

*I seem to have a thing for "strangers". Many of my stories involve first "very hot" encounters, one time encounters, spontaneous encounters, no attachments, nothing too serious...*

*I knew him the moment our eyes met. I was more than pleased and sensed that we would connect in a most delightful way.*

*When we first spoke on the phone I was utterly surprised at the affect his voice had on my senses. He caused a stirring deep inside my belly which had nothing to do with what he was saying but had everything to do with the tone of his voice. A new experience for me. I certainly wasn't going to get my hopes up, based on his voice, but I did hope that when we did meet, we would both feel the magic.*

*I smile, can't help myself. I am almost certain my inner, private thoughts are coming through loud and clear in that smile.*

*We sit for several seconds not saying a word, each of us lost in our own thoughts, private places and yet I feel such a strong connection, that some of what I am thinking is also what he is thinking. I reach across the table and touch his hand. The jolt that shot through my body didn't really surprise me, though I did wonder if he could feel it and, more importantly, did he feel the same way?*

## Blind Date - The Hunt

by Mindsparks

The reason I continue to put myself through the rigors of dating is because I'm a junkie. No heroin-using, emaciated, jazz-playing addict has ever had it worst than I have. I don't get my kicks through a needle. My rush comes in the moments between that first contact with a woman and ... well... that first *contact* with a woman. It is the pursuit, the chase, *the hunt*, that I crave. Without a periodic fix of that rush I will crash. Hard. It's as though I'm a bushman (pardon the pun) on the savanna and if I don't go out hunting regularly I will simply wither away and starve.

Don't get me wrong. I am not a sex addict. I could probably go the rest of my life fucking one woman. The old 'in-n-out' while delicious and satisfying in its

own way is... well its just the old 'in-n-out'. It's like riding a bike, once you've mastered how to ride a bike you can hop on a Harley, a Ducati, or a Honda and ride (pardon the pun) with at least a modicum of satisfaction regardless of the make and model of your ride. Women and men's physical parts fit together in a fairly finite number of ways. Tab A into slot B and so on. The unique, ever-changing, and ever-challenging part to our coming together (pardon the pun) isn't the physical - it's the mental.

I guess I'm talking about seduction. The series of calculated and precise choices we make when presented with the opportunity to bring a lover into our bed (or kitchen, or living room, or dark alley, or airplane bathroom). I'm never able to know exactly how I'll seduce a woman before meeting her. To be honest even after I've met 'her', I don't think that I'm ever fully conscious of how I'm going about trying to get her into my bed. And after all of that has been said it seems more than a bit humbling to mention that at least half the time it doesn't really matter what I do - either she's attempting to seduce me, or there is no seduction to be had.

So all that just informs you as to who I am. When a co-worker suggested I give Sarah, a "near and dear friend" of hers, a call I will admit to hesitating more than a bit. I'd had poor luck lately and the thought of getting tangled up in something with a co-worker's friend really didn't sound appealing. When she said that Sarah had a "really great personality" I all but laughed in her face. She must have seen my smirk because she then casually mentioned that Sarah was a complete "hottie". So who am I to pass up on a hottie with a great personality (or with a personality disorder for that matter).

I called Sarah about a week later. Our mutual friend had apparently forgotten to mention that I'd be calling so she seemed a bit off balance at the beginning of our conversation. She had a very pleasant voice - not too high-pitched and not the throaty growl of a smoker. In fact a few times while she was talking I found myself daydreaming a bit about that voice crying out "fuck me" or whispering into my ear "I'm cumming". Needless to say every time my mind wandered I ended up trying to play catch-up in our conversation.

I learned, a bit to my surprise, that she was older than I was by a few years. That bit of information intrigued me more than almost anything she said. I'd been with a very wide age-range of women in life and the one rule I'd drawn from my experiences was that older women always gave me more satisfaction in my hunt. Younger women tended to fall into a wearisome role of passivity in the play that is seduction. Sure a 20-something might have softer skin and perkier tits, but those are more related to the old in-n'-out, and as you know - I'm not about the in-n'-out.

