**Secrets Between Strangers**

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I noticed him from across the bar. His dark hair and eyes, the scotch he held in his hand, the beginning of a smile on his lips; he seemed a perfect mystery. I kept glancing at him, then back at my phone. I was supposed to meet a date, but the more time passed the less likely that seemed.  
  
The bar stool was cool against my bare legs, so I tried to pull my little black skirt down so as to be more comfortable, but it was far too short for that. I pushed away my 3rd empty cosmo, and pulled my phone out once more, to text my best friend about this disaster and about the guy on the other side of the bar. Before I could finish typing, I felt a tap on my shoulder.  
  
"Hello." It was the guy from across the bar! Up close he was even hotter, and the way the low bar light shone off his tan skin and gleamed off his black hair made me want to swoon.  
  
"Hi." I answered, almost dumbly.  
  
"I noticed you looking at me across the bar."  
  
"Well how could I not. A man like you doesn't make it easy to keep my eyes to myself." I smiled in reply. He looked me up and down  
  
"Neither do you, especially dressed like that."  
  
I thanked him sheepishly, suddenly extremely aware of my clothing. I was in a short black dress, with a neckline that displayed the cleavage of my fairly large breasts and a fluttery skirt that showed off my long, toned legs.  
  
Almost abruptly, he asked "Do you want to play a game?"  
  
"What kind of game?"  
  
He only smirked in response. I knew exactly what kind of game.  
  
Now, I feel the need to clarify, I am usually such a good girl. I wait at least 3 dates to put out, never do one night stands, I never even watch porn. But I had 3 drinks, no date, and no plans for the rest of the weekend.  
  
"Why not?"  
  
He sat in the stool next to me and reached into his pocket. A small pink bullet was nestled in the palm of his hand. Grabbing my hand by the wrist, he placed it in my palm.  
  
"What is this?" I asked, confused.  
  
"Doesn't matter," he replied. "Go into the bathroom and place it inside your panties, where your clit is."  
  
I stared at him, unmoving.  
  
"Now."  
  
I promptly stood and went into the ladies room. I had an inkling what the bullet was; probably a vibrator, but I had no idea how to turn it on. I placed it exactly where he told me, which took me a minute, but luckily, the silicone texture of the toy kept it from sliding around. I pulled my black lace panties back up and exited my stall.  
  
Staring in the mirror at my long sleek brown hair, I wondered why me? There were prettier, more adventurous looking girls in the bar. I smiled though. It didn't matter why, it was happening. I stepped back into the bar and walked back over to our seat.  
  
Before he or I could say a word, I noticed a figure entering 20 minutes late. "Oh shit, that's my date." I glanced sheepishly at the handsome stranger, "I'm so sorry, I thought he wasn't going to show."  
  
He smiled, "It's ok, go have fun." and walked away. I assumed he forgot about the bullet he handed me only minutes ago and planned to approach him a bit later and ask how I should return it. Now, I had to greet my date, who had just noticed me.  
  
"Troy, hi!" I forced myself to grin.  
  
" Ally, hey, I'm so sorry traffic was a bitch."  
  
" No problem, I get it!"  
  
" You want a drink?"  
  
I nodded as he ordered me an old fashioned. I was still annoyed. I knew this town, and there was no way you could be 20 minutes late because of traffic unless there was a big accident, which I would have heard of by now.  
  
All of the sudden, a gentle vibration started in my crotch. I jerked, startled, then quickly surveyed the room. Finally, I caught his eye, he was smirking and holding something in his hand. As we made eye contact, the vibration got stronger and stronger.  
  
Troy, who had just finished ordering, turned to me. "Ally you ok?"  
  
"Yeah, totally!" I replied with difficulty, trying not to moan. He smiled and slid me my old fashioned, which I tried to sip. The vibrations were still getting stronger, a pressure was building up in my abdomen, and my leg jerked. I mumbled my way through conversation, doing all I could not to gasp or throw my head back in pleasure. As suddenly as they began, however, the vibrations stopped, leaving me soaking wet and unsatisfied.  
  
I looked for the stranger again, but I couldn't see him.Troy and I decided to move to a booth, and I was grateful for the dark, ambient bar lighting so that nobody could see the wet spot that must have been on the back of my skirt. As Troy went to put a song into the jukebox, I scanned the bar for any sight of that mysterious man. Once again, a tap on my shoulder and a whisper in my ear.  
  
"Try not to cum." The vibrations began again. I couldn't help but to let out a quite feeble moan before swiveling around only to catch the back of the man as he walked away. Troy came back, oblivious to what was happening between my legs, and we continued to make conversation. My legs would jerk occasionally in response to the intense pleasure, and it took all my willpower to keep from moaning or even screaming. Periodically, the vibrations would stop. Sometimes for 30 seconds, sometimes for 15 minutes, but they would always start up again, and would always stop before I orgasmed.  
  
