No Knickers

by pj ©

It seemed like weeks since he had been inside me, though in actuality it

was scarcely a matter of days. I was aching even so. I needed him to fuck

me again, I needed his cock deep inside me, and I needed it soon. I knew

our time was running out for the day, and although we would be together

for the rest of the day, if I didn’t act quickly I would miss possibly our

only window. And believe me when I tell you, I was not willing to let that

happen.

I quickly slipped away from everyone, up to my room, for a quick change of

clothes. I couldn’t wear something skimpy that would obviously scream I

wanted to fuck. I needed something understated, but still, something

little kick that would push him over the edge. This was it, my long black

skirt. I could easily hide what I wanted under there. I slipped on my

black thigh high stockings. Damn these things made my legs look hot! That

would just about do it I think. I walked toward the door, but I stopped. I

giggled softly to myself as my hands reached up my skirt, running my

fingers against my smooth skin. I hooked my fingers around the waistband

of my little knickers and slowly pulled them to the floor and stepped out

of them. There, now THAT would do it.

I walked down the stairs with a spring in my step, and told him it was

time to go run errands. He followed me down to the basement where I had

carelessly left my shoes earlier. I grabbed them innocently and pretended

like the sudden alone situation we walked in made no difference to me. I

put my shoes to the floor and grabbed him by the shirt. I pulled him close

to me and kissed him like I hadn’t tasted his sweet lips in years. My

hands ran down his body, up under his shirt, feeling his skin under my

fingers.

I am not quite sure what it is about him that can just make a girl so hot,

so needing, so… aching for a good fuck. I rubbed his cock through his

pants and pulled my lips away from his. We were both breathing heavily.

I looked into his eyes, and between heaving breaths I whispered, “will you

please fuck me?”

He moaned from deep in his throat, “ok,” was his playful response.

I leaned against the arm of the sofa just in time to catch my balance. He

started lifting up my skirt… pulling it anxiously from the floor to around

my waist. His fingers searched my hips, looking for my knickers. He looked

down and his eyes opened wide realizing that I wasn’t wearing any. He

moaned again. I already had his cock free of his pants, rubbing it in my

hands. His large cock never fails to amaze me. I always doubt that he will

actually be able to fit all of himself inside me, but I am always willing

to let him try.

He bent his knees, gaining the perfect angle to fuck standing right where

we were. With one hard push all of his cock was deep inside my cunt.

“Oh God!” I yelled out instantly. I reached for him, pulling his toward me

till our bodies touched.

He just moaned as he began to pump his way in and out of me, slamming me

hard with each entrance into my sopping tight cunt. He was barely inside

me a minute when I felt the orgasm beginning to creep up on me. Oh he was

so amazing.

“Mmmm… yes! Oh God yes!” I screamed over and over while he fucked me. My

muscles began to tighten. I started shaking; I knew I was going to cum

soon. Oh how I needed this I thought to myself. There is no one who can

fuck quite like him, and it’s a good feeling to know that cock of his

belongs to me.

“Ooooh! Oh yes! Oh fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Ooooh!!” I screamed loudly

as I came. I didn’t care if everyone in the house heard me. I had needed

him to fuck me so badly, I wasn’t holding back for them.

He continued to pound into me as I shuddered in his arms. I couldn’t hold

myself up anymore. I leaned back against the arm of the sofa and allowed

my back to arch back down toward the seat. He grabbed my breasts, holding

them tight as he fucked me.

I could see it in his expression; he was getting close. His heavy

breathing was turning to moans as he squeezed my breasts as his own

tension built. He moaned loudly with one last jerk of his hips. I felt his

warm cum fill my cunt and slowly drip down my leg.

We collapsed there for a moment, a bliss pile of sweat and pleasure. We

couldn’t bask in the moment long; we had to run.

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At last we had finished running about town. We pulled his car up my block

and hunted for a parking space. It was still light out, but it was still

getting slightly late. It was near dinnertime and everyone was home

leaving few spots on the block for non-resident cars. We found one, all

the way at the end of the block. We pulled into the spot and sat in the

car alone for a second.

He leaned in to kiss me and I willingly opened my mouth to allow his

tongue to enter my mouth. He always tasted so sweet. His cold had slipped

up my skirt like ice running against my skin. It felt divine as the chill

ran through my body. He inserted two of his fingers deep into my cunt. A

quite moan slipped from my lips. He looked into my eyes and he pulled his

fingers from my hot cunt. He put them to his lips and licked my juices

from his fingers.

“Mmmm,” he said playfully. I smiled, slightly wondering why we were still

sitting in the car. “Would you mind if I ate you right now?” he asked.

“Now?” I asked, very surprised by his request. “But it’s still light out,

someone could see?” I tried to ask though I knew he wanted to do it. It

was the possibility of getting caught that had him going. The raw fight to

do it quickly and well before anyone could find us. And u must admit, it

was starting to get me all hot again. I smiled and gently kissed his lips.

“Ok” I said with a small giggle. I couldn’t believe he was going to do

this.

He reached under my seat and used the lever to push my seat back. He

pushed it back as far as it would go and laid my seat back a bit for

comfort and hiding. He looked at the room between the passenger seat and

the edge of the chair and decided it was just enough. He climbed down his

face right at my hot cunt. He lifted my legs up, over his shoulders. My

skirt was high up my legs, nearly around my waist, my thigh highs in clear

view. God this was so erotic.

He buried his face in my cunt, lapping up any juice my cunt could produce.

I laid back, no longer caring if someone saw or someone heard. My own

senses had taken over, taking out reason from my mind. I just wanted his

soft expert tongue to work my clit, to make me cum fast and hard all over

his face. And he, without so much as an order, was following my every

desire.

His tongue worked on my clit like that is what it was made to do, hard but

gentle, soft but rough, and most importantly, incredibly untiring. His

right hand ran along my legs, from stocking covered area to my bare skin.

He started to rub my cunt with his fingers as his tongue ate away at it.

All of a sudden, he shoved to fingers quickly right inside me, fast and

hard.

I screamed.

That had done it; I couldn’t take anymore. I crumbled right in his mouth…

shaking wildly with pleasure as the orgasm ripped through my body. I could

always count on him to make me cum so amazingly. He licked me clean,

getting every drop of my juices from my sopping cunt and my damp legs. He

climbed up from the floor.

I looked into his eyes. I was smiling widely and glowing uncontrollably.

He pressed his lips against me and I could taste myself on his breath. I

savored the taste of his mouth, and hoped to myself, we would be able to

do this again real soon.