**I Just Felt So Naughty...!**

**by [justwhatyouwant](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1054195&page=submissions)**

I don't know what it is about the thought of any man staring at me lustfully, or letting anyone touch me that gets me so turned on. I am a 20 year old Indian girl. I look truly gorgeous, with long dark hair and beautiful, radiant skin. I am 5'5" tall, also lucky to have a gorgeous body, with beautiful breasts and a cute ass.

Me, with my stunningly good looks, and perfect body, was always the object of attention for men, no matter where I went. I had learned to ignore this, but used to love the attention I received. Seeing the lust in the eyes of men for me, used to really turn me on. Even while traveling in buses or trains, which often used to be quite crowded, I was used to men feeling me up. But instead of getting angry, I used to really be completely aroused on by this, and being in public, no one used to try anything more that just a quick rub of my ass, or brushing against my body. I have also always loved to tease men who are watching me, by ' accidentally ' exposing my breasts while bending, or letting my skirt ride up my legs, while sitting. The thought of giving them a hard on, was so arousing. However, I always took care to make these incidents look unintentional.I used to love the thought that that guy would later be masturbating thinking about me, and the power to be so seductive was a immense turn on.But nothing used to turn me on more than the feel of a strangers hand on my body, feeling me up. Looking at me in public, you can never make out that a girl as perfect as me, in every sense, can ever actually have such thoughts or be so horny, and I used to often go home a finger myself to an orgasm whenever such things happened.

All this changed when I was 18, and allowed a stranger to completely feel me up, in a bus while traveling (for a detailed narrative, please read my previous story). It felt so unbelievably good, and the orgasm I had after that incident was the most intense and pleasurable one I have ever felt, and have fingered myself quite often remembering that incident. But I really always craved for the real thing, the feel of someones hands on my sensuous body, the thought of someone watching me naked, the thought of being able to make a man cum... all these thoughts constantly used to run through my head. I had then realized that I was really addicted to lust, and needed a release. But at the same time, I had to control myself. So I really used to be horny a lot, but could not display it. The only release I got was occasionally watching porn and fingering myself. Yes porn... Indian girls do watch it, if you thought we were too conservative to do so!

This incident took place when I was 19, in the second year of my graduate studies. One day, my mom was went out of town to visiting her parents for a few days, and I used to be left alone at home as my college used closed owing to my exams coming up. This was the time I used to watch a lot of porn which i got from a friend of mine. One morning, my dad told me that he was getting a new computer for me, as the old one was a bit outdated. He said he would be shifting the one I had to his office, only the CPU. I asked him when he would be doing it, and he said that a person from his office would come by and collect it in the afternoon. He then disconnected it from my room and kept it in the living room. He then left for his office, and I was left alone at home. I then studied for a bit, and then had lunch watching the TV.

After lunch i went to have a bath as I usually didn't have a bath in the morning during my holidays. I got into the shower and put on the water. I loved the feeling of cool water running down my body, and gently touching my body imagining a strangers hands to be doing so. I immediately felt aroused and rubbed my nipples which had hardened as a result of my caressing. I felt my body getting aroused and my hear beat increased. I was really aroused and slowly reached down between my legs to my shaved pubic area,and began to slowly rub my pussy. I let out an involuntary moan imagined myself completely naked in a room filled with rowdy men leering at me, wanting to molest me, and do other nasty things... This turned me on so quickly, as I felt myself getting wetter by the minute. I knew I was going to have an orgasm soon if I continued that, but stopped myself thinking that I wanted to prolong the pleasure, and touch myself watching some porn, lying on my bed in my room.

I dried myself and stepped out of the bathroom naked. I had done so many times earlier, as there was no one at home and I always ensured that all the curtains were always drawn. I loved walking around my house completely nude, imagining what it would be like if someone was to see me like that, and the effect my gorgeous body would have on him. I walked into my room drying my hair, and then remembered my PC had been disconnected and was lying in the living room, waiting to be taken away. I cursed myself for not remembering this, as I walked into my room and stared at myself in my mirror as I often did, admiring the beautiful, curved features of my gorgeous body. I then laid on my bed, slowly running my hand over my smooth skin, all the way from my soft breast, to my thighs. I was just lying on my bed, stroking my inner thighs, teasing myself when I heard the doorbell ring.I tiptoed to the door, wearing nothing, and looking through the key hole saw a man I remembered to be in my dads office. I realized he had come to collect the PC.

