# He Found Me

I sat on the soft leather barstool, waiting.  Sipping my white Russian through a tiny red straw, because I liked the way it felt rolling around on my tongue.  My skirt was loose, short and frilly, the style I knew men liked best.  I have on a tiny thong that is buried between my cunt lips, reminding me of why I am here and keeping my clit at a low throb.  I grind against nothingness once in a while, restless to have something more than satin fabric tugging at my pussy.  My blouse is sheer, a halter style, leaving my back bare, and my bra-less titties are tight and high.  The light fabric barely brushes my girl-like pointy nipples, teasing and tormenting me with each movement.  Once in a while, I run my fingers over a quivering tip, pinching as I go, and my hot little slit gets a trickle of cream in reward.

It’s time to start surveying the crowd.  The dance floor is packed with bodies, rubbing and groping to their hearts delight.  I spot a few nice asses and sets of wide shoulders, wondering who might have the same needs as me.  There are groups of men standing around, some laughing, some looking horny and not-so-subtly elbowing each other over a nice set of tits or a well defined camel toe.  As I scan the crowd, I re-cross my legs, letting my skirt slide further up my thighs and absently run my fingers across my faint valley of cleavage.

As I reach for my drink, I am startled as a dark tan hand from behind my picks up the glass and brings it around to my lips, the strong forearm attached brushing slightly against the side of my very curious tit.

“Drink”.  His voice sounded like someone had dragged it through gravel.  Smokey and hot.  He leaned into my back and I felt the solid wall of his chest radiate heat against my bare back.  As the straw touched my lips, I instinctively sucked, swallowing shakily.  He lowered the drink and turned the barstool toward the dance floor, coming even more snugly behind me and sliding his hands around my waist.  His hands spanned my belly, just under my breasts.  His thumbs began lazily skimming along the bottom curve of each tit.

“These are making me crazy.  I have been watching your hot little nipples pushing against this barely-there top all night.  They look like little berries…hard and round, just right for my mouth, baby.”  He leaned into my neck and nibbled just below my ear, then sucked an earlobe into the heat of his mouth, and I felt it in each nipple.  I gasped and squeezed my thighs together against a rush of cream.

“I can smell your hot little pussy honey, is all that sweetness for me?”   When I didn’t answer, he cupped my left breast and lightly pinched the nipple.  I automatically thrust my tits further into his hands and heard his amused chuckle.  “I think it is.  I think these ripe little berries and this sweet creamy cunt are all mine tonight.”

God, how did he know what I needed?  I felt dizzy as his cock pressed against my ass and he continued to play with my nipples, unnoticed in a crowd.

“Are you mine tonight baby?”  Do I get to play with you however I want?”  I was breathless, frozen in the moment, unable to believe someone had tapped into my desires so perfectly.  “Answer me, sweet girl, or I may have to go away and take my big cock with me.  You don’t want to lose your big cock, do you now honey?”  As he rolled his hips against my ass, I felt his fingers run up my neck to outline my lips.

“Open.”  His command made me gasp again, and as my lips parted, he slipped his index finger onto my tongue.

“Suck.”  I felt my cream running onto the suede barstool, tickling my thighs.  His words were enough.  I would have sucked anything he put into my mouth.  I latched onto his finger and laved the tip with my tongue as I sucked the digit in and out of my hungry mouth.

“That’s my girl.  Look at what a fucking sexy picture you make, baby.  Your hard little tit is in one hand while your hot pink lips are sucking my finger like a warm-up cock.  People are starting to notice you.  They don’t know whether they should be watching you or not.”  He gave my tit one more squeeze before pulling away and straightening.  “I think it’s time we show everyone what you can do, baby girl.  Let’s dance.”  He swiftly turned my stool so that I faced him and he stood at my knees.  His hands were on each side of the stool, locking me in.  I looked up into his face.  Jesus.  Dark eyes surrounded by inky black lashes.  His full lips were kicked up into a sexy half-smile.  The lines at his mouth and eyes were just enough to make my mouth water.

