

I walked into the club, pissed off about being stood up...again...and marched towards the bar. It was my 30th birthday and even though I did not want to make a big fuss of it, Kira insisted we go out. Kira was my party buddy and she better be lying dead in a ditch or having hot sex with some hunk, cause I ain't taking much more than that as an excuse. I sat at the bar and ordered vodka on the rocks. My leather pants tightened around my thighs and my white tank top reflected purple under the black light.

"Tough day?" I heard a man next to me say.

"You can say that." I answered without even looking at him as I sipped my drink and waited till I calmed down before calling Kira. From the corner of my eye, I saw George sitting at the chair next to me. His hair was pulled back in a ponytail and he had on jeans and a black shirt. He looked good but I was angry and did not want to talk to anyone right now. However, George was hard to shake.

"Are ya gonna tell me about it or what?" He said as he took a swig from his beer bottle

"What makes you think I want to?" I was bitchy beyond belief. I could not even recognize myself. Even though, Kira and I had a deal that it's ok not to show up if you think you would get laid, but this was my fucking birthday and her fucking idea and I was feeling rejected.

He spoke again

"If you don't tell me about your bad day, I will have to tell you about mine." He was starting to get on my nerves and recognized that I had to tell him about my day to get some peace and quiet.

“Fine. It’s my birthday and my friend and I were supposed to have a drink and she stood me up. Happy now?” I was still not releasing my anger and it was feeding me with just what I needed right now.

“Some friend.” He said and for some reason it made me even angrier, but to my surprise I did not react. Instead I calmly said

“Well, life’s shit. Then you die.” I said and lit up a cigarette.

“For what it’s worth...happy birthday.” He was not giving up this conversation and I knew that I either had to leave or play along.

“Thanks.” I said without much enthusiasm

“I am George.” He finally introduced himself

“I know who you are.” I said nonchalantly and continued to smoke my cigarette.

“And you? Do you have a name?” His voice was flirtatious and sexy and I started mellowing out against my will

“Candy.” I said and awaited his reaction. I knew that he would have a comment about this one.

“You are joking, right?” He smiled and looked at me, amazed.

“Nope. Dead serious. Candy.” By this time he has gotten the better of me and I began to actually enjoy myself.

“Well, I don’t know about your friend, but in my world, a lady should not be left alone on her birthday. What do you say we get out of here.”

That was all I needed. I was already angry enough at Kira, so I did not care if she showed up right now, I had not had sex in months and he was here, right

here. All I needed was to agree and go with him. I got off my bar stool and straddled him on his. With one hand I pulled his pony tail slightly so his head tilted and as I looked at him, I kissed him. His lips parted to accept mine, but I was obviously driving this kiss.

I pulled away, stopped and said,

“Are you sure you are up for the challenge?” I was looking into his eyes, his mouth still slightly opened, still grasping for breath from my assault on his lips. I moved back to my stool and finished my drink. I did not expect him to respond, but as soon as I put my glass down I noticed that he was behind me. With one swift move he grabbed my arms and held them firmly behind my back.

I leaned back, reacting to his tugging as he whispered through his teeth into my ear.

“Is that a dare? Cause you are not the only one with a bad day and I think that a lion would lose against me right now.”

He released his hold and I relaxed. I turned back and said “You have been warned.” With one move of my head I caught the bartender’s attention and without much explanation said “Keys, please!” The bartender handed me a set of keys and I took George’s hand pulling him towards the back of the club.

‘Leather’ was a club with private rooms. Nothing too risky, just a private place with some couches. It was more a matter of convenience than anything. I opened the door and let him walk through. As soon as I shut it, he pinned me against it and I found myself sprawled like a spider on a web. He started kissing my neck hungrily and I could feel his teeth scraping against my skin. It was hot, but this was not what I had in mind. I managed to get my arm behind me and grabbed his crotch, which was now bulging with his hard cock. He let out a soft gasp and I took advantage of the situation, wiggled myself out of his hold and threw him on the floor of the room, straddling him yet again. I grabbed both of his arms and held them above his head as I kissed him. This time, it was seductive and teasing. I broke the kiss and said, “You may win against the lion,

but will you win against me?" And with those words he gained strength to throw me off and onto the couch. I did not fight him as he slowly took my pants off and exposed my black thong. He buried his face in my tummy and with every one of his touches, I was getting more and more aroused. He bit my underwear and took it off with his teeth. Like a hungry wolf above his pray, I could see his predatorial look as he dove in and ravaged my clit with his mouth. It was tantalizing as he knew exactly how far he can go to keep me in complete agony for his touches. He stopped and I rolled forward pushing him again against the floor. I took off his pants and underwear. I grabbed his hands, so he would not move and blew hot air on the head of his cock. Then, I slowly put it into my mouth over it, being very careful not to touch the sides too much making him yelp as he raised his head to see what was going on. I was giving him an illusion that I was sucking his cock, but I was just sliding my open mouth over it up and down. He screamed "Oh my God, you are going to kill me!" I continued as his eyes glazed over and his breathing became more rapid. He tried to free his hands, but I had a strong hold on them and would not let him. When I was satisfied with the amount of torture I had subjected him to, I closed my mouth over his cock as he growled with pleasure. I continued this for just a few more moments and I straddled him one last time, letting him completely fill me up. He was so aroused that even though, I was on the top, I could feel his pelvis thrusting inside me and with every one of his moves, I was feeling earthquakes through my body. I let go of his hands, he got up, and balanced himself on my shoulders, as he pushed me further down and I could feel his cock slide deeper inside me. The earthquakes that I was feeling were now thunderbolts and with one last push he sent me over the edge. I tighten my pussy and felt his warm liquid fill me up as he leaned his head back and clenched his jaw. I was still shaking with tremors as I wrapped my legs around him. He lifted me off the floor and put me on the couch. My legs were still wrapped around him and he sat next to me. His fingers were aimlessly wondering up my leg and I could hear my phone ring in my purse. He spoke

“Your friend is probably calling to say she is sorry” There was certain tenderness in his voice that I could not resist.

“I am not.” I said as I looked into his deep brown eyes.

“Happy birthday, Candy.”

“Thanks.” I said again, but now I had a smile on my face.