The Seduction

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Published on Lush Stories on 21 Jun 2012

The consequences of just one night of passion may last forever.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/the-seduction.aspx

Tallahassee, Florida

An athletic young mid-twenties black man was running along a lake edge jogging path on the outskirts of town. He enjoyed running along this path which made about a three-mile circle encompassing a gorgeous serene lake surrounded by live oak trees thick with hanging spanish moss. He loved seeing the thick reeds that extended up from the smooth waters, the large swaths of water lilies and watching the water birds diving into the waters in search of a fish dinner. It was a great stress relieving place to get in some early evening exercise.

Up ahead he saw jogging toward him the beautiful Asian girl he had seen there several times over the past week. Just as she closed in on him she stopped and called out to him.

“Hey!” she yelled out, obviously winded from running, “I wanted to warn you about a huge 'gator up ahead.”

“A 'gator?” asked the concerned young man.

“Yes,” she said pointing up ahead. “A real big one too! Maybe ten to twelve feet.”

“I think he’s just sunning or something, but I didn’t see him until I was right on him,” she added.

“Did he do anything?” he asked.

“Nope!” she answered, “He just lay there.”

Then she gestured, pointing to the young black man with her hand. “Hey, aren’t you Reverend Marty Jackson?”

“Yes, I am,” he smiled and answered.

“I used to watch you play football on TV,” she exclaimed, “I was a big fan.”

“I’ve seen your TV ministry, too!” she added, “You’re an awesome preacher and I love the work you’ve started since you got elected to the legislature.”

“Oh, thank you,” said Marty, who had always felt a little awkward when receiving compliments and praise.

“I’m Patti,” she said as she extended her hand, “I’m interning here in Tallahassee at the State Capitol.”

“That’s awesome,” said Marty, “Stop me in the halls if you see me and say hello.”

“I will,” answered Patti, “It would be awesome to know someone like you.”

She then gave him a big smile and a really cute girly wave as she turned to resume her jogging.

“See you later,” she said as she ran off.

“Yeah,” said Marty watching her perfect sexy body from the rear as she ran away down the path.

Marty lingered as he watched her then turned and resumed his run. He realized that his thoughts were leading to sinful lust for that beautiful Asian girl and he knew he must concentrate to purge his heart of any impurities.

He thought of his beautiful fiancée attending divinity college in Tennessee.

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The Roundabout, Lido Beach, Sarasota, Florida

A pretty blonde waitress approached one of her tables on the sidewalk in front of the upscale restaurant where she worked. Four men in very expensive casual warm weather clothes sat there chatting, having just finished their meal.

She smiled and asked, “Was dinner delicious?”

The youngest man spoke up, “It was outstanding as always, Holly.”

“What may I get you gentleman now?” the waitress asked.

“Cognac?” asked the younger man looking around the table. He received an affirmative nod from the other three men.

He turned to the pretty blonde waitress and said, “Courvoisier L'Esprit for all of us.”

“Right away,” she said and turned and hurried inside knowing that providing that table with great service would earn her an enormous tip.

Each of the four men she had been serving visited to Sarasota somewhat regularly and always asked to be seated at her table. She knew how powerful they were. The youngest man, in his twenties, was John Grabo, a very expensive attorney known to represent organized crime figures. The Cuban man was Carlo Perez, who headed up south Florida’s largest and most dangerous crime syndicate.

Of the two older men, the very good looking silver-haired one was J. Howard Barrington, III, officially a political lobbyist, but known all over Florida as possibly the most powerful man in the state. The other balding heavier set Italian man with the thick New Jersey accent was known by everyone as Uncle Gino, and he owned the most elite and expensive private investigation company in the southeastern United States.

Barrington leaned forward and asked, “Gentleman, how goes our little adventure?”

“Uncle Gino is all over it,” answered John Grabo.

“My nephews, Chuck and Tony, have set the trap and the lure is in play,” said Uncle Gino.

Barrington smiled and asked, “The lure?”

“One of Carlo’s very best,” answered Grabo.

Carlo Perez smiled devilishly. “Gentleman, she is beautiful beyond words,” he said, “She is Asian and was second runner-up in the Miss Bikini World Pageant two years ago.”

A low moan from the group accompanied nods of approval.

“Might I add,” said Carlo, “her rates are 3,000 per hour, an all night minimum.”

Then he laughed and said, “For scoundrels like you, I’ll double that!”

They all roared laughing.

“Triple for Uncle Gino!” then exclaimed Carlo. The men’s laughter became even louder and more boisterous.

Barrington then interjected, “The success of this ploy means our resort project should go on as planned and we will make a fucking fortune!”

Just then the waitress had returned with four glasses of the very expensive cognac on her tray. “Here you go, guys,” she said as she served them their drinks. “Anything else?”

“Bring the check to me,” instructed J. Howard Barrington, III.

