**Green Dress**

by[CanadianTease](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=511037&page=submissions)©

God, what is it with men? I mean, a guy might have everything a reasonable person could ever want in a lover, and still his eye roams, he's never satisfied with what he's got! My boyfriend Gary, for instance. We have a great time together. I bend over backwards (sometimes literally!) to keep him happy – I do nice things for him, remember his birthday with thoughtful presents and surprise parties, keep him company when he's blue, and he gets the kind of sex most men just dream about. I know all his little kinks and fetishes, and I use them to give him pleasure.  
  
For instance, he's a really quite a gentle guy, but he has this secret rape fantasy where he fucks a young girl who's tied up and helpless. Sometimes I indulge him in this by letting him arrange me on the bed as his victim. First, I get dressed up: a short little plaid skirt from my school days (no panties), a white blouse completely unbuttoned in front with nothing underneath, and frilly little ankle socks. (I guess you can see where he's coming from with this kink!   
  
My eyebrows raised a bit when he confessed his little girl fetish to me, but I thought, what the hell, it's only a fantasy – and if it gets his cock nice and hard for me I'm all for it!) I pull the skirt up and lie across the bed with my ass on a pillow, which arches my back and raises my pussy so it's exposed and vulnerable, then I pull my knees up and spread my legs really far apart (sometimes we use straps). Finally, he gags me and I put my hands behind my back and pretend to struggle. He stands over me smiling wickedly and stroking his cock, showing me what he's going to plunge into me when he gets it big and hard. When his erection is stiff and purple, he makes a show of getting it lubed up, so that I (his victim) know that his big cock is going to be able to slide into my virginal cunt with no resistance at all (part of his fantasy is that I'm a virgin with a very tight pussy). I open my eyes wide and whimper in fright, terrified by what is in store for me. I struggle, trying to free my hands from behind my back, making my tits jiggle and bounce, which just excites my "attacker" even more.   
  
Finally, he gets between my open legs and rubs his cock up and down my slit, taunting me and worrying my pussy lips with his swollen knob, then gradually slides it in, slowly impaling me with his glistening shaft. He sinks into me millimeter by millimeter, while I scream and cry through my gag, thrashing my head from side to side. As he proceeds to fuck me I buck and struggle, but my efforts are futile – my legs are held securely apart and I'm totally helpless. The only effect of my frantic movements is to excite the "rapist" and give his cock more pleasure. He's so deep inside me when he cums, I can feel him spurting right against my cervix.  
  
Now, how many liberated women would do that for their men?  
  
Another game he likes is "Greedy Masseuse." He lies on his stomach on a table, and I start to give him a massage. Then I tell him to turn over, and proceed to work on his chest and thighs, gradually getting closer to where he really wants to be touched. As my fingers gently massage the insides of his thighs, getting higher and higher, I inform him that if he wants me to go further he'll have to pay me more. He agrees (of course), and my fingers continue their progress up between his legs. After gently manipulating his balls, my fingertips brush slowly up and down the sides of his straining cock. While I'm doing this I tell him that if he wants me to continue, it'll cost him still more. He groans in frustration, and agrees again. Now my fingertips lightly feather the underside of his shaft, gently tantalizing his most sensitive areas. By now he's moaning and sighing in ecstasy, and I methodically work to increase his pleasure and his need. Finally I bend down and gently kiss his erection, lightly brushing my lips on his sweet pleasure spot just below the head, and give it a little lick.   
  
I smile up at him and whisper, "The price just went up – do you want more?" He's too far gone now to resist, so I proceed to butterfly the underside of his cock, flicking the tip of my wet tongue up and down the ridge, pausing to swirl around the head, then down to his balls and back up, over and over again, driving him mad with exquisite pleasure. When he's right on the edge, ready to spurt his load, in aching need of relief, I tell him if he doesn't pay more I'll have to stop. Then it's back to tantalizing his cock with my tongue, and the torment continues. When he finally cums all over himself and my face, I'm a millionaire.  
  
He gets to fuck me any way he wants. One of his favorites (mine too) is with me on top – I slowly lower myself onto his erection, and smile down at him while I wiggle and twist around on his stiff cock. It really gets him going when I lift and squeeze my big tits while I'm moving on him, licking my lips lasciviously and sucking my nipples, all the while rubbing up and down on his enflamed cock with my slippery hot pussy. When we cum I cling to him, and he holds me by my hips as we cry out and moan in ecstasy, our mouths and tongues entwined together. So sweet, so exciting.  
  
