

PLEASING MIA

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PUBLISHED BY

Q~Press Publishing

ISBN: 9780992298418

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Cover Photo: Posed by model.

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CHAPTER ONE

“Easy Baby, take it easy, oh God...Mia!”

Scott fought hard to delay his release as Mia bounced above him grinding her slender hips against his own. Her modest breasts bounced and swayed out of control as her crazy blonde hair cascaded around her determined face. She gripped him tightly inside her as Scott held on to her hips, hopelessly trying to keep her still so that the moment could last.

“Give it to me,” Mia growled, “I want you to come!”

Scott could no longer hold back and shouted her name as he gushed inside Mia’s tight body. The power of his release completely overwhelmed him.

With a mocking laugh Mia climbed from his strong damp body, her face triumphant. Scott relaxed into the pillow, panting and spent. The curly brown hairs on his chest were matted with sweat and his heart pounded behind the safety of his rib cage.

Mia was insatiable; she thrilled him like no other. He stared at her beautiful face, taking in the flush of her exertion which was now colouring her high cheek bones. Scott, it was fair to say, was completely awe struck by Mia’s sexual prowess.

Reaching for the side drawer, Mia took out a slim, pink vibrator. Lying back on the ruffled duvet, she opened her long, smooth legs wide, before switching on the buzz and allowing it to come to rest against her clit.

Scott raised himself up onto his elbows to watch her, as he had so many times before. She was lost to him now, just Mia and the toy, caught up in pursuing the orgasm he hadn’t been allowed to give her.

Mia bit down gently on her lip and grasped one breast with her soft, urgent hand the other stroking the toy along the length of her swollen nub. Her blood red lips grew wider as sensations took over deepening her breathing. Her body tensed for a moment as her orgasm surged through her claiming her striving, sweating body and causing her to buck her hips wildly to meet it. Finally Mia threw her head back groaning softly into the air as her body began to shake and quiver with the intensity of her release.

Mia opened her eyes catching Scott’s expression before dropping the vibrator to the floor before turning away from him.

Scott had noticed Mia four months ago in ‘Pulse’ a massively popular nightclub on the outskirts of the City. It was a vast club with two dance floors in separate rooms playing

different music in each, to cater for all tastes. As a result the club was popular with a variety of people from several age groups. It was quite usual to spend some considerable time queuing up outside before being allowed into the premises. Thankfully this particular evening was in a warmer than average month of May.

Scott had visited with a group of friends one Friday night after the pubs had closed. Mia was already on the large dance floor in the main room when they arrived.

They all noticed her; everyone in the club was watching her. She was with two other girls, each capable of turning heads in their own right. They were dancing around in their little group, twisting and turning to the rhythmic beat but you could see that Mia was lost in her own world, dancing with wild abandonment as if she were all alone in her bedroom. Scott was instantly attracted to her.

She was just so beautiful. Her messy blonde hair was swinging outwards as she danced, coming back to land on naked tanned shoulders in unruly tresses that filled Scott with an urge to stroke them tenderly away.

Mia's stunning face bore full lips that formed a sultry pout. It was impossible to make out the colour of her animated eyes but Scott noticed that she closed them when she spun around in time to the music. Mia had a slender build but the soft curve of her hips smoothed outwards from long, tanned legs and her high, round breasts displayed an inviting cleavage beneath the thin confines of a strappy white dress.

She was an obvious beauty, but it wasn't just her stunning looks that were causing the stir in the trousers of just about every male in the room. It was her wildness, the raw sexuality that was displayed through her dancing. Watching her complete abandonment made them all wonder if she would be as uninhibited between the sheets.

There were many equally beautiful girls in the club that night. Some of them were, possibly prettier than Mia, but none of them had her appeal. As Scott watched her he thought two things. One, he wanted her really badly, and two, there wasn't anyway that he would ever be able to approach a girl like that. Reluctantly, he turned away and headed for the bar.

Pulse, with its two dance floors, was *the* place to be if you were serious about your dancing. Along the edge of the larger of the two dance floors were four podiums. Anyone could use these at any time during the course of the evening if they felt the urge to show off their dancing skills or had enough alcohol inside them to fill them with a false sense of bravado. As a result the quality of the podium dancing was unpredictable to say the least.