“Of course,” she said smiling.

At that, Barrington raised his glass to toast and the three other men raised their glasses also.

“To another very profitable misfeasance,” said Barrington.

“Hear hear,” they all joined in as they clicked their glasses together in a toast.

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Tallahassee, Florida

A legislative committee meeting had raged late into the evening at the state capital in Tallahassee that evening. It was the Committee on Natural Resources and they had been embroiled in a debate about a new massive resort planned for the central gulf coast of Florida. The meeting had finally adjourned without any decision being made. However, one bright young, up-and-coming African-American Republican congressman had impressed every member of the committee with his intellectual performance and tenacity arguing against the resort that night.

As Marty Jackson left the building, he was confident that he was on the verge of putting together a bipartisan congressional coalition that could stop the enormous resort that so endangered a huge manatee habitat. He knew that he did carry a lot of clout. His popularity stemmed from his days as a state hero when he was a college football All-American and his current television ministry. He wanted to use that popularity to achieve great things, especially in the areas that he loved. There were three

things that Marty felt radically passionate about: his ministry, his fiancée, and the manatees of coastal Florida.

His father and grandfather, both ministers like him, had carried him to coastal streams and inlets to see the manatees since he was a small child. Because of his love for the manatees, Marty Jackson had embroiled himself in the Save the Manatees campaign since his elementary school days.

Marty reached the his level of the parking garage and exited the stair door into the nearly empty parking lot. He immediately noticed a young woman parked near his car with her hood up. She was leaned against the grill of her car looking under the hood in a very frustrated manner. As Marty got closer he realized that it was Patti, the gorgeous Asian girl he had met on the jogging path.

She twirled toward him surprised as she heard his footsteps converge on her. “Oh my God! You scared me,” exclaimed Patti.

“It’s me, Marty Jackson,“ he said, “From the jogging path.”

“Yes, Reverend Jackson,” she said, “I am so glad to see you or anybody really.”

“My car won’t start and my the battery on my cell phone is dead.”

“Here, please use my phone,” said Marty pulling his phone out of the pocket of his suit jacket.

“Thank you so much, Reverend Jackson,” she exclaimed.

Patti dialed the phone and held it to her ear for quite awhile. She shrugged her shoulders and impatiently gestured with her other hand.

“They’re not picking up,” she said dejectedly as she handed the cell phone back to Marty.

“Do you want to try cranking your car again?” asked Marty.

“Sure why not?” answered Patti as she plopped back down in the driver’s seat and turned the ignition. One slight click and then nothing.

“Yeah, I believe it’s your battery,” Marty said.

“I can get someone to come over in the morning and take care of it,” Patti said. “Could I get you to call me a taxi?”

“No need for that,” answered Marty, “I’ll be happy to give you a ride to your place.”

“Oh my, I’d appreciate that so much Reverend Jackson,” she said.

“I’m over here,” Marty said walking toward his car. The car lock beeped as he clicked the key remote to unlock the door. Then he stated, “You don’t have to call me Reverend, just Marty will do.”

“Okay,” answered Patti as she opened the passenger side door and slid into Marty’s car.

Once they were on the road, Marty noticed how Patti’s short dress had risen up exposing much of her sexy thighs. With his fiancée away at school, he had not had sex in several weeks and all he could think about was how sexy the Asian girl sitting next to him was.

Patti sat chatting with a slightly flirty tone in her voice to Marty as she gave him directions to her apartment. He noticed out of the corner of his eye how she playfully twirled her sexy long black hair and that she had slumped down in her seat exposing even more of her thighs. Her legs slowly fanned in and out in a very sexy manner. Marty felt his cock begin to stiffen and throb.

Once they arrived at Patti’s apartment Marty could tell that he had a complete hard on inside his slacks. Patti’s apartment complex looked to be an a slightly rough neighborhood so Marty said, “Since it is dark, would you like for me to walk you safely to your door?”

“Sure!” exclaimed Patti, “You are such a gentleman.”

As they exited the car Marty failed to notice anything suspicious about the plain white van parked nearby.Inside the van slumped down in their seats so as not to be noticed were Uncle Gino’s nephews, Chuck and Tony. They were experts at being discreet. Chuck and Tony watched as Marty escorted Patti to her door.

“I got ten that says he goes inside with her,” snickered Chuck.

“You can keep it,” exclaimed Tony, “You’ve pulled that on me too many times.”

“Of course he’s going inside with her,” Tony said. “Just look at her. She’s totally super sexy and gorgeous. She could even seduce a gay guy.”

“Probably so,” Chuck laughed.

As Patti unlocked her door she spun on her heels and flashed a big, sexy smile at Marty. “Would you like to come in for just a minute and have a drink?” she asked, “Probably some juice or a soda or something?”

