

ESCAPE

Gator Bait

Mary Winter

Changeling Press

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Taking a much needed break on her private Florida beach, the self-proclaimed “Gator Goddess,” Sylvie Skylar, never imagined work and pleasure could combine so perfectly. But when an alligator strolls onto her beach and shifts into a man who gives his name as Remy, well, Sylvie knows she could handle the meanest, strongest gators in the world. This one just happens to be the sexiest gator she’s ever seen. And she’ll be happy to handle him... all night long.

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Sylvie Skylar stretched languidly and curled her toes into the sun-warmed sand of her own private beach. After eight months spent filming in Australia, the media-proclaimed "Gator Goddess" deserved a break.

Or at least she thought so, even if her agent didn't.

Shades shielded her eyes from the hot, Florida sun. Her dark tanned skin and a liberal dose of SPF 40 protected her from sunburn. She lifted her arms overhead and arched her breasts into the sun's caressing ways. Warmth pooled in her pussy, and she widened her thighs on the blanket to welcome the light's deeper penetration. Just arm's length away a still-cold bottle of beer waited. She inhaled the salt-tang of the air and listened to the cries of sea birds soaring overhead. The perfect vacation.

The rustle of sawgrass drew her attention away from the sky. Turning, she watched as a large alligator ambled onto the beach. She blinked and grinned. Her job as a wildlife specialist brought her into close contact with larger alligators than this one. And she'd wrestled more than her fair share for the camera. The urge to run battled with her professional admiration of the powerful predator in its natural habitat. She glanced to the dock and wondered if she could escape to the yacht moored there.

When she looked again, a man stood in the gator's place.

Sylvie's mouth went dry. Long blond hair fell in slight waves around his face, perfectly framing his full lips and stubborn chin. Tendrils of hair slid across his shoulders, drawing her attention to his flat, smooth chest and defined abs. A thin trail of blond hair bisected them as it led to the most magnificent cock she'd seen in a damn long time. A tiny mewl of want escaped her lips. Cream coated her slit at the thought of that thick shaft deep inside her.

The stranger's gaze ravished her. It lingered on her breasts with their high, tight nipples, across her stomach and the flare of her lips. He smiled appreciatively at her bare mound, revealing a hint of white teeth against his tanned skin.

"You do look like a goddess," he murmured. His husky voice washed over her like frothy bubbles in the Jacuzzi on her deck. "They say you haven't met a gator you haven't been able to tame. Is that true?" He strode forward, a strutting walk that reminded her of a male predator on the make.

He knew of her. The thought bothered Sylvie less than she suspected it should. Crazy fans, stalkers, she'd dealt with them, but the man standing on her beach felt like none of that. She half believed he might be from the nudist camp down the road, except that facility kept a tight rein on its guests.

"I can handle my own," she answered as she bent her knee and sat, resting her forearm on it. She looked up at him, loving the view of his full balls hanging between his legs, the erection that hung in front of his body. His wild aroma tormented her with the promise of primal urges fulfilled.

"I can handle you. What's your name, big boy?" An impish smile played on her lips as she contemplated the ways in which she could handle him. With her fingers. With her lips wrapped around him and her tongue stroking his length, or maybe with his cock buried deep in her cunt. Yeah, she could handle anything he cared to give, and she'd have a good time too. And, if things got too crazy, she could get to the boat and call the security detail she'd dismissed upon arriving at her private home. Either way, she doubted she'd have any problems.

"Remington Armenteros." He rolled the r's into a sexy rumble. "You'll call me Remy when you scream my name."

"Is that a promise?" She extended a hand to trail her fingers up his legs with their light dusting of hair. Curling her fingers into his thigh, she leaned forward, bringing her nose just beneath his balls and inhaled deeply. Damn, nothing smelled better than a hot, horny male.

Remy knelt on the edge of the blanket. His cock brushed across her forehead, her eyelids, along her nose to her lips, and she couldn't help but open her mouth and take a lick. He groaned. His fingers speared through her hair and held her to him as she wrapped her lips around his cock. Her tongue stroked the sensitive bundle of nerves along the underside, played with the eye and tasted his salty essence. Oh yeah, if she'd conjured up a beach fantasy, Remy would have been exactly what she wanted.

Her pussy creamed thinking about taking him hard and deep inside. She worked her lips along his shaft, sucking and pulling back with progressively longer strokes. His groans of pleasure echoed against the lull of waves and the cries of seabirds. Sylvie took him further into her mouth. His head bumped against the back of her throat, and she relaxed her muscles to let him slip past. Cupping his balls, she rolled them in her hands, finding and stroking the sensitive skin behind.

Remy kept one hand cupping the back of her head, the other stroking along her arm, her side, until he palmed her breast. Rotating his hand against it, he coaxed her nipple into an even tighter bead as moisture gathered in her channel. She moaned around his cock. He played her body like a maestro, fingers stretching and pinching her nipple. The pleasure-pain shot straight to her cunt.

Her lips slipped from his shaft. "Damn that feels good," she moaned. Head tipped back, eyes closed, lips parted in pleasure, she could only imagine what kind of picture she presented to him.

