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DESIRE OF THE
WANTED

The erotic adventures of
Blake Stone

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Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg, Germany

ISBN Paperback: 978-3-7482-3658-0

ISBN Hardcover: 978-3-7482-3659-7

ISBN eBook: 978-3-7482-3660-3

It was just like any typical club. Neon flashing lights, a small space, lots of sweaty people and of course, an endless supply of alcohol. It wasn't like I really loved going to the club but there, not too many people were trying to kill me. Yeah, you heard that right, I was a wanted man. Not the police or the government this time, I was wanted by the biggest drug lord in Southern America, Nancho Fernandez. The government would have probably been on my pursuit if they knew the business I did. I wouldn't attach myself to any career line in particular, but trust me, I was many things. More like Jack of all trades, master of all.

In truth, I was a criminal, and a big one at that. I was a multipurpose man if I were to go into details. You needed a bodyguard or escort, I was the guy for you. If you needed to call a hit on someone, you could hit me up if you had the money. You wanted to smuggle something, I was an expert at that. I had a high seat in the underground world, I ran many

things. They called me many things, I went by different names. To my clients in Southern America, I was known as El Ninja, in Northern America, they called me Caesar while in Africa, I was known as Zuka, not like I knew the meaning of that anyway. My real name was Blake anyway, Blake Stone.

Now back to Nacho Fernandez. I wasn't still sure if he was Spanish or Mexican but he controlled the biggest drug cartel in Southern America. He had the power, the money, the men and he controlled a lot of people in the government. More like a modern day Pablo Escobar. What did I do to provoke him? I slept with his daughter, Isabella. Yeah, once again you heard that right. Who ordered a hit on a man because of sex anyway? Fernandez sure did. Let me play out the scenario for you. He had hired me to oversee some cocaine shipment for him. He had laid down some rules but I wasn't exactly the type to listen. Everyone knew touching his daughter was the biggest crime but that was what Blake Stone loved the most, breaking the law.

I still remembered how it felt with her, every detail, just like it was yesterday. It happened in one of Fernandez's cars, he had a lot of them. She had sucked my cock first, her tongue twirling all over it as she coated my member with saliva. I had to admit it, she was very good with her mouth. She had straddled me and when I eased into her, she let out a small scream. I was quick to stuff her panties in her mouth but I was too late, one of Fernandez's men had seen us and automatically, Fernandez called for my head.

I didn't even get to cum before I heard the first gun shot. Isabella screamed and got out of the car immediately, she wasn't the one they were after anyway. I pulled up my pants immediately and tried to figure my way out. I had a gun on me, a .45 ACP. I pulled it out and checked, it was fully loaded, I had a chance. I heard gunshots again, the men after me were shouting. I swiftly moved out of the car and into a cover. I could see the men now, about five of them, all holding automatic rifles, fully loaded of

course, ready to pump anything that moved full of bullets.

I scanned my environment, just like I was trained to do. I ran the calculations for all possible escape routes in my head but my best bet was to shoot my way through, hot wire one of Fernandez's cars and then drive through the back gate. I had broken the most important rule alright, but what I was planning to do meant I would be breaking a dozen more rules. They didn't see me yet, that was good, I had the element of surprise to my advantage.

My cover faced them directly, a staircase that led down to an underground storage room. They didn't see it coming, and by the time they opened fire, I had dropped two bodies and changed cover, crouching behind one of the cars in the open space. They kept shooting, literally wrecking the car as I covered my ears, glass and metal pieces falling like rain on me. My eyes darted to and fro, looking for the best vehicle to fit my purpose. I picked his Ford SUV, it was strong and well built. I had to get out of there before

more men came. I had dropped two bodies, I had three men still wanting to kill me.

I went for a textbook method next, distracting the enemy. I pulled my watch and tossed it and as expected, the dummies opened fire, perfect. I stood up and pulled the trigger three times in quick succession, the last body I dropped letting out a loud grunt as his back hit the earth. I tucked my gun behind me and made for the SUV. I hot wired it as fast as I could and broke through the gate. That was six months ago and since then, I had killed approximately forty hitters all connected to Nacho Fernandez.

"Hey handsome", a voice brought me back to the present.

"Hello there", I smiled and nodded. The person that spoke was a woman, a very beautiful one at that.

"Wanna dance", she waved her head towards the dance floor, her blonde hair flipping lightly as she smiled and winked at me. I was cautious and smart

enough to stall a bit. She could have been a hitman or something. I wanted to say no but I kicked out the idea. I would just go with the flow and kill her if it was necessary.

