

RATED



# Masked Encounter



# Fawn Lowery



Fawn  
Lowery

Fantasy

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Fantasy Games – Masked Encounter

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# MASKED ENCOUNTER

BY

FAWN LOWERY

Clarissa adjusted the tiny ebony mask across her face. She glanced one final time at her costume to make certain that just the right amount of cleavage was visible over the pale pink lace cups of her bra, and that the low slung jeweled belt was positioned on her rounded hips, tipped slightly to call the eye to the arc of her buttocks. Satisfied she could turn the head of any man in New Orleans, she strode from the hotel room.

Mardi Gras was in full swing. Loud music blared from the taverns and the flower-laden balconies teemed with out-of-towners yelling bawdy refrains to those on the streets below. The aromas of seafood and beer lay on the summer breeze as the mugginess of the night closed in on her senses.

She paused just outside the front entrance of the hotel and pulled in a deep breath, inhaling the perfume of the city, filling her senses with the promise of the night. She had never been to Mardi Gras before—never experienced the erotic sensations the time could generate inside one's self if given the unbridled run of the city.

She hurried down to the street, anxious to become a part of the festivities. Already her crotch felt wet and her nipples pushed tightly against the filmy material of her harem costume. The pulse of the city gripped her immediately as she stepped into the crowd. Hands suddenly slid across her bare midriff and rose quickly to grasp a rounded breast. She giggled and pushed them away, spinning round to glimpse a pair of male eyes fastened on to her costumed body.

“Are you all alone, honey?”

His voice was low pitched and Clarissa leaned toward him to hear his words. An erotic sensation zinged through her insides when she took in his appearance. He was dressed as a Roman gladiator with a short gold colored skirt riding low on his trim hips and reaching only to his muscled thighs. A dark wig sat on his head, reaching to his shoulders in shimmering waves. He wore a black mask covering his eyes but those full lips pulled into a slanted grin the moment Clarissa acknowledged him.

She was momentarily stunned by his attractiveness...and the way her body reacted to him. She creamed her gauzy little costume, feeling the dampness slide hotly down her inner thighs. Her eyes slid along his length and he must have read her mind, for he reached his right hand to his short skirt and cupped his dick.

"I'm looking for a woman."

*And I'm looking for a man.* She bit her lip to keep from uttering the words aloud.

On a whim, she reached her hand to cover his.

He immediately stepped closer and jerked his skirt up, displaying his naked dick and low hanging balls. He pressed Clarissa's hand against his rapidly hardening cock.

Clarissa gasped and tried to pull her hand away, only to have him tighten his grasp on her wrist and pull her upper body against his chest.

"Feel my balls. They're big and hairy," he whispered.

A smile flitted across Clarissa's lips as she pushed aside the surprised feeling wafting through her insides and appeased her curiosity. She pushed her hand between his legs and delved her fingers amid a warm nest of thick hair to stroke his balls.

"They're very big...each a hand full."

He pressed her palm against his growing length, then he made his cock dance against her silken flesh.

"Are you interested in fucking?"

"Yes."

He released her hand to play with his balls beneath his skirt while he delved one hand down the front of her low-slung pants.

His hand was hot against her belly and she

gave a little shiver at his boldness. After all, they were in the street, in front of the hotel, with a multitude of people milling about. She felt her cheeks flame as she caught the accessing looks some people aimed their way but the torrent of erotic sensations flooding her body prevented her from separating herself from this male so intent on ravishing her body.

“Ummm. You’re hot...and wet.”

Clarissa wiggled her hips slightly as his fingers found her pussy and slid between her hair-roughened lips. He began to stroke her clit, almost making her climax.

She grasped his wrist, trying to halt his moving fingers.

“I can’t come here! There are people watching us!” There was a nervous, almost giddy, quiver in her voice.

“The hell you can’t!”

He pushed his fingers back inside her pussy and rubbed her clit really hard with this thumb.

“Oh! Damn you!” Clarissa yelled in a hushed whisper. She felt the sharp jolt of orgasm as it began traveling through her insides and found it necessary to lean her body into his to keep her knees from buckling under her. “You’re making me come! You’re making me come!”