Could any man ask for a better sex life, or a better lover? So what does he do? He blows it, that's what!  
  
OK – so, a couple of weeks ago I was out with Gary on a Saturday night and we decided to go to this club that has a nice blues band. We just figured we'd have a couple of drinks and dance a little, then go back to my place for some real fun. I was feeling really good and looking forward to a great night, until we went in and I saw who was there.  
  
Before Gary and I got together he had been seeing another girl named Anita. The problem is, just about every horny guy in town had been seeing Anita, at some time or other. Anita was a slut – a real, honest-to-goodness, lowdown, boyfriend-stealing fuck-and-suck-every-guy-in-sight skank-bitch slut. When I met him I had no idea he had been wallowing in that bitch, otherwise I wouldn't have had anything to do with him. I only found out about it later, from one of my girlfriends. We had a row about it when I confronted him with it, which ended with him swearing that he never wanted to have anything to do with her again, that she was nothing compared to me, that he loved me, blah, blah, blah. I calmed down after a while, and I figured that it was no big deal if he made mistakes in the past – hell, I was glad he didn't know about some of the things I had done!  
  
So we go into this club, and who should be there but – yeah, Anita. Actually, if you go someplace where Anita is, she's the first thing you see, the center of attention, always surrounded by a crowd of guys with hard-ons. She absolutely drips sex, and does everything she can to make every man in sight want her, want her very badly, so later she can take the lucky one (or two or three) home with her and fuck their brains out.  
  
Tonight was no exception. She was wearing a tight, very short dress of green satin, which clung to her large breasts and revealed her nipples as clearly as if she had been nude. She had an incredible hour-glass shape, with voluptuous hips and ass that had the men drooling as much as her tits did. As she danced, every once in a while she would slide her hands up her hips and lift her dress, giving a brief flash of transparent nylon panties. I had to admit that she was pretty, in a sort of carnivorous, Christina Aguilera way, grinning at the guys she was dancing with, licking her lips seductively, running her hands through her blonde hair.  
  
Gary and I danced a little, then sat down at a table with our beers. He hadn't said much since we'd arrived, but I knew what he was thinking about; and he knew that I knew. It was pretty uncomfortable, since the show Anita was putting on was impossible to avoid. She was dancing non-stop with guy after guy; it was as if they were standing in line for turns. Then I realized that that's what they actually were doing, and I saw why. As each excited guy came forward to dance with her, she would turn and rub her ass against his erect cock through his pants, bouncing up and down and giving him a good hot tease. Then she would turn and move away, and the next horny guy would come forward for his little taste of heaven.  
  
"Holy shit!" I said, "Can you fucking believe that? What a whore!"  
  
He just mumbled something inaudible and looked down, blushing uncomfortably. He looked like he wanted to be anywhere but there – but that didn't stop him from grabbing little peeks at what was happening on the dance floor, probably wishing he could feel that ass rubbing on his cock again.  
  
"So what are you thinking about, Gary? Old times? You gonna tell me that hard-on in your lap is for me?"  
  
He was squirming now. "No! I mean yes – I mean I don't have a – oh shit, come on, please don't be like that! I'm not interested in her anymore, she's just a slut, like you said. I don't know why I ever went with her in the first place!"  
  
I was fuming. "Look, I'm going to the ladies' room. Go get us a couple more beers. I'll be back in a minute."  
  
He jumped up and escaped to the bar. I headed for the ladies' room, not happy about how the night was going.  
  
I stayed for a few minutes, trying to cool down. I looked at myself in the mirror, comparing myself in my baggy sweatshirt and short denim skirt to the green dragon that was busy tormenting cocks out on the dance floor. I knew I would look good in that dress, too, damn good! But I shouldn't have to get dressed up like a whore all the time just to hold a man's interest. I mean, it's fun sometimes, but I can't be like Anita all the time – and I wouldn't want to be.  
  
Looking at myself in the mirror, I told myself that even in the sweatshirt I looked pretty sexy – my tits are as big as Anita's, and even though the sweatshirt is baggy you can see my shape in it; shit, I had seen men checking me out earlier tonight, you don't need a green slut-dress to get guys hard. And my skirt is cute, too, especially when I sit down and cross my legs, "accidentally" giving a little peek up to my panties. And hadn't Gary had his hand up under my shirt on the way here, stroking my naked breast and turning us both on?  
  