I'm not much of a phone conversationalist - I guess I rely too much on those non-verbal cues that we hear of. I must have done at least well enough during the conversation as we agreed to meet that Saturday night for drinks.

We decided to meet at an old hotel bar in the city. It had a art-deco theme and I really liked the decor and moody, dimly lit space. It had a sort of film-noir feel to it as if Humphrey Bogart or Lauren Bacall was going to walk out of the shadows, cigarette smoke curling up from their lips and intrigue in their eyes. I arrived early and parked myself in one of those shadows. I wanted to see her walk in - to see how she carried herself before she knew she was being observed. She'd told me simply that she'd be wearing a black dress and heels, and that she would be wearing her shoulder-length blonde hair down. I'd decided to wear a black sports coat and pants, with a light grey shirt. I'd briefly contemplated a tie but felt it a bit much for a first time get together over drinks.

I ordered Sapphire with a twist at the bar and sat. About 10 minutes later I saw Sarah enter the bar. She was a bit shorter than I'd expected, though in her stylish heels she probably came in at 5'8" or so. She was a petite woman - small breasts gave her the silhouette of a fashion model. The build of her frame in combination with her purposeful stride and well-muscled calves (the only part of her legs I could make out from my vantage) gave her the air of an athlete. She walked directly to the bar and ordered before she looked around the room - perhaps making a statement about her priorities, or about her confidence in not needing to be concerned with my whereabouts the moment she entered. While she waited for her drink she turned to scan the room, first looking away

from me. As she turned the fabric of her dress, smooth and silky black, pulled taught against her ass.

And such an ass it was! I wanted to put my hands on that ass and feel the tight rounded curves. I flashed into fantasy mode again. We were sweaty and naked, she was on all fours in front of me on a bed bathed in bright afternoon sunlight. She was moaning loudly as my cock plowed into the tight super-slick confines of her pussy. I pulled my cock out and she turned back to me and said “do it”. Knowing exactly what she wanted I spread the firm flesh of her ass exposing her pink puckered hole and pushed the head of my cock slowly but firmly into her as she gasped and attempted to accommodate my size...

The image vanished cartoon-style when I realized that she had found me, and was standing in front of me. Hands on slightly cocked hips, she looked at me with this subtle grin displayed as much in her blue eyes as on her red lips - it seemed as if she'd caught me with my hand in the cookie jar.

“Peter?” with a raised eyebrow.

“Sarah!” with a slight blush.

I'm looking into her eyes and she doesn't break it off - there is something quite unusual about this woman. My vision narrows and my head starts to spin as the gaze lingers. So that's what a swoon feels like. She smiles and blushes, breaking the moment, “alright” and we begin to talk. Drinks are ordered. Laughs are had. Conversation and alcohol flow. Our comfort level increases while our inhibitions decrease.

Her smile draws my attention to her lips and I begin to realize how much I'm wanting this woman. Wanting her badly. I wonder if she is feeling the same way that I do and begin wondering how to figure that out. As though she was cued, after a pause in our conversation she reaches out and touches my hand. It's a small, innocent little gesture but the contact fires a spark and I'm sure about her.

I'm so sure of things that I'm willing to take a chance. "You are coming home with me." I say it like it is a matter of fact, a realization that I've had about our evening together: it's not an order, nor a question, nor a request.

Her mouth falls open just a bit, her cheeks redden, she nods. I stand and offer her my hand and she takes it and stands. Her face is now mere inches away and I can't resist my impulses any more. Her face is in my hands, the soft skin smelling very faintly of flowers or roses. My lips on hers. She opens her mouth, inviting me in. Our tongues meet. The room melts away and there is nothing in the world except for her mouth and my mouth and to be honest I'm not sure where I end and she begins. One of us moans through the kiss - I'm not sure if it's her or me.

