

Nasty No Chaser: Erotic Storytelling



Banged Up With Bad Luck

A bit of Nasty bad luck is always a good bang for your buck!

Banged Up with Bad Luck
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A Nasty No Chaser erotic short story

When one of Gabriel Anton's photography gigs leaves him with his pickle in an even bigger pickle, he finds his life uprooted. Having been use to a lifestyle filled with money, women and sex he agonizes over being stuck in small town USA. Gabriels no longer has an abundance of lady's or lays and it sucks. It seems bad luck is his only luck, as an already bad day gets unexpectedly worse when a strange woman makes him a pawn in her sex-filled scheme; leaving Gabriel to welcome the bad in this bad day as a feel good moment.

Gabriel walked into the cafe and was surprised to find it nearly desolate. It struck him as odd as the place was usually bustling with college kids. It was a busy place for a mom and pops joint. The college kids were not his kind of crowd but Scarla's cafe was the best place around to get a pastrami sandwich. Taking off his coat revealing his buff, tanned body visible through his white fitted v-neck tee he took a seat at the counter.

He spoke to the worker, "How are you doing today Scarla?"

Scarpa chirped in her high pitch voice "I am good fella how are you?"

Gabriel replied "Well I haven't quite settled on an exact state of how I'm doing just yet, but just to put something out there; I have got to go with not so good."

She raised her eyebrow and said "Well, I am outright sorry to hear that. If there's anything I can do to change it up you got it."

"Well, I am always a happy man after one your heaven sent pastrami sandwiches, which is what I'll have right about now.

Scarpa smiled and said "Like I said you got it fella. I'm the only one here today so you will have to excuse me while I go on back fix ya up."

"No problem and no complaints from me Ma'am." Scarla, left from behind the counter and went into the kitchen.

Gabriel locked his hands together, reversed them and stretched his hands out in front of him. He then took his hands and cracked his neck from both sides. It had been a long, stress-filled day. He just wanted to get some good eats and relax after it. Gabriel worked as a freelance photographer. Most of his clients were a bunch of back-of-the-woods, fake-ass, classless and elitist rich people... in his opinion. They worked his last nerve to a fringe. They were way too difficult, but they paid well. Only difference between them and his old clients really was their vernacular and location. He had once been a highly-paid and sought-after fashion photographer in New York. The glitz, glam and women caused him more problems than it was worth. They cost him his job and ran him straight into Hicksville, aka Cullowhee, North Carolina. He had made a name for himself beyond the talented photographer that he was. He had also become known as a womanizing ladies' man.

Gabriel had women galore; they were falling out of his pockets like loose change. He was handsome and his physique was toned. His face, whether bearded-up or clean-shaven, made him equally appealing to women. He dressed, walked, talked, breathed, ate, drank, slept, fucked, lived... actually, he did everything sexy. Sexy was his middle name. Gabriel Sexy Anton, and he knew it. For a time, he flaunted it and reaped every benefit his father's seed sowed. This, of course, included money, status, women and more. One woman went out the door as another walked in. They would practically wait at the door, hearing the moans and groans of Gabriel fucking the previous woman, and didn't care. He knew he was, as the women would say, "slanging much dick." Pussy was like his morning Joe and his evening cocktail; he couldn't get through the day without it. He was high on the life he lived.

That all changed when one of his clients commissioned him to do a photo-shoot of their teenage daughter. It was an easy gig, no chance of foolery or fraternizing with the client, or so he thought. The mother was a hag and the model, a child. Gabriel learned the hard way easy isn't always what it seems. The model in question, his client's 16-year-old daughter was an eager beaver. He knew teenage girls were always over-enthused with excitement over photo shoots, but this kid was like a two-year-old after eating pure sugarcane. At the first introduction, she was like Charlie and the Chocolate Factory's Veruca Salt: "Yes, Mummy and Daddy, I want him."

As the meeting concluded, the girl led the exiting of the tribe, head held high, first one out the door. The father said to Gabriel in parting, "We will keep you on our list as we consider all our options."