Here I was, standing naked with a stranger on the other side of the door, just inches away from me. I could not but help feel a tingle of excitement pass through my body, ending between my legs. I felt a surge of arousal just considering how it would feel if I opened the door to him right there completely nude. I then quickly went back to my room and opened my cupboard, contemplating what to wear.

I first looked at my lingerie,then my gaze shifted to a old, thin dress which was now a bit short for me, and then looked at t-shirt which was a bit too tight for me, feeling so naughty considering the effect it would have on the man if he saw me dressed in either of those. All these thoughts passed through my head in a jiffy, yet were enough to keep me aroused. I then picked out an old sleeveless top, whose neck had lost its shape, and would just fall open if I bent forward, giving anyone in front of me a clear view of my cleavage. I also picked out a loose skirt, which ended about 3 inches above my knees. I was put on my top, without a bra, as the material wasn't thin. I looking in the mirror at the faint outline of my firm breasts, when he pressed the door bell again, apparently getting impatient.

I yelled out "Just a minute," and I quickly slipped on my skirt. I considered wearing panties, but thought what was the use, as he was just going to collect the PC and leave. Also, the very thought of being in front of that man, without any underwear under my skirt was such a turn on, that I just turned and walked to the door and opened it.

He was standing there, wiping this forehead with handkerchief, when he looked at me. I guessed he was about 35 years old, with a dark complexion, with average looks. He actually halted wiping for a second when he looked at me, and then quickly stuffed his handkerchief into his pants. He then told me he was from my dads office, here to collect the computer.

"Sorry for making you wait, I was in the bathroom," I said, smiling at him.

"Its OK, no problem," he managed to stammer back, as his gaze shifted to my breasts and back to my eyes. I loved this feeling of being able to make any man uncomfortable due to his infatuation on seeing me.

"Come in, here is the PC, would you like some water?" I cooed.

"Ya, thanks" he said as he walked in still staring at me. He stood at the doorstep, as I walked in to the kitchen, adding a bit of swing to my hips as I walked, as I could almost feel his gaze on my ass. I knew he was already fantasizing about being able to touch my body . God! I felt so horny!!! I returned with a glass of water, to find him looking at the the PC and then me.

"Hope you don't have any important files on your computer, as I will format it, and all the data will be lost," he said, accepting the glass of water.

What important data would I have, I thought as I remembered copying my songs, and photos from the PC to my pen drive. "No, nothing," I replied as he began to fold remove the wires and fold them.

Then suddenly, I remembered all the porn I had, which I had forgotten to delete. There was a possibility that he may check my PC before formatting it.

"Wait!" I exclaimed, "There is something I have to remove," I blurted out without thinking. He stopped and looked at me.

"OK, I'll put it on," he said as he rewired the PC and put it on. He stood beside me, also looking at the screen as the PC booted, occasionally staring glances at me, my breasts, my legs, when he thought I wasn't looking. The PC booted completely, and he was still staring at the screen nonchalantly. I then turned to him.

"Do you mind, its a bit personal," I said softly, with a hint of a naughty smile.

"No problem," he replied with a slight smile, and moved behind the PC, from where he could still look at me. I then bent forward and held the mouse, as I opened the folders and sub folders went to the folder where I had hidden the porn, and pressed the delete button for the entire folder.At that time, I had bent forward, and he had a clear view of my breasts, which he was continuously staring at. I felt a bit tingling sensation between my legs when I saw this, and continued to remain in that position.

"Boyfriend stuff?" he suddenly asked me, as I shifted my gaze from the screen to him, without moving, and saw he was still staring at my breasts. He then saw me looking at him, and quickly looked away, apparently embarrassed I had caught him.

"No," was my only reply as I looked at him and smiled.