I had no idea how he did that, how he knew. On occasion, I considered going back to the bathroom and removing the bullet, but I was having too much fun and too much pleasure.  
  
Obviously, the conversation that I was holding with Troy was not the most intelligent. I could only provide extremely short responses and head nods, otherwise it would be obvious what was going on. I kept shifting in my seat and glancing around the bar, so I guess Troy thought I was completely uninterested. I guess I was, in a way. I was definitely more interested in finding the strange man than hitting it off with terrible-excuse-Troy anyway.  
  
"Hey, I think I'm ready to call it a night." Troy's voice jolted me from across the booth. I realized I hadn't said a word in 5 minutes, focusing on maintaining my composure and the throbbing pleasure on my clit.  
  
I nodded, not trusting myself to give a verbal response.  
  
" I can give you a ride if you want?" he probed, not quite giving up just yet. I shook my head, intent on finding the man who put me in this almost hysteric condition and having him fuck the life out of me. "My friend... is picking me up" I managed to say, barely. As Troy left, I waved, but my eyes were looking for the stranger.  
  
He was back at the bar, where I saw him earlier. He saw me looking, and beckoned with his fingers. He wanted me to come to him, but I had no idea if I could walk in the state I was in, perpetually on the brink of climax, and the vibrations were still going.  
  
I managed to pull myself into an upright position, leaning against the table. My knees were weak to say the least, and I wobbled in my heels. Yet slowly but surely I made my way over to him and eased onto the barstool next to him. The vibrations stopped.  
  
"You have to fix this," I stated, as coherently as I could.  
  
" Fix what?" he feigned innocence  
  
" I am dripping through my panties right now. I'm fairly certain that the booth I was in is thoroughly soaked with my juices. I am so turned on right now that I am about to fuck myself with the leg of this stool right here in the middle of the bar." I spoke in a hushed tone, but even then my boldness shocked me. I was so turned on that normal social conventions seemed unnecessary and were forgotten.  
  
He smiled. "Fun game, right?"  
  
My hand flew to his crotch, grabbing his shaft through his jeans. "Let's make it more fun."  
  
At my touch and those words I could feel him swell and I gently squeezed. I wasn't playing around anymore. He slid some cash across the bar to cover his tab and stood up, grabbing my hand.  
  
As soon as we were outside the bar, he yanked me into an alleyway and fumbled in his pocket for something. He pulled out a small remote. With a click of a button, the bullet, still nestled in my vulva, was vibrating again. Then he shoved me against the brick wall, so that my breasts were against the brick.  
  
"Fuck me already!"  
  
Without replying, he slid his hand down the back of my panties and to the bullet which he pushed harder against my clit. I couldn't help but gasp. Quickly, almost angrily, he ripped my panties off with his other hand, tearing them straight off.  
  
Still holding the bullet to my clit, he thrust himself into me. His cock was thick and long and rock hard. I exclaimed in pleasure as he entered my hot, sopping wet hole. He quickly settled into an insanely fast rhythm, fucking me harder than I had ever been fucked before. Somehow, my breasts had escaped my bra and my dress, and my nipples were rubbing against the rough cold brick. The combination of pleasure and pain was intolerable. My moans grew louder and louder with every thrust. Soon enough, I was almost yelling, and he was grunting and moaning.  
  
I'm pretty sure that out of the corner of my eye I saw some passerby stop to watch, but I didn't even care. The pleasure had made me pretty much delirious.  
  
His cock was large, stretching my walls with its massive head. He was pumping it into me with a ferocity, tearing up my tight wet pussy. I could feel his hot breath against me, and he began to bite at the nape of my neck, finding the soft spots that drove me wild. His body was pressed firmly against me, his arms on either side of me, so that I couldn't leave if I wanted to. Good thing I didn't want to.  
  
All of the sudden, waves of pleasure surged through my body, my pussy clenching on his cock, my knees buckling. The world even went dark for a second. AS the waves began to subside, I felt a pump of heat deep inside me and I knew that the stranger was cumming to. His hot cum filled my pussy, and his thrusts got slower and slower until he pulled out, leaving my cunt raw and dripping.  
  
I slid down the wall, my legs barely able to hold me. He leaned down and whispered into my ear, his breath hot on my skin, " hope we meet again". He then stood up and walked away.  
  
A few minutes later, I regained my ability to somewhat stand, so I hobbled over to the street. A mixture of my cum and his was dripping down my legs and I prayed that it wasn't noticeable in the darkness of the city. I realized that he had taken the torn remnants of my panties and left me with the pink silicone bullet, which was no longer vibrating.  
  
I came back to that bar sporadically, always wearing that bullet between my legs, hoping that a stranger in the bar would turn it on.