The girl spun around on her heel like a veteran soldier and smugly said, "I beg your pardon, Daddy? Were we not clear on the fact that I decided Gabriel Anton was going to photograph me?" The poor man nearly had tears in his eyes after the heart-crushing display of disrespect. Gabriel watched, unmoved. In fact, it only solidified his contract. The father hung his head and said, "Sure, sweetheart, whatever you want."

Gabriel was far too used to seeing these kinds of display when dealing with models and wealthy people.

During the prep for the shoot, the girl insisted upon being in complete control and constant contact with Gabriel. She would drop by his studio, without appointment, to show Gabriel potential outfits, which were all racy. In addition to that, she would call at less than respectful hours, often well into the wee hours of the night and way beyond business hours, to express how excited she was about the shoot and to be working with him. Then, the conversation would go in an even more inappropriate direction.

During one of her late night phone calls, she asked in an awkward, childlike Betty Boop seductive voice, "Gabriel, how do you think I would do as a nude model?" Gabriel couldn't believe his ears, but then again, he knew the rich and their never-ending attempts to push the envelope. Yeah, he knew it was inappropriate. However, not only was he a chaser of women; he was a chaser of the almighty dollar. He refused to let the contract go just because the clients had a daughter training to be the world's biggest slut. He figured, like his college bro's always drunkenly cheered and touted, "Money over Bitches."

He was ok with her futile flirting. It was clear it would not move into anything physical because he knew she was just a wild kid playing games. Besides, Gabriel liked pussy and being behind bars would make him a pussy before it afforded him the opportunity to get some. He didn't involve himself in anything legally criminal. Besides, this girl barely had a set of tits at 16 and was as Plain Jane as they came. She probably couldn't get a boy her age to take a second glance, let alone a full-grown man. This, of course, would exclude perverts. On the day of the shoot, Veruca insisted that there be no assistants on hand and the scene be set up in the fashion of a boudoir bedroom. Gabriel found it hilarious that this kid was trying to play grown and sexy. It was a paid job; who was he to judge?

The girl showed up, found Gabriel's studio to her specifications and squealed with excitement.

She quickly regained her composure, put back her phony sophisticated adult front and cleared her throat to say, “Shall we get on with it. Mr. Anton?”

Gabriel was a ball of laughs as he cleared his own throat, swallowing his chuckles. “By all means, let’s proceed. The dressing room is to your left.”

She slyly smiled looked at him and said, “My sentiments exactly,” as she strutted off to change in 1920s glam style. Gabriel just shook his head as she exited.

When the girl returned, she had on a silk robe that draped along her small frame, trailing to the floor. She was slightly attractive in this light as her hair flailed in loose curls about her face. Her make-up had been done to perfection, drag queen style. She strutted towards Gabriel while trying to seductively chant, “So Gabriel, do you find me attractive?”

Gabriel shook his head while looking down. He adjusted his camera and responded, “You are an alright looking kid. I’m sure the high school boys are fighting over you like bloodhounds on a fox hunt.” He looked up and she was standing directly in front of him, disrobed and completely nude. She put one hand on the back of his neck and said, “I don’t like boys... how about now? Do you find this attractive?”

He swallowed hard as his dick swelled. It had definitely caught him off guard and unprepared. He quickly jerked from her grip and ran across the room, retrieving her robe and tossing it into her face.

“Kid, what in the hell are you doing? Put your damn robe back on, now! You’re just a girl.” Who had gotten his dick hard.

She smiled, rapidly approached him and said, “And if I don’t, will you spank me?” She took his hand and patted her ass with it, saying, “I know you like, Daddy, because Junior down there is a tattletale.”

She clutched his dick and was seemingly about to get it wet, when the door swung open and a male voice screeched, “Chastity Marie Vangard, what the hell!”

She yelled, “Daddy!”

Gabriel had been caught with his clients’ sixteen-year-old daughter, naked, dick in hand. Her father was livid. He thought to himself, laughingly, “Chastity, my ass.”