The sensations were quick, jolting, and raced like hot molten steel through her insides. She bit

her lip and pitched her pelvis against his hand as his fingers stroked and rubbed her sensitive clitoris.

Sweat beaded on her forehead as she tried to act as though there was nothing taking place inside her clothes. She squeezed her buttocks together, intensifying the orgasmic spasms wracking her body. Finally she managed to wiggle her pussy out of his manipulating fingers and thrust his hand out of her pants. She reeled backward until she felt the solid wall of the hotel pressing against her back.

"Why in hell did you do that?"

He chuckled and stepped in front of her, pressing his scantily clad body against hers. He held her steady against the unyielding wall of the building.

"I want to fuck you. That just warmed you up, honey."

"You damn right it warmed me up." She pushed her long hair away from her face. She could hardly breathe. "There wasn't a single person on the street who didn't know what you were doing to me," she whispered, a note of anger in her tone. She flattened one palm against his bare chest, trying to push him away.

He grabbed the palm pressing so intently against his chest. "You don't really want to push me away." A slow seductive smile pulled at his

lips. “You were turned on by the gawking. Tell the truth now.”

A low giggle leapt from her mouth.

“Well.” She shrugged one shoulder, almost baring her breast. “It was pretty titillating.” She scanned the crowd. There were still a few people aiming curious gazes in their direction and hanging back, as though waiting to see what they might do next.

“We could have our own audience. Does that intrigue you?”

“It turns me on,” she admitted, feeling her juices begin to flow once more. “But I’m afraid we’ll get arrested.”

“Danger is a turn on.”

He dipped his head suddenly and pressed his lips to hers.

Clarissa pulled in a quick breath at the feel of his mouth on hers. Demanding yet teasing, she moaned and parted her lips for the entry of his tongue. It filled her mouth suddenly, tangling erotically with her own tongue, then coaxing her to play.

A heat of unusual proportions streamed through her. Suddenly all things disappeared except for the hard male body confining her against the brick wall of the building. Her knees felt weak, her senses reeled; she wanted him as she had never wanted a man before.

She snaked her arms around his bare waist and gave herself over to his kisses, his sensual attention, the commanding way he took what he wanted and filled her with the promise of mind jarring sex to come.

He stabbed at her tongue with his, flitting about the sweet insides of her mouth as if he were fucking her with his dick, jabbing in, pulling back, jabbing in again. Clarissa rose up on her tiptoes and opened her mouth so wide her jaws felt pain. She had never been kissed in such a way that made her stomach curl and her crotch cream.

His hands were on her breasts, groping, fondling, and pushing the top of her harem costume up around her neck.

"I want to pull your nipples into my mouth and nip at them with my teeth," he whispered.

His mouth was wet; his breath was hot on her face as he whispered erotic musings.

"I want to slide my dick between your luscious mounds and come and come and come! Oh, honey! You make me so hot!"

Then his mouth fastened on to hers again, driving so hard that she hit her head on the wall at her back. For a second the pain shot along her skull but then was rapidly dispelled by the hot need he wrought inside her.

"Get a room!" a loud voice yelled.

"Fuck her now!" another suggested.

“Yeah! Fuck her now!” The sentence was punctuated by a bawdy laugh.

Clarissa tried to surface from the overpowering battery of sensations gripping her mind and body. She fought to take a breath, to grasp a semblance of sanity, to find a part of herself she felt she somehow had let slip away.

“Come with me.”

Suddenly propelled forward, a strong arm held her securely around the waist as her body nestled against the long hot length of his. She couldn’t refuse – couldn’t break the hold he seemed to have on her. Suddenly, she found herself inside a dimly lit bar. People were seated at small tables, talking in low tones, and the strains of jazz music filtered through the smoke-filled air. She was lifted onto the bar, her body stretched out along the hard wooden surface.

“Lie down,” he instructed, his hot hands pressing her body back as she tried to resist.

It seemed a dream – a wildly erotic dream where only the sensations of her body ruled her actions. The place between her legs burned to be stroked and licked – burned for a male cock.