Marty was obviously very nervous. He glanced down at his watch, then he looked around before he cleared his throat and stammered out a very weak, “Yeah, I guess so.”

Then Marty followed Patti inside the apartment and the door closed behind them.

Chuck held up his open hand toward Tony who immediately gave him a ‘high five’ congratulatory hand slap.

“I’ll turn just the audio on,” said Chuck with a mischievous smile.

“You asshole, turn on the video, too,” said Tony, laughing as he adjusted the small monitor that sat above their heads hanging from the ceiling of the van.

Patti brought Marty a cola from her refrigerator and handed it to him as he sat on her couch. She sat down next to him. He knew that he was being tempted mightily but felt momentarily powerless against his sinful lust.

Patti’s dress rode up exposing the insides of her thighs as she sat chatting with Marty. His eyes kept glancing down between her legs and at the cleavage her slightly low cut dress exposed. Her words barely registered in his mind as his heart raced and his cock tingled inside his slacks. Marty was so horny he could not think straight.

As Patti chatted, her finger tips seemed to strategically touch his leg and his arm. Each touch sent titillating sensations throughout Marty’s body. He was so nervous that he spilled cola on his slacks.

“Oh, clumsy me!” exclaimed Marty.

“Oh, no!” exclaimed Patti, “Let me take care of that!”

Patti rushed into the kitchen and came back with a small hand towel and began blotting and toweling the wet spot on the upper thigh of Marty’s slacks. As she rubbed the spot drier, her motions became slower and more erotic. Her long black hair hung down and tickled Marty’s arm and her face was only a few inches from his.

Marty could see that his throbbing hard on was pressing the crotch of his pants straight up. Patti

began rubbing the towel closer to his tingling erection. At that second their eyes met. Patti inched closer and kissed him quickly on the lips. Marty did not resist, so she kissed him again much more passionately, slipping her tongue into his mouth.

As soon as Marty was kissing her back, she let the towel slip out of her hand and slipped her fingers over the erection pressing through his slacks. She began slowly rubbing and caressing it. Marty could not muster any moral resistance.

Patty unbuckled and unzipped his slacks as Marty lifted himself up off the couch enough for her to slide them down his legs. Marty allowed her to completely remove his pants, shoes and socks. Patti then started to caress and massage his legs slowly tracing them upward until her soft sensual hands tickled the insides of his naked thighs. He arched his head backward and moaned as Patti reached his rock hard throbbing cock, softly teasing it with her fingers before her tongue began an oral dance upon his erect manhood.

Patti’s wet lips squeezed tightly around his cock as her head began its up and down bobbing on his crotch. All Marty could do was moan and watch. Her gorgeous black eyes were almost hypnotic with the exotic way she looked at him. She took his long, hard, deep brown cock deep into her mouth while stroking his balls.

For several minutes Patti gave Marty the best blow job he had ever received. She then stopped and sat up on his lap and removed his tie and shirt. She then slowly rotated her torso upon his as if dancing while she unhooked the shoulder straps on her dress. She slowly pulled it over her head revealing that she had no panties or bra underneath. Marty found himself spellbound as he looked upon her perfect naked body. His eyes trailed down from her gorgeous face to her perky titties and then down her tight flat stomach to the little thin black landing strip that adorned her just above her perfect pink pussy lips.

Patti then lay on one end of the couch and spread her legs wide revealing her aroused pink pussy lips. “Would you like a taste?” she asked.

“Uuuuh, yes I would,” answered Marty as he launched himself between her smooth thighs.

His face pushed tightly against her soft skin as his tongue reached out to lick Patti’s very wet pussy. The delicious smell of her twat lingered in his nose as his tongue began to press and slide all around Patti’s clitoris. Marty parted her swelling labia and slipped his fingers into her. He felt the rhythmic rotation of her thighs against his ears as he continued licking her wet sumptuous cunt.

“Let me ride you now?” Patti asked before long.

“Sure,” answered Marty as he pulled his wet face from between her legs.

First she retrieved a condom package out of her purse on the coffee table. Then she grabbed him by the shoulders and pushed him back to a seated position and straddled him with her firm titties brushing against his face. Upon slipping the condom onto his erection, Patti’s very juicy cunt plunged down onto Marty’s pulsating penis until it was completely engulfed inside her. She began plunging herself up and down on him, her wet cunt taking his cock in and out.

Patti began french kissing him deeply as she continued to fuck him. The up and down bouncing motion squeaked the couch loudly while they both moaned deeply.

“Give me that big cock!” Patti screamed out loudly. “Fuck me with that thing!”

Her cunt slid back and forth and when her tongue was not deep on his mouth her titties were bouncing in his face. Marty felt incredible. He so thoroughly enjoyed this wild sexual romp.

