Have A Good Feel, She Loves It! Part Two

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The second part of this PaulaTVxxx sexfest, David introduces Peter and the fun begins.

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“Fucking Hell, have they all come on the same bus?” I said laughing as we walked into the bar and main room.

In the twenty minutes since leaving the bar to go onto the patio the place had transformed. I left with the lone Franco holding the fort and returned to find around a dozen people milling around. Linzey was behind the bar and her husband was busying himself setting up the DJ stand in the opposite corner to the television screen, which was now playing some soft porn.

“Not quite, the regulars all meet up in the pub just down the road and arrive here together at seven,” David explained. “And, young lady, from now on you speak when you are spoken to or when I tell you to. The rules are now in play.”

“Sorry,” I said, rather sheepishly.

“I’ll let that one go, we’ll start as son as we get to the bar.” David smiled. “Come on, let’s get a drink.”

I had to do a double take when I got to the bar, being pleasantly shocked by what I saw. Franco hadn’t been wrong when he corrected himself about Linzey’s outfit, she was barely wearing anything at all. A shiny gold thong with matching tassels over her nipples and gold coloured thigh boots, accessorised with golden jewellery and a smattering of glitter on her body was the sum of what she called an outfit. She smiled as I got to the bar, obviously seeing the look of wonderment on my face.

“Hiya Paula honey. Well, what do you think?” She said, shaking her boobs so that the tassels swung around, I certainly appreciated the demonstration.

I looked to David, he could see my predicament.

“You‘re a pretty dumb bitch aren‘t you?” He said, loud enough for anyone to hear. “If someone speaks to you, then answer them, but you don’t speak first. OK?”

I nodded in agreement and Linzey asked David what we were having to drink.

“A tomato juice for me and a Red Bull for the hussy, please Linzey.”

She had to bend to get the tomato juice bottle, I couldn’t take my eyes off her magnificent arse as she picked it out, or her beautiful tits as she turned around to put our drinks on the bar. David paid for the drinks and turned to me.

“Put your fucking dirty eyes back into your head and follow me, there are some people I want you to meet tonight.”

I picked up the drinks, winked at Linzey before she moved onto the next customer and followed David to a round table on the other side of the room.

A large man was sat at the table, although large doesn’t really do him justice, he was huge. He reminded me a little of Les Dawson, well dressed, pretty good looking but very overweight.

David sat down opposite him and they shook hands over the table, I put the drinks on the table and made to sit down on the nearest stool that was in between them. David looked up, he was frowning.

“Did I tell you to sit down? You sit when I tell you to. Now, just stand there, be a good girl and

let Peter have a look at you.”

“This the slut you were telling me about Dave?” The big guy said.

“Yep, this is Paula.” David looked up to me again. “Paula, this is Peter, say hello to Peter.”

I did as I was told, Peter looked up at me, then his eyes took me in from head to toe.

“Nice, very nice mate, where did you find her?” He said to David.

“Selling herself on the net, fucking right slag, loves dick. Don’t you Paula?” David looked to me and then raised his voice. “Don’t you Paula? Well, tell Peter what you love”

“I love dick, I love cock,” I said to Peter, I heard David tutt-tutting as I spoke.

“Oh come on, you can do better than that, a cock loving slag like you, say it louder” He said.

I said it again in a louder voice but it still didn't please David. He asked Peter if he had a pen and paper handy, Peter put his hand into the inside of the suit jacket that was set out on the back of his chair. He took out a small writing pad and pen and passed them over to David.

"Here's what we'll do, I'll write down what I want you to say on a piece of this paper and you say it. OK? "David said as he wrote on the pad.

He tore off the top sheet and gave me the paper that he'd written on, they both sat back in their chairs with smiles on their faces as they watched me read it out.

"I am a dirty, horny fucking slut and I love sucking cocks, I was put on this earth to please men," I said it as loud as I thought feasible, Franco hadn't started his DJ set, the sounds around us were of people chattering and very light background music. The television playing the porn was on mute. David shook his head.