“Uncross your hot little legs honey.”  I felt his hands slide up the sides of my knees and he coaxed my legs apart.  I obeyed without thinking and he stepped into the vee he made, holding my knees snug against his hips.  He leaned forward and ran his tongue against the seam of my lips, a whisper of a lick.  Then he pulled my lower lip between his teeth and sucked.  I whimpered, clinging to his sleeves like a rag doll.  Just as soon as he was there, he retreated.  Offering his hand, he kicked up another smile. “C’mon, sweet baby.  There’s more.”  I followed behind him as he weaved through the thickening crowd, holding my hand behind his back.

He guided us to the center of the dance floor, and pulled me close.  Draping my arms over his shoulders, he locked my fingers around his neck and whispered close to my ear, “Keep them there baby, I want to play.”  I took a shaky breath, excited beyond my wildest imagination.  His hands started a slow slide down the underside of my arms and came to rest at each side of my breasts, spanning my bare back, thumbs resting back under the curve of each little mound.  With my arms raised, my nipples were stretched tight and high against his hard chest.  As he began to move us slowly around the floor, his thumbs journeyed between us and circled the hard little nubs with devastating precision.  My knees threatened to buckle.

“Hold steady sweet girl.”  He gave each nipple a light pinch.  “Lean into me.  I won’t let you fall.”  The thumbs went back to work on my hard little nips.  He dropped one hand down to my lower back and nudged my pubic bone against his cock.  Holding me there, his hand slid to my ass and started caressing the crease at the top of my leg in perfect rhythm with the slow torture he was inflicting on my nipple.  I heard myself moan.

“Mmmm.  Moan for me baby girl.”  Hi increased the circles on my ass cheek and gave a light pinch.  “God you have a hot little ass.”  Let me feel you move it for me, angel.  Grind your tight little butt for everyone to see.  Just like a hot fuck with you on top baby.”  I felt my panties wedge even further into my cunt lips and I began to do what he asked.  Each time I thrust forward, his hard dick nudged my clit.  Each time I thrust back, his fingers pushed closer to my aching pussy.  His other hand dropped to my ass to join the first, and his thigh moved between my legs.  Soon I was simply humping his leg on the dance floor, barely aware that he had slid his hands under my skirt and was running his cunt-wet fingers over my tight little asshole.  I had lost all sense of surroundings, hearing only the throb of the dance beat and his hypnotizing words in my ear as he coaxed my closer and closer to the edge.

“Is my sweet little creamy cunt ready to come?  Everyone is ready to watch you come all over me, baby.  You’re such a hot little fuck doll, baby.  Show them how you look when you come apart for me.”  Turning my sideways in his arms, he slid a hand around my back and under my arm, supporting my weight.  His fingers reached over my breast and pulled my blouse to the side, releasing my aching tit.  His other hand snaked down between my legs and into my panties, finding my soaked slit and starting a slow massage that made my head roll back onto his arm.  “Give me your mouth baby.”  I jerked up at his abrupt tone, catching a glint of power in his eyes, and melting into a puddle of need.  He toyed with my lips like a cat with it’s prey, not quite engaging, but teasing and biting just enough to make me squirm in his arms.  Out of the corner of my eyes, I could see others watching us with steamy eyes, some fondling each other in turn.  I was beyond caring.  I was completely dependent upon the fingers playing my cunt and the brush of his palm against my exposed tit.

As my breathing became more ragged, me pulled back slightly, his mouth hovering inches above mine.  “Look at your sweet little tittie, honey, just waiting to be sucked.   And this pussy is dripping down my wrist with enough cream for this whole bar.  I could slide my cock into your hot little hole and fuck you standing, couldn’t I, baby?  So fucking hot and sweet.  After you come all over me I am gonna give my pussy some hard dick to cream on.  You like dick, don’t you baby girl? I watched you at the bar, looking for some cock for this hot little hole of yours.”  His fingers rolled my bursting nipple, tugging and squeezing, while his fingers hit the perfect rhythm that had me moaning into his neck.

“Give me my cream, sweet girl.  Jesus.  Come.  Now.”  I bit his neck as my cunt thrust against his hand in an orgasm that had my knees buckling.  He continued to rub and pet my weeping pussy as the contractions subsided, alternately pinching my puffy cunt-lips and slapping against my clit with his fingers.  Every time he did more juice ran from my throbbing slit.

