

# PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



## AMBER'S SEDUCTION

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# Amber's Seduction

by  
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"You can't be serious?"

"I refuse to go to this dinner in a rag."

Jackson ran a hand over his face and counted to ten. When he was calmer, he said, "You've been in this store for an hour, Amber. This is the third store we've been to today. You've searched every single rack. If you haven't found the right dress by now, I doubt you're ever going to!"

She laughed, then kissed his cheek. "There's still two more racks to go through. Just be patient, honey, it'll be over soon."

He hated when she did the cute innocent thing with him. It made him want to fuck her every damn time. Right now, he really wanted to stay pissed at her.

He pointedly looked at his watch, then crossed his arms over his chest. "You've got fifteen minutes. If you haven't found a dress by then, we're leaving."

Amber narrowed her eyes. "And if I'm not ready to leave?"

"You can stay and get a cab, because I'm going home."

She shoved her long brown curls over her shoulder and boldly stated, "You won't leave me here."

He crouched down, putting them eye to eye. "Don't test me, little girl. I'm at the end of my rope."

She only shrugged and flounced off. That was his Amber, always challenging him. Most folks steered a wide path when he was mad. Not Amber. She just beamed her pearly whites and he melted at her dainty feet.

It was fucking pathetic.

As he watched her bend over to pick up a hanger she'd dropped, Jackson groaned. Her round ass stuck up in the air. If he bent just a few inches, he'd be able to see right up her skirt. Then he noticed another man watching her and his patience snapped.

In two long strides, he was across the room and standing behind his fiancé, blocking the other guy's view. He grasped Amber around the waist, and whispered, "You're giving all the guys a free show with that skirt. I told you it was too tight."

Amber laughed, then rose back up. "Don't be so intense all the time. The skirt is perfectly acceptable, Jackson."

He swatted her ass, then growled, "Get your butt in gear, I'm hungry."

She turned and stared at him, her blue eyes going soft and drowsy with desire. "Hungry for what?"

Unable to help himself, Jackson leaned towards her and pressed his lips against hers. "For you. Always for you."

"Mmm, I'm hungry, too."

Jackson started to grin, then she held up two dresses. "But I still need a dress."

Jackson wanted to howl. "Fine," he gritted out.

She grabbed his hand and pulled him along. "Come on, I want your opinion."

"You looked good in the last fifty dresses, damn it."

When they reached the fitting rooms, he started to lean against one of the racks, but Amber rose up on her tiptoes and murmured, "Come in with me."

Jackson frowned. "Huh?"

"The clerk is at the other side of the store. She's been chatting on her cell phone the whole time we've been here. The only other couple just left. We're all alone back here, honey."

He looked around the small boutique and realized she was right. Not a soul was paying them any mind. Anything could happen in one of those spacious, locked rooms. He winked and reached around to open the door for her. After she entered and placed her dresses on a hook, he closed the door behind him and ordered, "Undress. Give me a private viewing, sweetheart."

Amber grinned as she reached around and unzipped her skirt. He watched her shimmy out of it, awed by her expertise. She could have been a stripper instead of an accountant. Jackson's cock flexed in his jeans as he got a glimpse of her sexy, pink lace panties. He made fast work of his button-fly and freed himself, then took his rigid length in his hand and squeezed. He imagined her cunt milking him. Her tits bouncing as she rode him. When she started to pull one of the dresses off the hanger, he frowned.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Giving you a private viewing, like you asked."

"Not quite what I had in mind."

“Yeah, I know, but I still need your opinion.”

“Christ, whatever. Just hurry or I’m going to take matters into my own hands here. I can’t look at you in those little scraps of lace and not want to fuck you blind.”

“You really need to learn a bit of patience, Jackson.”

“The dress, Amber.”

She giggled and slid the black sheath over her head, then pulled it down her hips. “What do you think of this one?”

Jackson’s eyes traveled over her curves, taking in the tight bodice and above the knee hemline. Her heavy breasts were barely contained. If she breathed, they were going to spill over.

“Too tight. You’re not wearing that thing in front of all those horny suits. The guys will take one look at you and want to shove you against the nearest buffet table.”

She leaned up and kissed his cheek. “But my big, bad fiancé won’t let that happen.”

“Hell, no.” He confirmed. “Still, I don’t want to have to kill one of my employees. Could get ugly.”

Amber turned and looked in the mirror, then shrugged. “I’m not that crazy about this one anyway.”

Try the other one. The color will go well with your eyes.”

“I do like that shade of blue, but don’t you think it’s too flashy?”

“You’re the boss’s fiancé. You can look flashy if you damn well please.”

She pulled the black dress off, then slipped into the midnight blue number. Right away, Jackson knew it was perfect. “That’s the one.”

