Running With Desire

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His secret obsession for her plays out in a public restroom ...

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Walking around the park, as she had done so many times before, Emma is suddenly fearful of something looming in the darkness. She stops at a nearby bench and stretches out one long leg, then the other. Glancing around, she notices that all the lights are as bright as ever, except the one over by the men's bathroom. She takes a deep breath, filling her lungs with the cool night air. Relaxed and ready again, she begins her steady paced jogging, down and along the path leading around the exterior of the park. Her soft, blond curls, tied back in a pony tail, bounce in sync with each stride. The shadowy trees and shrubs have her on edge, but she puts the unease aside making her steps work in time to the music her headphones and cell phone provide.

His smile is almost as broad as his shoulders. Long fingers fidget with the zipper on his sweater. His eyes fixed on the running figure. The way her ass bobs subtly, her boobs so big they can't help but come close to her chin with each exquisite bounce. He feels himself reacting to her body, the way she appears to gently spring along. He hair leaps and sways as her long legs take her forward. He runs his tongue along his lips as he pictures her naked, sprawled out before him. Shaking his head, he drops from his perch in the kids' playground and follows, glad the lights around the path are bright enough for his binoculars.

The feeling that she is being watched rises in a wave from the pit of Emma's stomach. Yet all she can do is keep running, hoping that her head will snap out of it, and come up with a plan. She tries to regain the calm she knows she needs as she finishes the first lap around the familiar man made lakes. Suddenly, Emma's world seems to catch fire as she feels a warmth in her body, a heat rising from places that confuse her. Shivers course through her body in response to the sudden, burning attack. Emma continues to go through the motions of her regular run. She feels better as she passes the cute guy she sees nightly. She smiles and giggles to herself as he nods and waves uncertainly. Her pulse quickens and her breathing becomes labored. Stopping to catch her breath, she strips off her sweater and ties it around her waste. She bends and straightens a few times as the heat fades

and her breath returns to normal.

He notices her reaction to him: how she stops, bends down, stretches. The way he wants this woman is like nothing he has ever felt. Her passing so close has his heart pounding and his muscles clenching. He realizes this could be his chance, so he slows and turns to go back to her and offer assistance. Standing beside her his hand wants to reach out and touch her, run his fingers along her curves, but he can't. He has to be a gentleman, so he plays it out differently than in his mind. He clears his throat quietly and asks if there is anything he can do. Without warning, he finds himself simultaneously trying to cover his ears and catch the woman as she shouts and flings herself into his body.

"Oh my god!" Emma screams, as the man seems to drastically take up her personal space and offer her aide. She jumps a mile toward the stranger and loudly exclaims her discontent. Then realizes she is pressed firmly against him. But the worst part is the deception of her own body, the way it is relaxed and aroused at the same time. The heat that she felt just minutes earlier is yet again burning her up. Emma stumbles back to try to put some perspective back into it all, put some balance in her stance as she looks up at the man. Her gaze roaming over certain parts of him longer than necessary, but gosh if he wasn't hard in those track pants she is ... she swallows hard as the thought trails off with his words.

"I'm sorry that I startled you, I just noticed that you stopped abruptly and seemed to be struggling. I wanted to make sure you didn't need any help." Jake finishes his sentence still slightly out of breath from her close proximity. Not looking at her eyes directly, he steadies himself and kicks the path at their feet. Then catches himself and stands up straight to appear to be the man he is. A smile creases his face where his lips turn up.

Emma is taken aback when she sees he is smiling at her like she is the sunlight on his face. Her deceitful body still reacting to the man's closeness. A sharp intake of breath has her righted and steadied. She replies after a few seconds. "Thank you for checking on me. As you can see I am fine, I can return to my run. Thank you again." Her voice stumbles from her mouth. Shaking her head to clear it, she breaks into a jog where she stands.

He is not about to allow this opportunity to escape him. This woman has his attention for a few moments and he needs to act on it before his body goes numb from lack of action to the thoughts. He begins to jog in place too and without question he leads the way as she keeps pace with him down the path.