“C’mere, little one.”  He faced me and lifted my legs around his waist, slipping his hands under my skirt, one finger sliding home into my drenched pussy.  I wrapped my arms around his neck and let him carry me from the bar, no longer concerned about anyone seeing my shiny wet cunt lips peeking out from between my ass cheeks.  He kissed me deep with his clever tongue all the way to his car, unlocked the door and placed me in the low seat with one more thrust of his finger in my dripping hole.  Reclining the seat, he buckled me in, licked his fingers, and stepped back to shut the door.  I heard him come around the car and let himself in.  After starting the engine, his finger returned to my slit, running up and down between my still hard clit to my come-slick asshole.

“We are going to my house for the rest of the weekend.  I am going to fuck you, baby, until you scream my name.  Your hot little cunt is mine.  Your chewable little titties are mine.  Your sweet little tight ass is mine.  And your sinful, hot mouth is definitely mine.  In fact, let’s start getting that tempting little mouth warmed up on the way, shall we?

(to be continued)

# He Found Me - Part 2

He had carried me from the bar, my pussy throbbing and achy from the mind-blowing orgasm.  God!  I had actually come all over his fingers in the middle of a crowded dance floor!  Now he was placing me in the car, still finger-fucking my slick cunt.  In the glow of the street light I saw that his eyes were a piercing green.  His skin was tanned to perfection, weathered in all the right places, not too pretty-boy.  He licked his fingers after pulling them from my pussy and his eyes held a gleam that took my breath away.  I was ready for more.  I wanted to know what he felt like.  Did he have hair on his chest?  I knew he was all muscle, but not to bulky.  His chest had been hard as a rock when he held me, and his thigh was the perfect firmness between my thighs on the dance floor.  At the memory of straddling his thigh while he played with my exposed tit and pinched my ass I felt a rush of fresh cream between my thighs.  As he joined me in the car, his hand returned to my hungry pussy to find me gushing again.

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His fingers twisted in my panties and tugged, the drenched fabric giving away.  I felt him pull the torn material from my cunt lips and immediately missed the sensation of the thong between my cheeks.

“No more panties this weekend, baby girl.  I want access to my pretty little pussy at all times.”  He gave my clit a light pinch and tugged it gently, drawing a moan from my throat.  I closed my eyes as his fingers continued to explore the folds of my bare pussy.  Then the hand was gone, and as I turned my gaze toward him he brought his juice-slick fingers to my lips.  Painting my lips with cream, he leaned in and flicked my nipple with his tongue through the sheer fabric of my blouse.  I was breathless, squirming in his plush bucket seat, unable to keep my thighs from rubbing together in an attempt to relieve the pressure.  He sat back and watched me as I licked and nipped at his fingers, his heated gaze traveling over me.

“So fucking hot, baby.  Your pussy is perfectly pink and swollen, and Jesus, so wet.  Open your thighs wider honey, so I can see my sweet little cunt.”  I raised a knee higher and let it drop to the side, thrusting my pelvis toward his gaze.  “What do you want, sweet girl?  Are you ready for some hard cock?”  I licked my lips, tasting my cream, watching his eyes heat up at the sight.  “You sucked my finger like a hungry little thing… maybe you are ready to suck something bigger.  What do you think, baby?  Ready to suck some hard cock?”  My gaze dropped to his lap, where his fingers trailed over the line of a very impressive length inside his jeans.  My mouth watered at the idea of making him squirm the way he had done to me.  Would he lose control enough to come?  I was ready to find out.

My eyes returned to his and I saw pure lust there.  He had been watching me stare at his cock, biting and licking my lips in anticipation.  He began unbuttoning his jeans, revealing that he wore no underwear.  My pussy was throbbing again, and a new ache began as his cock appeared.  Long, impossibly thick, and with a perfect plum-shaped head, it stood high against his stomach, jutting out from a trimmed thatch of dark hair.  He lifted his heavy balls out of their confinement and I rubbed my thighs together again, just thinking about that big sack slapping my ass as he pounded into my dripping pussy.  “Up on your knees, honey.  I want your hot little mouth.”

