

IRRESISTIBLE

By

Oz Carter

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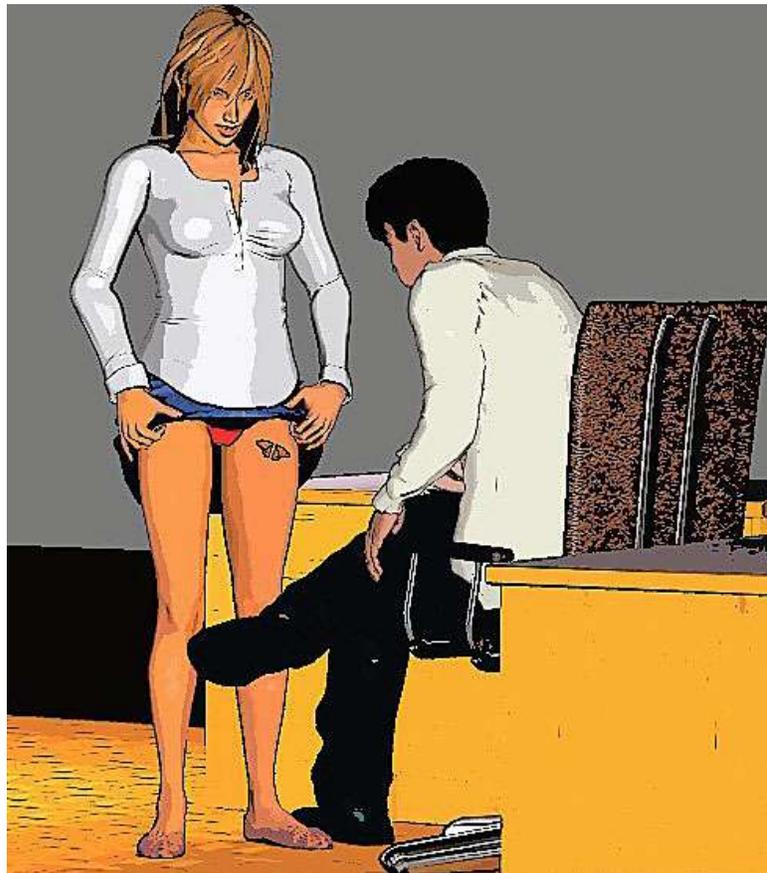
“So whadaya think?” Lucy the administrative assistant asked, holding up her miniskirt to show Stuart the tattoo of a butterfly on her thigh. She was also showing him her panties and the outline of her pussy, but she didn’t care.

He leaned forward in his chair for a closer inspection. “Nice,” he said, “but why’d you put it where nobody can see it?”

“They’ll see it when I go to the beach.”

“Can I touch it?”

“Sure.”



He pressed his fingers against the image and rubbed it, as if to make sure the tattoo was permanent. He let his hand linger on her thigh, but she didn’t mind.

“I had a hard time deciding between a butterfly and a hummingbird,” she said.

“You made the right choice,” he replied.

“I’m thinkin’ about gettin’ a stud for my navel.” She dropped her skirt and lifted her top, all the way up to her braless tits. “Ya think I should?”

Inside his pants, his dick was painfully hard. “Nah, I wouldn’t do that.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right.” She lowered her top, sat on his desk, and playfully stretched her long legs. “How about a nose stud?”

“Not in the office.”

Stuart and Lucy were best buddies at work. Because he was a good listener and she was a compulsive talker, they’d developed a relationship in which she’d tell him all the details of her personal life, including when she’d fucked a guy, the size of his dick, and whether or not the guy knew how to use it. Stuart would listen and pretend to be interested, while wishing she were talking *about* him instead of *to* him. She was currently between boyfriends, and she kept him apprised of all the ups and downs in her hunt for a new one.