The debacle ended after nearly two hours of dodging the old man’s fists, yelling and pleading his case. Had it not been for the good sense of the mother to convince the father that this was more than like the sole fault of their beloved slut from hell, the situation would have ended far worse. Gabriel was more than happy to heed her father’s warning to get out of his sight and town indefinitely and, thus, he did. He found himself in North Carolina, having taken a referral job that led to more work there. Six years later, he was still there. At thirty-years-old, felt like he was wasting his prime.

Gabriel looked over his shoulder at the lone other patron in the cafe. It was a woman, early to mid-twenties. She was an attractive woman with olive complexion, bedroom eyes and vixen lips

that were made for candy-apple red lipstick she wore. She had the face of a ballerina, slim with delicate features. She also had a set of tits any man could appreciate: likely a 34DD. If Gabriel didn't know anything else, he knew a woman's measurement as it pertained to ass and tits. She was slender, as far he could tell with her seated. He guessed she could have a wide bottom, but he doubted it. He couldn't help but feel like he knew her, but couldn't put the face with a name or place. His gaze lingered as he tried to determine if he knew this woman at all. She sat at the table, flipping through a magazine and having coffee with a slice of apple crumb cake.

Scarla returned with his meal in tow. "Here you go, young fella. I even set you up with some hot fried taters to go with it. Enjoy!"

"Thank you kindly, good woman, I most definitely will. It's pretty slow today. Where are all of your usual patrons?"

"Oh, you mean the kids, college folk. I heard they're all over at the school, something going on, not sure what."

"Where's your son?" Gabriel asked.

Scarla scoffed and said, "Taking care of business was all he told me. I don't rightly know what that boy is up to." The telephone rang and Scarla went to answer it. Gabriel could overhear the conversation. It seemed like some sort of emergency. He really didn't know what kind, but gathered she would be putting him out to go attend to it. He hated being interrupted during a meal. Scarla hung up the phone and came over to him.

"If it ain't one thing, it's another! Darn son of mine done let my dog, Harry, jump out of the pick-up and run off. I have got to go find my baby."

Gabriel offered a pitiful attempt at sympathizing. "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. I understand." Really, he wasn't and didn't; he was pissed and annoyed.

Scarla raised her voice so that the lady could also hear. "I hate to do this to you two, but I've got to close up."

"Like I said, I understand, and let me know if there is anything I can do." The lady got up from the table and approached them at the counter. She was thin, but sexily curvaceous. Gabriel didn't mind watching her as she strutted across the room like Grace Kelly. The way she moved struck a chord in him. He didn't know why.

When she reached the counter, she said "Hi, I heard you say you have to go. You see I was really hoping to hang out here a bit longer as I am expecting someone." after hearing her speak Gabriel thought to himself "Rich bitch, never fails always want things their way."

The lady kept talking and went on to say "It's rather early I would hate to see you close up and lose potential sales, being a small business and what have you." Scarla replied, well ain't much I can do about it miss my dog is out there and I've got to go and find him. "Well I heard this here gentleman offer to help, you seem to know him pretty well, can't you trust him to keep an eye and run things for the time being?" Gabriel shot a look of bewilderment to the lady. She slyly smiled

and said “Why, can’t she trust you?” “Well, yes, she can trust me but who are you to suggest such a thing?” “I am just trying to make sure I’m safe and sound until my party arrives, surely you can be gentleman enough to assist a *girl* with that.” There was a note of sarcasm in her remark and an odd extra emphasis on the ‘girl.’ She kept at it. “I’m pretty sure whatever is going on over at the college won’t be for much longer. All those students will be flocking over here like moths to a flame.” She shook her head and said, “Lost sales hurt small businesses.”

Gabriel looked over at Scarla, catching what seemed to be a glimmer of hope in her eyes. “What do you say, fella, how do you feel about that? I’ve got some ready-made ham and turkey sandwiches wrapped and soup hot and ready. This here lady might be right; we need every penny that comes through here. Then there’s also the fact we don’t want to leave this here out-of-towner stranded outdoors; it ain’t hospitable.”