Remy leaned forward. He licked the salt from her skin as he trailed his mouth over her shoulder, down to the valley between her breasts. Nuzzling her flesh, he turned his head, laving both slopes of her breasts with his tongue. Then he pressed her against the blanket, and fastened his lips around her nipple. He sucked the tight bead into his mouth, and the shock went straight to her toes and all points in between.

Sylvie clutched his shoulders. She wrapped her legs around him, much as she would to stabilize a gator, and held him there. Her fingers clenched and released on his shoulders. The supple muscles of his back called to her to explore them, and she wanted

to lay him on his back and discover every inch of his magnificent body. For now, she let him alternate between her nipples, sucking each into his mouth in turn.

She lifted her hips. His big hand settled on her waist, stroking down along the outside of her thigh. He rose up enough to tease his fingers across her slick labia. Sylvie moaned. One digit found its way past her labia to strike her clit.

Her entire body clenched, focusing on his fingertip against her sensitive flesh. Her breath caught in her throat, and she leaned forward. Her lips found his shoulder, and she restrained the urge to bite.

Remy twisted his hand and slid his finger inside her channel. His thumb rubbed against her clit as he finger fucked her with long, slow thrusts that had her lifting her hips, begging for more with whimpers and husky words. He released her nipple with a pop and nuzzled the undersides of her breasts. Down over her stomach he licked. His fingers never let up their ceaseless strokes, and underneath the sun, she thought only of how wonderfully decadent it felt to be naked on her own private beach.

His fingers slid from her. A moment of loss passed as his warm breath teased her folds. Then his tongue stroked the entire length of her slit. A vibrating rumble made her stiffen. It sounded so much like an alligator, that she thought the male she'd seen had returned. Then he thrust his tongue into her pussy, and she thought only of the need pumping through her veins. She fucked his face, offering her pussy for deeper strokes of his tongue. Her fingers clenched and released on his shoulders, and with her short-trimmed nails she hoped she wouldn't leave any marks. Though the thought of branding him, claiming him, had her crying out as the first peaks of her orgasm held her trembling on the edge.

"That's it, Gator Goddess. Come for me," he whispered against her flesh.

As if his words flipped a switch, her release burst through her. She undulated beneath his lips and tongue, her voice rising and falling to join that of the seabirds overhead. Shuddering, her entire body yearning for that one moment, she surged through to the ecstatic ripples of a toe-curling orgasm.

"Remy," she screamed.

His chuckle sent more ripples through her body. He raised his head, and though her eyelids were heavy, she looked at his satisfied, masculine gaze and couldn't help but be swept away all over again. He crawled over her body, his attention never leaving her face. Bracing his weight on his hands, he settled his cock against her drenched labia.

"Told you that you'd scream my name." He claimed her lips in a thorough kiss.

She tasted herself and plunged her tongue into his mouth. His cock found her entrance and slid home like a diver cutting through the water. Moaning against his lips, she twined around him. Her heels pressed into his buttocks.

Remy fucked her with his mouth and his cock. Sylvie welcomed the invasion. She urged him deeper, and he swallowed her cries with his open-mouthed kisses. So hot, far hotter than the sun baking down on them or the sand beneath her blanket. Remy consumed her. It had been months since she'd gotten laid. Or maybe it was the thrill of this mysterious stranger. Either way, she never wanted it to end.

Remy tore his lips from hers. "So tight," he growled.

Sylvie shuddered from head to toe. She curled her fingers into his buttocks, demanding he fuck her harder.

"Yes! Yes!" she chanted with each stroke. She forced her eyes open with the need to memorize every line of his features. His hard thrusts stuffed her full of his heavy rod, so full his head brushed against her cervix. Her muscles clamped down around him like a vice. Screaming, she exploded again.

"Fuck yeah," Remy moaned. Flesh slapped against flesh, his balls swinging against her with every stroke. He pinned her beneath him with his weight, his hands cupping her ass to bring her even closer in contact with him.

Her release rippled on and on. So much so she knew it would never end and she'd simply melt into a puddle in the sand. Damn, she hadn't been fucked like this... since ever. And with an indrawn breath, she realized she didn't want to let it go. He thickened, growing even fuller, and his cock triggered even more spasms from deep inside her. Then with a roar, he thrust one last time before stiffening above her. His cock

jerked. Warm seed filled her, and she whimpered as the pounding of another orgasm rushed through her like a riptide.

Sylvie gasped for breath. Beneath him, his weight pinning her down, his cock still half-hard inside her, made her very aware of her own femininity. Right now, in spite of her career wrestling alligators and her work in the male-dominated world of wildlife films, she felt every inch a woman. Damn if she didn't like it.

Remy wrapped his arms around her and rolled her off the blanket. She lay sprawled against his chest. His heart thudded double time beneath her ear. Inside her channel, his cock stirred again. Bringing her knees beneath her, she rose up and stretched, enjoying the way his gaze and hands found the up thrust curve of her breasts.

