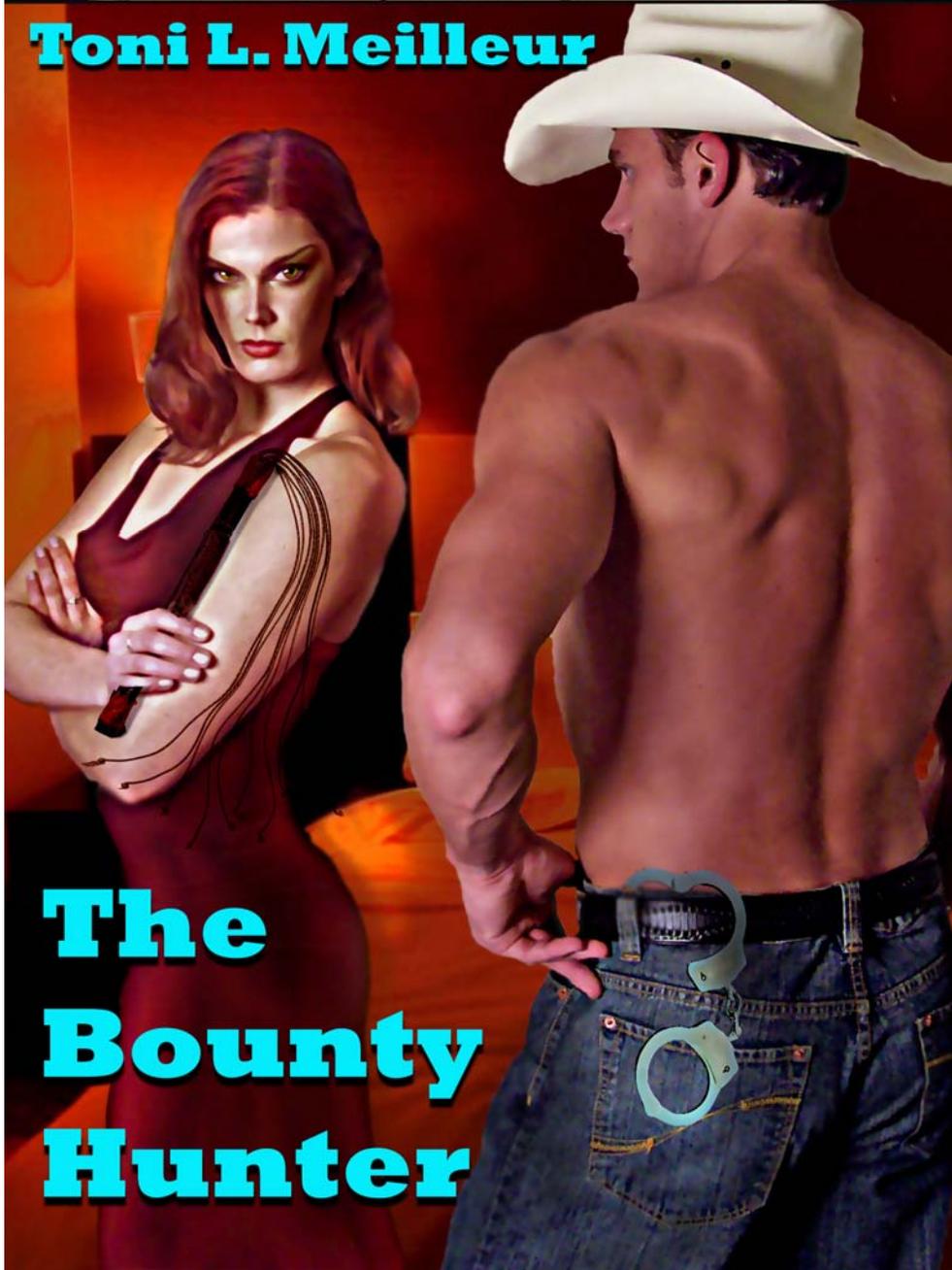


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Sexy Confessions to Venus



Toni L. Meilleur



**The
Bounty
Hunter**

Toni L. Meilleur

**“Sexy Confessions to Venus”
THE BOUNTY HUNTER**

BY

TONI L. MEILLEUR

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Sexy Confessions to Venus: THE BOUNTY HUNTER

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Toni L. Meilleur

Dedication:

To the man in my life who always inspires me.

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~*~

“Her name is Kennedy Sterling.” The portly man tossed a five-by-seven colored photograph across the desk. “You have eight hours to find her.” He puffed deeply on the cigar between his chubby fingers

“That’s not a lot of time.” Graham practically snapped at the fat man.

