

## A Charming Stranger

\*Rosa\*

In the midst of a truly terrible mood, I found myself seeking solace in the dimly lit embrace of the club. Slumping onto a barstool, I beckoned the bartender and placed an order for a gin and tonic, my drink of choice when I needed to drown my sorrows.

As I impatiently waited for my order to materialize, a voice, deep and husky, sliced through the thumping bass of the club music.

"Hey, gorgeous," a manly whisper came, accompanied by the subtle sensation of someone occupying the seat next to mine. I swiveled my head to pinpoint the source of this magnetic voice.

Oh, my God! He was such a vision of allure! He was impeccably dressed in a sleek black business suit, a pristine white shirt that clung to his sculpted, broad chest, and a perfectly knotted blue tie that accentuated his neck. The commanding presence he exuded set him apart in the sea of people.

Stop it, Rosa. You're married for God's sake!

Ignoring his presence, I averted my gaze, focusing instead on the bartender's deft maneuvers as he juggled orders and distributed drinks with an admirable grace.

"Can I buy you a drink?" The hot stranger persisted.

"No," I replied, my refusal sharp and curt, intended to convey my disinterest in engaging in conversation with him. "I can buy myself a drink."

A hint of amusement danced in his eyes as he responded, "Of course, you can. But tonight, allow me to do this honor," his voice tinged with undeniable charm.

I turned fully to face him, my gaze drawn into his mesmerizing eyes. My goodness, even his eyes were incredibly beautiful.

"Listen, mister," I declared, lifting my hand to show him my wedding ring, "I'm married."

He nonchalantly shrugged, ashing his own wedding ring in response. "Oh, I'm married too," he admitted.

"Yet, here you are, irting with a lady you found alone in a bar," I retorted with a mockingly raised eyebrow.

He grinned, his condence unshaken. "You're so stunning, I couldn't resist," he confessed, his words leaving me slightly ustered.

Just then, my drink arrived, and he gestured to the bartender. "Put this on my tab," he instructed with a charming smile.

I arched an eyebrow in surprise, and he ashed that gorgeous smile of his again. Well, if he wanted to spend his money, who was I to stop him?

I took a sip of my gin and tonic, gazing around and savoring the vibrant ambiance of the club. The place was packed, as it was a Friday evening, and the energy was infectious.

"By the way," the handsome stranger remarked sarcastically, "where is your husband? How could he leave his beautiful wife alone?"

"My husband is a big shot, always busy with work, and he hardly has time for his wife," I sighed with a hint of frustration in my voice.

"What a foolish man he is! If I were him, I'd never leave you alone, not even for a second," he said, leaning in and locking his gaze with mine. I swallowed hard and averted my eyes, feeling a sudden rush of shyness.

"Can I ask this beautiful lady for a dance?" he inquired, extending his hand toward me.

The guts of this man!

"No, I'm in a very bad mood, and I don't want to dance right now," I refused curtly.

"Oh, come on, gorgeous. Don't let your mood be spoiled because of your foolish husband. The night is still young, and you're here. Let me show you how to make this evening more interesting," he suggested, his voice turning huskier as he leaned in closer. I took a shuddered breath as his intoxicating scent, mixed with his sexy cologne, enveloped me.

I pulled away abruptly, my eyes darting around to see if anyone had noticed us this way.

"What are you doing, mister?" I scolded him, my tone stern.

"I'm just trying to lift your mood," he shrugged, a hint of innocence in his expression.

"No need, I'm ne," I retorted rmly, determined to maintain my composure.

"Come on, babe. You're here, and I'm here. Why don't we lose ourselves and have some fun tonight?" he proposed, taking my hand and pulling me up to my feet before I could protest further.

"What? No!" I whined and protested, barely getting a chance to place my drink on the countertop before he had already whisked me away to the dance oor.

Taking my hand, he guided them to rest on his neck, and his hands found their place on my hips as he pulled me closer. I gasped at the electrifying proximity between us, his eyes never leaving mine as we moved in perfect harmony with the rhythm of the music.

"So, what's your plan for tonight?" he asked, his gaze locked onto mine.

"What do you mean?" I questioned, a bit confused.

"Are you going home or planning to stay here with me?" he asked straightforwardly.

"Hold your horses, mister. You don't know who my husband is. He can be very dangerous," I warned him, a mischievous smirk playing on my lips as I relished this playful irting.

"I'm not afraid of him," he declared, his condence unwavering.

"If my husband nds out that you've danced with me and gotten so close, he might actually kill you," I warned him, my voice laced with a mix of playfulness and threat.

"I don't mind if I die tonight, as long as I have you," he whispered, his declaration sending shivers down my spine as he trailed his nose along my neck. A playful giggle escaped my lips, betraying the heady effect of his seduction.

"So, you've got a death wish tonight?" I breathed out, feeling a rush of desire building within me.

"I'd consider myself lucky to meet my end at the hands of an angel like you," he murmured against my skin, his lips and tongue leaving a trail of re as he sucked harder on the delicate skin of my throat. I bit my lip to stie a moan, and he continued his sensual assault by trailing his lips along my jaw, capturing my earlobe between his teeth.