He tugged at her clothes, pulled them from her body, and left her naked. She felt exposed, vulnerable, but at the same time, expectant of something wonderful to come. A long sigh slipped from her throat. She was naked. Except for her

little black mask concealing her eyes—concealing her identity. She felt the hot male hands push the long blond hair of her wig off her shoulders and position it above her head. She smiled up at him.

Silhouetted just above her, he became a shadowy figure visible through the smoky haze in the room. Somewhere off to her left a jazz tune blared, all but canceling out the hum of voices nearby.

He leaned down and kissed her lips, lingering only a moment before pulling back and smiling at her.

“I’m going to taste every luscious inch of you.”

Clarissa sighed and stretched her nubile body, raising her arms above her head. The hard bed she had chosen ceased to hurt beneath her soft curves as his head descended to her breasts.

He licked her nipples with his wet tongue, pulled each nub into his mouth and suckled it, making her crotch pull in want. He lathed her flesh with his tongue as he licked first her breasts, the rounded underside and then traveled up the mounding slope to her aching nipples.

His tongue continued to travel along her rib cage, hot, wet, as it left a glistening sheen on her skin to snake across her waist and onto her flat belly. He poked the tip of his tongue into her belly button, making her moan in delight. For a few frantic seconds he pretended to fuck her navel,

jabbing his tongue in quickly as though thrusting inside her cunt. She giggled and tangled her hands in his dark wig, holding his head pressed against her stomach until he fondled lower on her body with one hand. Quickly she pushed his face lower, raising both knees and spreading them to open her self up. She wanted his mouth on her pussy –

“Eat me, please. Devour my pussy! I’m so hot!”

From the corner of her eye, she saw the row of people watching them. Earlier she had felt a deep embarrassment, but now she felt so turned on by the actions of the stranger, that she grew even more aroused by having others watch what he did to her.

“There’s something so arousing about being naked and having strangers looking at me,” she said out loud.

“I know, baby. I’m so hard my balls ache.”

He fell on her crotch with his mouth open, gobbling up her clitoris and her hair-roughened lips. She squealed and jerked upward to grasp at his head.

“I’m coming!” she yelped. “Oh my God! You’re making me come!”

He pulled back suddenly, fighting her grasp on his head, halting her orgasm seconds before it erupted full bloom.

“Don’t stop!” she ordered, raising both heels off the bar. “Don’t stop! I *want* that orgasm! I *need* it!”

"Hold off, babe."

"No!"

Wild eyed, she turned to the crowd suddenly surging forward.

"Somebody fuck me!"

A mad clamor echoed round her naked body as men rammed into each other vying for the spot between her legs.

"The bitch is mine!"

Clarissa's head whipped round as the loud bellow cut through the ruckus. Looking up she saw her handsome stranger straddling her body on the bar, a muscular leg braced on either side of her hips. He had removed his Roman skirt and his hard erection jutted from his crotch like a long steel pole.

Clarissa trembled, overcome with the desire to feel his long staff sliding inside her.

He dropped to his knees and grasped Clarissa's legs. Positioning her knees across his shoulders, he grasped her buttocks in either hand, pulling her against his crotch.

Shadowed eyes peered down into her face. A slanted grin pulled at his full sensuous lips as he poked the hot round head of his shaft into her slippery sex. A quick lunge and he was inside her.

Clarissa shuddered and pulled in a quick breath, bracing herself with her elbows against the unyielding wood bar. He began to move,

pounding her with thundering jabs that made her breasts dance on her chest. Her insides sucked at his hot male stick of flesh, tried to hold it inside, ached when he pulled back, then exalted when he slammed back in. His thighs made slapping noises against her buttocks. He grunted loudly with each ramming thrust, claiming her as his very own private fuck while pairs of envious male eyes looked on, mouths drooling for want of a taste.

His size filled her passage, pushed at her tender slickness and grazed her sensitive inner walls as it hammered away at bringing her to the apex. Sweat drenched his upper body, ran in moist rivulets down his broad chest. A moist sheen lay on her naked skin, luminescent beneath the dim lights of the bar.