Emma is completely freaking out, not only is this strange man taking over her bodily functions but he's also leading her on her run. This is HER time, a period of space for head clearing. Yet here she

is! Jogging right along side of him in silence, her body on fire, her mind wishing he would reach out and touch her. Then she feels goosebumps and his hand on the bottom of her back. The warmth of the large hand encompasses the small of her back and part of his hand brushes along the top of her ass.

The heat she feels is like a volcano about to erupt within her core. She avoids the overhanging branch his hand guides her around, then his hand drops, leaving the small of her back feeling like it has been abandoned. The volcano stops bubbling and she needs to pause a minute to shake her head. What the hell! This man is capable of stirring her soul and then letting it drop without warning and she doesn't even know his name? She has to get a grip on this. It's completely insane.

Jake has to laugh as he sees her shake her head. She looks like a bobble head that he could stare at for hours and chuckle as it moves continuously. She is definitely having some sort of internal struggle. He figures he is to blame and again gently places his hand on her lower back as the next obstacle creeps up in front of them. He doesn't want to take the chance that she is so distracted she will miss the hole and fall only to hurt herself.

Just as she is starting to feel normal again, she feels his hand on her lower back, and the heat is back. Eruption seems seconds away as they hop over a hole in the path and keep running. Only this time he hasn't dropped his hand, just keeps going, but turns his head to her and smiles. His whole face seems to invite her to some secret place where she has never been. All the while her muscles tense and her clit pulses with a need she has never known before. A bench is just up ahead and she needs to sit on it.

Jake chuckles as she breaks into a sprint to the bench and he follows without hesitation. Matching her pace with his muscular legs isn't an issue. He watches her face closely for expression as she collapses, panting, onto the bench. He notices she rubs her neck muscles as though they ache then leans back, slouching, to look up at him in the light from above them.

Emma tries to stop breathing so heavily and rubs her neck, then holds her chest a minute as her heart thuds rapidly. Her head is tilted and looking up at the most magnificent chocolate man she has ever seen. Knowing full well that is not the polite way to say it, she keeps the thought hidden but her tongue absently slides along her bottom lip and then retracts back into her mouth.

The warm wet dark cavern that holds her sweet and soft looking tongue is all he focuses on as her tongue darts out and around. However she does it, he is mesmerized. It is the most sensual thing he has ever seen. This woman is making him harder than the hardest rock, yet he knows nothing of her. The way his cock grows with just her proximity to him. The way he feels like he wants his hands covering every part of her, and for her to hold onto for him. And only him!

Emma can't stand it any more, she needs to know who he is. He isn't very tall but he is muscular, from foot to shoulders he is chiseled in perfect form. His skin is dark brown, a weathered face. He is appealing to everyone of her senses on a level she has never known before and she has to get to the bottom of it quickly.

Lunging herself up off the bench and thrusting her hand toward him, Emma stumbles and again lands against him with his hands taking hold of her upper arms for support.

Gulping loudly, Emma whispers softly, "I am Emma!"

"I am Jake, it is a pleasure to meet you Emma." He matches her whisper with his own.

His hands release the hold on her arms but they slide around to her back and pull her into his chest. At first she wants to refuse his arms around her but she can't. Emma rests her head on his chest between the shoulder and pectoral muscle. Settling her head into the spot just well enough for it to fit perfectly. Smiling against him she wonders what Jake is thinking. Her hand wanders up to his neck and caresses gently, her eyes notice the contrast of her skin against his. Her paleness causing his dark brown to look even darker in comparison.

Jake wraps his arms around her and embraces her whole heartedly, feeling as though it is exactly where she belongs. Right in this place and no other. Her breathing is fast but relaxed and she is content, he figures from the cooing noises she's making. Closing his eyes, he takes in the moment, a mental picture to hold onto. Then she is pushing her palm against his chest and attempting to step back. Clearing her throat as she does so.

"I need to use the bathroom," she declares too loudly, and looks around slightly embarrassed to make sure no one else heard her.

Jake, unable to say much, grabs her hand and walks toward the facilities provided in the park. Gently tugging on her at first. Then they are walking hand in hand. He watches her and their hands, imagining her naked on the grass beside the path. Looking at her hand in his, he too sees the contrast between them, still his heart feels as though they fit.