"No, no no, this isn't just for Peter's benefit, this is for everyone. Fucking do as you are told and shout it out, you stupid bitch." David's voice was loud enough to attract the attention of everyone there, the chattering around the bar stopped.

I took a look around the room, I knew that all eyes were now on me. I took a long, deep breath and did as David instructed.

"I AM A DIRTY HORNY FUCKING SLUT AND I LOVE SUCKING COCKS! I WAS PUT ON THIS EARTH TO PLEASE MEN!" I shouted it out as loud as I could.

What should have been embarrassing was turning me on, I knew this was role-play and that everyone in the place would know that, but I tried to imagine that all the people who heard me were just people in a normal hotel bar. I looked to David and Peter.

"Again, just in case anybody was in the toilets and missed it," David said, they both laughed.

"I AM A DIRTY HORNY FUCKING SLUT AND I LOVE SUCKING COCKS! I WAS PUT ON THIS EARTH TO PLEASE MEN!"

I shouted it again, it gave me a nice tingle, a guy and his T Girl who were sat at one of the alcove tables looked up and smiled over at me.

"Well you're in the right place, love," someone shouted across from the bar.

I heard Linzey and a couple of male voices laughing at the comment before the background music was turned up a little as if to say, “OK, we heard you.”

“Yep, Dave, she’ll do for me, let’s have a proper look at her,” Peter said to him.

“Help yourself mate, have a good feel, she fucking loves it. Don’t you Paula?” David lit a cigarette and gestured me to go to Peter who grabbed me around the waist and pulled me towards him.

He ran his hands over my arse in the tight leather skirt and gave it a playful slap.

“Nice piece of fucking ass mate, she’s got a great fucking arse on her,” Peter said to David as if I wasn’t even there, then looked up at me from where he sat in his chair. “Now, come and sit on your uncle Peter's knee, hey? Come on, let me get a proper feel of the merchandise.”

I sat on his knee and his hands were all over me, groping me, touching me up, then he worked my jacket off my shoulders and slipped it off, dropping it on the floor beside him. He was leering at me as he ran one hand all over my silk blouse and put the other underneath my arse and kept squeezing. He spoke with a pervey whispering voice like a dirty old man as he said things to me.
“Lovely, Oh yeah, you’re a nice one, uncle Peter likes you, lovely little bitch you are.” He started to kiss me as he spoke.

Far from being disgusted by this lurid man, I found it a huge turn on and I was really getting into being an object to be touched and groped. I was feeling incredibly randy, writhing around in Peter's lap as he touched me up. I knew I was doing a good job as I felt his cock getting larger in his trousers underneath my bottom as I sat on him.

I’d almost forgotten about David and indeed everyone else in the place such was the attention I was paying to Peter. I eventually looked over at David and wasn’t too surprised to see him watching attentively, he was rubbing the crotch of his leather jeans as he watched me with Peter.

“Now, Paula. Why don’t you give Peter a nice kiss, a proper one mind, no pecking,” David said across the table.

“Oh yeah, come on give us a big kiss.” Peter took his hand from underneath my arse and put them both around my head, playing with my hair in his fingers.

He pulled my face towards his, putting his lips against mine and started to kiss me hard on the lips, then the kissing got softer as he started to use his tongue and put it inside my mouth. His hands had

moved and were groping again, he was squeezing my arse hard. I put my arms around his neck and started to give him real French kisses, I could feel that he was rock hard now in his trousers. I opened my eyes as I was kissing him and could see that people were now watching. I was enjoying myself, I was meant to be the sub, but I was actually the one in empowerment in this situation and I was loving it.

After I'd finished with the kissing I stayed seated on Peter's knee, I had one arm around his neck, stroking him with one hand whilst was playing with the buttons on his shirt with the other. He had his hands all over me, running up and down my thighs and the tops of my boots, then moving upwards and fondling my upper body. Peter would occasionally move in for a quick kiss and tell me what a lovely slut I was, I loved the compliments and told him what a sexy man he was.

David was very much the voyeur and he seemed content to watch, he had moved his chair around the table a little to get closer. He was making a point of me being able to see him rubbing himself through his leathers with one hand as he smoked or took a drink with the other.