I decided that I had been too hard on him; it wasn't his fault that Anita happened to be here the same night we came. And who can blame him for looking at what she was doing – hell, everyone there was watching her; and even if it turned him on a little, well, what man wouldn't be?  
  
I was feeling a lot better when I came back out. I felt like apologizing to Gary for behaving the way I did, but I knew it wouldn't be necessary, he'd understand. And I started going over in my mind all the delicious things I would do to him later that would make him forget all about Anita, oh yes!  
  
When I got back to our table he hadn't returned yet, so I sat down and looked around for him. I glanced toward the bar, and my attention was immediately captured by a flash of color, that voluptuous body in green. She was at the bar, pressed up close to a man who was sitting sideways on a barstool. His legs were parted, and she had positioned herself between them, smiling while she looked into his eyes. One of her hands was resting on his knee, while the other was moving slowly and gently between his legs. The man's eyes were glazed as if hypnotized, and his mouth was half open; he was breathing rapidly. It was a few seconds before I realized it was Gary.  
  
You can never predict how you're going to react at times like that. I could have exploded in anger, burst into tears, run out into the street; or I could have hurled myself at them, ripped the dress off that fucking lizard and scratched her to shreds ... but I didn't do any of those things. My mind became very calm; I'd had enough of emotional outbursts for one night. Instead, I became cool, appraising. I was disappointed, because I had been looking forward to sex tonight, but that wasn't to be, oh no – I would have to be satisfied with my vibrator this time. Fortunately, I thought, I have fresh batteries.  
  
At the bar, Gary had noticed that I had returned, and he suddenly came to himself and pulled away from the verdant seductress, heading back to our table with the two beers in his hands, trying to look innocent. She shrugged, and began to troll for another.  
  
I thought of the pep talk I had given myself in the ladies room, building my confidence, reaffirming my affection for Gary, looking forward to our sex play – and I felt like a fool. And god help the fool who makes a woman feel like a fool.  
  
When he reached the table, I smiled at him. "There you are!" I chirped. "I'd wondered where you went. I really feel badly about how I acted before. I hope you can forgive me."  
  
He sat down, visibly relieved, and we sipped our beers for a while. I slipped off one of my shoes and reached with my foot under the table, gently massaging between his legs with my toes. I smiled sweetly at him, and he gave a little moan of pleasure.  
  
"Gary, let's go now," I said. "I really want to be alone with you."  
  
He didn't need any convincing, so we headed out to his car. On the way, I snuggled up close to him and whispered in his ear that I loved feeling his cock get hard under my foot, that it had gotten me so excited. I reached down and began to stroke him through his pants, making his erection grow again. He put an arm around me and I took his hand and put it up under my shirt, urging him to feel my breasts. He moaned, and drove faster.  
  
When we got to the condo that I rent with two of my friends, he parked in front. He turned to me, with a look of desperate longing, and kissed me long and passionately.  
  
"Please, let's go inside now," he said, "I need you so much!"  
  
"Gary – this has been a long night ... I think I'd really better get some rest. I don't think I'm up for a heavy session tonight. The fact is, I just started my period today – I'm so sorry! I probably should get to bed. You don't mind, do you?"  
  
He was devastated. "But – but I thought – you said – damn! Oh god, I'm so hot for you, ohhhh you don't know how much I need you right now!"  
  
"Awww, I'm sorry Gary," I said, very sympathetically. "I really am tired, but we can sit here for a little while. There's enough time for me to – to play with you a little. Would you like that? I don't want you to have to go home all hot and bothered."  
  
He looked at me pleadingly. "Ohhhh god, you get me so hot, I need it so much..."  
  
"I know you do," I cooed, "I like it when you feel like that, 'cause then I can do things to you that will make you feel really good – would you let me? Please?"  
  
He was beside himself with lust. "Oh god yes, oh please, oh god ... "  
  
"Good! Even though we can't do any fucking tonight, I think you'll really like the things I'm going to do to you. Now, just lie back and relax, while I work on your poor aching cock..."  
  
He was almost drooling with anticipation while I unbuckled his belt and pulled his pants and underwear all the way down to the floor. I gently moved his knees far apart.  
  
