saw her lips turned slightly down in obvious disgust at his interest in the voluptuous breasts of the Italian beauty known as Anna Massini. Mozzie tore his eyes away from the proud jutting masterpieces and focused on the slightly tensed lips of Scottish Lizzie.

“Your transport is here, Miss MacTavish. We can leave at any time. My name is Morris Rosenthal. In the name of Rosenthal Enterprises, allow me to welcome you to the Eternal City.”

Anna looked at Mozzie intently after hearing the name Rosenthal and he could tell she was familiar with his family business with many tentacles around the world. She did not say a word, but the instant awareness on her part made Mozzie even more suspicious of the circumstances of this chance meeting between strangers.

Lizzie realized she had made her contact and changed her attitude instantly.

“Thank you so much, Morris. My friend, Anna will be riding with us into the City. Is it very far?”

“Not at all, Just a matter of minutes. Where may we drop you, Miss Anna?”

The luscious blond bombshell licked her lips. Mozzie felt his member begin to stir with the sight of her wet tongue.

“I am staying at the Villa D’Venivuto. It is close to the Vatican.”

When Anna looked up at him with her innocent eyes, Mozzie felt his heart melt just a little bit. His many layers of suspicion and paranoia allowed those soulful eyes to enter into his secret corridors where only “need to know” business was conducted. He was more than familiar with the Villa D’Venivuto because he knew a primary competitor; the “South Italian Family” used it for many projects. A little known fact was that the Southern family was far more powerful than the Mafia itself.

The redheaded Scottish girl only had her small carry-on bag and a hanger bag stuffed with several changes of clothing. At least she had the redeeming quality of traveling light.

Anna, of course wound up in the comfortable bucket seat next to Mozzie while Lizzie stretched out across the black leather rear seat. Mozzie smiled at the sight of her black leather pants blending so perfectly into his car upholstery that everything from the waist down seemed to mesh together like a luxury upgrade.

The Italian mob girl was trying to find a suitable station with her kind of music. She settled on a soft Italian love tune being crooned by a rising star in the music world of European pop. He didn’t mind her selection but he could tell the syrupy words were grating on Scottish Lizzie’s nerves like sandpaper on a sunburn.

The almost statuesque features of the darker skinned Italian girl made Mozzie a bit uncomfortable because he was not accustomed to sitting so close to a renowned beauty like Anna. Every time he shifted, the edge of his hand slid along the side of her bare leg with indescribable temptation and

frustrating knowledge of the probability of non-consummation of his rising passion.

Her skin was so soft and yet so firm to his touch. She could have moved her leg away to avoid the repetitive contact but seemed to have no inclination to do so.

Mozzie's trousers had a noticeable tent from the exercise in "exploring" the promised land of Miss Anna Massini's lower torso. The beautiful girl twisted around in her seat to talk to Lizzie in the back seat.

When she did so, Mozzie had a completely unobstructed view of her lovely inner legs all the way up to her panty covered camel-toe. He could swear it looked a little wet to him with a large round damp spot right over her obviously shaved slit. The little cheekies of her pleasingly plump bottom hung down like snow covered slopes waiting to be attacked by a risk-taking skier. They were jiggling a little bit from the vibration of the fast-moving auto.

"Lizzie, dear, are you certain my eyes will benefit from the cucumber applications? I had them in a spa at one time but I never saw any change at all."

The redheaded girl leaned forward and Mozzie could feel her hot breath on his neck.

"It is the cucumbers with the goat milk cream from the highlands that does the trick!"

Mozzie's eyes were shifting from the road ahead to Anna's little garden paradise in a frenzy of uncontrollable lust. Anna's knee was pressing into his hand on the shift as she leaned back to whisper something in Lizzie's ear. He could barely make out the words.

"Little Lizzie, look in his lap. Did you ever see anything so big? Please let me know if it is as big as it looks from the outside."

Anna giggled and her hand reached up to slowly trail across Lizzie's face with a soft feminine gesture of sensual arousal.

Mozzie quickly looked over his shoulder and saw the redhead staring at his pointedly aroused member struggling to escape his confining clothing. He looked in her eyes and saw she was interested but was more engrossed with eating up Miss Anna Massini with her deep hazel eyes. The little flecks of green sparkled like emeralds in the moonlight.

They dropped Anna at the villa and she invited them both to "A little get together" on the terrace later that evening when the sun would be falling behind the rolling hills. Lizzie promised without any

hesitation that they would both be there to meet her aging fiancée.

Mozzie's place was several steps down in the "lifestyles of the rich and famous". In fact, his little hideaway was perfectly suited for anonymous living. It was secluded within a gated court yard and his neighbors were an absentee expatriate from Florida and a British diplomat of sorts who used the apartment primarily on holiday weekends for discreet trysts with straying wives.