“I’ll do anything for you, Scarla, you know that,” he lied with a straight face, masking disbelief that his evening was shot to shit, thereby fucking up the entire day. *Great*, he thought with disgust.

Scarpa grabbed her coat and shot out the door, yelling, “Be back as soon as I find my baby!”

Gabriel watched her exit the café. He turned to the lady and asked, “What the hell is this?”

The woman looked at him quizzically and asked, “Why, whatever do you mean?”

She twirled her hair around her finger. “What are you complaining about? You are being a good Samaritan.”

Gabriel did not find the humor in the conversation and retorted, almost in a shout, “Yes, begrudgingly.”

The woman walked towards the café’s front door. Once there, she turned the lock and looked over at Gabriel. She headed back towards the counter where he was sitting and said, “Since you’ve been such a good boy, I think it’s only dutiful that I reward you.” She put her hand at her hip momentarily and then began to raise her blouse over her head with it. She tossed the blouse to the floor and then tossed her hair for added tease. Gabriel was used to women and advances, but this was like a scene out of the *Twilight Zone*. He was dumbfounded by how this evening was unfolding. He thought to himself, *this is like the Veruca Salt fiasco*.

The woman moved in and grabbed Gabriel by his belt, pulling him snugly up against her body, then went in for a soft, seductive kiss. Her lips were soft and sweet. He liked the feel and taste of her and reciprocated her advance. She took her hand and ruffled through his hair as she kissed him. She felt him relax and let her tongue explore as far down his throat as it would go, then swirled it around his mouth like a wet tornado. Gabriel didn’t know whether to feel insulted, assaulted or grateful to be her victim in that moment. She looked at him with fiery eyes as she slithered her tongue to the front of his mouth to slowly slide across his teeth, first the top row and then the second, slow and deliberate, as if she was taking count. He sat willfully with his mouth agape, enjoying the odd sexual act with breathtaking anticipation of what was to come next. She removed her tongue and repeated the occurrence across his lips, cheeks, forehead and then his neck. She took a moment from letting her tongue romance his neck to place her both of her

thumbs simultaneously in his mouth, letting them marinate, before doing the same with her two index fingers; he didn't understand it but definitely let it happen.

"Take off your shirt," she whispered. He complied. She resumed lathering and massaging his neck with her tongue. Taking her wet fingertips, she gripped both of his nipples tightly at first to make sure he knew she was still in charge. Then she twirled her fingers around them, gently kneading them.

Gabriel lost his manhood momentarily and let out a whimper. "Uh, don't stop."

She did, but only to engulf his nipple with her mouth, succulently milking away his manhood as he moaned even louder. She slid her hand between his thighs and caressed both sides, as if giving a deep tissue massage, before grasping and massaging his dick. Gabriel couldn't remember a time when he encountered so much satisfaction in being with a woman without being given oral or penetrating her. He let his hands lay grip the stool at his sides, as he looked down at this stranger bringing him unexplainable pleasure. The women worked her hands down his pants and caressed him. The skin-to-skin contact left him pulsating in his fat neurotic cock. He needed more room, needed to feel more.

Gabriel hurriedly unfastened his belt and unbuttoned his pants, giving her more freedom to roam. Realizing his pants were unfastened, she pulled her hand out and pulled Gabriel to his feet directly in front of her so that she could undress him further, removing his jeans and briefs. Gabriel stood bare-ass naked between the bar stool and her.

She looked down at his bone-crushingly erect dick and thumped it with her finger, before saying, "Turn around, big boy." He smiled and turned as she requested. She barked, "Now assume the position."

He looked back confused. "What do you mean, is this a bust or arrest or something?"

