**Little Teases Need to be Fucked**

by[3\_little\_holes](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5550971&page=submissions)©

I was talking with Lynn when I saw my phone on the table begin to buzz. I had thought I turned on Do Not Disturb, but I was so excited to see everyone when we got to the booth that I just threw my purse and phone down and started hugging everyone. It had been about a week since we all hung out and I had missed the gang.

I leaned over to see who it was that was texting, and when I read the name, Oscar, I was confused. Oscar was my new boyfriend, and he was sitting right next to me in the booth, chatting it up with Jose about some fight they watched the weekend before. When my phone read my Face ID and showed what the message entailed, I snatched up my phone as fast as I could before I thought anyone else would see what was on the screen.

I'm going to destroy that little pussy of mine after this...

I felt shivers run up my spine as I turned towards him, shoving his shoulder while he was explaining the details of a rear-naked choke he witnessed, and he feigned ignorance.

"What was that for babe?" he said.

"You know what it is for," I said.

He didn't acknowledge it out loud. He looked at me in this way that made my knees get weak and my chest begin to flutter and then he went back to his conversation.

"So you really like this one, huh?" Lynn asked me a little bit after that. She was leaning in and whispering and I leaned into her so that we could both kind of talk in private.

"Oh my God, he is amazing," I said.

"I can tell Jo, you are really into him. There is this glow that you have. He must be taking care of all of those needs."

I blushed at first from the comment she had made, because yeah, she was right, Oscar was amazing. Especially... in bed. But the real reason I blushed so deep that night was because at that moment, under my dress and without anyone else seeing, Oscar had snaked his hand under my ass and was now feeling me up while the whole table was talking.

I gasped and bit my bottom lip and almost confessed what was happening with me, but I didn't. It was fun. Oscar knew exactly what to do to my body. I simply leaned back into his touch and turned my head and placed a soft peck on his chin. He took a hold of my face and kissed me back, deeply, with our tongues playing outside our mouths. I never would have done that in front of my friends before Oscar, but when he kissed me like that, I couldn't help it.

The table began to whistle and hoot so we stopped, but his hand stayed where it was. When he finally took his hand away, I felt an emptiness fill the space where he was previously, a void left in my heart and mind. I wanted him back immediately. I wanted to grab him and mount him right there, in front of everyone while they watched, but I didn't. I let out a staggered breath and then took a long pull of my drink, doing my best to cool myself down.

But he wouldn't let me. Oscar kept texting the dirtiest, nastiest things. That he was going to fuck me and then stick his cock in my mouth. That he would make me scream out his name. That he was seeing how I was putting my lips around my glass and all he could think of was my lips around his dick like that.

I tried to excite him too. But it wasn't the same. I snuck my hand under the table and began to rub his bulge as he was telling a funny work story and he just kept on talking like nobody was the wiser. As if nothing was going on. I grabbed him, hard, squeezing his shaft and moving all the pressure up towards his head, and he didn't flinch at all.

I tried to rush our goodbyes when it came time. I was happy that we didn't have to go far too. I just lived a couple of streets down from the bar. We had walked there and we would be walking home. The summer night had a soft breeze and I could feel it against the small hairs on the back of my head. It sent a shudder through me and then he was on me. We had walked about a half-block before he grabbed me. He pulled my body into a doorway and his hands were up my skirt and down my bra at the same time. I went limp into his grasp, letting him bite my neck and lift me into his arms. Before I knew what was happening, my back felt the cold marble of the building and then the heat from Oscar's lips.

"You make me so fucking hot," he whispered into my mouth. "Such a little slut. No wonder my dick gets so hard. Get on your knees, slut,"

He let my body drop and I barely landed on my feet before I was down at his crotch like he had ordered. His cock was hard the moment I touched it. I took it out and placed it in my mouth and no sooner than I had I felt him begin to force himself down deeper.

"That's it, all of it. All of it down your throat, Jo. Just like the little slut you are."

I nodded and let him slide down farther and faster. I looked up at him and I let the drool hang from my chin as he pulled two handfuls into his fist and began to hold me down his length. Then, he was out again. His cock slapped against my cheek four times before he put it back in and began to move my head for me.

There wasn't anybody else on the street, and the only sound I could hear was the traffic a couple of streets down and his moans as he slid in and out of my mouth. I then felt my head being placed against the stone behind me and then he was pumping his hips by himself, letting me stay frozen there for him to enjoy.

I began to rub myself, and that is when I noticed how wet I was. It was sliding between my fingers and when I pulled away I could feel my grool was so thick that it left a trail to my skin that broke once my hand slipped far enough away. I swear, I could have come right then if I touched myself but the next thing that happened was him grabbing my hands and pulling me up before slipping himself back into his jeans.

"Get up and move. I want you. I need to fuck you now. Hurry."

He pulled me up by the back of my scalp and then his hands were between my legs as we walked. We walked the rest of the way with our hands all over each other. At one point we stopped at a lamp post and sank into one another, his arms wrapped around me while he stood at my back. He lifted up my skirt, and I let him, leaning into his arms as he began to rub me. I grabbed a hold of his head and began to lightly stroke it through the fabric. He began to pant in my ear and then he said, that's it, come for me. His fingers focused on my clit, and it was like was an expert down there. He only took maybe a half a minute to get me there. I don't know if it was his skilled hands, the anticipation, or a combination of both, but I let out a yelp before clasping both hands over my mouth. I leaned forward and rested my head against the pole while I came. I did my best to keep quiet, but I could hear my voice echoing against the empty street.

When we got to our destination, he began barking orders at me before we even closed the door.

"Get naked. Now. All of your clothes except your heels. Then get on the bed, on all fours. I'm going to come inside you."

His voice was steady and filled with confidence and I could barely make it to the bedroom, my knees were so weak. He stood, frozen, watching me while I walked away, shedding first my dress, and then my bra and undergarments. When I got to the bed, I got into position and looked at him from over my shoulder. He was stroking himself then, walking towards me with measured steps.

"Look what we have here. A little tease. Are you a little tease, Jo?"

"Yes, I am your little tease. I'm such a dirty little tease too."

"Oh, is that so?"

I felt his fingers in my hear, pulling my head back while his free hand began to spread my folds. His cock head was right against my opening, frozen, waiting. I tried to lean back into it, but his grip on my scalp tightened and he held me where I was.

"What should we do with little teases like you?"

I knew he would ask this. It was something he always asked. When he first did it, I didn't know how to answer, but now, after enough time and enough conditioning, I knew the next part of the script like the back of my hand.

"Little teases need to be fucked."

"Is that what you really want? To be fucked, like a dirty little tease?"

"Yes... So badly... I want that. I want to be fucked by you."

"Good girl. Let's do that then."

He shoved himself all the way and in and began, fast. I could hear him slapping against me. My nipples became rock hard and my heart began to race. I came again. I was about to reach under me to rub myself out, but it just came in one huge wave and my eyes rolled back and I finally let out a scream worthy of how I was being mauled by Oscar and then, not very long after, I felt a rush of warmth and then his teeth on my shoulder blade. He let out a few sharp grunts as he bit down harder, and I sank into the mattress, letting him fill me with his amazing seed.

When he finished up he pulled out of me and held me close, kissing the bite mark and rubbing it before turning me around and taking me into his arms, kissing me sweetly and holding me against his chest until I felt his breathing slow and then his familiar snore. After that, I let my body drift off into slumber myself, feeling the soft ache of the bite mark he left and reliving those thirty seconds again over and over until I fell asleep.