"So where did you come from?" She rotated her hips, a slow, sensuous circle that had his cock fully erect inside her.

Remy moaned. "You're going to kill me, Gator Goddess." He pinched her nipples, then slid the fingers of one hand over her stomach to reach between her folds and strum her clit.

"Just like that," she urged, not caring one whit that he hadn't answered her question.

"You're beautiful." He cupped her breasts, the flesh just the perfect size for filling his palms. "Just like the goddess they claim you to be."

Well aware of the media adulation, Sylvie didn't answer. She closed her eyes and worked herself on his shaft. He returned his finger to her clit, massaging and circling it. Each caress sent fluttering bursts of ecstasy through her body. Her panting breath and the rise and fall of her breasts captured her attention. Moaning, she bounced harder on his cock.

Remy worked her between his hands. One hand in front, strumming her clit, the other on her buttocks, kneading and squeezing, venturing close to the sensitive rings of muscle. It was like he held her captive, and she loved the mastery he had over her body. His fingers moved down to stroke the base of his shaft as he plunged into her waiting cunt, and she moaned aloud as her juices dripped over his fingers.

Just a little bit more. She whimpered, so close to exploding she ached. Her entire being reached toward her elusive orgasm. He made her feel. Not like tagging alligators, though she felt alive then too. He made her revel in her sensuality, in her feminine nature she'd tried to hide for so long. A man undaunted by her reputation or perhaps even a little turned on by it. A primal scream bubbled up from her throat as she orgasmed so hard she thought she'd black out.

She fell forward, Remy's strong hands there to catch her. He growled as he thrust into her, her inner muscles massaging the length of his cock. A hoarse shout ripped from his throat as he came, and the sensation of his hot seed splashing against her sent her over the edge again.

Eyes closed, she concentrated on sucking air into her starved lungs. Tiny quakes erupted in her body like miniature fireworks. Her cunt milked his cock, contracting and releasing as if to get the very last drop from him. Grains of sand rubbed against her knees and the top of her feet.

"The blanket," she breathed, thinking he might be more comfortable with something between him and the hot sand.

"Let me be your blanket." Remy brushed his lips across hers. The tender kiss seemed at odds with the pulse-pounding fucking they'd just shared.

Her lips quirked into a frown and she looked into his deep brown eyes.

"Who are you?" She cursed herself for not asking the question sooner. They'd just had unprotected sex. The time for questions probably should have come earlier, like before he had his cock buried deep inside her.

"I told you, I'm Remy." He brushed a strand of her long, sun-streaked blonde hair from her face.

Sylvie pressed her hands to his pecs and levered herself off his body. She scooted back to the blanket and sat, suddenly wishing she'd brought a towel or some clothing to the beach with her. Having just shared her body with this stranger, she feared she'd want to share more, and the thought left her vulnerable.

"Hey." He rose onto his knees and moved to sit next to her on the blanket. Wrapping his arm around her, he pulled her against his body.

She snuggled into his warmth. Burying her face against his chest, she inhaled deeply.

"Where are you from? How did you find me? Why are you here?" She looked up and shoved a strand of hair behind her ear.

"My family lives in the Everglades. It took a bit of work, but I found you. As to the why, because I think you might be strong enough to understand me."

His words shook her. Lips parted, she stared at him.

He took advantage of her shock by leaning forward and claiming her mouth. He kissed her, delving into the warm cavern of her mouth, and when the kiss ended they were both breathless. Remy rose to his feet.

"I have to go, but I'll be back soon. We can talk or whatever you want. I want to get to know you better and unless I'm mistaken you feel the same way." He strode toward the sawgrass.

She swallowed hard, thinking of the serrated blades against his naked flesh.

He stopped at the edge of the grass. "You do want to see me again?"

Sylvie nodded. "Yeah, I do." She touched her fingers to her lips. They still hummed from his kiss.

A grin crossed his face. His form shimmered, wavered, muscles and form changing until a male alligator stood where Remy had been. He swung his tail from side to side, then turned and looked at her. Giving her a gape-jawed grin, he rumbled a territorial call and ambled into the sawgrass.

Sylvie watched him leave. Only when the tall blades concealed his form did she draw breath. Remy. The alligator. He couldn't have changed, could he? But there wasn't any dismissing what she'd seen. Remy changed forms into a large, male alligator. Nervous laughter bubbled from her throat.

“Well, he’s one gator I wouldn’t mind wrestling again.” And as she stood and gathered the blanket, she knew she’d see him again. And if not, well, she’d been known to hunt gators a time or two.

“My family lives in the Everglades,” he’d said.

“I bet they do, Remy. I bet they do.” Her laughter turned into a whoop of joy. Perhaps she’d finally found a man not cowed by her career or her fame. It’d sure be interesting to find out.

Mary Winter

Mary Winter lives in the Midwest with six cats, an opinionated horse, and a very vocal parrot. When she's not spinning tales of erotic romance she likes to spend time outdoors, where thankfully there aren't any alligators. Explore seasons of passion at her website, <http://www.marywinter.com/>.