We danced for hours, taking drinking breaks as loud music blasted from the speakers. At about 1am, I decided to go home. She asked me to take her to my place and I agreed. Want to guess what happened next? Sex! Yeah you heard me, we had wild sex. I had barely closed the door to my apartment when she descended on me, her lips clashing with mine as she pinned me to the door. She ran her fingers through my hair, her other hand holding my face as she tugged at my lower lip, seeking entrance. I parted my lips, her tongue diving into my mouth as she kissed me with high ferocity.

Her hands went for my leather jacket, expertly peeling it off as she continued feasting on my lips. I didn't even have to do anything, she was comfortable in the driving seat. She pulled the shirt I had underneath the leather jacket over my head, my ripped

torso pressing to her body as she resumed kissing me. She went for my belt now, her fingers working rapidly to pull my belt away. She unzipped my pants, dropping them to my ankles as she stroked my erect cock through the underwear. She tucked her fingers under the elastic band, her warm hand circling and cupping my cock as I let out a small moan.

She pulled my underwear off, my erect cock springing out as she dropped to her knees. I held my breathe in anticipation of what was about to go down, it was too good to be true. She held my cock and stroked it a bit, her fingers brushing my balls slightly as she brought her face closer to it. I could feel her breathe on my member now, her warm sweet breathe. She swiped her tongue on the tip slowly, my body shuddering gently as she teased me. She went further, diving in and taking the whole shaft in as my tip hit the back of her throat. I was in another dimension, a first class pleasure flight. She was extremely good with her mouth and tongue, I had to give her that. She stroked my cock as her head

bobbed up and down on my cock, slowly at first, building rhythm and progressing blissfully.

She gagged on my cock, choking on it as warm saliva dripped to my balls. She wasn't the type to concentrate solely on the cock, she paid attention to the balls too, stroking and sucking on them as my orgasm built up deep within me. She was sucking me hard and fast now, slurping and stroking as my orgasm started driving me closer and closer to the edge. Mere seconds later and I couldn't take it anymore, my balls tightened as I emptied my load down her throat, my muscles flexing as I grunted and moaned.

"Take me upstairs", she pointed towards my room, the words coming out more like a whisper. And just that way, stark naked, I held her hand and led her up the stairs. The room was my zone, I was in control. I kissed her softly, taking my time to reach every point on her face as I started to strip her clothes away. One by one, fabrics fell off her until she was bare, just like me. I kissed down to her neck,

pulling her closer until her warm body was pressed closely to mine, her dark puffy nipples pressed into me.

My fingers danced all over her body, learning every curve and turn, stroking, feeling and caressing as she succumbed completely to my touch. I moved back slowly with her towards the bed, each step coming with a different moan as the time came for the inevitable. She laid on the bed gently, the sheets rustling under her as I settled in between her legs. She held her breathe as I eased into her, her fingers digging into my shoulders as she pulled me closer to her. Her moans filled my ears, cheering me on as we twined together to become one. I started out slowly, easing in and out of her gently, filling her up each time and stretching her out completely. She rolled her body with mine, moving to match me, thrust for thrust. I gathered momentum gradually, setting an exquisite rhythm as she adjusted to my size. Her moans were getting louder now, our wet bodies slamming together as we fucked, the "Kpack!"

"Kpack!" sound our bodies made resonating around the room. She flipped me over quickly, straddling me and settling down on my cock as we giggled. She threw her head back, her boobs bouncing in front of me as we fucked. She was good on top, grinding and rolling her hips all around as her warm, wet pussy walls made love to my cock. I reached out and grabbed her boobs, fondling and squeezing gently as she bounced on my cock.

We switched things up once more, my hands moving to put her on her knees and palms as I thrust into her again. I was literally pounding her pussy now, slamming harder and deeper, over and over into her engorged pussy as her moans got louder and louder. I was moving faster then ever now, our bodies moving rapidly as her moans slowly graduated into small screams. She came without warning, her climax shaking her all over as she jerked out her fluids. I kept going at her, my second orgasm of the night getting closer and closer. I exploded into her

moments later, my grunts signalling the end of a fantastic session of lovemaking as I spread my warm semen into her. I pulled my limp cock out of her as we crashed our sweaty bodies unto the bed, the thoughts that flashed around in my head been that I forgot to wear a condom as we both drifted off to sleep cuddled up in each other's arms.