“Last guy failed to find her in the time allotted, you were the next hunter on the roster. Consider yourself lucky. It’s all the time we have left, the SFA work on a budget you know.”

“What’s her story?” Graham Faxton asked, studying the picture carefully. He liked the flaming red hair.

“Suspected murderer, proven thief, notorious gambler,” he answered idly. “Last positive I.D at the TomCat Inn, two days ago, odds are she’s long gone by now.”

“Eight hours, huh...” he murmured, staring at the picture.

“More like 7:48.” The man chuckled in between puffs. “And, uh, Graham?” Graham stopped his hasty exit and turned. “This ain’t gonna be some walk in the park.”

“Don’t worry, I like to keep it interesting,” Graham replied with a smirk.

More than five hours had passed before he got his first break. A woman that looked like that tended to stay in a persons’ mind long after she was gone. Graham hit the jackpot when he finally questioned a cabdriver, he noticed came and went at the Inn a lot.

Apparently the cabdriver was used to dropping off and picking up customers at the seedy hotel, some sort of deal he worked out with the whores who frequented the joint. In between drop off and pick-ups Kennedy needed a quick ride.

Now he stood outside of a rather nice private hotel establishment, heavily rumored to hold poker parties in some secret nook in the place. If she were here he’d find her. He sat heavily at the bar as he glanced at his watch; he was down to less than three hours.

“What do you want?” A rather skinny bartender wearing a shirt and tie asked, as he waited in a bored stance.

“Draft beer, house will do fine.” He looked at the bartender as he autonomously

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worked, then set the beer down in front of him. “Been working here long?” he joked.

The bartender didn’t crack a smile as he wiped idly at an invisible water ring. “Long enough.”

“Bet you see a lot of good-looking women coming and going. That’s gotta be a perk, right?”

The bartender stopped wiping and smiled just a little at that. “Doesn’t do a guy like me any good.” The smile dropped quickly enough, and he began to idle away. Graham sensed his opportunity slipping and reacted quickly.

“I know what you mean,” he said, trying to sound as dejected as possible taking a swig from his beer.

The bartender frowned in disbelief. “A guy like you? You must have women all over you like lint on a black suit.”

“My friend, I’m what you call a closet loser. Yeah, on first glance one might think that. But I’m a fuck-up. I know it and can’t help it. For instance, I was being paid to pick up the daughter of a very wealthy doctor.” Graham paused until he was sure he had the bartender’s complete attention. “I was told she was a redhead. Even gave me a picture. Now, granted it wasn’t the sharpest picture but any moron could have seen the woman I did pick up and the woman I should have, were two different people. Any moron but me. Her father has no idea where she is, and he’s offering a reward. Now I’m trying to reap the reward since I fucked up the job.” Graham swigged the last of the beer and pulled money from his pocket. The bartender took the bait.

“You know there’s a rich-looking princess here at the hotel, redheaded too.” The bartender leaned over, his pencil neck straining in the effort. “If I tell you what room she’s in and it’s her, I want a piece of that reward.”

Graham pretended to think about it a bit.

“I’ll give you ten percent.”

“Deal.” The bartender held out his bony hand. “Give me a moment while I retrieve your information.”

Graham stood outside the believed room of Kennedy Sterling. He’d been waiting out here for fifteen minutes. The bartender had called the room and there was no answer, but he wanted to make sure she hadn’t been in the shower. Of course, there was still the possibility that she’d been asleep but...

He meticulously picked the lock. While pencil neck was willing to give him a room number, he definitely didn’t want to give him a key. The telltale click of the lock

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sang his praise of success. He entered the dark room quickly so the light from the hall wouldn't alert any occupants. Carefully he closed the door, meanwhile trying to let his eyes adjust to the dimness.

No more than ten steps into the room, he felt the sharp prick of a needle. The lights flashed on, he blinked profusely until he barely focused on the beautiful redheaded woman holding the syringe.

Suddenly, he was without bone and muscle control as he fell at the woman's feet with a muffled thud. She bent down and smiled, her long hair falling forward as her perfectly red lipstick lips said, "Well, would you look at that. Kennedy has a new toy to play with."

Then his world blacked out.

Graham woke to the feeling of being underwater. He tried to move, only to find he'd been restrained. His foggy brain began to clear as he realized he was strapped to some sort of vertical slab, and every limb was secured with leather straps. There was small cart next to the slab covered with a cloth. Graham cursed to himself, he had never been on the receiving end of this sort of thing, and now was a hell of a time to start.