I raised up to my knees sideways in the car, leaning on the center console for support.  Wrapping my hand around his rock-hard dick, I began kissing and licking the plump head, laving the underside with relish.  “Yeah baby, that’s my girl.”  He slid his fingers through my hair and guided my mouth gently, grinding his hips in a motion that had my cunt twitching.  I took his hint and closed my mouth over his rod, taking as much as I could down my throat.  I moaned as his fist tightened in my hair, just enough to make me needy, not afraid.  “Good girl… suck me, baby.  Such a hot little fuckable mouth.”  He kept up the sexy words of encouragement as I glided my lips over his massive cock, sucking for all I was worth.  I was possessed, wanting to swallow him whole.  His dick seemed to be made for my mouth.  Where other blow jobs made my jaws hurt, sucking him made me want to open wider and suck deeper than ever before.  I became completely absorbed in sucking and licking, kissing and stroking this incredible cock.

“Jesus. Fuck.  Baby doll, lift your ass up, I need to play with that sweet little pussy of yours.”  I spread my knees as much as I could on the seat and arched my back, pushing my ass in the air.  I felt his hand run over my ass cheeks, stroking and pinching lightly, running his fingers up and down my crack as I rotated my hips in time with my sucking.  He began fucking my mouth in earnest, tugging on my pussy lips and fingering my clit in a rhythm that had me moaning around his throbbing dick.  Then slid two fingers into my soaked slit, began a slow circular motion over my asshole with his thumb and fluttered his pinkie across my clittie and I went wild.  I pulled on his dick in a fuck-rhythm that had him moaning, and sucked him deep while massaging the underside of his thick cock-head with the flat of my tongue.  “God. Damn.  Baby girl, take my cum.  Drink it all down honey, like a good girl.  Fuck!”  He held my head over his rocketing dick as his hot sperm filled my mouth.  I swallowed as fast as I could, but the force of his orgasm sent some trickling back down his shaft.  After the final thrust, I began licking up the remainder of cum from his still swollen cock, massaging his balls and thighs.  He stroked my head and whispered sexy words.  “Hot little mouth fuck, aren’t you baby?  So pretty with your swollen pink lips kissing my cock like that.  Suck the head honey, get every last drop of your cum.”  His fingers slid out of my cunt, and he gave one more quick rub to my aching pussy lips.  When I gasped and thrust toward his hand, he spanked my ass with a quick slap.

“No more for you right now, little honey-cunt.  I want to keep you wet and ready for a while.”  He tucked his still-hard cock into his jeans and half-buttoned them, leaving a sexy view of his cock-head peeking out of the fly.  As he started the engine, I settled into my seat, and started to cross my legs against the unbearable pressure building between them.  “Remember what I said Sweet Girl?  Legs open.  Pussy bare.  Lips wet.  My cunt.”  A moan escaped my throat at his firm words, and I lifted my knee and let my leg drop against the door.  “Good girl.  Now play with your sweet little bare pussy for me.  No cuming.  Just keep your hot little honey-pot ready for me.”

He backed the car out, and it was then that I noticed a group of men standing nearby.  I looked out the window and a few of them waved, smiling as we pulled away.  My God!  Had they been outside when I had been sucking his cock?  My bare pussy had practically been shoved against the window!  I had been so engrossed in that incredible dick that I hadn’t remembered that we were in public… again!  While it was a bit of a fantasy of mine, I never thought I would actually be able to have sex in front of strangers.  But as my fingers played over my clit, I thought about those men watching my weeping pussy hump the air while I sucked a huge cock down my throat.  I moaned as I started to feel myself ready to come.  “Back to earth, sweet girl.”  He wrapped his fingers around my wrist and lifted my busy hand away from my grinding pussy.  “No orgasm until I say so.  Fuck, you’re wet.”  He ran a finger lightly down my still twitching slit, back up again.  Lifting his hand away, he brought it back down with a stinging slap to my engorged cunt lips.  “No touching this for now.  You can’t be trusted, I think.”  He grinned and winked, then sucked his pussy-wet fingers.  His eyes grew hot.

“I will let you come, though.  When we get to my place, you will start coming and you will keep coming until you can’t move.  I am going to slide my cock home into that hot little pink cunnie, sweet baby.  You are gonna fuck every last inch, aren’t you?”  I nodded, mesmerized by his smoldering green eyes, dark and filled with straight lust.  “Yeah.  You are my sweet little angel, just ready to fuck.  Keep moving those hips, honey, show me how you like to fuck big dicks.”  I was dripping cream at his hot words again, arms raised above my head, lip between my teeth, and my hips were indeed grinding against air, trying to fuck an imaginary cock.  “Almost there, sweet pussy.  Then You’ll get what you need.”

(to be continued)