**Almost Public Sex**

by[SecretHowl](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3023064&page=submissions)©

As I noted in the story about my spring break trio, my name is Kirsten. Twenty-five years old, not long out of a long term relationship, I have begun exploring my sexuality. I 'm 5'2" about 135 lbs with reddish hair. I'm not real big up top, 32C, but I've had no complaints, and I am still firm, and my build is more athletic than super curvy.

I had come back from my vacation where I experienced my first trio, and I dove right into work. The travel kept me busy, providing me with different places outside of my home stomping ground to have some new adventures without the fear of being recognized.

The company always put me up in nice hotels, and many of the trips were fairly brief. Mainly a couple days during the middle of the week. Unfortunately that meant that the week-end play crowd was not out, leaving options for anything too wild somewhat limited at times.

Recently, I was in a nice city on a Monday night on one of these short trips. Before this trip, work had left me exhausted, and I had not had any time to really play. I had a flight out early the next day with no trips scheduled for a couple weeks, so tonight was the last chance to make something happen. I had a late dinner following a couple afternoon meetings, and I went back to the room to clean up. I showered, and slipped into a slinky black dress with spaghetti straps, no bra, and a black thong. The neck was cut low, showing off some nice cleavage, and the heels I put on help to accentuate my calfs.

The hotel was not in a major downtown area, and without any real night spots close by, I settled for the hotel bar. It was a typical hotel spot, not real hip, and, on a Monday night, not very crowded at all. One guy at the bar, a married couple (I assumed) in the corner at a table, and a couple older gentlemen at another table. A typical place trying to pretend to be something cool. I glanced at my iPhone: 9:00. At this point, this was probably as good as it was going to get.

I took a seat at the bar. The bartender was pouring the guy at the end of the bar another beer as I looked around the room again trying to determine if ANYTHING looked possible.

"Can I help you?"

I turned around to face the bartender who I had not really checked out when I first walked in. He was handsome. Dark hair, blue eyes, a nice smile, about my age.

I smiled what I thought to be my sexy, shy smile, and I looked around the room again, "What time does this place get going?"

He just laughed, "It's going now!"

"Well, then, how about something with vodka? Gotta catch up with the others!", I laughed and brushed back a stray lock of hair behind my ear. Another one of my "shy sexy" moves! He brought me my drink, and we engaged in the usual small talk. Although he tried to be discrete, I could see him checking out my breasts when he thought I was not paying attention.

I flirted shamelessly with Jason as moved between me and serving the few other people in the bar. He teased me about fixing me up with the older guy at the bar, or, if I was into it, with the two older drunk guys at the corner table.

"A trio?" I smiled and offered that that might be an interesting experience.

I was getting very turned on after a couple more drinks, and I was feeling pretty good when I finally blurted out, "What time do you get off work?"

He grinned, "1:00"

My face fell showing my disappointment as I mentioned my early flight.

"But I have a break coming up in a few minutes." He laughed.

I sighed, "My room is more than 15 minutes away I bet..."

I saw a mischievous glint in his eye, "Not a problem."

I looked at him confused as I got up off the barstool, "Hold that thought, I need to use the little girls room!"

I looked back over my shoulder at Jason as he stood there watching me walk out the door, and turn right toward the restrooms the bar shared with the hotel lobby. I was so horny I could hardly stand it, and after using the bathroom, I touched rubbed my clit briefly as I closed my eyes, and thought about fucking Jason. I was eager to see what he meant about my far away room not being a problem, so I cleaned up, checked my look in the mirror, and walked out of the restroom, bumping right into Jason who had been standing directly across from the women's room in front of the men's room door.

Placing a finger to his lips, he pulled me through the door into the men's room. My heart was thumping loudly in my chest as he kissed me hard, letting his fingers work their way under my dress and trail up my inner thigh. I moaned as his fingers brushed against the fabric of my panties.

My head dropped back, and he spun me around. I leaned back into him, and his hand slipped up under my dress and caressed me through my panties. I moaned and pressed my crotch into his hand as he took charge. Jason nibbled at my neck, his fingering working their way around the thin triangle of fabric covering my pussy. I was dripping wet, and his finger slid easily into me.