He looked back and was surprised to see me smiling, and smiled himself, realizing I had no problem with him staring at my breasts, and he actually shifted his gaze back to my breasts, when I was still looking at him. I smiled and looked back to the screen, feeling so turned on, on allowing him to so openly stare at my bosom. I began to feel a bit moist between my legs, realizing he was still staring. I knew I was horny, and decided to flirt with him.

I finished deleting the porn, turned off the PC and stood up, walked up to him and looked at him, looked him in the eyes.

"All yours," I said softly .

He stared blankly at me not knowing what to say.

"The PC, I mean," I said with a slight smile, still staring at him.

"Oh, ya" he said after a moments break and began to remove the PC connections.

I stood behind him as he sat down, removing the connections, and said "What did you think I meant?"

He looked at me innocently, "Nothing," he replied quickly, turning around.

What was I doing? Flirting with a man from my dad's office, I thought to myself. What if my dad found out? But it was just too much fun to stop. His face was at my waist level, and my skirt was only a foot away form it. I smiled at him, and he smiled back, and slowly brought his eyes down, to my breasts, than lower as he openly stared at my legs for a moment, before he turning back to the PC. The cat was out of the bag. There was no hesitancy in his look, as he lusciously stared at my body. The sight of him in such a state of arousal just looking at my perfect body was the ultimate turn on for me. I was so horny then, as he was staring at my body, I felt like moving closer to him, and lifting up my skirt to give him a clear view of my pussy. These thoughts got me so turned on, I actually moved a step towards him, before I somehow restrained myself.This was the reason I never used to be alone with any guy, because I somehow always knew I would not be able to control myself!

I then went and sat on the sofa, lazily stretching my legs, and also stretched my hands upwards, arching my body, so that my breasts were clearly visible pressing against the top. I closed my eyes, bringing my head to rest on the sofa. I was so aroused, I let the skirt ride up my legs quite high as I stretched my legs, and I could feel the cool air on the upper part of my thighs. Still I didn't bother to even look down to see its position. I guess almost the whole of my slim, fair legs were on display."Tell me when you are done," I said and slowly looked down. He turned around and looked at me, and froze. I cant blame him, any guy in his place would have the same reaction, looking at such a hot girl, with her entire legs exposed, and breasts jutting out, and knowing that she is doing this for you. I half expected to feel his hand sliding up my legs, or on my breasts, but he did not. I raised my head and looked at him, and looked at my skirt, which was inches below my waist, just covering my pussy. I should have adjusted it, pulled it down a bit. But all my thoughts were focused on how turned on he was, which just made me feel so naughty, I let my let my skirt stay in the same position. I could see in his eyes that he ' wanted ' me and though I could not see it, I am was sure he would be having an erection. I loved the feeling of being so seductive. I gazed at him, and he turned back and resumed his work, though I knew in his mind he was fighting the urge to just get up and run his hands all over my hot inviting body. I was just not thinking rationally, but didn't seem to care as I was too turned on to notice.

He finished removing all the connections, and bundled up all the wires in a box. He then looked at me, paused for a moment.

"Would you mind helping me take some of this stuff downstairs, as I cannot carry it all myself," he said.

I realized he could have called the watchman to help him, but the lure of the possibility of teasing him further was insatiable.

I immediately said "Sure" with a smile, and as I was getting up, I leaned forward, pushing myself up from the sofa with my hands. As I did this I gave him another glimpse of my beautiful breasts. He stood there just staring at them even as I was standing up straight, and I felt my nipples harden. Looking down I saw that they were visible even through the material of my top. He could clearly see I wasn't wearing a bra. I then realized if I had to go downstairs, I had to wear a bra as I could not allow someone in my building to see in such an attire.

I considered saying it for a moment, realizing it would sound obscene, but realizing how much it would turn him on, I couldn't control myself.

"Just a minute, I need to wear my bra," I said to him, with a seductive smile, and turned and headed towards my door, through the passageway.

