**One Last Time**

by[SLAMspeaks](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1231426&page=submissions)©

I'd gone with a group of girlfriends to the grand opening of a lounge a group of college classmates were opening downtown, and I was thrilled. It had been nearly six months since I'd had a legitimate night on the town, and I was going to live it up. I bought the perfect little black dress, with the sexiest red suede, peep-toe pumps to go with it. The short halter dress was tight on my frame; even though I was 5'6," 135 pounds and confident that I looked great in it, I knew it left nothing to the imagination. The red pumps were definitely not my normal style, but I knew they would look great when contrasted against my chocolate brown skin. I went all out because these were a group of people I worked closely with on music throughout the city. Eye candy was a good sign for their new spot, and I figured it wouldn't hurt to get dolled up with my girls and have fun. They had worked so hard and so long to put the project together, and now that it was finally opening night, we were going to get it in.

We all met up at the lounge and mingled while the rest of guests showed up. We were enjoying the limited open bar, when I saw my ex-boyfriend walk in. Drew was a self-proclaimed homebody like me, so I was shocked he came out for this. I was more shocked, however, by how attracted I still was to him. He had on the usual outfit of baggy dark blue jeans, a burgundy Ecko track jacket, and matching custom Nike Dunks. He always looked so good in shades of red, I thought to myself. It was the one color I always loved him in that shade because it blended so well with his medium-brown skin tone. He had a quiet confidence to him and moved through the crowd, mingling with ease. You would never guess that he preferred an evening at home instead being in a crowded venue. I figured this was a strategic move on the part of his management -- he had a new album coming out that summer and I'd heard about him being on the scene more that spring. Everyone flocked to him, giving him props for his single that had leaked the week before. I however, only hoped he wouldn't see me, and if he did, wouldn't speak to me. I also noticed he didn't have his girlfriend in tow, the one he'd broken up with me to reconcile with.

I tried not to watch as he strode up to the bar and ordered his signature Hennessy and Coke. Instead, I turned back to my friends, giving them the eye, knowing they'd seen him come in and knew I'd want them to play interference if he tried to speak. After a few moments of forced conversation, everything started to liven up as the DJ started his party set. We made our way to the dance floor to take advantage of our early arrival. I easily disappeared into the sea of faces and felt relieved to be away from Drew. I really wasn't prepared for my lingering attraction to him. If I could make it through a few more hours without having to see or speak to him again, I'd be just fine. After about 30 minutes of dancing, the floor was packed; while I was having a good time dancing with random guys, I needed a break and figured I'd break the seal after the two drinks I'd had.

I looked around, plotting my escape, and in the midst of turning, I noticed Drew was still at the bar, but he was looking right at me. I looked away quickly to avoid eye contact, but it was too late. He'd had the same look he used to get when we hadn't had sex in a while -- right before he dragged me to his bed to make up for lost time. I tried to go back to dancing, but I found myself turning around again, only to see him still watching me.

Out of nowhere, memories of how he felt inside me came flooding back. I visualized the way his large hands used to wrap around my neck while he plunged his entire dick into me from behind. And I pictured how erotic his facial expressions were when I used to ride him on his living room couch. Finally, I remembered his size; he was so big for someone of such thin stature. I had to get out of there. I just wanted to be alone to catch my breath and get my head straight, but my body needed him. I wanted him inside me; I didn't need the intimacy or embrace -- I just wanted to fuck him one last time.

Before I did anything I'd regret, I walked off the dance floor and toward the back of the lounge. I knew from the tour I'd gone on earlier that there was a secluded hallway near the delivery area. I wandered the hallways and found the hallway I was looking for and quickly ducked into it. I pulled my phone out and sent a quick text message letting my girls know I just needed a breather and would return soon. As soon as I put my phone back into my wristlet, Drew walked into the hallway and stopped across from me. He stood there arrogantly, smirking at me with his hands in the pockets of his oversized track jacket. I crossed my arms across my chest, subconsciously aware that it probably accentuated my 36C breasts, and looked him up and down. I tried to muster up enough anger to make him leave -- even though I knew I wanted whatever time I'd have with him in that hallway to last forever.

"What's hap'nin, baby?" he said in a feigned southern drawl, as he stepped closer to me. We had always joked about my undercover love for men with southern, country accents. He was great at imitating different dialects and whenever he said that phrase, my panties were sure to drop. As he got closer, I could smell an intoxicating mix of his cologne of choice, Curve Crush, and the drinks he'd had. I assumed that he'd had more than a few because he had the same far-off look I recognized from when he was either high or drunk.

I swallowed hard and replied with an attitude, "I'm cool. Did you follow me back here for a reason?"

He stepped closer and told me "Probably the same reason you came back here in the first place."

I scrunched my face up, insulted that he thought it had anything to do with him. "I came back here to be alone. I don't know why you're even speaking to me. I'm sure your girl wouldn't approve," hinting at why we didn't stay in contact with each other after the break-up.

He returned my rudeness, saying, "Yeah, I guess you worked up a sweat grindin on all those random niggas on the dance floor." I detected more than a bit of jealousy in his voice and decided to test him.

"And? That has nothing to do with you ..." I trailed off.