It was like a dream, someone kept calling me a name only a few knew about.

"Caesar...Caesar...Caesar", they were like whisperers at first, pulling me out of a dark hole, the words seeping into reality.

"Caesar! Caesar! Caesar!", they got louder now, banging at my ear drums until I realized someone was indeed calling my 'dark' name. Hearing that name, that early could only mean one thing, I was knee deep in shit! In a split second, I had run all the possible calculations in my head but put all that shit aside, the voice sounded like it wanted blood. I still had my eyes closed but I was fully awake, apparently my killer wanted to look me in the eyes before

they killed me. I had a Kahr Arms P380 pinned underneath the drawer by my bed, a .380 ACP caliber weapon that was fully loaded at all times. Seven bullets in total, one in the chamber and the remaining six. In my mind, I was one hell of a sleek hitman and even though all odds were against me, I thought I could still manage to evade my killer, get to the other side of the bed, get my gun and drop a body, all naked. Who was I kidding? Wait a minute? Where was my lover from the previous night anyway? I couldn't think much about her now, I had to get out of this mess.

"Don't even try it", my eyes were barely opened fully when I felt a cold feeling at the base of my skull. I knew that feeling too well, it was the muzzle of a gun and with the way it was shaped to my skin, it could only be one gun, my gun. I tried to move, a very stupid idea anyway and before I could say Jack Robinson, the base of the gun connected sharply with my skull. I was knocked out cold, a sharp pain

taking over my head before I felt air leave my lungs and fell into darkness.

I woke up to a drowning feeling, like I was being plunged into a pool of water over and over again.

"Wake up!", I heard the same voice, the last voice I heard before I blacked out. Water was everywhere around me, I was still naked. I managed to pry my eyes fully open, a sharp, throbbing pain setting into my head as I moved. It was where the base of the gun had connected with my skull. I had to make sense of my surrounding. It was dark with small windows scattered at the top of the walls. I was in a warehouse, an empty one.

"Get him dressed, Tommy is ready to see him now", a thick voice came from behind me. I was taken into a building near the warehouse where I was cleaned up and given fresh clothes. I was then taken to a bigger building in the same compound. I was pushed into what looked like a little library and I heard the lock click behind me. I was busy trying to figure a way out when the door opened behind me.

I turned around and came face to face with a man that would take me on my wildest mission ever.

"Hello, I'm Tommy", he stretched out his hand and smiled, he seemed like a gentleman.

"Hello, I'm Caesar", I took his warm hand and nodded.

"You don't need to do that around me, I know all about you", my heart skipped a bit as the words rolled off his tongue. I didn't flinch though, I just smirked and shrugged my shoulders.

"What do you know about me?", I wanted to know, I was eager to find out how much information he had about me.

"I know your birth name is Blake Stone", he dropped the bombshell, something I had been expecting anyway.

"What do you want?", in the line of my work and with situations like these, asking that question was the next logical thing to do.

"I'm glad you asked that question, that would really save us the stress of playing with words, wouldn't it?", he tapped my shoulder and laughed as he drew a chair beside the table at the center.

"Come on now, have a seat", he drew one chair for me too.

"Now, can I know why you kidnapped me", I was calm and didn't try to disrespect him anyway. I didn't know him despite how vast I was but to me, he was a powerful man. No one got the drop on Blake Stone that easy.

"Let me go straight to the point Blake. We both want the same things", he got serious now.

"I want many things Tommy", I replied.

"I know you want Nacho Fernandez's head for instance", that sure got my attention.

"How did you know about that?", I moved closer to him and asked.

"If you can help me get what I want, I can help you, help me drop Fernandez", he flicked his fingers,

shrugging his shoulders like he had perfected one magical trick.

"What do you mean by that?", I wasn't quite sure the role I was playing yet.

"Okay, let me start from the beginning", he stood up and picked a book from one of the shelves, dropping it back and pacing to and fro. He cleared his throat and started.

"Three weeks ago, my first daughter oversaw a delivery of heroin to Columbia, Nacho's territory. Right from time, we had a truce about business like that but you know Fernandez, he wants everything. He intercepted my shipment at the Northern Columbian border and butchered my men. My daughter is still missing Blake. I want everything Nancho's ever built. His cartel, his empire, his life, I want them all", his voice was low and came with a certain tone I was too accustomed too. It was that of a killer, a man on a mission. I took my time to take and process it all. I knew too well what he wanted me to do. If I were to agree to this, I would be leading the biggest and of