She laughingly said, "Don't be silly, just do as you're told." She continued, barking, "Lean over, grab the counter, put your head down and be quiet, sweetie." She took his hand and helped him into the position she wanted. After he was positioned, the woman removed her bra, skirt and panties. She ran her hand up and down his spine and small of his back before replacing them with her titties. He could feel the softness of her breasts and the stiffness of her nipples molesting his flesh. The two textures were like warm milk and honey being poured into his soul. She stopped the body-to-body massage and let her body rest naked on his as she reached around his waist and tickled his navel briefly before caressing his penis and biting into his neck...and his shoulder blades, his biceps, the small of his back, his ass, his thighs, and his calves.

Gabriel felt like a bitch in heat, but the last thing he wanted to do was put his dick in her. He wanted to continue being sexually explored. It was the most intimate encounter of his life. After she had bitten him from head to toe, she made her way back to her feet while letting her hands rove up his body in the process.

Once she was fully standing, she whispered in to his ear, "Turn around and touch me."

He turned and gazed at her in her nakedness and whispered, almost mutely, "Where?"

She replied, "Inside," taking his hand and putting it between her thighs. He let his hand slide further down between them to touch her clitoris, letting his thumb caress her there. She wrapped her arms around his neck and threw her head back, allowing him to lay kisses on each side of her neck. She whined in pleasure as she said, "Fuck me like you should have done before."

Gabriel was briefly taken aback by the comment and paused in his actions. She sensed the pause and initiated by taking his face in both hands and engaging in a kiss that ended with his lips bleeding.

She saw the blood and licked him gently there, saying, "Fuck me now."

Gabriel grabbed her by the waist and slung her around onto the barstool. He parted her legs and perched himself between them. Leaning in towards her, he balanced himself with one hand on the counter and the other around her waist as he let his tongue tease her nipples. He bit them gently before sucking at them like a famished pup. She lay back against the counter, heaving and humping in anticipation of his penetration. Gabriel took his hand and patted her between her legs lightly, and then harder, spanking her pussy.

She yelped before saying, "Is this payback? If so, I'm going to have to be a bit tougher on you because I want you to make it hurt." She yanked his head back by his hair and bit into his chest. He responded by clutching her pussy like a nutcracker. "Ah yes," she moaned harder, "bite my titties."

He obliged; he could tell he had a winning combination between clutching her pussy and biting her breast as she wailed and climaxed twice during the exchange. He pulled her down so that her back lay flat against the stool and in perfect alignment with his crotch. He entered her and felt like he was melting into ecstasy. She went limp, as if his entrance had drained her of every ounce of vitality.

Gabriel began to stroke and she found herself floating in pleasure. She had wanted to feel this man inside of her for years. Now she had, and it was far more than she had ever imagined. She didn't want to let on that he was fucking straight to her heart and, in fact, making love to her. She decided to reciprocate the fucking. She rose up from the stool, pulling her body onto him without allowing his stride to be interrupted.

"Let's take this fuckfest to a table." Gabriel carried her across the room to the nearest table and positioned her with her ass on it. She bit his lip and said, "No, sweetie, you're playing receiver. Lay back on the table." She climbed atop the table and him. She slowly wound her vagina down his dick, like she was smoothly churning milk and creaming against his pelvic. They both felt the hot fluids between them and both knew they wanted the stream to be flowing forever.

"You're so fucking wet," Gabriel whispered.

She smiled and said, "You're so fucking massive I don't think I can take you all in, but I'm always up for a challenge." She took in a deep breath before plunging herself further down onto his cock. "Ah, ah, oh baby, I want to take in all of you, ah, ah, I want to—aaahh—fuck you so good!"

She quickened her stride once she felt she had completely taken him in, or at least to the extent she could tolerate his length and girth. Her rhythm and grip of her vagina was a total contradiction to the act. Had she not been so adapt at pleasing, Gabriel would have surely felt this was her first experience, she was tight virgin pussy tight. Inside her vagina, his dick swelled. She rode his dick with her body in a wild sway, like a mermaid free and spirited adrift in cum. She beat at his chest, as to inflict punishment on him as she moaned in ecstasy and pain with every stroke. After her third orgasm creamed between Gabriel's thighs, he was ready to get into the race with his first nut.