"Mmmm, look how hard you are already!" I exclaimed. His erection was stiff and sticking straight up, begging for attention. I reached down and began to gently stroke the inside of his thighs with my fingertips. "Now, don't you touch yourself, or me – I just want you to relax and let me do everything."  
  
I gently brushed my fingers higher along the inside of his thighs, until I reached his balls. Then I reached down and let my fingernails scratch very lightly and gently up from below and along the sides and front of his scrotum. His cock quivered and I felt his balls get tighter under my touch.  
  
I lay my head on his shoulder and whispered in his ear while I stroked his balls. "Oh, look at that poor cock! It needs to be touched, too. Would you like that? Would you like me to touch your poor aching cock?"  
  
As I was saying this, I allowed my forearm to drop just enough to lightly touch the underside of his cock, so that as my fingertips were gently stroking his balls, at the same time my wrist and inner forearm were just barely touching the underside of his cock, just below the head. This, I had learned from experience, was his most sensitive spot, where he experienced the most exquisite erotic pleasure. I had often lavished voluptuous attention there, with my mouth and tongue, but now I was teasing it unmercifully, tantalizing it with maddeningly light touches. He began to moan and plead for more.  
  
"Ohhhhh does that feel good, Gary? Do you like that? I know you need more ... I'm teasing you on purpose, I love to get you worked up and frustrated like this! And you love it too, don't you – love to need it so much you'll go crazy if you don't get more. Ohhh poor baby! You need to cum so badly, don't you?  
  
He was almost weeping at this point. The tantalizing little wisps of pleasure I was allowing him to have were driving him mad with desire and need. I brought my face around to his and looked into his eyes as I delicately stimulated his twitching cock. My face took on an expression of concern and sympathy for his suffering, and I made little sounds of worry and compassion for his plight.  
  
"Oh you poor thing! I'm such a nasty cockteaser, aren't I? You need to cum so badly, and I'm making it so hard for you to get there. It's so mean of me – maybe I should stop. Should I stop, Gary?" As I said this I increased the pressure of my arm on his cock, which suddenly doubled the intensity of his pleasure. After a few seconds I stopped and moved my hand away.  
  
His mouth opened in a helpless "Oh!", and he fell into frantic begging. "No, god, please don't stop, oh god I love it so much, oh please I need it, it feels so good, I need more ...!"  
  
"You want more, Gary? Are you sure? I can stop if you really want me to..."  
  
He started babbling and moaning, begging me to continue.  
  
"Well, if you really want me to do more, I suppose I could do this..." My hand came back and I proceeded to run my fingertips rapidly all over his cock, racing up and down the underside of his shaft, giving it little squeezes, gently pinching the skin of his sweet spot and rolling it between my thumb and forefinger, tickling his balls, twisting my palm on the glistening head, slick with pre-cum.  
  
I kissed him gently and looked into his eyes. Never taking my eyes from his, I coated my hand with spit and gently took his cock fully in my hand and began to stroke it up and down, slowly and firmly.  
  
"I'm going to make you cum, Gary. I'm going to give you what you need so badly – but first I'm going to keep you on the edge for a long, long time, right on the point of cumming - ohhhhh you'll never want it to end! Just close your eyes and concentrate on the pleasure..."  
  
He closed his eyes, and I set to work on his cock, slowly stroking it and giving his most sensitive spots outrageous erotic thrills. I worked gently and delicately, taking care that he didn't cum before I was ready, getting him closer and closer to the point of release – but not enough to set him off.  
  
He was moaning and sighing in absolute ecstasy and anticipation, looking forward to the incredible pleasure of his approaching orgasm. I knew I had him right at the peak, where one swift, firm stroke would push him over the edge.  
  
I paused, my hand hovering over his ravished cock. Then, I began to tap with a single finger directly on his delicate sweet spot, just below the head. I knew the pleasure of that slight pressure would be just enough to hold him captive on the edge.  
  
Tap, tap ...  
  
"Gary, isn't it too bad that Anita's not here in that sexy green dress?"  
  
Tap, tap ...  
  
His eyes shot open. "Wha ...?"  
  
Tap, tap ...  
  
"Don't you wish that she was here, with her big tits and sexy ass, teasing you in her tight green dress?"  
  
Tap, tap ...  
  
"But, but ..."  
  
"And don't you wish that she was here to finish her little handjob on you?"

I looked into his eyes and smiled sweetly. "G'night Gary ..." Then I got out of the car and walked into the house.  
  
Payback's a bitch.