“Yes. It’s just what I was looking for.”

“Good, now get it off. My balls are turning as blue as that dress.”

Within seconds, Amber was again standing before him in pink lace. Jackson reached out and pulled her flush against him. “Be a good girl and stay real quiet.”

She nodded and he cupped both her breasts in his palms and squeezed. She whimpered. The needy sounds she made prompted him to dip his head and suck each of her puffy nipples right through the lace. He licked back and forth, causing little wet spots to form, then blew lightly. When they pebbled, his cock pulsed.

“Beautiful.”

Amber sifted her fingers through his hair and pulled him more fully against her bosom. “Please, Jackson.”

He kissed each wet peak, then leaned back and wrapped his hands around her waist. When he had her at the right height, he ordered, "Wrap those sexy legs around me and shift your panties to the side. I want to fuck that hot pussy."

Amber quickly did as she was told, clearly as turned on as he. The instant he saw her glistening curls and swollen clit, Jackson thrust upwards. She gasped when his cock slid deep, then quickly bit down on her lower lip as if to keep from crying out.

"Ride me, sweetheart. Give me a sweet reward for hanging out in this damn mall all day."

"Oh, yes, Jackson," she moaned, then began moving up and down on his shaft.

She rose up a fraction, then came back down again in a slow, teasing glide designed to drive him insane. Jackson couldn't take it. He shifted his hands lower and filled his palms with her ass. "You're such a little cock tease. I should spank you for driving me nuts all day."

"I was hoping you'd say that, honey," she taunted, then squeezed her inner muscles.

"Damn, Amber," he hissed. "You feel so good. So tight."

"Yes! Oh, god, I think I'm going to come. Please!"

Her begging did him in.

Jackson braced his feet apart, then moved her ass up and down, pushing his hard length further, filling her completely. Amber gripped his shoulders and ground her pussy against him. He could feel his sac against her anus and it drove him even higher. He wanted to be home, where he could hear her scream his name.

As she began to bounce faster, her tits giggling in his face, Jackson couldn't stop from stuffing his face in her cleavage and letting out a moan. Her silky channel clutched him like a warm glove. He wanted to shout at the pleasurable torture.

Suddenly, she arched her back and shoved down hard. Once. Twice. Then she was bathing his cock in her hot juices. Jackson lost it. He slammed into her one last time, then filled her with his seed.

Several seconds drifted by before he was able to move. He lifted his head and gazed down at her. The flushed cheeks and tangled brown hair only made her appear more beautiful than ever.

Unable to help himself, Jackson dipped down and swept his tongue over her lower lip. "You drive me crazy."

"Mmm, but do you still hate shopping?"

He chuckled. "I think I could grow to enjoy it."

"Yes, honey, I thought you might."

Jackson put her on her feet, waited for her to stand on her own, then said, "Don't get too cocky, little girl, we still need to get out of this store."

She giggled as she went about getting dressed. "Think anyone will notice?"

Jackson tucked himself back in his jeans and answered, "I'm pretty sure they will, considering there's more than one set of feet on the other side of that door."

Amber's eyes shot wide, then she leaned down and peeked under. Her gasp was audible. When she rose back up, her face red with embarrassment. "Why didn't you tell me someone was out there?"

"Nothing was going to stop me from getting inside you."

She smacked his chest. "Not even a store full of customers?"

He flicked her nose. "Next time, maybe you'll be more careful when you shake your ass in my face."

"You really are shameless, Jackson Monroe."

He grinned. "Yeah, and you love it."

"Yes, I do," Amber breathlessly replied. All at once, Jackson was hungry for dessert.

When they opened the door to the dressing room, three women peered over a rack and shamelessly gawked at them.

Jackson grabbed Amber's hand, then winked at the scandalized ladies. "Her zipper was stuck."

As he passed by, he heard one of the women say something about bringing her husband to the mall.

Jackson was still grinning when he tucked Amber into his mustang. And to think, he'd thought shopping all day was going to be boring. He should have known better. After all, nothing about Amber was boring.

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Anne lives in a small town way out in the middle of no-where-ville. She is a gorgeous blond with wonderful curves and a money tree in the backyard. She never wants for anything and she always loves everyone.

Clearly, Anne is a mere figment. A ghostly figure that pops in and out of my head like a drive-by author. Nevertheless, I do so love it when she's visiting, because her imagination really is wickedly delicious! She'll bring you fantasies and erotic delights that will have you grabbing the ice water!

To read Anne's other sexy stories, you can check out her website at:  
<http://annerainey.com>

Or, you can always find Anne chatting it up at her yahoo group.  
[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/rb\\_afterdark/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/rb_afterdark/)





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