"Good evening, dick." The woman purred coming into the room, her long legs peeking out from the red diaphanous gown that was slit high at each hip. It molded to her slim waist and caressed her modest-size breasts. She was breathtaking. Her green eyes sparkled with mischief. "You are a dick, aren't you?" She sauntered closer. "Or are you a bounty hunter?" She took the cloth off the cart to reveal the instruments that lay beneath. She picked up a wicked-looking pair of scissors and ran her free hand the length of his torso, hovering over his cock.

"I'm a bounty hunter." He tried to keep his voice level and in control, he watched her warily as she stuck her hands down his pants and around his cock, with those scissors still in her hands.

"I thought so," she replied, pleased with her guess. "Before we can play, some things have to go." Graham began to struggle, and she laughed heartily, releasing his cock, then a second later he heard the sound of his T-shirt being cut from his body.

"You didn't think I'd cut away the best part of you now, did you?" she asked coyly, setting the scissors down and spreading the shirt to either side. "Oh my," she said to herself, admiring the muscled chest, free of any hair. "Loving the body." She ran her nails along his skin, loving the way he squirmed under her touch. Red lines appeared where she lightly scored him.

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“Oh no, I’m going to have to fix that.” Then Kennedy traced the red lines with her tongue, slowly torturing Graham.

“What’s your story lady?” Graham bit out, “You some kind of freak?”

“Freak?” She stopped, and Graham watched a scowl appear on her beautiful, flawless face. “Being bound and at the mercy of a stranger is no reason to be rude. I was being nice to you. But now…”

She turned and went to the cart. Graham thought it wise to keep his mouth closed until absolutely necessary. He heard a flick, and then she turned with a lit candle. She seemed mesmerized by the flame. Her green eyes met his brown ones, and a second later hot wax dripped onto his chest and almost immediately cooled. He hissed, it wasn’t painful but is sure did get his attention.

“Do you want to play nice now, Mr. Bounty Hunter?” she asked in a sexy voice. Graham swallowed and nodded. She pursed her lips together and blew on the flame slowly. Graham thought for a second how those lips would look around his cock.

“Let me soothe you,” she said, flicking off the cooled wax and rubbed oil onto his chest. Her fingers worked against his muscles, and he found himself hard as hell as she worked her fingers and the oil lower. She stopped at the waistband of his jeans. “I’m going to have to remove those. But I can’t cut with oily hands now can I?” She pulled the straps of her gown down, revealing taut nipples. “Waste not, want not,” she said throatily, and began to rub the oil over her chest, massaging the slick oil onto her breast, that now gleamed for his viewing pleasuring.

He licked his lips.

“You know,” she said conversationally as she cupped her breast. “I only like the flavored oil. Do you like the taste of berries, Mr. Bounty Hunter?” She cooed, pointing her hardened nipples directly at him.

“Very much so.” He managed to rasp out.

“Would you like to taste my berries?” She smiled, stepping so close to him her nipples grazed his slick chest.

“Yes, Miss Sterling, I would,” he answered simply, not caring what her intentions were at this point. She stepped back and retrieved a stepping stool that was at the foot of the cart. She positioned it in front of him, and then chose the second step as it put her breast right at his mouth.

“Taste me.” She invited, pushing her nipple closer to his mouth.

Greedily, he sucked the flavored nipple into his mouth, eliciting a moan from her. She tasted like heaven. He sucked hard on her nipple rolling his tongue around it, he

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could have cried when she pulled her nipple out, only to replace it with the other one. She cradled his head against her breast, but all too soon she pulled that nipple out as well and stepped down from the stool.

“That’s enough for now.” Her voice was lower, aroused. She put the step stool back and retrieved the wicked scissors. “Don’t move. I wouldn’t want to snip off anything important.” She laughed.

He held his breath as she cut away at his jeans. Moments later, he felt the warm air of the room on his naked body.

“Impressive,” she said simply, cupping his balls and squeezing, she took the other hand and stroked him.

He pushed into her hand.

“Eager, too.” she commented. “First things first. Does anyone else know you found me?”

“No,” he answered carefully.

“Are you the only one assigned to find me?”

“Far as I know. The other hunter failed.”

“But not you.” she said, admiringly.

Graham let the comment pass. That was still to be determined.

“How do I know you’re telling the truth? A girl can’t be too careful these days.”

“I’ve no reason to lie. I’m not in the best position to be lying, now am I?” Graham bit out sarcastically, and immediately realized his mistake.

“You’re being rude again,” she chided, going back to her table. This time she turned around with a cat-o’-nine-tails, gently swinging it back and forth as she stood in front of him. She flicked the tails across his chest and legs. He flinched at the pleasure/pain, his cock bounced in front of him. “I think you’re enjoying this,” she said, flicking him across the chest again, one of the ends caught his nipple and he jerked in response.