I couldn't believe I just said that!!! He just stood there and shrugged, trying to act casual, but his eyes betrayed the immense turn on he felt as I uttered that line. As I was entered my bedroom door, I looked at him and gave him a fleeting glance, hoping he would take the cue and come near my bedroom. I knew he would come. How could he resist such an invite, from such a hot girl. As I entered, I left the door ajar, not completely closing it. I opened my cupboard and chose a semi-transparent white half cup bra. I could have stood behind the door, but was so immensely turned at the thought of exposing myself, I stood ahead, where anyone standing in the passageway to the inner bedrooms could easily see me. I didn't look out, and stood with my back towards the open door and took off my top. I wasn't sure if he was watching, but yet I felt so horny right there, with my bare back exposed.

I then began to put on my bra, still not knowing if he was watching. I was just about to hook on the back strap, when I could no longer stand the suspense and I turned around, only to see him standing in the passage, motionless, like a statue. I could feel my hardened nipples pressing against my bra, and a familiar tingling sensation between my legs, as I was standing there with my hands still bent backwards, on my back strap, which made it look like I was offering my perfectly rounded breasts to him.

He then suddenly said "Sorry, I wanted some water," still staring at my breasts. I then realized that that was enough, and closed the door. My breasts were heaving as I stood there with an accelerated heart beat, with breathing heavier. I was just imagining what an orgasm I would later have just remembering this incident. I considered wearing panties, but thought that as I would just have to go downstairs and then come up quickly, there was no need for it. The fact that I was feeling so horny was the reason I even convinced myself to go out without wearing any panties. I then quickly hooked on my bra, slipped on my top and got out of my room.

He then handed me the box of wires, as I approached him, like nothing had happened, and I held it. He didn't let go, and touching my hands, asked me if I had got hold of it properly. His hands were now completely over mine and was lightly caressing them as I held the box and replied that I had got a proper hold on it. This movement of his hands made my heartbeat faster, and kept up my state of arousal. He then slowly withdrew his hands still looking at me. I looked at him like I had not realized anything.

He then picked up the CPU, and I took the house keys, and he closed the door. I got into the elevator, and he followed me in, brushing past my bare hands as he stood behind me. I was now standing in the elevator alone with this man, wearing a short skirt with nothing underneath. I was actually hoping he would 'accidentally' rub against my ass, or lift up my skirt. But I was disappointed once again.The lift ride took some time as I live on the 12th floor, and as the lift doors opened, I walked out, hoping for a gust of wind, that would lift my skirt up, and display my bare ass to him, and due to the box I wouldn't even be able to pull my skirt down. Gosh... I was so horny, I wasn't even thinking straight!

I followed him to his car in the parking lot. It was a big jeep parked in a corner at the far end of the parking lot. He opened the rear door with one hand and put the CPU inside away from the door. He then held the door open and asked me to place the box on the seat. As I was placing it on the seat, and he asked me to place it further ahead next to the CPU. I smiled knowing for this I would have to bend ahead, as the seats were quite high, and it would make my skirt ride up my legs. I did so, and as I placed it on the seat, I felt his body pressing on my ass, as he stood behind me. He then asked me to move the CPU a bit and keep the box there, all the while keeping his body pressed against mine. To reach it, I would have to bend further ahead to reach it, which would make my ass press more into him. This is exactly what the pervert wanted! But I was so turned on, I wasn't going to back down. I pretended I could not move it, while gyrating my ass into his groin. I could definitely feel his member becoming erect against the movement of my ass, and I felt weak in my knees.

He was now grinding his erect penis into my ass, between my legs continually dry humping me. I was pressing back into him, wanting to feel the outline of his hard member on my ass. It felt so good, I just lay there slumped onto the seat. He then lifted up my skirt,and I felt my bare ass exposed. He ran his hands over my ass, his fingers ever so slowly grazing over my ass. I involuntarily clenched my ass at its touch. He continued to grind his groin into it.

"No panties!" he commented. I didn't reply and lay there. I felt my mind tell me this was so wrong, so wrong. I felt so vulnerable, in my own building parking lot, with my ass exposed, in such a position. I was at a loss of control over my body because it felt so good, allowing him to do whatever he pleased, not wanting to stop feeling the pleasure.