"Fuck that," he retorted, as he slowly looked me up and down. "You lookin kinda right in that dress. Your ass is thicker than I remembered." As he said this, he stepped up to me, pinning me against the wall; my arms fell to my side as he did, and I lightly gripped his waist to balance myself. He wrapped his hands around me, with one hand squeezing my ass and the other caressing my right thigh. He moved so quickly that it caught me off guard and I was slow to react. By the time I registered what was happening, he'd already managed to slide his hand further up my thigh and under my dress to cup my ass. He was bound to find out what I didn't want anyone to know. I'd gone without panties to avoid lines in the dress and right now he had me dripping wet. I could feel the moisture starting to ooze out of me and knew it was only a matter of time before he did, too. I turned my head slightly to avoid eye contact with him as he had a field day with my body.

By now he'd managed to slide the dress up to my waist, and was running the fingers of his right hand around my thigh up to my pussy. He lightly slid his fingers along my lips and brought it up to his mouth to taste. "Your pussy is still as sweet as I remember. Why you gotta let them other dudes press up on my shit?"

"It's not yours anymore. You made it clear you didn't want this," I hissed back at him as his fingers probed my slit and spread my juices around my clit.

He plunged two fingers inside me, saying "If it's not, then why are you so wet? You know nobody else can fuck you like I can. You told me that yourself. Or don't you remember?" I could only muster a whimper as I panted at the sensations his fingers caused inside me. He whispered into my ear, "Don't you remember how I had you spread open while I fucked you deep? Or how wet you always get for this dick? I told you it was like a fucking puddle. Even now you're soaking wet."

I was on the verge of cumming by then. As he stopped talking, he pulled his fingers out of me and left me wanting more. Before I could object, he had his jeans open and his dick out. It was rock hard and seemed even bigger than I remembered. He quickly coated it with the juices on his fingers before he roughly raised my right thigh around his waist and pushed all the way into me. I quickly buried my face in his neck while he pulled almost his entire 9-inch dick out of me and pushed all the way back in. I brought one of my hands around to grip his neck while I inhaled his scent. The combination of his stroke and his body scent was making me light-headed. As much as I wanted it to be over, I needed it to continue. At the moment, the only thing I could think about was the feeling of him filling my pussy.

I tried to stifle my moans because I didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing he still affected me so much. In return, he whispered into my ear a mix of dirty talk and sweet nothings. His stroke slowed and deepened as he told me "You know this is mine. Nobody will ever fuck this tight pussy like this dick can." As he said this, I felt my orgasm coming on strong and fast. I wanted to keep myself in check so bad, but I couldn't. I reached down and pulled his hand to my throat. We made momentary eye contact and both knew what I needed. He caressed my neck at first, stroking it up and down with his thumb. But then he gripped it, holding my face toward his. As he tightened his grip, he quickened his stroke. I sensed him leaning in for a kiss, and tried to turn my head to avoid it, but this made him squeeze even harder as he forced his mouth on mine. His thick, soft lips felt better than I imagined and I involuntarily parted my lips. I could taste the Hennessey on his breath, but welcomed the remnants of the liquor as he probed my mouth with his tongue. The sensation of his quick, rough thrusts, choking and kissing pushed me over the edge in no time at all. I let out a loud moan as I started spasming on his dick. He continued to fuck me until I felt my juices drip down my thighs, the whole time keeping my mouth locked onto his.

The moisture from my orgasm pushed him closer to his own, something I came to learn from exaggerated strokes. With each stroke, he pulled out until just the tip was inside me, and then pounded back in. I could only hold on to him ... it was all in his hands now. He started whispering into my ear again, saying "I knew I could still make you cum for me. Make it tight for me. You hear how juicy this shit is? Baby I wanna cum in you NOW!"

I clenched my pussy on his dick as he said this, and sucked lightly on his tongue while I caressed his neck. I don't know if it was because it had been so long since I'd had sex or if he was just more swollen than usual, he was deeper inside me than I'd ever felt. His breath started to shorten and I knew he was at the edge of cumming, and I begged him to pull out of me. He'd never cum inside me when we were together, and while I didn't worry about getting pregnant, he didn't deserve the right to such an intimate end. I wanted him to pull out of me, but my words were falling on deaf ears. "Pull out. Please come anywhere else," I pleaded with him.

Almost as soon as the words left my mouth, he slammed into me and stilled himself. I cursed myself internally for not pushing him off of me then, but instantly, a part of me wanted him to get the pleasure of it. This was my last chance to show him what he was missing and I wanted him to remember it would be a hell of a lot. I could feel his hot seed spurt into me as he pulled me closer onto his dick by my ass. He planted light kisses on my neck that made my stomach flutter. Months earlier, that would have been the start of round two, but now it only reminded me that he'd discarded me for his ex without thinking twice about my feelings. I felt my chest tighten and tears form, so I pried myself out of his arms and felt him ease out of me. The suddenly emptiness was heart wrenching, and a single tear fell before I could wipe it away. I leaned sideways against the wall as I struggled to regain my balance, looking at him as he leaned against the wall with his head on his outstretched arms.

I came down off the high of my orgasm quickly and reality came crashing down around me. I got what I thought I wanted, but realized that it destroyed all of the effort I'd put into getting "over" him the past few months. While he caught his breath, I pulled my dress back down and teased my hair, preparing to leave. Before I walked away, I turned to him one last time. "This shit never happened. I am not and will never be yours again. You left me with my heart hanging out, now I'm leaving you with your dick hanging out. Don't tell anyone about this, and don't ever speak to me again. Fuck you Drew."

And then I walked away on my own terms.