This wasn’t the first time Stuart had seen what was under Lucy’s clothes. There was the time she had a rash on her hip, and she wanted his opinion on whether she should see a dermatologist. She was wearing skinny jeans that day and pushed them down to her knees. And there was the time she was leaving directly from work for a vacation. She’d stopped by his office for a last chat. As they talked, she casually opened her shirt and applied deodorant to her armpits. As usual, she wasn’t wearing a bra.

They’d go out to lunch on occasion, but after the workday, it was as if he ceased to exist. He’d invited her for a beer after work a few times, but she always had places to go and things to do. Despite her self-centeredness, whenever she needed help, he was eager to lend a hand. Like the time she wanted to move out of the Washington Heights apartment she shared with three other girls. He scoured online real estate listings every night until he found a studio she could afford in Brooklyn. He helped her pack at her old place and unpack at her new place. He hadn’t been invited back to her place since then.

“Got big plans for the weekend?” he asked.

“I’m goin’ to the Hamptons with some friends,” she replied, brushing her fingers through her lush hair and shaking it, the way she habitually did, which Stuart loved.

He knew that including him among those friends never crossed her mind. He said, “That sounds like fun.”

“We’re stayin’ at a hotel in Montauk, near the beach. They only have one room available, but we’ll squeeze in.”

“Well, you won’t be spending a lot of time in your room, anyway. You’ll be too busy scoping out the guys.”

Lucy grinned guiltily. “Yeah.”

“Maybe you’ll get lucky.”

“I’m gonna try.” She hopped off his desk. “Better get back to work.”

Stuart stared at Lucy’s glorious thighs as she left his office, wishing he could get between them. He turned back to his computer to continue the work on the PowerPoint slide deck her visit had interrupted. Even though he didn’t stand a chance with her—she didn’t date guys who were less than six-feet tall—he looked forward to seeing her every day. His willingness to listen to her ramblings at least allowed him to spend time with her.

That’s the way it had always been with Stuart. He’d get a serious crush on some leggy, busty woman like Lucy, and she’d only be interested in tall, muscular, pretty boys. Stuart was five-eight and on the thin side—and “cute,” as in “You’re cute, but…” It didn’t matter that he treated women much better than the men they were pursuing. They just didn’t feel any “sparks” with him.

The irony was Stuart could’ve done more for Lucy than any of those self-absorbed pretty boys. When he was a kid and not getting any, he was reading about it—books, women’s magazines, porn—so he could make his buddies think he was scoring like they were. He became an expert on fucking without even having smelled pussy. And when he finally got a crack at a real live woman, a horny divorcée he met at a street fair, his carnal knowledge, combined with his plus-size dick, enabled him to take her to places she never even knew existed. The sex was good, but the timing was bad. She had accepted a job in Chicago and moved away. There had been a couple of other women—a grad student he met on a stalled subway train, whose neglectful boyfriend then proposed when she told him she’d met someone else and she accepted, and a nurse he met in the produce section of the supermarket, who could only see him during the day because she worked a nightshift.

At five o’clock, Lucy stopped at Stuart’s door long enough to wish him a nice weekend, then she dashed off to Penn Station to catch the train to the Hamptons. At least he’d get to hear all about her escapades on Monday and about whether the guy she hooked up with was cool or a jerk.