Tonight two of them bore male dancers, young and erratic, throwing themselves around in an attempt to impress, occasionally checking each other out to make sure they weren't being outperformed.

The other two podiums had female occupants, one upon each. These were both very attractive girls, performing carefully planned well practised dance moves. One was wearing tiny silver shorts and a matching boob tube, her taut stomach was gyrating wildly and her hips were thrusting in and out as the beat boomed out. She had long, straight brown hair which fell around her shoulders and was dancing in bare feet which made her dancing look more primitive.

The other dancer was a skinny blonde with a cute bob. She was wearing a tiny black dress that barely covered her matching thong. Her long, toned legs, tanned for the evening, were her best feature and she used them to her advantage, stretching them out from side to side as she circled her hips and raised her hands above her head in time with the music.

Scott moved his eyes away from the performers and back towards Mia, he noted that most of the men, even the ones who were dancing, only had eyes for her. She was dancing a sexy uninhibited dance that was promising so much. He found it really hard to look at anything or anyone else.

"She's out of your league Scott." It was Sean's voice, one of the group he came with and his very best friend.

"She's out of everyone's league." Scott replied wistfully.

As the evening wore on he made a half hearted attempt to dance with his friends and the various females that were only too happy to oblige him.

Scott was a very attractive man, most girls found his quiet appeal charming and a welcome change from the usual Saturday night men who frequented the club with the sole purpose of getting laid. He was never short of giggling females accepting his drinks, his compliments and, sometimes, his cock. He played a careful game and watched them come to him.

Sean was different, they had been best friends since childhood and Sean was the proverbial 'Jack the lad'. This actually helped Scott's conquests as the contrast between them often worked in his favour. That night was no different.

Standing at the bar with a cute brunette batting her eyelashes and laughing at his quiet jokes, Scott was aware of a little ripple of excitement from his surrounding friends. A glance to his left gave him the reason. *She* was here, at the bar, ordering herself bottled water. The anxious brunette disappeared from his vision as his eyes locked onto Mia's; there was a flash of electric blue before she turned away. He was hooked. A sharp jolt hit his chest and his

cock stirred in his tight white boxers, 'God she's even hotter close up.' he thought. Scott couldn't tear his eyes away from her, nor did he want to, but the brunette, a certainty for tonight's sex, had had enough. She walked away in disgust and left him staring at the back of Mia's head. By the time Scott realised she'd gone, Mia had sashayed her pretty way back to the dance floor and he was left talking to his Rum and coke.

In the early hours of the morning and alone in his simple bedroom, Scott lay naked on his double bed. He thought about Mia's face and took his cock in his right hand. He thought about her pout, that sexy mouth, and wished that he could slide himself inside it. His hand gripped his shaft as he imagined her taking him deeply, her big blue eyes watching as he fed her his length. He stroked his cock back and forth in his palm as he thought about her, down on her knees, taking him. He thrust himself harder and closed his eyes; he could almost feel her warm, wet tongue, tasting him, teasing him. Scott's hand moved steadily as he thought of how he would fill her, how she would swallow him, squeezing his cock with her beautiful throat muscles, her long tongue sliding the full length of his rock hard shaft. He came violently and imagined her eyes, wide with excitement as he filled her mouth with his creamy seed. Scott lay back across the bed panting, his spent cock still twitching in his hand.

CHAPTER TWO

Two weeks later Scott was back at Pulse. He had been unable to think about anything except Mia for the whole of that time. When Sean had suggested going back this weekend Scott couldn't wait. Of course there was a possibility that Mia wouldn't be there, but he couldn't think about that right now. The girl had taken over his mind and he had to try to see her. Sean had brought along David, a loud arrogant young man that Scott had very little time for. The three of them stood at the vast bar surveying the multitude of drinks behind it. Scott ordered plain coke from a bored young man who made it obvious he would rather be drinking than serving. Scott had chosen the soft drink because he was sure that if he had an alcoholic one he would probably not be able to stop himself from punching David's arrogant face. Besides he had brought his car, that way he could leave when he wanted to.

