

Takeout



A.H. Scott

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Book Description

Greggory Pallard and Caren Barrett were not looking for love or some grand romance; but, what they uncovered in each other was an adventure of the heart and soul, which was unexpected.

Life and relationships can be like a home cooked meal. But, sometimes something different was on fate's menu. A.H. Scott delivers destiny in "Takeout".

Excerpt -

Two gold hangers rested over the top of one of the mirrors. Red lace intimates of a bra and panty were on the first hanger. While, a wrap around red dress hung on the second. Directly beneath where the red dress was situated, an ivory lacquered changing bench had a pair of silver stilettos with two and a half inch heels seated there.

Caren changed from her plain purple to ravishing red ensemble, but found one thing quite disturbing in what was chosen for her to wear, “Rita!! Are you out there?”

Greggory stood up from that chair and walked towards the closed curtain, “Sorry, Caren. Rita’s downstairs in the stockroom doing that inventory” He inquired, “Is something wrong with the dress and what goes underneath?”

“Um, it’s kinda not my style” Caren looked down at herself and in the mirror for a sight of something totally opposite of what she’d been accustomed to wear. She ran hands along the fitted hips of that dress and fiddled a bit with the uplifted bosom area.

Pallard made a move to hurry things along and also get a glimpse at how those red garments would nicely compliment Caren’s always hidden form. Black curtain swiftly opened with a whoosh, “You are a size 8? Aren’t you, Caren?”

Tugging the curtain away from his grasp, she closed it with a glint of embarrassment in her voice, “This dress is too tight” Letting out a sigh of disappointment, Caren stood behind that black curtain, “I think you may have picked the wrong size, Gregg”.

“Caren?” Trying to get her to release that curtain, Pallard used his skills at negotiation, “Please, let me see you”

After a few seconds, she relented and slumped gently against the mirror behind her, “Well.....see for yourself, Gregg”.

The dress wasn’t tight at all. It kissed Caren’s curves and gave ascension to her b-cups.

Greggory admired her and his own perception of the woman he knew was under it all, “You needn’t be casketed in cotton....when you should be lavished in lace, Caren” He kissed her softly and added, “Don’t worry about what they may think outside on that street” Gingerly rubbing Caren’s shoulders with both of his hands, Greggory smiled at what he saw in that mirror, “You’re beautiful, Caren” Pallard’s voice fell to a whisper in her ear, “And, I want you...”

(“To take a woman isn’t my style. Making it mutual is my style” – Greggory Pallard)

Stunted by three little words, Caren could have stayed like stone, but she wasn’t made of ice. Barrett was made of feminine fire, which would not be doused by propriety, “Greggory...” Just

saying his name gave this woman pause, but adding a quartet of words would make a most unforeseen change in Caren's life, "...I want you, too".

Caren's body began to sway to a beat of her hidden desire and needs within. Refreshed by Gregory's observations, she let herself go and absorbed the improbable possibilities of being with him.

Red dress was unwrapped to reveal the red lace set which was worn underneath, as Gregory's body pressed against Caren.

Her hands motioned behind his back and under that cobalt blue jacket, feeling that movement of muscles through white fabric. Gregory grasped one of her hands and placed it onto the wall behind them, as his kisses continued on Caren's neck. She wanted him and didn't want to stop this locomotion of lust. With her left hand she began to tug at his shirt, removing it from that tucked position.

Outline of Gregory's erection was an invitation which Caren accepted, as she ran her left hand parallel to that position on those cobalt pants. Pallard pushed lace panty down around her hips, as fingers on his right hand played a game of slide n' seek. Sliding fingers inside of her and seeking that sweet juice of excitement was just the beginning of Pallard getting to know her much, much better.

Caren Barrett got lost in that whirlwind of this enigmatic man's wonderful affordance of an afternoon of being totally pampered by passion.

Gregory Pallard got a charge, both sexually and mentally in having calculated what a woman wanted and what he would receive in return. Caren's curves and sexy swerves in that mirrored dressing room inside of Calliope was just the tip of that validation.

His cock and her pussy were about to make that introduction of intimacy in a matter of seconds, with Gregory's intensity rising.

As unlikely a reality as it could be, it was coming true, that passion which she thought had whistled by her to never appear again. Yet, it was there, with the touches of his hands, hot breath on her neck and carefree thrill of being intimate in the back of a Soho boutique.

The passion of Caren Barrett was at the precipice of being reconnected by the penetration from Gregory Pallard.

Brass belt buckle made a ping as it hit the dressing room floor, while Gregory used his forearms to lift Caren upward by her silky thighs for entry.

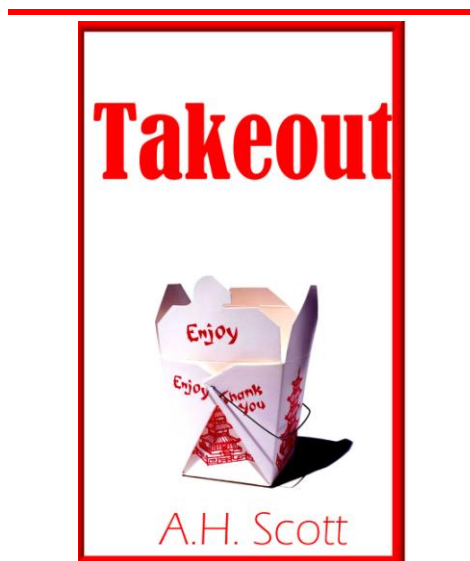
So, there they were in a slightly clumsy position with exploration on their minds and bodies, as his cobalt jacket and unbuttoned white shirt was still on him and that newly worn red lace bra remained on her.

Moment of magic for her was always that first time a cock entered her pussy. Right now, Pallard was Houdini making Caren sigh, “Oh.....Gregg”.

“You feel good, Caren” Pallard was more than pleased with the woman who was taking him inside without hesitation, “Wanting you came that first moment I saw you.....” Against that floor length mirror, he pressed a bit faster, “You are so damned hot....oh, baby....”

Caren’s fingers pulled moderately at his wavy brown and grey hair, as every inch of this man was drilling her pussy. As those balls began to tap at those drenched lips below, she let out a whimper, “Take me, Gregg.....take me over the edge.....yes.....yes”.

Greggory Pallard did just that without holding back anything. Almost about to pop inside of Caren, he pulled out and sputtered against her left calf, leaving a slight trail of temptation upon the bottom of that full length mirror, “Yesssss!!!!”



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