

What happened under the Moonlight

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Ruby had her eyes on Tiffany's father but when it was his birthday, she came up with the perfect gift...

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I packed my bags and drove to the airport parking my car in the familiar spot before heading to make my flight out of here. I took a job supervising a security system on an island estate in the Mediterranean Sea just off of Greece and dropped by every couple of months to check on its progress.

Easier money than going off and leading some group of mercenaries in some hostile country where the boundaries changed each day but it left me feeling edgier. I stayed at a cottage on his estate and in the morning, I worked out in his personal gym to hone my body and keep it sharp. When you get older, it gets harder to carve out the excess flesh and keep it at bay but those who try to kill you don't care if you've lost a step.

They count on it. And every once in a while I still encountered someone with a grudge against me based on what I'd done during some job. So I couldn't afford to slack off. I set the weights even higher on the rack and bench pressed them until I did them cleanly. Another man named Brant spotted me today.

"You sure are looking good for an old man."

I put the rack down.

"I'm not that old."

"Hey I'm just kidding man," he said, "I hope I look as good as you do at your age."

He only trailed me by half a decade and here he acted like he was some young buck though he kept himself highly fit like a the veteran he was having started in the business at twenty after dropping out of college for adventure.

"So how's your family?"

I started lifting again trying to focus on hoisting up just a little more weight than yesterday. But it was tough, still I had remained focused, so much so that any sign of tension I ignored. Then after holding it for about 30 seconds, I dropped it back on the rack. I sat up to grab a towel to wipe my face.

"They're good. Gloria's been busier with her schedule this summer, still determined to run every event in town."

Brant chuckled.

"She should run for mayor one of these days."

I knew Gloria would never go for that. She didn't much go for politics though she did complain about the local elected officials during the campaign periods.

"How your kids doing?"

"My son's stationed in some location even I can't track down right now and my daughter, Tiffany's being lazy by the pool and going shopping all summer."

"Sounds like my daughter Rachel, though I finally got her to get a part time job lifeguarding."

I sighed, knowing I should have pushed my daughter harder but Gloria seemed content to just let her relax between school semesters saying that she needed to recharge her batteries on her breaks.

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"So you haven't moved out of Mayberry yet?"

I'd heard all the jokes about our small town by now. I got up to fetch a bottle of water out of the mini refrigerator.

"No reason to do so. We got a nice house that Gloria's got fixed almost the way she likes it and it's great to return to between jobs."

"You got a point," Brant said, "so who you fucking this summer?"

His casual question caught me off guard though it really shouldn't have; he knew that I cheated on Gloria and that I never got serious about any of them.

"Some young girl rightâ tell me about her."

I bristled as I sipped my water from the bottle.

"Why do you want to know?"

Brant leaned against the weight machine.

"Because I'm too worried my wife would skin me alive if she found out I was even thinking about it."

I sighed.

"That's what you get for marrying in the profession," I said, "I'd never marry a woman trained to kill people."

"So who's it this time?"

I paused putting my bottle down and sitting down to do leg presses. My muscles burned but that was because I had run earlier this morning through the switchbacks in the hills surrounding the estate.

"No one you'd know."

"Ah, so is she hot?"

"She's very good looking," I said, "and great in the sack."

Brant walked over to the pectoral muscle machine.

"Damn sometimes I wish I could be like you and just fool around not have to worry about the wife finding out. I could never keep a secret like that from mine."

I knew he was right. The woman he married kept close tabs on him using every bit of her intelligence gathering training to make sure he didn't hide anything from her. But that wasn't Gloria. My wife didn't go looking for any signs of trouble in our marriage. No, she was too busy improving the town she lived in to spend much time at home.

"I ran into Brockâ "

I added another plate to the leg extension.

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"Whereâ?"

"Cairo. He was there consulting a month ago on that pharmaceutical plant. Good luck with the insurgent activity there."

"He always liked the dangerous jobs."

"Like we used to," Brant said, "but if the guy was attachedâ he had a family."