They stood together in a small group listening to David's voice booming above the pounding music as he tried to bring as much attention to himself as he possibly could.

Scott looked around, quietly scanning the dance floor searching for Mia. He couldn't see her and his heart sank. David continued to annoy the hell out of him with tales of his adventures in online gaming, so Scott excused himself to walk through to the other room and check the smaller dance floor on the off chance Mia may be in there.

Entering through the swing doors he realised that it would be difficult to spot anyone in here, even someone as noticeable as Mia. The room was overcrowded, and the dance floor was packed, mostly with slightly older clubbers making calmer attempts at dancing to a slower and more familiar beat. It was so dark and there was little space between the dancers, but it was easy to see that neither Mia nor her friends were there.

Reluctantly, Scott turned and made his way back to the large room. He squeezed his way through small groups of chattering people until he was almost level with Sean. He paused briefly to answer a cute girl who had touched his arm and asked the time as he brushed past her. But when Scott looked up again he saw Mia. She wasn't dancing; she was talking to some guy. Scott realised to his immense horror that it was David.

A flash of anger hit him and Scott felt his body bristle with unreasonable jealousy. That jerk! That loud mouthed idiot was talking to Mia. *His Mia!*

He tried to calm down; he knew he was being ridiculous, Mia didn't even know him and she could talk to who she wanted. A thought crossed Scott's anxious mind filling him with fresh hope. *Scott knew David!* He could go over there and interrupt their conversation because David was here with Scott. It was a perfect excuse to approach them. He walked over

slowly, carefully calming himself down along the way. He could tell by David's face that he less than pleased to see him; clearly he thought he stood a chance with Mia, the arrogant fool!

Mia on the other hand, *was* pleased by his approach, he was sure he wasn't imagining it. Her face had lit up, sort of. She seemed to be hoping someone would rescue her and now that someone was Scott.

"Ah," she said, looking directly at Scott "Didn't I promise to dance with you last time you were here?"

That was all it took. Scott nodded dumbfounded before following Mia onto the dance floor, and then he watched in amazement as she gyrated her wonderful body in front of him flashing those sparkling blue eyes which reminded him of all the fantasies he'd had about her over the last two weeks.

They continued to dance to the following two tracks and Scott tried his best to keep up with her, but most of the time he just breathed her in, enjoying the view as Mia was taken over by the pulsating beat, lost in the rhythm of the dance. He shuffled unconvincingly from foot to foot as he imagined her writhing on top of him, thrilled to have his cock inside her hot, hot body. When the music stopped he wasn't sure if she would stay, he had served his purpose in rescuing her, David had already moved on to another unsuspecting female. So what now?

"Would you like a drink?" Scott found himself asking, convinced that she would turn him down.

Mia thought carefully before she answered, looking into his earnest face and probably assuming that he was reasonably safe. She smiled, then nodded and they headed towards the bar.

Scott was sure his heart would be heard, even above the loud music booming out from the overlarge speakers as he led her cautiously to a quiet part of the bar, far enough away from his friends to have her to himself. He ordered them both a drink and handed Mia hers before leading her back to the very edge of the bar where they could hear each other speak.

"My name's Scott." he said.

"Hi Scott, I'm Mia." Mia replied.

Scott realised very quickly that Mia was not like most of the girls he knew. She didn't talk much, which made it harder for him, but her eyes spoke volumes. Men leered at her but she held Scott's gaze, if she noticed the attention she was getting, she certainly didn't show it. He was beginning to think that he actually might be able to get her to come home with him, when she confirmed his hopes with a soft stroke of her finger against the outside of his thigh.

He searched her face, unsure if he had read the signal correctly. This time she leaned forward and traced that same finger slowly up his arm.

Cautiously Scott bowed his head to kiss her and she immediately responded with large, soft lips. The kiss was powerful, two weeks of pent up frustration came to the fore, as he tried to convey his deep desire for her through one kiss. Mia leaned into him and allowed his gently probing tongue to enter between her teeth to where hers lay waiting to greet him.