At that moment I heard someone walk up to the car, and he immediately stopped and backed away, and I also got up. I saw the watchman staring at us.

"Is everything okay?" he asked.

"Yes" I answered, not looking at him.

He was standing so close that I am sure he must have seen what he was doing to me, and also my bare ass, as I had covered it only at the last moment. He stared at us for a few moments, then gazed at me, with a look as if to say he knew what had just happened. He then turned around and walked off. We stood looking at each other for a moment. I regained my composure, realizing what had just happened and felt angry on having allowed the watchman to see me in such a compromising position.

"I better go home" I said quietly, and turned to leave.

He just stood there, and then said " I have to get the rest of the stuff." I said nothing as he followed me into the lobby and we waited for the lift.

I thought I should not have allowed him to do what he did. As I looked at him, he stared at me, and I stared back remembering what had just happened, and I began to feel a bit aroused again, my body lusting for him. I cant explain it, I guess girls minds are just a bit strange. When the lift came, he got in first, and I followed him. As soon as the elevator doors closed, I felt his hand on my ass, slowly rubbing it. He then came closer and stood behind me, and pressed the STOP button The lift stopped between the 8th and 9th floor. I knew what was going to happen next, and I stood still as he brought his hands around me and began to slowly squeeze my breasts. My nipples immediately hardened against my bra and I let him continue mauling my breasts, and brushing my hair aside, he started slowly kissing my neck .My nipples were stiff and erect and I felt electricity pass through me wherever his hands brushed past them. I wanted him to pinch them, squeeze them, to intensify my pleasure. He then slowly slipped his hands under the waistband of my skirt, n slowly moved both his hands towards my now wet pussy, rubbed it from above, just checking to see if i was wet, and then withdrew his hands.

He then turned me around and he then reached under my top and brought his hands upwards, along my flat stomach, sending shivers of pleasure through my body. He cupped my breasts though my bra from below, and tried to bring his hands higher to completely hold my breasts. But the top was too tight, and he found it difficult to do so. The very touch of his hands on my breasts was the last straw. I was so consumed by lust, that I was completely in his control. He retracted his hands and pulled my top up, I lifted my hands, as to allow his to completely take it off. He did so, and my breasts enclosed in my bra came into view. I guess I was so horny I wanted him to take off my bra, more than he wanted to. I felt him unhooking my bra strap and I brought my hands forward, allowing the bra to fall off, revealing my gorgeous set of breasts. I felt the cool air on my already hardened nipples. I was naked from the top up, and this was the first time anyone had actually seen my entire breasts, fully exposed.

He then continued to kiss my neck, with his hands rubbing my ass. Moving his hands to my breasts, he began to massage them. He then moved his head towards my nipples and began to softly bite my nipples. This made me feel like bolts of pleasure passing through my breasts every time he did this. I pulled him closer to my breasts, not wanting him to stop. He then brought his right hand down, sliding two fingers behind the waistline of my skirt, slowly pulled my waistband down to the level of my pussy, as he stared at my beautiful shaved pubic area. I felt so humiliated, yet I was so wet. I never had imagined I would let anyone do that to me, not especially in my own elevator! He then pulled my skirt up back to my waist, and slowly brought his other hand up between my legs, so softly sliding across my inner thigh. my pussy was dripping wet now and I moaned involuntarily as he continued to rub his hand up and down my smooth thighs.He then finally brought his hand up and rubbed my pussy with his left hand fingers, teasing me. The mean bastard! He then brought both his hands to the waistband of my skirt and pulled it down to my knees. My pussy was completely exposed. He then reached down and pulled my skirt to my ankles, which I promptly stepped out of, along with my slippers. I was now standing completely naked in my elevator, with a man I had met less than an hour ago. He couldn't but gasp looking at my perfect body. Even he must have never imagined he would get to be in such a position with such a gorgeous girl. I was in such a state of mind, I was ready to allow him to do anything to me.