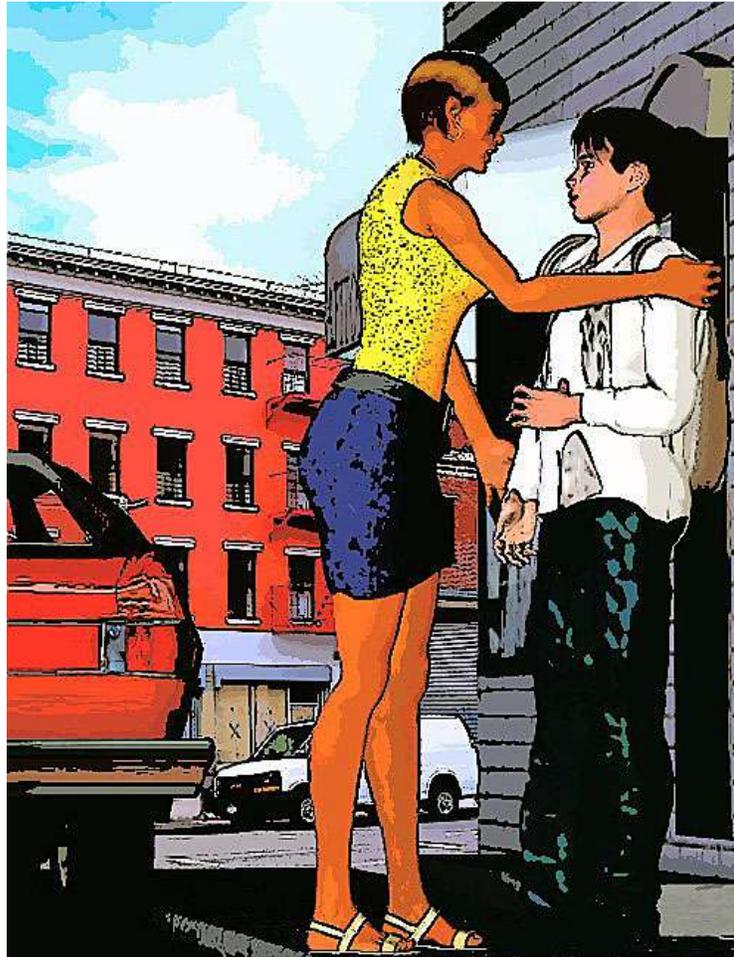
As for *his* weekend, maybe he’d hang out at a bar and watch the hot women pair off with the hot guys. Or maybe he’d spare himself the misery and just stay home and watch movies on Netflix.

The heavy rain that had fallen most of the afternoon had cleared out, so Stuart could walk along Second Avenue to his apartment in the East Village, like he usually did. He was at 19th Street when a car on Second Avenue plowed through a large puddle that had formed at the intersection, splashing him with dirty water.

“Fuck!” he shouted.

The car pulled over to the curb and stopped. He could see the female driver through the rear window looking back at him, maybe checking to see if she’d done any real damage. He expected her to drive on. Instead, she got out of the car.

She seemed to be moving in slow motion as she approached him. The stylish cut of her short red hair accentuated her elegantly beautiful face. Her sumptuous bosom swayed under the fabric of her blouse. Her tight, short skirt showed off her exquisite legs. And even in flat sandals, she was nearly six feet tall.



Clearly distressed, she said with a foreign accent, “I have ruined your shirt.”

“Uh—It’s—uh—okay,” he stammered.

“It is not okay,” she replied. “I ruined it. I should replace it.”

“No. You don’t have to. Really.”

“Come.”

She took his arm and led him to her car. He was too awestruck to resist. She unlocked and opened the passenger-side door and moved a travel bag from the front seat to the back seat. "Get in," she said, more an order than a request.

He obeyed, and she went around and got into the driver's seat. "Tell me where there is a men's shop," she said.

"Around here?" he replied. "I don't know."

"Then we will find one." She held up her smartphone and said into it, "Find men's shop." Seconds later a list appeared on the display screen. "Good. There is one near my hotel." She started the car and waited for an opening in the flowing traffic.

Stuart's eyes went from her face, down body, to her feet. She was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen in the flesh.

"I am Alexa," she said. "What is your name?"

"Stuart."

"I am pleased to meet you, Stuart."

Her pleasant demeanor put him at ease. "Are you from New York?" he asked, for lack of anything better to say.

"No. I am here on business."

Alexa moved the car away from the curb and continued down Second Avenue. Stuart wanted to know more about her but didn't want to be nosey, so he didn't question her any further. He tried not to be obvious about staring at her.

She turned onto 17th Street and parked across from a hotel between Second and Third avenues. She said to Stuart, "If you do not mind, I will check into my room, and then we will get your new shirt."

"Fine with me," he replied, still too awestruck to disagree.

