Meeting Kinky Annie

by macbuzz ©

When I met Annie I had no idea what it would do to the rest of my life.

Today, there is little left of the wide-eyed optimistic youth I was, who

thought he could find a girl, fall in love, settle down and live happily

ever after. Instead I am a disgusting, pliable piece of flesh who seeks

his next sexual adventure and is ready to be remade by any dominant

female. This is the story of Annie, my sweet, cruel girl who reduced me to

my current state. My name is Jack and I lived with Annie for three years

following the day I met her. On the other hand it was not like I ran away

from this situation because as you'll see, as hard as I tried, I couldn't.

My Story Begins:

I met Anne in a college bookstore. She was a lovely black hair, blue eyes

girl who was tall at about 5' 10" with long thin arms and legs and a

splendidly, slim athletic body. Her hands were the feature, which

initially held my interest because her fingers were long and well

manicured. Anne didn't resort to fake nails; hers were real and made her

hands appear all the more delicate. It was the appeal of her long thing

fingers, they appeared so...feminine. She was dressed in low riding, tight

jeans providing ample evidence of a taut abdomen, pink flip-flops and a

white cotton, spaghetti strap, top that accentuated her full, perky breast

and enticing cleavage. I couldn't help notice that her belly button made a

lovely soft inward curve unadorned with jewelry like most girls. It was

nude, soft and inviting. She was braless so her boobs seductively swayed

when she walked up and down the bookstore aisles which was utter catnip to

me.

It was the end of August and Anne was purchasing books for upcoming fall

classes and as it so happens we had one in common giving me the

opportunity to strike up a conversation. We continued talking even after

paying for the books so I invited her to the local coffee house and she

accepted. I had nothing planned for the rest of the day so we just drifted

into a second cup and two hours later I had a date with Anne. The

following month was a real blur as we saw each other every available

opportunity. After the second month, I had fallen hard for Anne and told

her I loved her. Everything about her appealed to me, her appearance, her

voice, her penetrating eyes and especially her fragrance, she smelled like

a girl, clean and fresh with that "just after the rain" aura. Eventually,

we talked about getting an apartment and living together but these

discussions went on for another two months before anything really

happened. A whole semester sped by and I was madly in love with Annie and

desperately needed to fuck her.

Anne was a girl who seemed to have almost no inhibitions. I say almost

because the clothes she wore were not outrageous it was what she did with

the clothes; short, wispy skirts and little clingy tops that showed off

her body or sometimes it would be tight jeans and tops that showed off

every curve. If the light caught her just right you might be able to

imagine she was totally naked. Even though her boobs wouldn't be called

large they were big enough to hang with a seductive upturn and they had a

unique sway with a little bounce on her left side when she walked. On

Annie's thin figure it gave the appearance of being very large indeed.

Anne enjoyed showing lots of leg and on several occasions when we were

eating out, I could swear Anne wasn't wearing underwear. Maybe she just

wore a dark thong and I couldn't see it I assumed. Lots of girls wore

thongs. These situations left me feeling pretty horny and I pressed Anne

for sex but she would put me off in her sweet, innocent way. I was left

with no alternative but to pound my beef in desperation. There was

something degrading about grunting into a tissue when a beautiful woman

like Annie was seemingly at my fingertips. I did love her and she was so

sweet and attractive I figured the wait had to be worth it but my dick was

constantly sore and I was getting pretty irritable. One evening we were at

a restaurant bar having a drink while waiting for a table, Anne leaned

over and kissed me. It was a sweet, warm full kiss that finished with her

licking all around my lips and made me get hard fast.

"What was that for," I asked?

"It was because I wanted to taste you," and then she added in a matter of

fact way, I'm going to seduce you tonight," while leaned back on her

stool. It had been seven months and we still hadn't done it. Living on

campus meant too many distractions and Anne insisted that the first time

she wanted to devote an entire evening to lovemaking. Also Anne was

adamant about getting to know me better before our lust overtook us. On

more than one occasion, while we were kissing, she short-circuited our

necking before it got too hot insisting that we needed to know each other

as people before having sex. Annie was a sexy, erotic and extremely

enticing girl who had strong exhibitionist tendencies but was also a very

truthful and moral person. I reluctantly agreed because this was a good

relationship worth building and sustaining. On more than one occasion,

Annie said I would be more than rewarding for my patience, leaving me

intrigued.

So when Anne told me she was going to seduce me I immediately flushed red.

Facing me atop bar stools, Annie wore a short cotton skirt that rested

lightly atop her perfectly tanned legs. Anne's eyes darted downward and I

followed as she slowly uncrossed her legs and slowly opened them to show

me her naked pussy. Her pussy looked soft and moist and her inner lips

extended out beyond her outer. I could have jumped her right there in the

bar. Each time I masturbated I imagined her pussy and now it was right in

front of me. I suppose one doesn't get a more direct invitation for sex

than how Annie offered it.

A little taken back by her directness all I could mumble was "well, your

making a good start of it." Revering to her statement about seducing me.

"Really, she said coyly, do you like my pussy," Anne asked?

This girl was a real surprise package. Having kept me at bay for seven

months she spoke so easily about her pussy. So, even if a guy finds a

girl's pussy a little on the skanky side, the last thing a guy should ever

say is that he doesn't like the look of a girl's pussy. If fact, I will

venture to bet that ANY guy will like the look of ANY girl's pussy if she

is considerate enough to show it to him. Anne's pussy was extremely pretty

as pussies go. There are some girls whose pussy just cries out to be

displayed and Anne was in possession of one of those pussies. Her pussy

was larger than most I had seen, with inner lips that pushed outside the

protection of her outer lips with a visibly swollen clit. I could see that

Anne trimmed her pubic hair since her pussy was bare while sporting a

small triangle of jet black, very neat hair above her lips.

"Oh my God, your pussy is beautiful," I stammered with a touch of glee in

my voice.

"You're not just saying that because you're horny," Anne said?

"Well, I am horny but no really, I can't say I have seen a lot in my day

but I would be willing to bet if you line up twenty naked woman, and you

were one of them, you would be the number one pick just based on your

pussy alone."

"Well I'm glad you like it, because your going to get real familiar with

it tonight," Anne replied.

"So is the lack of knickers on my account," I asked?

"No, I never wear them except when I have my period, she replied. I like

the thrill of not wearing underwear and if my skirt rides up I figure, so

what? Give a guy a cheap thrill."

"I knew it," I said quietly.

"What," Anne questioned? "Oh, I was just thinking to myself that thought I

saw you without knickers on a couple of occasion but I figured I was nuts."

"Why didn't you just ask me, I would have told you," Anne answered?

"Kind of personal don't you think," I responded?

"Not really, she said. I think you'll discover I can be pretty daring and

direct and I love talking about sex and anything to do with sex."

We finished our drinks and sat down for dinner. We were celebrating

because we had finally got one of the few apartments the college had for

upper classmen. Anne was a sophomore but I was a junior and that made us

eligible.

While Anne hadn't move in yet, I did move enough so that tonight was worth

the celebration and apparently, Anne felt comfortable enough, to make

tonight the night.

Sometime during the meal, Anne slipped off her shoes and began rubbing my

leg. This was just the simulation I needed to get rock hard in

anticipation of what was to come. Given the atmosphere Annie had set we

had a very intimate conversation throughout our dinner. Anne really looked

pretty in the light of the restaurant and I discovered that her company,

our conversation, enjoying a meal and a little wine would provide the

needed ingredients to an intensely erotic experience to come.