"...Wait.." I gasped, "...if someone walks in..."

I was turned facing the door fully exposed if anyone happened upon us. Jason laughed, and pulled me into one of the stalls, shutting and locking the door. Smiling, he unzipped his jeans, "Stroke it."

I reached into his pants, and wrapped my hand around his cock. It was not huge. No real long, but nice, and it was pretty thick. I grinned as I thought about his dick buried between my legs, and I started to stroke him slowly up and down. His hands were at my shoulders, slipping the straps of my dress down. My dress fell away, and my breasts were exposed, my nipples, as usual, rock hard, yearning for some attention. Jason didn't keep me waiting for long as he cupped one tit in his hand and lowered his mouth to suck on the other. I closed my eyes and moaned as he teased my stiff nipples.

His other hand again found its way to my pussy, and he was lightly stroking my clit. I gasped as Jason adjusted the pressure of his strokes, and a familiar feeling started to wash over me.

Just then, the door to the restroom started to open, and I bit my lip to hold back a loud moan. Jason and I stared at each other, and without hesitation, he spun us around, and he sat on the toilet, pulling me onto his lap.

"Put up your feet!" He hissed under his breath.

I managed to sit on his lap, feet up on the sides of the toilet as he held me close to him. It dawned on me that anyone looking would only see one pair of feet and think that it was just an occupied stall. I smiled a devious smile, and raised my hips just enough to fit the tip of Jason's cock at the entrance to my pussy. He grinned, and he pushed back as I lowered myself onto his dick.

The sounds of water splashing in the sink covered up any noise that we were making as we slowly fucked. The bottom of my dress up was pushed up around my hips, and the top fell down below my tits. For all practical purposes I was naked in a public place, fucking the bartender. We kept up a slow rhythm as we heard the other guy use the urinal just down from the stall we were in. Jason worked a hand between our bodies, and he expertly massaged my clit, bringing me back to the verge of orgasm. I tried to control a gasp, but a small sound noise escaped as Jason hit a particularly sensitive area. I buried my face into his neck to muffle the sounds I seemed incapable of containing.

We heard the flush of the toilet, and running water again in the sink. The door to the restroom opened and was closing as an intense orgasm built up, making me groan loudly as I shuddered in anticipation. Jason started to buck up, pounding my pussy. I could tell he was close, so I tried my best to grind into him, fucking him back as hard as he was fucking me. I was gasping and panting, not caring if anyone walked in and heard. I needed to cum and cum. My body stiffened and arched as I slammed onto Jason's cock and my orgasm finally hit.

I was still cumming when Jason moaned and thrust harder into my pussy, "God...!!"

I clung to him as he shot his cum deep into my spasming pussy. My head buried into his neck, my body shaking as orgasm aftershock ran its course, and quickly subsided. Jason lifted me off his still stiff cock, and I tried to stand on weak legs. Jason held me up as I caught my breath, and he brushed back the hair that had fallen across my face.

He stroked my cheek as our breathing grew less ragged. Looking into my eyes, a wicked grin spread across his face. Jason whispered, "Clean me up."

I was a little confused, but he pressed on my shoulders indicating where I should be. He repeated, "Clean me up. Now."

A flash of anger shot through my mind as I thought "How dare you...", and I hesitated. Gripping my hair in a fist, Jason said, "Show me how big of a slut you are; clean off my dick."

A feeling of shame washed over me as I realized that my initial flash of anger had been replaced by feelings of arousal. I looked him dead in the eye as I dropped to my knees there in the stall. I kept looking at him as I slowly licked his cock, tasting his cum mixed with my own juices. I sucked him deep into my mouth as he moaned, arching his back and thrusting his cock between my lips.

I was a slut. But I was also in control. To my surprise I was also getting incredibly turned on again at the whole thought of being pushed to do nasty things. I licked his cock, and sucked him until he was clean His dick was once again painfully erect, and I was sure that he needed relief, but I quietly got to my feet, kissed him full on the lips, adjusted my dress, and walked out of the restroom leaving him in the stall. His cum was dripping down the inside of my thighs, our mingled taste on my lips, and my mind was spinning thinking about all the new adventures waiting for me ahead.