She gave little notice to the murmur of the crowd. The stranger banging away at her crotch had claimed her, branded her as his bitch. She had never been a bitch before – the name intrigued her.

She felt the onset of climax then, felt the first sensations begin in her belly, clasp tightly her sex and spiral along her legs. God! Nothing else had ever felt like it!

“Oh baby! You’re making me come! Don’t pull out!”

She felt the need to warn him. She needed him to let her come this time. He thrust so hard into her that she felt bruised and beaten on her back

and shoulders from being pressed against the unyielding hard surface of the bar. The crowd surged in. Foul liquor-laced breath waft across her bare skin as men panted and ogled her body with hungry eyes.

Suddenly the orgasm was full bloom inside her—exploding like a Roman candle on the Fourth of July—one powerful blast after the other, again and again, hot, lustful, magnificent!

She flopped back on the bar, hitting her head and panting with her orgasm. Hot electrical spikes shot through her nerve endings, sending her body into a tremor that overtook her senses. She collapsed, breathing heavily while her handsome stranger reached his own orgasm and announced it loudly to the crowd.

“Fuck! Oh, baby! Fuck!”

A loud applause erupted, pulling Clarissa’s attention to the gathering in the room. Her breasts heaved on her chest as she gazed at the men. There were at least a dozen; each with drinks in their hands, and greedy, lustful yearning on their faces. They stared at her and her masked stud.

Her body was still hoisted upward, her buttocks pinned in mighty fists, the hard cock still inside her passage. She gazed upward, her shoulders pinned against the bar. He stroked into her lightly, easily sliding in and easing back out, almost to the point of pulling out.

“You’re still hard,” she said, for she knew he was, else he wouldn’t be stroking her so sensuously.

“I could fuck you all night.”

His voice held promise, she decided as she began to move her hips against him. But did he mean they were to fuck there on the bar in front of their audience all night?

His words and his movements aroused her anew. She had no objection to fucking all night. The rewards were wonderful. She raised her upper body and braced herself on her elbows. She felt very wet, their shared cum ran down her buttocks and dripped on to the bar. The mere thought of such uninhibited passion sent her senses spinning out of control. She moved her hips faster – urging him to bring her to orgasm again.

He chuckled and gazed down at her. Suddenly he halted his movements, stopped thrusting and pulled out of her passage. He flipped her onto her belly as though she were light as a feather.

She landed on the bar with a thud, her full breasts jiggling against the hard surface as her pelvic bones crushed down with a resounding clunk.

“Ow. That hurt!” she yelped.

“Do you like it rough?”

She glanced over her shoulder to spy him looking at her, an expectant leer on his face.

"Depends on who's in control."

He threw back his head and laughed in a loud bellow.

Clarissa suddenly bounded upward, catching him off guard. She spun round, catching him by the right calf. She dug her nails into his muscle, forcing him to fall to his knees. Kneeling, he fell backward, careening onto his side on the bar. She was on him like a cat, pouncing against his chest with her upper body while she grasped his hard erection with her right hand. She began to move her hand, squeezing his hot staff in a tight grip, as she jerked her hand up and down.

"Oh damn!" he spewed, bracing himself on his elbows. He bucked his hips against her hand as she worked his hard cum-wet rod. "Oh damn! That feels good, baby."

She pressed her breasts into his muscled chest as she worked her hand on him. She liked the feel of having his orgasm in her command—of knowing she could bring his white cum jetting forth, soiling her hand and spilling onto his belly. She smiled as she watched the pleasure filter across his handsome features.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

His muscles tensed, his ropy abdomen drew tight. He reached for her, grasped her by the nape as he hauled her forward across his chest so he could kiss her as he erupted in orgasm.

The white cum spurted forth from his round cock head, shot into the air and landed across his abdomen and Clarissa's clasped hand. She slowed her movements, working with his thrusts as he used her fist to milk his tool.

His mouth was greedy on hers. He licked her lips with his tongue, sucked her bottom lip between his teeth and bit it, drawing blood.

Clarissa pulled back, feeling the sting of sharp teeth and tasting her own blood.