"Hand me my bag please."

Stuart lifted the travel bag with one hand. "You travel light."

"I will not be staying long."

Stuart was surprised to see how modest the interior of the hotel was. Alexa seemed out of place there. But when the desk clerk saw her, he smiled and said, "Welcome back. It's nice to see you again."

She replied, "It is nice to be here again."

"How was your flight?"

"Weather delays. Fortunately, my client was willing to push back our meeting."

Alexa swiped her credit card through a card reader and signed on the display screen. The clerk handed her an electronic key card. “Enjoy your stay.”

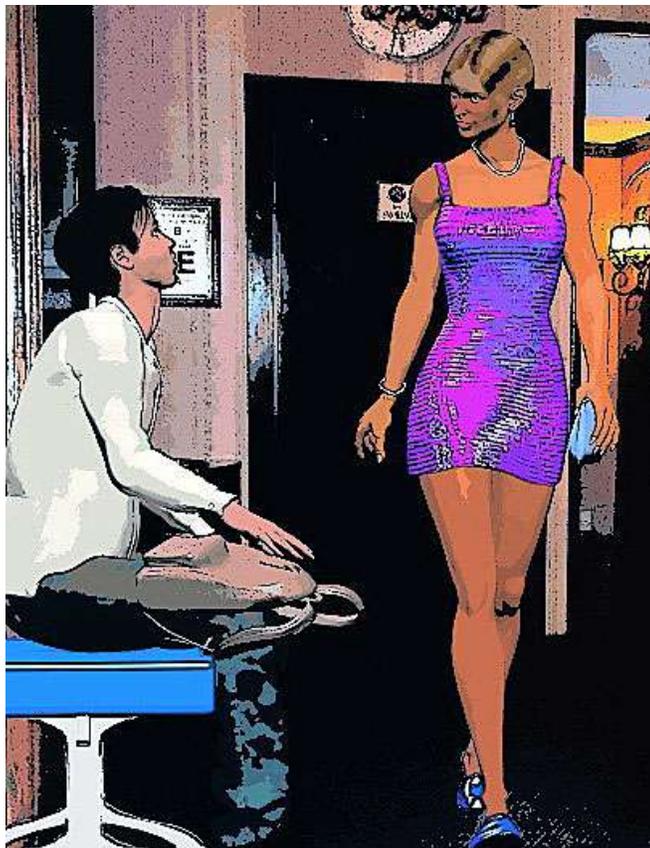
“Thank you.”

Alexa turned to Stuart and said, “Please wait here for me while I go to my room and freshen up.”

“Yeah. Sure.”

He sat down on a lobby bench and watched Alexa’s ass sway as she walked to the elevator. Who was she? What kind of business was she in? Fashion? Club promotion? Whatever it was, he had no doubt it was something people like him could only read about in the style sections of newspapers. But he’d have a story to tell at work on Monday.