I was really enjoying my role, I followed the not speaking unless I was spoken to rule and was happy with that, I also found it a turn on to be spoken about as though I was a piece of property, being the centre of attention has always floated my boat.

"Dave, she's fucking great mate, I'll get at least three spunks out of this one," Peter said, rather excitedly.

"No worries, help yourself, that what the slag is here for," David said, then paused. "Why don't you get your first one now, in her fucking face?"

"Don't mind if I do mate," Peter replied. "A suck and wank I think would do me."

David clicked his fingers at me and gestured for me to get up off Peter's knee. "You heard him, take your slutty hands off him for a minute and let the man get up, then sit on the chair."

I got up and Peter stood up, his shirt was undone halfway down his large stomach where I had been playing with the buttons and his tie hung so loosely is was almost like a large silk necklace.

"Now lovely, sit on the chair and suck your uncle Peter's dick like a good little slut, it won't take long you horny fucking bitch, you've got me close already," Peter said as slipped the tie over his head, took off his shirt and started to unzip his trousers.

I sat on the edge of the chair with my legs open so Peter could position himself for me to suck him

off. He unbuckled the belt of his trousers and they dropped to the floor, the release made his belly flop a little. Seeing him in this state I realised that this guy was really pretty fat, quite a bit more than he looked when his clothes covered it all up. But I've never been judgemental about things like that, I love my men, all ages, shapes and sizes, as long as they are happy with what they see and what I'm doing then I'm happy.

I slid his boxer shorts down, put one hand behind him to grab his arse and took his cock with the other, it wasn't a big one, it would have to be huge to be relative to his body size, but it was rock hard. I knew it wouldn't take long before he was shooting it.

I heard him groan as I took his cock into my mouth and start to suck, I put both my hands on his large ass and squeezed, digging my fingernails into his skin.

"Oh fuck bitch, she is fucking good," Peter kept saying as I sucked him.

I took the chance to have a quick scan around, opening my eyes as I sucked and was very pleased that people had started to watch with a great deal of interest. I could see faces looking over from the bar and the couple in the alcove had walked over to get a better view, I then heard a familiar voice beside me, it was David.

"Now listen bitch, when he tells you he's ready to cum, you take your mouth away from his dick and you shut it. Got that?" David said to me, his tone had a ring of urgency about it.

I understood only too well that I was going to get a facial and noticed that David was now stood with his cock out of his leather jeans. He was wanking as he watched.

Peter didn't need to tell me when he was ready, he roughly pushed my head back and took his cock out of my mouth.

"Now, keep your mouth shut, bitch," I heard David say again, from the tone of his voice I could tell that he too was not far from cumming.

Peter let out a long, hard, grunting kind of sigh as he shot his load onto my face, I felt it hit my forehead and then start to run down my nose and over my lips, he was a heavy cummer and seemed to hit me with a cup full before finally rubbing his cock against my face.

"Jesus. Oh that was good," he sighed as he pulled away from me.

I took the chance to wipe the spunk away from my eyes, I had closed them as soon as Peter had

prepared to shoot. I reopened them and saw Peter stood in front of me, a fat tanned guy wearing nothing but his pants around his ankles, holding his now floppy dick which looked small against his body in that state. He took hold of my chin firmly in his right hand, bent over so that his face was about a foot away from mine and he spat at me, hitting me full in the face. It shocked me a little, but if it was all part of the fantasy I was acting out for him and I could handle anything he wanted to do.

“Look what you’ve made me do you fucking whore!” He shouted into my spunk and spit covered face, his voice full of post ejaculation self loathing.

Peter stepped away from me and I could see David wanking hard as he made his move.

“My turn now, keep that mouth shut, bitch,” he said as he took his position in front of me.

David was still fully dressed, he just had his cock out of his leathers, I shut my mouth and eyes again and readied myself.

“Oh fuck, here it comes baby. You fucking beauty, fucking beautiful slut,” he said before shooting.

He didn’t hit me with as much as Peter had but I felt the hot spunk splatter my skin, it started to drip down my nose and onto my blouse.