She turns toward the door, my hand in hers. My cock growing heavy in anticipation. I want nothing more than to have her feel like I feel right now - to share this state of near nirvana. I purposefully don't look at her ass as we walk out the door. It's started to rain, cooling the summer heat and we pause in the entrance to take it all in. She looks up at me and I nod my head in the direction of my car. I take her hand and we move as fast as we can through the gentle rain. A gust of wind catches her dress providing me a glimpse of bare thigh, she laughs at this while I lust. It starts to rain harder.

The street is deserted this late at night. I pull her into a doorway and we melt away into the shadows as the downpour begins to wash away a city's sins. It's totally unspoken. We can't wait. We won't wait. My lips are on hers. My hands on her breasts and I can feel her nipples through her bra and the dress. Her hands are on my chest. We are in a frenzy; sharks don't feed like this. My hands are on her ass, and I realize that it is so much better than I'd wanted it to be. This skin of her ass is smooth, soft, and just a bit cold to my touch. My hands cover her small buns letting me feel the power of her taught muscles.

She runs her hands through my hair. I pull away from her lips for a second. We look into each other's eyes. We both know. We both want. She reaches for my zipper and releases my cock as I raise the hem of her dress.

My cock drips in anticipation. The contrast of the cool air with the warmth of her hand is driving me nuts. She's wearing skimpy, lacy, red, thong-style panties. My hands now on her bare ass I lift her up and set her on a ledge in the alcove and she spreads her legs. There is no time to take off her panties. I press her back against the wall and she reaches down with the hand that isn't holding my cock and pulls her panties aside. I can smell her musk and it's like she is chumming the waters of our frenzied fuck. She pulls my cock to her engorged lips. I look down at her small hand that makes me look huge.

I push forward just enough to part her labia. She releases her hand and wraps her arms around my neck. We look into each other's eyes and all of a sudden there is that sensation again of nothing else existing. Like we are floating in each other's consciousness. Like I said earlier - it's better than heroin.

This time I break the moment. I push my hips forward and in one smooth stroke I find myself sheathed in the tight confines of Sarah's very wet cunt. We both gasp in pleasure at the intense sensations. I can feel her pulse on me, and I've little doubt that she can feel me pulse and throb. I start to fuck her and as much as she can from her awkward position she fucks me back. I'm holding on to the back of her thighs, pushing her knees up and spreading them for me. I feel my sensitive head press up against her cervix, tickling us both. I move faster and and she wraps her legs around me and I press my hands onto her tits. I find her nipples and play with them through her bra. She moans again. Her tits are fantastic and sensitive, they fit into my hands perfectly and I begin to wish that I'd taken the time to expose them to the night's air and my lips.

I become aware of the way her voice sounds as she is moaning. Her voice does sound as wonderful as I'd fantasized about. I focus on her feminine, urgent moans in my ear as I kiss and gently bite the skin of her neck. I'm fucking her with long, slow, deep strokes and pausing to grind into her clit when I'm in deep. I won't be able to keep this up long and I feel my balls drawing up inside my shorts and that little itch that starts at the base of my cock and then works back towards my ass and then up into my spine and up to my brain. I want her to cum with me. I want to know that in a couple hours from now that my cum will still be dripping from her; slicking her thighs as she sleeps. I roll her nip-

ples between my fingers a little bit more vigorously. I press into her clit feeling her cum drip down my cock to my balls.

“Peter” she gasps quietly in my ear. “I’m cumming” and its as though I’m released. I thrust into her one final time and my orgasm grips every fiber in me. Sperm courses through my cock into the already saturated, already filled-to-capacity tunnel of her pussy. She cries out as her orgasm brings her into our bliss. Our eyes meet again, locked together in that most personal of all moments. We float again nothing else existing for us in the moment.

The rain slows and then stops.

We walk, less frenzied now in the cool thick air.

The hunt has gone well.

My clan is sated.

*Author’s Note - The bit at the beginning was a story idea given to me by a co-author/friend of mine. It sets up the rest of the story and I thought that I’d include it. So I found myself playing around with both anonymity and power differences. Throw in a bit of the exhibitionist and a touch of mood and I’m really quite happy with the end result. Are you too?*

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