Scott held back just a little as the passion he felt threatened to engulf him. He didn't want to scare her away so he brushed against her tongue briefly, though he desperately wanted to push it deep and show her how much he wanted her. Mia stood up on her toes and wrapped her arms around his neck, pressing her breasts against his thudding chest. He could smell the fragrance of her hair, soft against his face, coconut clean, mingled with her expensive scent. Her mouth tasted of fresh peppermint.

"Take me home." she whispered deeply when they paused for breath. Scott, almost unable to believe his luck, wasted no time at all in getting out of there.

Outside in the car park he held Mia's hand.

"Whereabouts do you live?" he asked her.

"I want to go to your home." she replied simply.

Scott opened the car door for her and thought about his apartment. Had he made the bed? His cock reminded him that this was not a time for self doubt and he began to drive.

Mia reached across and rested her hand on Scott's thigh as he drove. He could hardly concentrate; his cock was already straining against the soft cotton of his boxers. He hoped briefly, that if things got steamy he would be able to last more than a few minutes with her.

Opening the car door for Mia once they had arrived gave Scott time to gaze at her legs. Mia's dress was very short; sitting down in the passenger seat had made it shorter still. She eased out her long legs and watched Scott's face as he stared admiringly at them. A very brief flash of white thong practically pushed him over the edge; he was definitely going to have to slow things down if he wanted to make the evening last with this girl.

Once inside his apartment Scott pulled her to him, wrapping his arms around her and covering her mouth with his. She took his tongue deeply sliding hers alongside and making his cock twitch in anticipation of being gripped by that same beautiful, welcoming mouth. Mia pulled at the buttons of his shirt, Scott groaned, feeling the growing discomfort of his trousers. Mia looped her fingers through his belt then teased her fingers to unbuckle him. Scott stood powerless as she pulled down his zip, easing his trousers down past his knees then brushing her fingers softly across his full length before removing his boxers too. He let

out a soft moan as his cock sprung forward eagerly and Mia dropped slowly down to her knees before him.

Her mouth brushed against him, first her warm breath and then the tip of her pointed tongue touched the end of his cock before she opened her mouth wide to take him inside. He couldn't believe she was fulfilling his fantasies. It felt as though she had read his mind. Scott reached down and stroked her silken hair, watching her take him, her eyes wide and fixed on his. The suction she created thrilled him beyond compare and Scott desperately tried to hold back from filling her mouth with his fervent appreciation.

Sensing his urgency seemed to spur Mia on and she began to slide her mouth expertly up and down his twitching shaft, creating exactly the right pressure to send him over the edge. He snaked his fingers through her hair, tugging handfuls of the golden curls, willing himself to hold back. But lust took over and Scott was powerless to prevent shooting short, sharp jets inside her releasing an orgasm that shook his entire body and caused him to shout.

“Fuck! Oh Fuck!”

Mia's nails scraped his ass as Scott reverberated along her tongue, mixing sharp pain with intense pleasure.

Withdrawing from her slowly Scott looked upon her triumphant face, watching as she swallowed his seed, her tongue licking the last of his pleasure from her painted lips.

Standing, Mia smoothed down her dress.

“I have to go,” she said, “Could you take me home?”

For a few moments Scott found it hard to speak, his body still trembled and he was aware of the fact that he hadn't so much as touched Mia's body. He had been hoping she would spend the night with him or, at the very least, stay for a few hours. He felt as though she had provided him with a service, and fantastic though it was, it wasn't enough.

“Could you stay awhile?” he asked.

“Maybe another time Scott.” Mia sounded cool, a little distant. She was already heading for the door.

Scott adjusted his clothing and reluctantly retrieved his car keys from the kitchen worktop, he hadn't even had a chance to talk to her properly or offer her a drink.

Fifteen minutes later he dropped her off outside a small terraced house in a quiet street. He had no idea if she lived there alone and she didn't invite him in. His heart sank as she closed the front door behind her, she had blown him a kiss but still he felt empty. He had been afraid, stupidly, to ask for her phone number, or to offer her his. He found it uncomfortably hard to read her, and didn't know how to proceed.

Back home alone in his bed Scott couldn't sleep. Why did Mia leave so abruptly? Had he done something to upset her? He longed to see her again and not just for the sex. Mia had an affect on Scott that went beyond sex.