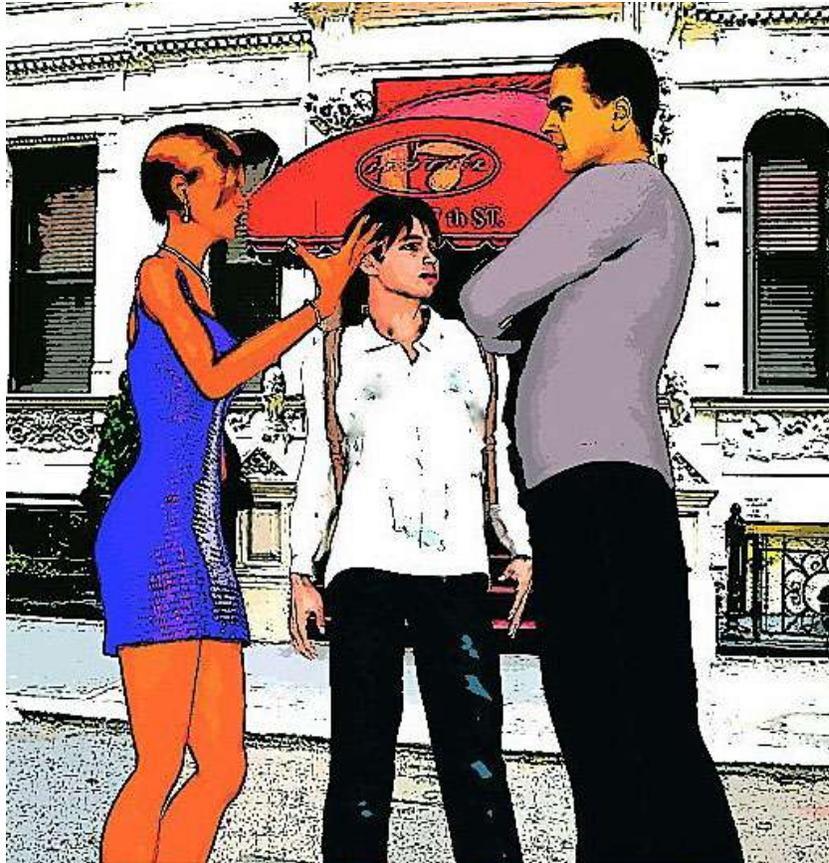
Alexa returned nearly an hour later wearing a little curve-hugging dress, fresh makeup, and a very nice fragrance. She was carrying a small clutch purse. She said to Stuart, “I am sorry I made you wait so long. I just had to wash off all that travel grime.”



Stuart swallowed a lump in his throat. “No problem.”

“We can go now.”

Outside, a man was waiting at the car. He was tall and ruggedly handsome—the kind of man one would expect Alexa to be seen with. Surprised, she said, “Bruno!”



Alexa and Bruno conversed in a language that was totally unintelligible to Stuart, but he could tell from the tone of Alexa’s voice and her expression that something was amiss. Bruno looked at him. He smiled, but Bruno sneered.

Alexa said to Bruno, “Eredj! Eredj!”

With a final scowl at Alexa, Bruno walked to a nearby car with two other men inside. He got into the front passenger seat, and the driver started the car and pulled away.

“Who was that?” Stuart asked, and then realized he might be sticking his nose where it didn’t belong. “If you don’t mind me asking.”

“A friend,” Alexa replied, still annoyed. “We were supposed to get together later, but he is so impatient.” Her face suddenly brightened. “But never mind him. We will get your new shirt.”

She took him to a fancy men's shop on 17th Street near Fifth Avenue. "He needs a shirt," she announced to the store personnel. "And a suit."

"A suit?" Stuart said, taken aback. "You don't have to buy me a suit."

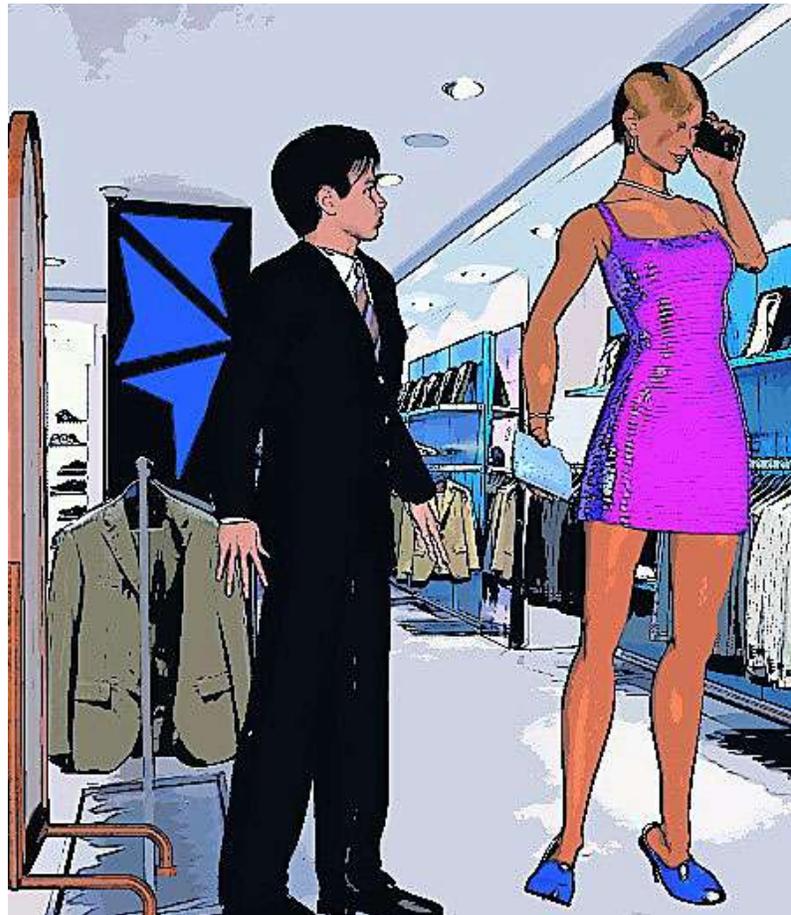
"Shush." Alexa commanded. "No argument."