He violently rolled her over, positioning himself on top of her before flipping her over and saying, "Enough of the bad mama jamma routine, it's time to take a back seat and let me run the rig. Turn it over, push it out and take this dick." He stood as she moved to obey.

"You got it, Daddy." Her tight sculpted ass was perched like a shooting target in front of him; he bent and gripped both cheeks before letting his tongue and teeth use them as appetizers to his main course.

She felt his tongue and teeth hot, wet and prickly against her skin, teasing it. She wanted pain; she reached back and smacked her own ass as she said, "I've been sooo bad, Daddy, spank me, bite me, hurt me, Daddy." Gabriel obliged her with every act, smacking and groping one cheek as he suckled, licked and bit the other. The woman moaned and whined throughout.

As Gabriel feasted carnivorously, she screamed, "Ah yes, fuck me, Gabriel Anton, fuck me good hard and long, Daddy."

He thought to himself, "She knows my whole name how?" He stopped, turned her back over to face him and asked her, "How do you know my last name? Who are you?"

"I'm the woman you're fucking the shit out of. Do you really want to ruin the fuck of your life? Keep going, Daddy, we can discuss that over more cum and coffee?"

He didn't want to ruin it; this busted day had turned into what seemed to be the best of his life.

She turned back over, pushing her ass even higher in the air than before. "I've been more of a bad girl than you know, so give it to me hard and strong." He yanked her at her thighs and rammed his dick into her. She yelled out, "Oh, hurt me, hurt me, hurt me!"

She was a pain freak and Gabriel didn't mind. He banged her from behind like a true stallion as she moaned in ecstasy and torment. He grabbed her waist, slowed his pace and moved into a strong rotation, lifting her from the floor with every swoop.

"That feels amazing," she slurred. The sound of her slurred voice made Gabriel's think of slurping. He broke his stride, slung the women onto the table and pointed his dick at her head.

"Taste us," he said as his let his hard, moistened penis whip her lips. She opened her mouth and engulfed him. The warmth and compliance drew him even closer to cumming. She swirled her head around his dick, slow and seductively. *Her face exemplified what a good dick-sucking face should look like*, Gabriel thought and chuckled. Her eyes were fixed on his with a gaze that said, "I live for this shit." He could feel her tongue ally-ooping on his penis one moment and flickering like an untamed flame the next. She slid her head up and his penis with ease and was almost able to take

him in completely beyond her mouth and down her throat. Were it not for the gagging, Gabriel would have deemed her inhuman. He was deep in her throat and reveling in the moment. She put her hand to his chest, signaling him to rise up. The distance between her face and his dick did not allow her to break from the act easily.

He raised himself from her and asked, “Had enough?”

She laughed as she washed the amassed saliva from her mouth and face. “Not even. I’m about to make you cum and I want it to stay in my mouth, so don’t you dare pull out.” With that, she went in on full-on assault mission bust a nut. Gabriel was so turned on that it didn’t take long. She slid her tongue up and down his shaft and licked at his testicles, letting them slide into her mouth one at a time. They were a mouthful; his nut sacks were a treat for her to suck as she watched his chest heave and eyes flutter. She returned him to her mouth with a quickened bob.

Gabriel had reached his limit and grabbed her head, pulling further onto his dick as he bent over her, climaxing into her mouth. She didn’t flinch, but tightened her squeeze as he oozed from her mouth. When his climax declined, he swallowed and withdrew.

He fell back into the booth, catching his breath a moment before saying, “Ok, besides from being an amazing fuck, who in the hell are you?”

The woman got up, picked up her cellphone and made a call. “Driver, bring the car around. I’m ready.” She talked slow and deliberately as she dressed. “You know, it took a lot of work to get to this moment, orchestrating getting you all to myself, getting Scarla’s son to get her out of here for a bit and arranging that event over at the college. But I always get my way; always have and always will. I’m Daddy’s little girl, Chastity Marie Vangard.”

It immediately registered. “The rich kid that ruined my life?”

She opened the door, looked back at Gabriel, said, “I think I just made up for it,” and exited the restaurant.

The Nasty End