Emma wonders what in the world is going on. Why is this so natural when she has just met Jake? Why does something that should be so wrong feel so incredibly right? She breaks their hands apart as she walks to the bathroom marked with a skirted woman figure by the door. She finds a stall and does what she came to do. As she sits she realizes her panties are soaked. Not just a little extra wetness but soaked through.

Jake paces back and forth outside. He looks up to the other door leading to the men's bathroom and smiles seeing the light is out. This gives him the naughtiest thoughts and he slyly smiles again. He hears the fan from the hand dryer and waits for Emma to come out. He reaches for her hand and, once it is securely in his, pushes her into the men's facility, looking around to ensure no one is watching them.

Emma opens her mouth and protests a few times at being in the men's room. Then she realizes that without question or reason she trusts this man, Jake, who she has just met.. She calms herself and waits to see what he does when she finds herself in the very back of the bathroom by the larger door.

He swiftly pushes her inside and closes the door behind him. Then turns to her flashing a devilish grin as he makes quick work of the small space between them. His hand reaches behind her head and he pulls her to him for a passionate kiss.

Emma sighs contently as their lips move with each other and their tongues sweep through and together. Entwining with one another over and over again. She is under some sort of spell, Jake has her submitting to his quiet dominance.

Jake is impatient to take this woman. The primal need to claim her coming from deep inside him. His soul needs her, his heart is warmed by her, and his cock is hard for her. At that thought he stops their tongue wrestling to take her hand and hurriedly removes her shirt over her head, then releases the string holding her track pants up. He smiles as the pants fall to the floor revealing her panties. He stands back to admire her beauty, and, noticing that her hands instinctively go to cover herself, he vows to help her see just how beautiful she is.

A chill comes over her as she stands there in her underwear, but the heat inside still radiates enough warmth. Emma keeps calm and watches Jake slowly removes his own track suit and underwear. Her mind reels with thoughts of how to take all that massive muscles jutting out from from the perfect triangle that is his pelvic region. Small black curls neatly placed around the section.

Jake laughs as he sees the little one lick her lips, gazing with intent at his hard cock, which points to her as though she just won spin the bottle. Bending to adjust the track suit he has shed, laying it at his feet to allow some cushion, he meets Emma's eyes and lowers his head to show her he wishes her to lie down.

Holding her breath she gets down on her knees, careful to keep them on top of the warm track suit. Letting out the air she had been holding in, Emma looks up at Jake. Following the ripple of his muscles all the way up to his face, which is turned down to her. The acceptance and warmth clear on

his face almost brings tears to her eyes as she sets to work opening her mouth and bringing it to meet his hardness.

Jake has to lean back on the wall as her mouth inches closer and closer. His cock twitches in anticipation as her lips reach his tip and suck gently, catching it in her mouth as her hand grasps his shaft, holding it steady while she flicks it with her tongue. Her hand strokes up and down as her mouth deliciously strokes over his head.

Emma looks up and sees his head back as his body is resting against the wall. She misreads his body language to mean he isn't enjoying it and decides to be more enthusiastic about the way she takes his dick in her mouth. Opening her hand, she lets her mouth slurp him down her throat and uses her hand to grasp his thigh with her nails digging in as she bobs her head back and forth over his cock. Each time sliding him deep inside her moist mouth, gripping him tightly all the way until his balls hit her chin. Staying there gagging on him and pulling up again only to begin the process again.

Jake is content to have her gently play with the engorged head, but then she starts swallowing him and taking his manhood with no inhibitions, like she cherishes every part of it. It is all he can do to keep control, not to give her the seed he is so close to spilling into that sweet mouth. Then his primal side takes over, his hands moving, first to gently stroke her face and then to her hair. Entangling his fingers in her locks as he guides her head to fuck her mouth. He isn't as gentle as she is, stroking his tormented prick hard and fast in and out of her pretty, little red lips.

Emma is afraid of the control that Jake is taking, yet hungry for so much more. She gives the struggle over to the feeling of inexplicable trust for Jake and relinquishes control to him. She lets him fuck her mouth and enjoys every gag on his cock and every push of her head over him.

Jake opens his eyes to look down, the view of her red lips, bright and swollen, devouring his big black hardness, pushes him over the edge and he tries to jump back and out of her mouth. With the wall blocking him he doesn't succeed and his tip is still being teased by her tongue as she smiles looking up at him. He shakes his head, thumps the wall, his face pointing upward to the ceiling.