None of David’s load touched my eyes so I opened them as soon as I knew he had finished, he was putting his cock back into his trousers. A few people had moved closer to get a better view by now and one of the guys quietly clapped, giving his approval.

“Nice one girl, nice one,” he said before going back to the bar with the others.

I went to reach for my bag that I’d put under the table to get out the paper hankies to wipe my face with, David seemed to realise what I was intending.

“What are you fucking doing?” He sneered.

“I need some hankies for my face,” I said, I knew I’d made a mistake.

“Oh no you fucking don’t girl! Why do you think I told you to keep your fucking mouth shut?” He didn’t wait for an answer. “So that you wouldn’t fucking swallow it all, that’s why. So you’d have it all over your slutty fucking face that’s why. And so you could go to the bar with all that spunk dripping off you to show them all what a fucking cock loving whore you are, that’s fucking why!” Peter laughed at David’s tirade.

“Fuck me Dave, and doesn’t she just look fucking lovely with it all over her?” He said.

David put his hand into his pocket and took out a twenty pound note, he threw it across the table to me.

“Now, get to the bar and get us a round of drinks, a large malt whisky for Peter, a tomato juice for me and whatever you want. And don’t you dare wipe any of that off your face before you get there.”

I had no intention of doing that, I had absolutely loved what had just happened. I was actually a little disappointed with myself for even thinking to clean the spunk off. I was now more worried about the bits that had dripped onto my silk blouse, I would have to ask them for the dry cleaning bill.

I strutted to the bar, walking as slowly as possible to let anyone who wanted to look see me with the spunk over my face. When I got there I purposely went in between two guys so that I would have to touch them to get in. I wanted everyone to get a close up view, and give them the opportunity to feel up my arse in my leather skirt if they so desired. As it happened one of them did just that as I waited for the gorgeous Linzey to finish serving another customer. I felt a strong hand grope and squeeze my bottom hard. It was a blonde guy sat to my left on a bar stool.

“Oh, I’m gonna have that later, babe, God, I am gonna have it,” he whispered in my ear.

“You’ll have to ask David about that,” I whispered back to him through the side of my mouth, licking up some cumm that had settled on my lip.

“I already have babe, don’t you worry. I already have!” He replied before giving my arse a firm slap.

Linzey got to me and I gave her my order, I spied myself in the mirror behind her over the till, my make up had run a little and the spunk was still on my face, some was starting to drip off onto my blouse again. Linzey winked at me as she gave me my drinks and change on a tray.

“Looks like you’re having fun Paula, fucking hell girl, that was a horny performance over there,” Linzey said to me with a wicked giggle.

I took the tray of drinks and turned to walk back to Peter and David at the table, I felt another slap on my arse as I left the bar.

“Later babe, I‘m having you later,” The blonde guy said to me as I left the bar area.

I got back to the table and laid the tray down, making sure to take my time and give anyone watching a nice view of my arse and long, booted legs. Peter was now completely naked and smoking a large cigar, he had stepped out of his trousers, taken his shoes and socks off and laid his clothes over the back of his chair. I liked the image of this large guy being totally at ease sitting there not wearing a stitch as though it was the most natural thing in the world. And I‘ve always had a thing about men smoking cigars, the bigger the better in both respects.

“Well, Pete, what do you think? You know how much I value your opinion where the sluts are concerned,” David said to him across the table as I put the drinks down.

“Oh she passed Peter’s slut exam with flying colours mate, looking forward to having another go at her later.”

Peter was leering at me again and started to rub his cock, I was looking forward to it as well. The two men took their drinks and saluted each other with them, David turned to me.

“Now, get your pretty, slutty little ass into the bathroom and clean all that spunk off your face, make yourself look pretty again and come back here as soon as you have. Got it?” David said as he took another sip of his drink.

I got it, I got the message loud and clear. I picked up my bag and confidently strode over to the bathroom. I saw the couple in the alcove watching me as I walked past them. I made a point of putting a finger to my face and scooping some of the spunk onto a fingertip, I put the finger into my mouth and sucked it.

“Fucking lovely,” I mouthed over to them with a naughty smile, wondering what was going to happen, what David had planned for me next.

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