"Ah!" I gasped, my core throbbing with desire, instantly becoming wet.

"Sweetheart, I can't wait any longer. I need you right now," he rasped, his voice deeper and lled with desire. He grabbed my hand and began to pull me out of the club.

"Wait, where are you taking me?" I panted, struggling to match his pace.

"To my room," he replied precisely, his ngers pressing the private elevator button.

"So, you're staying at the hotel?" I asked shyly, nervously chewing on my lower lip.

"Yes, I'm here for a business trip," he replied urgently, swiftly pressing his card to the elevator's access panel. As soon as the doors closed, he pinned me to a corner, his lips crashing onto mine. His hands glided over my body, caressing every inch before descending to my hips, where he rmly grasped them, grinding against the undeniable hardness in his pants. My heart raced, overwhelmed by the intensity of his desire. His wicked tongue barged into my mouth, skillfully gliding against mine, and exploring every corner of my eager mouth. The sensation was electrifying, leaving me craving for even more of him.

His kiss was lled with such passion and hunger that I completely forgot we were in an elevator. I didn't realize when he pulled me into his penthouse, closed the door behind us without even breaking our kiss.

My awareness returned when he began to urgently unzip my dress. He was in such a hurry that I feared he might inadvertently destroy my dress in the process.

"Ah, wait! You can open it slowly. Otherwise, you'll rip my dress off," I cautioned him, breathing heavily.

"I don't care. I'll buy you a new dress. But right now, I don't have the patience. I have to have you," he whispered, his voice dripping with desire and reecting his overwhelming want for me.

With an impatient tug, he ripped my dress into pieces, causing me to gasp aloud as the fabric fell to the oor in tatters. My body was now exposed to him, and I could feel his hungry gaze raking over me.

Quickly, I shrugged his jacket from his shoulders and tossed it onto a nearby chair, followed by his tie. My trembling ngers fumbled with the buttons on his shirt. I couldn't focus as his hot hands kneaded my breasts. His impatience got the better of him once again, and he tore my delicate pink lace bra, leaving it in shreds. I sighed, casting a playful yet frustrated look at him, and he responded with a mischievous smirk.

"I'll buy you a new one," he whispered against my lips before capturing them in a deep, scorching smooch. His tongue slid against mine, claiming his dominance over it. I let out a breathy moan in response and tugged on his shirt, desperate to feel his skin against mine.

He chuckled, breaking the kiss, and with a light jerk, he tore all the buttons from his shirt, saving both my time and his own energy. His hands returned to my breasts, where he pinched my n\*\*\*\*s, causing me to moan with pleasure. My hands trailed over his soft, smooth skin, and the urge to explore every inch of his perfect abs and chest overwhelmed me.

"Remove this," I whined, my ngers fumbling with his belt, my impatience growing by the second.

He chuckled in response.

"Now, who's impatient, huh?!" he teased, quickly unbuttoning and unzipping his pants before removing them along with his boxers in one uid motion.

My mouth watered as I looked at his hard, throbbing erection, which stood tall and proud, slapping lightly against his stomach.

"Now, let's get rid of this piece of clothing," he remarked, his desire evident, as he tore my panties away in a single, decisive pull.

Picking me up in his strong, muscular arms, he carried me to the bed.

My arms instinctively wrapped around his neck as I asked him nervously, "Are you sure we're not doing anything wrong?"

"You want me, and I want you. What could be wrong in this? We're two consenting adults," he declared, his voice lled with undeniable lust.

I bit my lip as he gently set me down on the bed. His hungry mouth immediately found mine, kissing me with even more intensity than before. He only left my lips to claim my breasts, his lips and tongue working eagerly on my achinglly swollen n\*\*\*\*s, begging for his attention.

My hands fell into his blond soft curls, tugging gently as he nipped and tugged on my sensitive buds, causing them to throb deliciously in his mouth. After he seemed satished with playing with my n\*\*\*\*s, he began his sensual descent southward, not leaving a single inch untouched in the process.

I was utterly lost in a haze of lust, my mind rendered almost useless by the intensity of the sensations. This man was undeniably hot, and his skills were incredible. I watched in a daze as he slowly parted my thighs, his ngers trailing sensually over my sensitive skin, leaving me breathless. His eyes locked onto mine with an unwavering intensity as he teased me more.

I sighed when nally his ngers found their way to my wet, eager p\*\*\*y, and he let out a low growl as he dipped a nger into my dripping heat. My head fell back, and I moaned in ecstasy as he began to nger f\*\*k me with a hunger that left me breathless and desirous more. I didn't have a chance to fully acclimate myself to the feeling of his thick, calloused nger inside me before his greedy mouth descended upon my throbbing s\*x, his tongue assaulting my clit with an exquisite blend of skill and desire.

I was so lost in the overwhelming pleasure of the moment that I didn't even realize when a name slipped from my lips in a gasping moan,

"Oh, Max!"