Emma grunts as she lets his tip from her mouth and eases herself off her knees to an upright position. Her hands on his chest for support. Then her palms feel his slightly chilled bare chest allowing her mind to catch up with her highly aroused body. Paying attention to her nipples that could pop a balloon and her pussy that could slide over his manhood with ease. Damn he is a sexy black man and her white ass wants as much of him as she can get.

Jake watches his tip fall from her mouth as she stands in front of him. Emma is such a beautiful woman, she isn't completely toned and has some extra curves but that makes her damn inviting.

Wanting to put all of him inside her all at once, pushing off the wall, he moves to her. His hand grips her arm to pull her to him. He moans as their bodies squeeze together. Her bra and panties are still on and the lacy fabric rubs against his nipples making him crazy. He wriggles with surprise, kissing her quickly as he turns her to face the wall.

Emma is a bit shocked again as the time to switch what they were doing allows her to think for a minute, and she realizes that this is the craziest situation with the most excitement she has ever had. Then he turns her and pushes her against the wall of the bathroom stall they are in. The cold cement makes her cringe and say, 'Eek!' out loud as he presses her front against it. His hands take her arms up above her head. One large hand holds them in place, clasped together.

Jake is impressed by Emma's response. No words are needed to tell her what he wants. She seems to follow his directions effortlessly, as though her place is to please him. That in itself has his cock twitching and jerking, with a tightness in his balls that needs release more than he could ever remember. He leans into her, his free hand reaches down to push her panties over her hips. His long fingers linger under the side of her lacy underwear a moment, brushing her hip. Her moan makes him growl softly with a need coursing through him.

Emma hears his growl and shudders. Her body reacts to the need she hears as her hips wiggle to aide the lowering of her panties from where they sit snugly on her ass. She feels them slide over her backside and then his hand smacks down over her right cheek. She jumps with a low squeak escaping her lips then a smile as the sting sets in.

"Mmm. Yes, please," Emma murmurs.

Jake loses what control he has. His manhood still rock hard and more than ready to slide inside her. He dips lower to have his dick touch her pussy lips, the wetness already surrounding them as he circles around to use her juices as lube for his tip. Then pressing it to her entrance, pushing up and sliding in as he stands.

Emma cries out from the satisfaction of his really, hard large cock penetrating her with one long thrust. His body is pressed to hers, the coolness of the wall helping to ease the heat she feels. For a second he stays still buried inside her, his breathing is shallow and fast. Panting to keep from cumming, she guesses. Crazy with lust she decides to give in to her body's need to be fucked and pushes into him, then wiggles from side to side. Feeling his length and thickness filling her, her pussy lubricates him as it moves around him. She grips, tensing her muscles, making him cry out. His body presses into her harder. His hands, both on her hips, trying to slow the assault she is launching on his senses.

Jake has to fuck her without concern of gentleness now. Her little trick to get him to move does more to him than she can ever know. He is on the edge of something that he couldn't get a hold of, he holds her hips firmly while he begins to pump with urgency, intent on spurting his seed deep into her wetness.

She feels complete darkness take over as she gets close to her own edge, his thrusts are rough, hard and brings him deep into her. Her cries are louder, almost screams, as she loses herself in the passion and urgency. Her muscles tense again, then he pushes inside her, staying there with a gentle swirl of his hips, his manhood circles inside her and she is gushing over him. Yelling loudly that it feels so good, but her world is just dark and blissful at the same time. She's completely unaware of her unladylike cries.

Jake hears her and knows that they are loud, but he has to change tempo to let her cum first. She is important to him and her pleasure is foremost so he rotates his hips allowing her g spot to be stimulated putting her over the edge, and then immediately goes back to fucking her relentlessly until he too is crying out with her as he comes undone, spurting his seed. His knees buckle under him and he has to release her hips to lean on the wall, using her to keep his body up.

Both of their bodies, sweaty and completely sated, tremble from the shock of it all. Eyes closed, unable to move even the little bit needed to say anything, they are frozen together. Satisfaction has never felt so absolute, so perfect. This is what they both need and as their minds come back with afterglow they drift to the next session of sated bliss.

Each of them know this is just the beginning of their future together.