I gritted as I pushed against the weights.

"He doesn't want all that," I said, "He likes his freedom. He does have a girlfriend working in London."

I didn't tell him that the two of us were sharing the same woman. I just continued doing leg presses and thinking about Ruby back home thousands of miles away with Brock asleep in his bed.

I didn't think about missing her.

Brant and I went out drinking later. I had my last meeting of the day with the CEO who owned the estate that new improvements would have to be added to bolster his security and then I was done. My plane left early in the morning to head back to the U.S. and then another one home.

Plenty of time to hit the bar and unwind before crashing at the cottage. Brant had asked me to go with him to the local watering hole which was small and played 70s music. But the liquor was cheap and went down smoothly.

A couple young girls partied at one table, both looking still in college and wearing those tight little dresses that advertised to every man within miles what they both needed and wanted. I fancied the redhead and Brant couldn't keep his eyes off the brunette even when she walked to the jukebox to pick a song.

"I think I'll do itâ!"

I sipped from my glass.

"Why notâ listen she'll never know no matter how good she is," I told him, "and that woman's dying to be fucked."

So Brant put his glass down and went to talk to her. I know soon enough they'd leave and I wouldn't be seeing him again. He'd get the young pussy he'd needed for so long and he'd wondered why he hadn't done it earlier.

I followed the redhead towards the bar. She turned around after ordering a refill of her whisky.

"What you doing following me?"

I ordered up some more Scotch.

"You asking me that when that skirt's hugging your sweet little assâ!"

I detected a hint of smile on her face even as she put one of her hands on her hips.

"You are pretty blunt aren't you? You fuck the same way?"

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"You're going to find out in a few minutes aren't you?"

She bit her lip as if thinking about it but I knew I had her and soon enough she gave me directions to her pad she shared with the brunette. The door to that bedroom was already closed when we arrived but I could hear the sounds of two people going at it, hard and heavy. I knew Brant's voice and by the muffled words, I knew she had his cock in her mouth at that point torturing her with it.

The redhead shrugged.

"Courtney's got your friend where she wants him," she said, "What do you want to do with me?"

I moved closer sliding my hands on her hips, working them underneath her tank top, caressing the skin on her sides.

"I'm going to fuck you, you little slut is that what you want to hear?"

She didn't seem shocked by my language and she grabbed hold of me, teasing her mouth across mine and a flicker of her tongue caught my lips, parting them gently. Oh I knew I had a live one here and my cock hardened.

"You called me a slut?"

"I call it as I see it you little bitch," he said, "teasing me with your mouthâ well I got something to fill it."

"Oh yeah what would that be?"

I pushed her down on her knees before she knew itâ right in the fucking hallway outside her friend's room and I unzipped my pants pulling out my erection stroking it, nudging it against her pliant mouth. Soft and feathery her kiss had been but I didn't want nice when I jammed it inside past her lips.

"Suck meâ until I come."

"I don'tâ"

"Oh yes you will, you little cock sucking bitch."

I knew she wanted me to talk that way. She was one of those girls who wanted to be told to want to be fucked by a man. She opened her mouth and slid her lips over the head of my cock and wrapped her lips around it snugly. I closed my eyes as she sucked, flicking her tongue underneath where I wanted it. My knees buckled but I kept control. I wrapped some of her hair around my fist to keep her from shying away.

She sucked me, stroked me with her mouth as I bucked my hips pushing my way deeper, coaxing her to take me inside at first. The heat of her wet mouth made me suck in my breath. Untilâ until I felt myself ready to fill her with cum down her throat.

After I came, I pulled out and she just looked at me, her mouth swollenâ her eyes searching mine but I wasn't done with her yet.

"Into the bedroomâ nowâ"

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I reached into my pocket and pulled out my handcuffs. It was going to be a night filled with firsts for her I knew no wonder how cocky she founded.

And while I fucked the girl in front of me, my mind would be on the one back home.

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