A new suit for an old shirt? Was she so rich she could afford to be that extravagant? Especially with a complete stranger?

Stuart knew that he would've been treated with disdain in that shop if he'd come in alone. It was obvious from the way he dressed that the prices were far beyond his means. But because of Alexa, the shopkeepers were eager to be helpful.

Alexa got Stuart new shoes to match the suit she picked out for him. When he checked himself out in the mirror, he was astonished by the makeover. He was hot—sort of.

As Alexa was inspecting him, she received a phone call. She answered the phone in English. "Yes? . . . I can meet you at the restaurant. You made a reservation for me? Good. I will see you there."



First the guy at the car. Now a cryptic phone conversation. Stuart's curiosity was aroused, but he was reluctant to inquire. Whatever Alexa was doing was none of his business.

Outside the shop, he thought they'd go their separate ways. He said to her, "I really appreciate all this."

"Would you like to go to dinner?" she asked.

"Dinner?"

"I am meeting someone at a restaurant. We will not be dining together, though, and I do not like to eat alone in restaurants."

"Uh—okay." What now? A mysterious rendezvous?

The restaurant she took him to was the kind of place where a man had to be wearing a jacket to be seated. Even among that ritzy crowd, people stared at them as they were taken to their table by the *maitre d'*. Stuart knew the attention was for Alexa and not for him, but he didn't mind basking in her reflected glory.

Most of the patrons went back to their meals and conversations after Stuart and Alexa were seated, but a good-looking, middle-aged man at a window table didn't take his eyes off them. Stuart assumed he was trying to figure out why Alexa was with someone who was so obviously beneath her. It felt good to be the object of envy for a change.



Alexa glanced casually at the man, and then turned her attention to the menu that had been handed to her by a waiter.

The menus were in Italian. Stuart recognized the language but couldn't read it. Trying to hide the fact that he had no idea what the dishes on the menu were, he said, "Everything looks so good. I'm not sure—"

Alexa interjected, "Excuse me. I have to go to the ladies' room."

Taking her clutch, she left the table and disappeared into the restroom area. The man at the window table got up and followed her.

Shit! Stuart thought. That son of a bitch is going to put the moves on her, and they're going to hook up. But what should he have expected? He wasn't really Alexa's date. He was just there to fill a seat because she didn't want to eat alone. He imagined them having sex in the ladies' room. That was not something he'd ever done, but he'd heard about it from someone who had—Lucy.

To his surprise, Alexa came back to the table a few minutes later. She asked, "Have you decided what you want?"

"I thought I'd let you order for both of us," he replied, trying not to let his relief show.

"If you wish."

The man who'd followed Alexa returned to his table. He finished the wine in his glass and, leaving his meal unfinished, summoned the waiter for his check. Alexa really did have a mysterious rendezvous. No one at the office was going to believe this. It was like being in a movie.