He was in the throes of orgasm. His head lolled back on his shoulders; his eyes closed; he breathed through his mouth in loud gasps. He was in orgasmic heaven.

She felt very alive, on the verge of arousal once more from just watching her muscular stud savor the sensations she had brought to his body. She smiled and leaned her head to his sensitive cock. Poking out her tongue, she gingerly licked the shiny head, lapping up a dot of hot cum and tasting it.

He drew in a sharp breath and opened his eyes to look at Clarissa as she turned her eyes on him.

"You suck cock too?" His voice sounded hoarse with arousal.

"Yeah. And I'm good at it."

He chuckled and hunched his hips against her hand.

"Show me, honey. Make me hard again. I love

feeling a hot mouth wrapped around my dick." He reached one hand to her breast and tweaked her nipple then continued down her body until his hand was between her legs. He delved one finger inside her cunt, wetting it with their shared juices. Grinning, he raised his hand to her mouth and chuckled when Clarissa opened her mouth. He poked his cum soiled finger inside her mouth, stroking it across her tongue.

"Taste good?"

"Ummm."

Noise in the bar suddenly drew their attention. Clarissa squinted through the smoke filled room to see several couples fucking on tables; the women's legs hoisted across their partners shoulders. She laughed low in her throat. Apparently they were successful in arousing their audiences' lust.

Her hand still held her lover's rapidly hardening staff and the urge to suck it into her mouth grew hotter by the second. She returned her attention to the prize in hand. She lowered her head and pursed her lips, then planted a soft kiss on its bulbous head.

He groaned and pressed her head forward, tangling his hand in her wig.

She licked the sticky cum from the tall shaft, adoring it with her eyes as she gauged its length. Nine inches? Ten inches? It was beautiful. Long.

Straight. Thick. A lusty shiver quaked through her as she cleaned it with her tongue, sensually stroking it in long, teasing laps, removing every white speck of his juice from its length and at its hairy base. She delved her tongue into the dark bed of hair surrounding his twin balls, cleaning, hearing him suck in a quick breath as her tongue ventured into sensitive territory. His fingers clenched in her wig, signaling his arousal.

She smelled his musk, the sensual aroma of a man aroused, a man in need, one capable of giving as well as taking. She skimmed one palm across his abdomen, rose upward to pass across his hair-roughened chest, paused to tweak a taut male nipple.

The thought of taking him back to her hotel room blossomed in her mind. They could fuck all night; enjoy each other in as many ways as conceivable.

She finished cleaning him and closed her lips over his hot head. He moaned and arched upward, pushing his dick across her tongue. She twined her fingers around the hairy base, skimming her nails along the contours of his balls. Then she began sucking him, slowly, hotly, swallowing him deep into her throat. His hand tightened in the wig she wore. He bucked against her mouth. He moaned.

Her mouth was very full of him. Her lips

stretched and tried to open further, wanting him fully inside her mouth. She felt herself cream, wanting him and preparing herself.

She sensed he was nearing climax. His bucking intensified against her mouth. She moved her head, eyeing him as he looked down his chest at her. His eyes were heavy-lidded—even behind the black mask she knew he caressed her naked body. The big hand tangled in the long hair of her wig tensed and released, only to tense again.

“You’ve got one hot mouth!”

“Ummm.” She agreed, murmuring around his dick.

“Son-of-a-bitch! I’m losing it already!”

His bellow echoed inside the bar. Clarissa’s mouth suddenly became very full as the hot stream shot off in the back of her throat and gushed, filling her mouth to overflowing. She tightened her fist around his shaft, trying to control the force of his ejaculation, to no avail. He forced her head down and rammed his cock deep inside her mouth.

Clarissa swallowed his cum in audible gulps as he roughly held her head against his crotch. The throes of orgasm were either brutal...or erotic. She felt a new wave of lust assaulting her senses as he shifted, released her head, and thrust one hand between her legs. Roughly, he rubbed her clit, sending her into a quick powerful orgasm.

Panting, she pulled her mouth off his cock and clasped his rubbing fingers. Her legs jutted out, spreading wide over the edge of the bar. Climax engulfed her—brought a squeal of delight from her mouth.