They ended their hot wild sweaty fuck session by having Marty get on top and fuck her in the missionary position. Patti had her legs wrapped tightly around his body, locking together around his lower back. Her screams of, “Oh, fuck me!” were loud and repetitious. Their skin was wet all over with sweat. Marty kept thrusting himself into her hard as she continued to scream out in sheer pleasure.

Finally Marty found he had no control left over his urge to orgasm and he found himself cumming very hard while his cock was buried deep into Patti’s pussy. His thrusts decelerated until he had stopped and he let himself fall onto the couch next to Patti.

“That was just amazing!” Marty exclaimed.

“Marty, you are an animal,” proclaimed Patti, “You have wonderful stamina. That was great.”

“Really?” he asked.

“Oh, yes, really!” she assured him, “I am totally spent from it.”

“Oh, gosh, I need to go to the bathroom,” said Marty.

“It’s just down that hall on the right,” said Patti. “You can toss that condom in the wastebasket by the commode.”

“Okay,” answered Marty.

He went into the bathroom, tossed the condom in the wastebasket and freshened up by washing his face and hands. When he saw his reflection in the mirror, he immediately felt guilty for being unfaithful to his fiancée. He quickly looked away and tried to not think of her.

“I really should go,” said Marty as he walked back into Patti’s living room.

“You can stay until morning,” she said.

“Oh, no, tomorrow starts very early,” he said, “Early morning coffee with a lobbyist and then the legislature is in session all day, and also my fresh suit as at my apartment.”

Marty began putting his clothes back on.

“Okay,” said Patti, “I’ll probably run into you at the Capitol soon.”

“Thanks for ride too!” she said.

“Oh, you’re welcome,” he answered. “I guess I’ll go now.”

By then, Marty was dressed and he made his way to the door.

“I’ll see you later,” he said as he walked out.

“Bye,” said Patti as she waved.

Marty walked past the plain white van.

Inside the van Tony punched Chuck, who had fallen asleep, in the arm. “It’s done, dude,” said Tony.

Chuck yawned and stretched his arms before saying, “Give him a few minutes to make sure he didn’t forget something and comes back, and then we’ll go in and collect the equipment and wipe down the apartment for all fingerprints,” said Chuck. “Did he leave the condom?”

“Oh, yeah,” answered Tony, “They always do.”

By the time he got home to his apartment, Marty was really upset with himself for straying and giving in to sinful temptation.

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The next morning Marty was on time for his coffee and donut meeting with the lobbyist. He had dreaded this meeting with J. Howard Barrington, III, the state's most powerful lobbyist. He knew Barrington was pushing for approval on the enormous resort that would threaten the manatees.

As he stepped into the coffee shop he saw Barrington already sitting at a booth.

"Good morning, Mr. Jackson," said Barrington as he stood up to greet the young legislator. "How are you this fine morning?"

"Why, I am okay I guess Mr. Barrington," answered Marty as he sat down opposite Barrington in the booth.

"Just call me Howard," said Barrington.

"Sure," said Marty, "and call me Marty."

"Howard, I just want to be up front and tell you that there is no way I am going to change my mind about the resort development," said Marty forcefully, "I am all about protecting the manatees."

"Well, my young friend," answered Barrington, "I think I have something that will change your mind."

Marty looked bewildered as Barrington laid an MP3 player on the table and started it playing.

Marty looked on in horror as he saw himself in the tiny monitor having sex with Patti.

"How did you get that?" asked Marty.

"That does not matter," answered Barrington, "Only the fact that I have it matters and I do believe you left some DNA behind."

Marty immediately remembered the condom. He sat there speechless and in utter shock and humility. His head lowered.

"There is also the fact that your cell phone called a well known escort service last night from the parking garage at the state capitol," Barrington said.

Marty remembered Patti’s call using his cell phone. He knew he had been professionally set up and that there was absolutely nothing he could do about it except to cooperate.

“I have prepared this statement for you in which you say that new evidence shows that the resort development will not harm the manatee habitat in any way and you’ve decided to back the project,” said Barrington as he slid some papers across the table to Marty.

“Don’t worry, young man,” exclaimed Barrington, “I will soon have a bill that needs a sponsor and you are the perfect man to do it.”

“It will make you a hero to the voters and bring in more donations for your re-election than you could ever imagine,” added Barrington. “I’m glad to have you on my team.”

Barrington stood up and offered his hand to Marty who shook his hand in a trance-like manner.

Barrington said to the nearby waitress before he left, “His bill is on my tab, whatever he wants.” Then he handed the waitress a twenty dollar tip.

“Sure thing, Mr. Barrington,” she answered, “It’s always good to have you here.”

J. Howard Barrington, III, walked or rather strutted out the door. He thought to himself, ‘It’s sure good to be me.’

Marty told the waitress he was not hungry. He then got up and trudged out the coffee shop door, dreading what he now was forced to do.

Reverend Marty Jackson had just become initiated into the professional world of politics.