Alexa spoke Italian to the waiter who took their order, a dish called chicken saltimbucca, served with a wine called Fiano di Avellino.

"What business are you in?" Stuart found the courage to ask.

"I import things," Alexa replied.

"What kind of things?"

"Things my clients want."

He wasn't going to get any information by questioning her directly, so he tried a different tact. "I'm a brand manager for an ad agency," he told her, hoping that opening up about himself would prompt her to do the same.

"Do you find your work fulfilling?" she asked.

"I suppose I do."

"It is good to have work that you enjoy."

Through dinner he told her things about himself, but she didn't reciprocate. She expressed interest in what he was telling her, but he suspected she was just being polite.

As she drove him home, he asked, "Why'd you do all this for me?"

"I did not do anything special," she replied. "I ruined your shirt. And I was going to the restaurant anyway."

"You could've just given me twenty bucks for my cleaning bill."

"All right. I admit I would not have done this for just anyone. When I saw you standing there all wet, like an adorable little puppy—"

"A little puppy!" He didn't mind being called a puppy, but *little*? He should've known she'd mention his height. Women always did. Now she'd say something lame to try and sooth his hurt feelings.

"I think you are cute," she said.

"But?" he added, expecting the usual line.

"No but. You are an attractive man."

"You think I'm attractive?"

"Yes."

He was stunned.

She asked, "Do you think *I* am attractive?"

He was amazed that she felt the need to ask that. "Of course! How could I not think you're attractive? You're incredible!"

At a stoplight, she took his hand and placed it on her thigh. His heart quickened and his dick stiffened.

He trembled as they climbed the stairs to the second floor of the shabby little four-story walkup on Avenue A. He was afraid Alexa would take one look at his dingy, haphazardly furnished two-room apartment, turn around, and leave. But after he opened the door and ushered her in, she looked around approvingly and said, "Interesting."

She went to the window and peered out. "My car, is it okay there?" she asked.

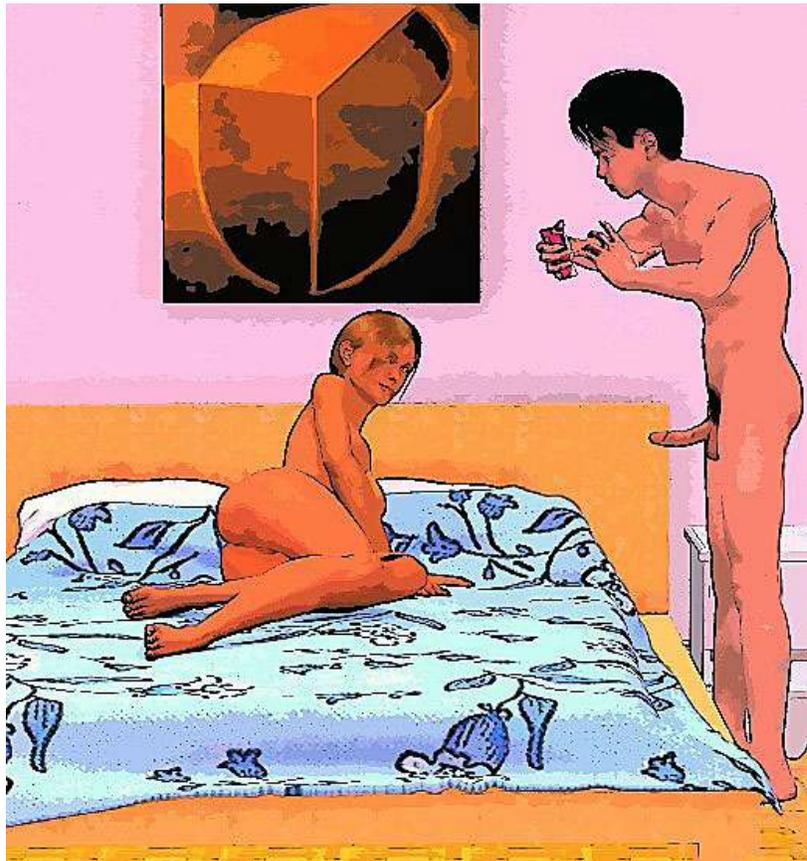
"Should be okay," he answered, wondering why she didn't ask that before they came up.