All my life I had always been in control when it came to men, but here the tables were turned, in such a way I would have never imagined possible, that he would be the first man to see me completely naked, and I was loving every moment of it! This is what I craved for! He pulled me towards him by my waist. His hands reached down, cupped my bare ass, and leaned forward and kissed me. I had kissed guys before, but nothing beyond that. I was standing here completely naked, with my breasts pressing into his shirt, his hands squeezing my ass. That is why even this kiss felt so erotic, I kissed him back. My mind was subconsciously screaming at me to stop, not do this, to cover myself up. But I just could not stop. I kissed him back. He then reached down from the front and looked at my wet pussy once, before quickly inserting a finger into it. Gosh...! The feeling was incredible! I had seen this happening in videos but never knew it could feel so good. He continued to finger me, and I felt waves of pleasure emanating between my legs and passing through my body. He then removed his finger, and I looked at him, not wanting him to stop. He then kissed me again, and I wrapped my arms around him and kissed him back. He then slowly moved to my stomach, kissing it, as he again inserted his fingers in my pussy. I was so overcome with pleasure, as he fingered me, I began to unconsciously hump his finger.

He began to kiss me again, while fingering me. He slowly moved his finger in and out of my pussy, then inserted another one and continued his motion. He then reached with both his hands under my ass, cupped it and lifted me, placing me against the wall of the elevator. I was sandwiched between his body and the cold surface of the elevator, as he began to grind his hips into my naked pussy, kissing me at the same time. I then heard the lift bell, indicating someone was trying to access the lift. I asked him to stop and pressed the button for my floor, as I got a bit scared. He stopped and looked at me as the lift started moving up, as I stood there before him completely naked, and wet. I felt like such a slut!

I tried to pick up my clothes, but he got to them first.

"What are you doing?" I asked, a bit scared.

"Come on, don't put them on" he pleaded. The elevator had reached the 12 floor, and I weighed the options. There was only one other flat on the 12th floor besides mine, and my neighbors are an old couple, who would definitely be sleeping at this hour in the afternoon. There was very little possibility of anyone else being there as the door to the stairs opens only from the inside. The very thought of walking into my house naked, combined with my present state of arousal, I decided to do it.

As a precaution, he stepped out before me, and confirming there was no one, I stepped out of the elevator naked. We walked to my house and I opened the door. My hands were trembling with the keys, but I somehow managed to open it. He continually kept on moving his hand all the way from the small of my back to my ass, occasionally squeezing it.Right there a voice in my head told me I should just ask him to leave, fearing where this might lead. But I was too aroused to think straight.

No sooner had we walked in that he closed the door, walked up to me from behind, kissed my neck and started squeezed both my breasts.A moan escaped my lips, and this really turned him on too, as he began to massage both my breasts with his hands. He then turned me around and hugged me, he then lowered his mouth to mine and kissed me again, this time softly. He then slowly moved his hand across the inner part of my thigh, moving upwards. Waves of pleasure and anticipation washed over me as he neared my pussy. I felt his finger rub across the slit of my pussy, and it felt electric. I so badly wanted him to insert his fingers in my pussy again, as he continued rubbing my pussy from the outside, which was quite wet by now.

He then withdrew his hand, as I almost winced in disappointment. He then quickly unbuttoned his shirt to a hairy chest, I would have normally been turned off by. But I was beyond rational thought or reasoning, as I helped him take off his belt and pants. He stood there with an enormous bulge in his underwear, and my hands were drawn to it as soon as I saw it. I held it between my hand and it felt like it was actually throbbing. I could not control myself, and reached inside his underwear and pulled his member out. It looked big. It had a big mushroom shaped head, and was about 7 inches long and quite wide too. I began to slowly pump it up and down, and felt it actually throb in my hand, and felt quite warm.I saw his face contort with pleasure as I was pumping it. I was mesmerized actually seeing and feeling a cock in my hands for the first time, I continued to pump it almost involuntarily.

All I could think of was that I wanted him to feel as good, I would do anything to do that. I actually wanted to suck his cock as I had seen in the porn movies, but something stopped me. Somehow, I overcame that feeling, reached forward and kissed the head of his cock, and licked it a bit. It tasted salty. I then began to slowly suck on the head of his cock, and began to take more and more of it inside my mouth. I just could not stop myself. He then stopped me, and bent forward and began to suck on my nipples. It felt really good, and I began to moan in pleasure, as I pulled his head towards my breasts.

