

The British Ambassador's Secretary

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Feb 2011

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The British Ambassador's Secretary gets Anal Awakening

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/anal/the-british-ambassadors-secretary.aspx>

Deep in the twisting mountains of that part of the Balkans, which is thought of as the entrance to the "Locks of the Danube River"; runs a fairly good road of unknown title.

A small blue auto of suspect origin, perhaps German, labored up the steep incline, emitting vaporous swirls of white smoke. Proficient mechanics would, no doubt, shake their collective heads in unison at the scene.

Two occupants were trying their best to ignore the situation. as if their disregard would make it all go away.

Harry Lime was the uneasy, middle-aged male at the wheel of this unimpressive, borrowed rust-bucket. Seated beside him sat Patricia, who was the current secretary of the British Ambassador.

Harry's bar in Belgrade was where these two unlikely companions had first met each other. Harry looked nervously over to the beautiful young girl. Her skirt had inched up dangerously close to revealing her chubby ass cheeks. Not that she was overweight. Just a girl with a lot of meat on her bones in all the right places. Harry had already fully explored all of her hidden assets on a boozy night she certainly did not remember. No, they had not done the dirty deed as yet, but Harry had great plans for tonight.

His trousers scarcely hid the outline of his own demanding erection pushing to be free for action.

"Harry?"

Patricia's face was scrunched up in a perfectly divine pout of helplessness. An innocent maiden in a risky situation. Attractive girls were tasty bait for many of sex-starved men roaming these hills with little fear of punishment.

"Harry, should we stop at the next town?"

"I think you are right, Patricia. I am certain it is only a loose oil line. We can still be there quite early tomorrow morning."

Harry licked his dirty old man lips as he realized how perfectly this was turning out. He just hoped the bed would be large, but not too large. Soft, but not too soft. Enough light to see all of the soft, silky skin and wet tight openings of heated passion. Enough time to thoroughly break in the pussy, ass and mouth of the haughty British girl. To subject her to unbridled passion and a night of pure animalistic sex.

The garage was a good one. The mechanic promised completion no later than 8AM the next morning. Across the street nestled a comfortable and clean B&B. Patricia was agreeable to one room as she was first and foremost a thrifty girl. Raised in the upper class tradition, she knew it would be wasteful to have two rooms. After all, her Harry was a gentleman and would not take advantage of her.

Really!

Does anyone believe Miss *prim and proper* Patricia didn't have some fantasies of her own?

Harry was under the covers. Dressed for the night in only his boxer briefs. They scarcely hid the immense erection lurking beneath the thin cotton.

Patricia entered from the bathroom. A flimsy silk shift barely covered her pussy and ass. Her superb titties were sporting stiff nipples. Harry did not know if it was from the cold air or, hopefully, hidden desire.

"Oh, Harry.....don't look at me. I am such a frightful mess. I am going to slide in on this side. If it is all right, I like to sleep on my side, so don't be rude to my bum, if I should press it up against you."

Patricia quickly moved onto the bed. Her heart-shaped ass pressed softly against Harry's rock-hard cock.

Her giggle spoke volumes.

"Don't poke me back there.....Daddy"

Harry knew he definitely was not this beautiful young girl's Daddy, but perhaps in her mind, he would play her erotic role.

"Are you going to make me do it? Make me do it.....please, Daddy.....Make me do it!"

Patricia's classically shaped ass was beginning to quiver and hump back against Harry's cock in a sex-starved quest for anal penetration.

"unh.....unh.....unh.....There! Right there!.....Yes, push hard.....harder....ooow.....ooow. it's in!"

Harry had never quite felt the sensation of his penis being clutched so tightly, so desperately. The rounded ass cheeks pounded in a perfect fit back into his hungry body. He could feel her juices begin to flow as she began the descent into a shuddering climax.

How could this picture perfect upper class girl be so wanton.....so lewd.....so very sensuous?

Harry sensed his release and could not stop it. It built and it built....ever greater the pressure. He knew he was not able to stop it. Right now, it did not matter. All that mattered was the spurts of cum shooting through his constricted penis. The cum rose boiling from his sensitive balls, through the full eight inches buried in Patricia's succulent anus, out the fire-hose head. The streams of creamy cum splashed in torrents deep in proud British girl's gut. The liquid fire caused another violent orgasm to convulse the young girl pressing back into his fully satisfied groin. Harry stayed inside for what seemed like an eternity. Patricia began to fall into a deep sleep with Harry's cock still buried deep inside.

They were both content to stay that way forever.