"Good." She turned to him with a suggestive grin.

“You want a beer or something?” he asked, trying to be hospitable even though his dick felt like it would break off and start without him if he didn’t fuck soon.

“I am not thirsty,” she replied and sashayed into the bedroom, unzipping her dress as she went.

Alexa reclined naked on the bed, watching as Stuart took his clothes off. She was waiting to see his package. Sizewise, he had nothing to be embarrassed about, but he was beginning to feel performance anxiety. His theoretical knowledge had gotten him by with women who didn’t have much experience themselves. But Alexa was obviously no novice.



The box of condoms in the nightstand drawer was more than a year old but unopened. After Stuart managed to extract one from the box, his hands were so sweaty that he couldn’t get a good grip on the wrapper. As he fumbled with it, his stomach knotted up and his dick went soft. He felt panic.

Instead of laughing at his sudden ineptitude, Alexa said, “Let me help.” She moved to the edge of the bed and took the condom from him. “The first time can be difficult.”

“I’m not a virgin!” he blurted.

Patiently she replied, “I meant the first time with a new person.”

She ripped open the wrapper and took the condom out. Stuart’s dick was still soft, but she had a solution. She kissed it until it swelled into a thick, vein-engorged limb. Then she skillfully unrolled to condom onto it and lay down.

He didn’t just dive in and start banging like he wanted to. Alexa deserved better than that. Recalling a foreplay technique he’d read about years ago, he tenderly kissed her face, and then nibbled her lips. Her tongue came out and he suckled it.

His lips caressed her neck and the soft flesh of her shoulders. Her chest rose as she became increasingly aroused. He took each breast into his mouth and rubbed his tongue over her nipples. He slowly kissed his way down the center of her body. She squirmed and giggled as his tongue probed her navel.

He lapped at her pussy with his tongue.



She shuddered. “Ooooh.” Her feet flew up, and she held her thighs apart as his tongue probed into her pussy.

Alexa grunted, and then shook as if she were being electrocuted. She forcibly pulled Stuart between her thighs and shouted, “Baszd be a picsádat!” which he assumed meant, “Fuck me!”

And he did, but not with the slam-bam action that most guys would've used. He rubbed the head of his dick slowly and rhythmically along the wall of her vagina. Her mouth opened, her eyes rolled back, and she shrieked so loud he was sure his neighbors would call 911.



When he was about to come, he switched to a deep, plunging motion that sent Alexa into a frenzy. She clamped her legs around him and shook him as he unloaded.

Exhausted, she let her arms and legs fall to the bed. He pulled his semisoft dick out of her, took off the full condom and tossed it to the floor, and lay down beside her. She gave him the same look he'd gotten from the few other women he'd fucked—amazement. She affectionately stroked his head and whispered something he didn't understand.

After a brief rest he was ready for another round. Alexa, seeing that his dick had stiffened, got up on her knees and elbows and presented her underside to him. This time, he had no trouble with the condom, and he pushed his dick into her until his balls pressed against her labia.

“Fast,” she said.

His gripped her waist and rapidly worked his pelvis. She grunted with every stroke, and his groin smacked loudly against her butt. Her head dropped to the bed, and she bit into the covers to stifle a scream.



Alexa remained in the butt-up position after they had climaxed. When Stuart pulled his dick out of her, it was completely soft and the condom stayed inside her. He plucked it out with his fingers—the first time he'd ever had to do that.

Stuart was surprised when he got it up a third time, in response to Alexa teasing his balls with her fingernails. She did the honors with the condom again. She straddled him and the blissful expression on her face told him she savored the feel of his dick pushing up inside her.



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