My body was completely on fire, and he lifted me up and carried me to my bedroom. While doing so, I felt his large cock between my legs, rubbing across the slit of my pussy. He then placed me on my bed and continued to suck and occasionally bite my nipples. It felt so immensely good, as he also kept massaging my breasts with his hands. He then moved up and began to kiss me again and I responded by feverishly kissing him back. Our tongues darted back and forth in each others mouths, and as he licked my ear, I suddenly felt a shock wave pass though my body, and I involuntarily started kissing him back even harder. He knew how to turn a girl on, as he continued to lick my ear, and squeeze my nipples. My pussy was aching for his cock, even though a part of my brain kept telling me that I could enjoy myself this way, but must NOT have sex with him.

We were completely naked, with me under him. He then looked at me and asked "Do you really want to fell good?" All I could do was nod as I wondered how much better could he make me feel. I couldn't have been any more wrong.

He then started rubbing the slit of my pussy, teasing me, not inserting his fingers inside. He kept on repeating this motion for a while. He then softly inserted a finger inside my pussy, and reached deep inside, like he hadn't before, retracted it, and continued this motion, also rubbing my clitoris. The pleasure I felt cannot be described as I lay there being ravished by this man whom I had met only an hour back. He then inserted two fingers and continued his motion. I just lay there and felt like the pleasure had transported me to another plane of being. I then felt him remove his fingers from my pussy, and was going to ask him not to stop, when I felt the tip of his cock at the slit of my pussy. My brain told me that I should not do this, but I felt like my body was acting on its own accord, and offered no resistance, as I felt his cock slowly slide into my body. I felt a bit of pain, but it felt so good I knew I could not stop him even if I wanted to, as the same shooting pleasure passed though my body, as my felt my body shiver with anticipation.

He began to slowly move in and out of me, and the size of his member felt enormous, moving in and out. I wrapped my legs around his hips as me moved in and out of me, wanting to feel more of him inside me. I wanted his cock buried deep inside me, as I pulled his hips towards me in a frenzy. I felt like I was possessed, and someone else was in control, as my mind was still asking me to stop. In my mind I was thinking this was it, I was having sex.... I was no longer a virgin! I finally felt myself nearing an orgasm, and his pace increased, and I could feel myself tense up, as my felt my heart pound against my chest, as he pounded into me. He continually kept increasing his pace, and pounded me with his large cock, and I finally screamed "Oh fuck!" as I felt the immense pleasure of a huge orgasm wash over me. I never knew I could feel such pleasure, or such an incredible orgasm. He continued to pound me with the same for for a few moments and finally removed his cock, and spurt streams of semen on my stomach.

We lay there for a couple of minutes not saying anything. He then got up, walked to the bathroom to clean himself up. He returned in a couple of minutes, and I then entered the bathroom. I stood before the mirror, not believing what had just happened. I then took a few deep breaths, washed myself up. I had now completely regained my composure, and I did not want to face him, and decided what to do. I stepped out naked and saw him sitting on the bed fully dressed. I saw him staring at me as I wore my clothes.

He then said, "So?" waiting for my response.

"We should have done it," I replied, acting like I was almost in tears, as if I was regretting it.

"This was a one time thing, it just happened," he tried to explain.

I could see he was scared.

"Just leave" I almost shouted at him. He understood that I was serious, and was almost expecting to hear this.

"Alright, and trust me I wont tell anyone," and got up, went to the living room, picked up the rest of the things and left without another word. I knew he would not open his mouth, fearing for his job.

I sat pondering over what had just happened, and realized that this was really a one time thing not to be dwelt upon for long. I also realized I had again lost control of myself, and this time it had gone even further. Walking out of my elevator naked... what was I thinking?! I realized that I had to really keep my feelings in check, lest something of this sort happen in an environment beyond my control. But as firmly as I had decided upon this, somewhere in the back of my mind I knew that I would never be in control of my body once aroused, and that this nagging fear was actually true!!!