Damn woman was turning him on! She used just enough force to give him the best of both worlds. After a few more flicks she set the tails down and kneeled before his cock, the bottle of oil in her hands.

“My first pearl,” she said softly, catching the salty, clear cream that oozed from the tip on her tongue. “You want to come don’t you?” she teased as she rubbed the oil slowly onto his cock. She didn’t wait for his answer, she continued talking. “I want you to come too, but not yet. Kennedy deserves some fun. It’s been hard running these last days.”

Graham didn't know if he could stop himself from coming. A beautiful redhead kneeled in front of him, stroking him with an oil that seemed to warm his cock, her breasts swayed and bobbed as she worked his cock, and she expected him not to come? He gasped as her warm mouth took his heavy balls in and gently sucked. She hummed, causing his balls to vibrate with pleasure. He felt his cum boiling, and he wasn't going to do anything to stop it. He braced himself for the first wave...then she grabbed him at the base of his dick and squeezed, cutting off his ejaculation.

"Who do you think you're dealing with?" she asked, as she stood, his dick still in her grip. "I said I don't want you to come yet, and you won't!" she said forcefully.

Grahams' body shook with the need to come—the anticipation that never reached its reward.

Damn woman! She finally released him, then slowly removed her gown, shimmying so her breasts bobbed for his delight. He watched her eagerly as she began to massage her breasts again. He refused to blink when she reached down between her legs and stroked herself. She brought her fingers out from between her legs; they were shining from her juices.

"I tasted you, would you like to taste me, Hunter?" He eagerly nodded yes and licked his lips. She swayed towards him and wiped her juices across his lips like lipstick. He sucked her fingers into his mouth. The tangy sweetness of her filled his senses. She pulled her fingers out and laughed as he sucked at his own lips.

Graham watched her like a hawk as she pulled the step stool back in front of him. He caught her scent as she moved in closer. She smoothly took the red heels off, tossed them nonchalantly over her shoulder, and climbed the step.

This time she climbed to the topmost step, her cunt at face level. Graham went delirious as she braced herself against him and the slab. His tongue eagerly snaked out, catching the liquid between her folds. She was hot and creaming for him. She moved against his tongue, openly moaning, and he sucked and licked at her. She was close to coming, he sensed it, and even though it killed him to do it, he retracted his tongue, refusing to give her the final strokes that would send her over the edge.

"Is that right, Hunter?" Sex practically dripped in her voice. "Turning the tables are you? I have to admire that." It was only when she braced herself and reached a leg out, did he notice the stirrups on either side of his legs. She carefully placed one leg in, then the other. His cock eagerly waited. She put her arms around his neck, holding on tightly as she lowered herself on his cock. Slowly at first, she sat on his cock and settled around the fullness of him, then using the stirrups, she brought herself up to the tip of

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him, but kept him inside of her as she slammed back down.

“Fuck!” Graham bellowed as she rode him.

“That’s the idea, lover,” she whispered in his ear as she came up again. Her strong thighs pressed against his as she rode him wildly. Between the oil and the sweat, it was like she was gliding along his body. Her nipples stabbed and teased him as she rode him. She began to pant heavily.

“I’m going to come all over your cock, Hunter,” she panted into his ear, and seconds later he felt her muscles contract strongly in waves on his cock. He was so near to coming himself when, quickly she rose off of him, taking her feet out of the stirrups. She climbed down the stool and pushed it to the side.

Graham was too full of cum and the need for release to protest when she knelt before him and looked up at him. “You may come now, Hunter,” she said, and engulfed his cock with her lips, working them up and down while squeezing him.

Graham was lost in the inferno of her mouth. She took him deeply into her throat, and in that blissful moment, Graham felt the semen jet from his dick and down her throat in wild spurts. She swallowed and moaned her pleasure as he shot wave after wave of cum into her mouth. She sucked and licked until he slowly began to soften, his breathing heavy, his eyes closed. He heard movement, and felt the shackles being released, so caught up in the moment he didn’t even realize he lost circulation in his arms.

“You’re new,” she stated as she began to dress.

“I just recently joined the club,” he responded shaking his arms and alternately stretching his legs, “This is my first role as a bounty hunter.”

“Hope to see you again, Hunter.” She smiled, putting on her coat. “Men like yourself make this job worthwhile.”

Then she was gone, leaving Graham with ripped clothing and much respect for the Sex Fantasy Agency.

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About the Author

Toni Meilleur is a resident of Michigan where she lives with her two children and husband. Currently, she is a Certified Personal Trainer. In her spare time she is active in community theatre.

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