Mozzie followed the swaying backside of the redheaded Scottish girl up to his top floor suite. He could see she was most likely wearing a buried in the ass crack thong or no panties at all. He found the contemplation of her underwear wardrobe to be seriously stimulating. The last piece of ass he had enjoyed was in Prague and it resulted in a very bad unintended consequence.

The perfume Lizzie was wearing was reminiscent of the scent his ex-wife favored. All he knew about it was that it was outrageously expensive and never failed to raise his libido.

"I am heading to the shower, Morris. Don't you dare disturb me or I will cut your balls off!"

Mozzie smiled despite himself. The little firebrand was feisty and that was no lie. He took her at her word and did not even try to peek in to see if the carpet matched the curtains. He was fixing a batch of martinis at the wet bar when Lizzie emerged wearing his favorite bathrobe. It was obvious she had nothing on underneath the terry cloth. Lizzie was wearing a pair of very stylish glasses that added immensely to her already attractive face.

"You need to fix your showerhead, dear boy. I kept getting a stream of hot water right in my left eye."

She took the proffered martini and added a second olive from the wet bar. Lizzie did not sit next to him on the sofa but sat opposite him on the white leather easy chair with the padded arms. When she crossed her legs, he saw a patch of fuzzy reddish hair displayed for only a blink of the eye.

His curiosity was satisfied, the Scottish girl was a natural redhead not a bottle redhead. Even the remote possibility of dipping his throbbing erection into that fuzzy red bush was enough to make his pre-cum seep uncontrollably and make a small dark spot on his Italian silk suit.

Scottish Lizzie ran her delicate finger around the lip of the martini glass. She brought her finger up to her mouth and licked it with a flicking tongue suggestively. She looked over the top of her glasses straight into Mozzie's eyes and asked,

"You want a go at me, big guy?"

Mozzie looked at Lizzie and smiled. It was obvious she was bored and saw him as an easy escape valve for her needs.

“Listen, I will tell you up front, I am really not into men. I am into nice looking women like Anna. Sometimes I like to play like I am guy and pound them good and hard, but mostly I just like to kiss and cuddle. It gets me off real good doing that.”

Mozzie refilled both their glasses and replied,

“You don’t have to play any games with me, Lizzie. If you want a little action, I will deliver it to you, but don’t give me a snow job.”

Lizzie slowly sipped her second martini. She looked over at Mozzie and relaxed back into the easy chair. The bathrobe slipped open and revealed her beautiful round breasts with the rosette nipples and her red bush nestled snug between her legs.

“I can get off real good if you don’t say anything to me. I will get down on my hands and knees and you can slip it into my pussy from behind. If you twist my nipples real hard after you are all the way in, I will probably have a nice orgasm real quick. I will shut my eyes and pretend you are Anna with a nice dildo strapped on. If I call you “Anna” just don’t say anything and keep pounding me nice and hard.”

Lizzie took off the bathrobe and got down on the white fluffy carpet on her hands and knees like a well-trained dog ready to please her master. Mozzie was so overcome with passion that he mounted her immediately without any foreplay and thrust his engorged cock deep inside her dripping pussy.

The only sounds were the squishing suction of Lizzie’s vagina being spread by Mozzie’s thick cock and her whimpering low voice begging to be used hard by the “Anna” of Lizzie’s imaginative mind.

Mozzie wanted to spank this firebrand’s ass so bad that he shook with emotion restraining his hand from descending hard on her flanks. If any female needed a spanking bad, it was this redheaded Scottish lesbian. Their coupling was very satisfying. Lizzie had at least two major orgasms and some minor ones that seemed to never end. Mozzie felt his cum build up pressure until he could hold back the dam no longer and he flooded the red bush with stream after stream of creamy cum that ran down the inside of Scottish Lizzie’s beautiful legs. She shuddered in orgasmic aftershocks and her legs were real shaky until she was able to stretch out flat on the white carpet.

Lizzie sat on her haunches and put her glasses back on.

“Thank you very much, Morris. That was very nice of you. You were more than adequate at being my special “Anna”.

Mozzie did not really know what to say. He had discovered that Lizzie’s tight pussy was the most exciting copulation he had ever experienced. If she wanted him to pretend to be a chimpanzee he would eat bananas and hop up and down as long as she gave him access to her beautiful red bush.

“No problem, honey, I think we should just relax until it is time to head over to the party. We will be making the deal as early as Saturday and we have to stay loose and be ready.”

“I am going to wear my black dress tonight, Morris. I only wear my black dress when I am trying to make an impression. If I get Anna over here, will you promise to stay out of the way?”

Mozzie laughed at Lizzie’s earnestness.

“You got it, babe. I will make myself scarce for sure. Good luck!”

When they both headed out that evening, Mozzie had to admit Scottish Lizzie was smoking hot.