**Nightclub Stranger**

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You're having a great night out with your good friends - one of the best you can remember for a while. You've been to a few bars and had a cocktail and a few glasses of good wine - enough to be happily relaxed from the effect of alcohol but still well in control.   
  
You all feel like a dance and decide to go to a new club that you've heard good things about. Inside, the club is huge and labyrinthine - extending over several levels. There are various bars, dance floors and seating areas dotted around the place, each with a different vibe and music.   
  
You have great fun exploring and all throughout the place, through dark corridors, set back in alcoves and nooks there are large lounges and comfy chairs for those wanting a break from dancing.  
  
You and your friends settle on a spot you like, get a drink and then head for the dance floor. The music is funky and rhythmic, not too frenetic, and you soon start to lose yourself a little in the groove.   
  
A couple of times since you arrived a cute guy has caught your eye and again you see him across a sea of heads, but this time he is also looking at you. You feel a connection of some kind, a small thrill of excitement and a shiver go through your body. You hold his gaze for a second or two, enough for the feeling to build a little and then break off as it becomes too intense to maintain.   
  
He disappears into the crowd but you feel buoyed by the feelings your brief moment of contact has produced in you - you feel confident, sexy and desirable. Your focus has been on other things over the last few months and it's been a while since you had sex but suddenly you realise how much you have missed it. The effects of the booze, the music and dancing, the happy vibes from your friends and the intense moment you shared with the mysterious guy have combined to make you incredibly horny.  
  
You carry on dancing while thoughts of sex drift in and out of your head. You find yourself almost craving the feel of a thick, hard cock and start to lose yourself in delicious thoughts of taking it in your hands and guiding it inside your wet pussy, to feel it filling you.   
  
Suddenly your daydream is broken and you let out small gasp as you feel a strong pair of hands on your hips and the masculine frame of a tall man's body against your back. The hands pull you close to his body and he quickly gains the same rhythm as you in his dancing. You look up, over your shoulder. It is him - the cute guy with whom you shared the intense moment earlier.   
  
Words seem unnecessary you simply revel in the physicality of his body behind you. He pulls you a little closer and you grind your backside against him, feeling as you do that he already has an erection stirring in his trousers. You can feel his cock hardening even as you push against him and this discovery thrills you.   
  
You feel a tingle of excitement in your pussy and the juices that were already beginning to flow whilst you imagined the feeling of a hard cock, intensify as you enjoy the feeling of the real thing pressing against you.   
  
As you continue to dance on the crowded dance floor, you feel his right hand move from your waist and across your ass. Strongly and purposefully his hand reaches your hemline and then under your skirt. Moving upwards across the soft flesh of your inner thigh, his fingers find your pussy and trace their way along your pussy lips, feeling you through the soft cotton of your panties.   
  
He deftly pulls your panties to one side and again traces his fingers along your lips and this time he lets out a small groan in your ear. You know why when you realise that your pussy is soaking wet with your warm juices.   
  
Stimulated by the heady mix of fantasy and reality the man holding you represents, your body has responded by showing you how in need of sex you are. He is still holding you close and in the crowd no-one can see that his hand is under your short skirt so you feel a sense of wicked naughtiness as he slips first one, then two thick fingers inside your moist pussy. You dance on - more one person than two now - and you push yourself back and grind against his fingers inside you to the rhythm of the music, losing yourself in the physical pleasure of the moment.  
  
"Let's go" he says, in your ear and you obey, not caring where you will go or what might happen next - all you know is that you want more of this man. He leads you by the hand off the dance floor, though a corridor, round a corner until you find a dark, unoccupied alcove with a large leather chair.   
  
He sits down and pulls you onto his lap and you fall into an urgent, passionate kiss - eager tongues exploring each other's mouths and intensifying the lust you both feel. He slips a hand inside your shirt, neatly undoing your bra and releasing your breasts. Your ever hard nipples respond to his touch as he firmly but gently, pulls and teases them, clearly enjoying the groans from you this produces.  
  
You reciprocate and reach down to his lap, undoing his fly and reaching inside his trousers to release his cock, which springs up eagerly in your grasp. It is as hard and thick as you imagined and hoped it to be and you hold the base of it with one hand and roll back his foreskin with the other. Seeing a drop of pre-cum at the tip of his cock you take it on your finger and smooth it around the ridge of his glans, making him shudder at the feeling as you do so.   
  
You would love to take his length in your mouth and make him buck and writhe as you pleasure him with your mouth but this is not the place and besides, you just want to feel his thick shaft inside you.  
  
You are so horny now, months of pent up frustration needing to be released, and you are way beyond the boundaries of your normal behaviour. It's dark in the alcove and you are past caring anyway. You kneel up on the chair and straddle his lap, facing him to see a look of pure desire on his face.  
  
You feel a sense of power and control over this man, he desperately wants to be inside you. Hidden by your skirt you reach down and position his cock at your spread pussy. You use it trace along your wet lips, parting them with the swollen head of his cock and then lightly circulating around your clit, using him like a dildo.   
  
He leans forward and whispers in your ear - "please". This is too much and you can no longer hold out. You reposition him with your hand and slowly lower yourself down onto him, savouring the feeling as his cock fills you deeper and deeper until you are no longer holding yourself up and have relaxed down onto him completely.   
  
You feel like a slut and are loving it. His cock is deep inside you and you start to grind your pelvis against him. You reach down and with your hand you feel the point where the thick shaft of his cock disappears inside you and your juices spreading over his groin as they flow freely from you. It feels wanton, delicious, exhilarating and you revel in those feelings.   
  
He suddenly pulls you down and close to him as someone walks past but they are too focused on their own world to notice you sitting astride this man fully clothed, or to draw any conclusions as to what you might be doing.   
  
He whispers to you how good your pussy feels and you kiss again. He starts to lift himself to meet you as you push down on his cock, and the feeling of his shaft sliding in and out of you and grinding your clit with every thrust takes you to a new level. If possible his cock feels like it is swelling more inside you and the rhythm of your thrusts intensifies, building towards crescendo. He has one hand inside your shirt, stroking and pulling your nipples quite roughly and then with the other he pulls your head down towards his and tells you that he is going to come.   
  
You are on the pill and want to feel him shoot his cum inside you so you tell him to go for it, to fuck you hard and shoot his cum. He thrusts upwards, faster and more urgently and you time your movements downwards to ensure you feel his feel length inside you with every thrust, right down to his heavy, full balls.  
  
He lets out a moan, only audible to you above the noise of the music, and you feel his cock jerk inside you and then a pulse, and another as he shoots load after load of hot, thick cum inside your pussy - the feeling tips you over the edge and waves of pleasure run through your body as the months of abstinence are released, your pussy muscles contract hard around his cock, milking every last drop of cum from him and you cry out as your pleasure reaches its intense peak and then fades back again.  
  
You climb off him, and slump down on the seat next to him, exhausted, glowing and a little delirious. You kiss again briefly and he gives you his phone number before going off to rejoin his friends, as you do with yours. You might call him, you might not - you don't even know his name....