“How did you know I was so close to coming?” she whispered, her breath came in short gasps. She stared at him, her knees spread, her body braced on her palms. “It was so rough—yet so damn good!”

He leaned down and kissed her, pressing his sweat-dampened lips against hers. He tasted of heat and salt, of lust and sex filled nights, of daring adventures yet to be. He straightened, swinging his feet over the edge of the bar; he slid from beside her to stand, then grasped her by the waist and pulled her off the bar.

She slid along his length, her naked breasts pressing into his hot flesh, across his muscled biceps, onto his broad chest, to finally pause very near his male nipples. Her knees felt weak, as though they weren’t capable of bearing her weight. She leaned into his body needing a moment to steady her senses and get control of her breathing. She smoothed her palms along his arms, marveling at the smooth skin covering the stone-hard muscles. A sigh slipped from her throat. She felt very fucked—very well fucked indeed!

The bar's patrons who had gathered round the bar and gawked while they fucked were having their own orgasms. Scattered about the room, on tables, stacked in twosomes in wooden bottomed chairs, on the floor; the smoke filled atmosphere lent an aura of fantasy to the whole scene.

She was pulled forward, her harem costume thrust into her hands.

"Get dressed, babe."

Numbly, she fumbled with the filmy costume. Leaning her butt against the base of the bar, she pulled on the full-legged pants and positioned the bra-like top over her sensitive breasts. Her breathing hadn't returned to normal yet and still the waning sensations of orgasm lingered in her body. Shamelessly, a giggle slipped from her mouth.

"I've never been fucked in a bar before."

She caught at his hand, lest he would suddenly disappear and she would never see him again. He was a magnificent lover—a man with whom she didn't want to lose touch. She followed him across the room to the street.

Outside the party still went on. They exited in the midst of a Mardi Gras parade. People shouting, plastic beads flying through the air, people grabbing to claim a prize, music blaring from the floats.

She felt herself being tugged into the foray,

pinned against his muscular side by his arm clasped around her bare midriff. He hurried her across the avenue, pushing his way among the partygoers.

She clung to him, her arm around his waist as well, her head nestled against his shoulder. It all seemed like a dream— their impromptu meeting, the sex in a public place, a crowd of lusty gawkers ogling them, cheering them on at time; her head spun. Her senses reeled.

She walked with him into the alley, the light from the street barely penetrating its mouth. At once he pushed her against the wall of a building and ground his hips into the pillowly softness of her abdomen. The unmistakable firmness of his erection pressed against her belly.

She moaned and wound her arms around his neck. He wanted more sex. And she wanted to oblige him. She pulled in a deep breath, took his scent into her lungs, as he pushed down her pants and slid his hard cock between her legs. Quickly he entered her, thrust rapidly, covered her breasts with his hands, found her neck with his lips. His breath hot on her flesh as his lips trailed along the arch of her throat. She closed her eyes and gave herself to him—feeling an orgasm hovering on the brink of being.

His fangs sank into her throat, the quick penetration drawing a sigh from her mouth. The

sting coupled with the climatic sensations battled to the fore, one complimenting the other in a crescendo of pain and pleasure wafting through her body.

He drank and she swooned at the sensations quaking through her. A spiraling of orgasmic pleasures engulfed her every pore, took control of her nerves and sizzled along her sensitive pleasure channels.

"That was wonderful." Her voice was raspy as she surfaced from the battery of pleasures. In a woozy state, she pushed his head away.

"Hold still. You can bite me next."

"The things I do for love."

"Here's to another century together, sweetheart."

Pulling off his mask, he tangled his fingers in the fall of her wig and bent her head to the side. Chuckling softly, he planted a quick kiss on the curve of her throat then he sank his fangs in for a second time.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I've been writing since grade school—erotica blossomed in 1992 with several short stories in men's magazines. I signed on with Extasy Books in 2003. Cassie's Cowboy was my first ebook. I continue to freelance to various men's magazines, online forums, and other paying markets. I'm happily married to Dave, my all-time love. When I'm not writing, I like to garden, host dinner parties, and travel.