Peeping Girl II

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Apr 2008

Waching...and wanting more to be watched

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His hands were tangled in my hair, tugging my head up and down. I fought off the urge to gag but how much more could I take of his relentless throat fucking?

"That's better...I knew you could do better". His words trailed off into a low guttural moan. My mouth strained to keep him there, in the deepest hollows of my throat. "Dirty, dirty girl. See what happens when you put yourself in dangerous predicaments? Spying on us like that...this is exactly what you wanted isn't it?" My eyes lifted to his, grimacing, he was massaging my tonsils with his cock. Is this what I wanted? Not to just watch, but take her place; be the one kneeling to his side while someone looked on?

His free hand moved to the back of my neck, the other still tugged and controlled the speed of my mouth. Faster and faster, then a real slow deep tap at the back of my throat. My fingers looked so tiny compared to the thickness of his cock, barely able to keep up, trying to do as she was, stroking him, hand over mouth.

"Uhhhgod! That's it...right like that"!I felt his legs tense under me, his ass lifted right off the seat of the car. "You little cock sucker you" he chuckled. My heart raced at the words. What the hell was happening to me? Why did that effect me, and how in the hell was I going to keep up at this pace? "Suck it....MM....fuck!" He was getting closer.His breathing changed in an instant a deep ragged rhythm. "Oh...damn..not yet" he growled, pulling himself frommy mouth. "Not yet" he shook his head. I needed to take advantage of this break, sucking in all the air I could, watching as his hand moved to the base of his dick and lowered my mouth back down with his other, smearing the precum that had seeped out of the hole. Dragging it, smearing it across my mouth slowly, a wicked chuckle as he did. "You want a little taste? Come get some of your reward. A sample of what awaits your dirty little mouth girly." My eyes widened. Who was he talking to like that? What kind of man talks to their girl like this? Pig! My thinking was a little hazy. I know what I wanted to do. I wanted to lean up and spit in his face! So why was my head moving around his hand, and why was I letting it smear thick and warm across my cheek....my chin...and why was the way he was feeding it to me making my insides ache with need? Jesus!

Letting my mouth open just enough, he moved his cock head quickly to my lips. "There you go baby", he moaned, as he tapped it across my bottom lip, that thick droplet of his cum drizzled and smoothed over it, my tongue instinctively lapped out to accept it, letting his flavor wash over my mouth. Pulling my hands back to him, a flat hand at either side I seemed to become this porn star dick sucker. Stroking in unison, both hands slid up and down his length. His eyes rolled back, his head leaned to the window. I had him right where I wanted him now. What? Who is this man? How in the hell did I even get into this car? Where is his girlfriend? Oh she is not going to like this. "Fuck baby...there...right there"! I kept on, never stopping to observe his face further. My eyes closed tightly, hungry for more of him. His hands moved to my head, covering my ears, thrusting in and out of my mouth. "God...god damnit!" Much to my own surprise my mouth opened wide and I was lapping through the air. I must have looked like quite the needy thing at this point but for some reason I didn't feel any inhibitions. Just hungry. Thirsty for his cum. Just like the woman who I watched, eager to please. Rope after rope of thick cum sprayed across my face. It's heat intense. Accross my face, over my opened mouth, more and more jetting out. He petted at the top of my head watching as I took it all just smiling down at me.

My eyes popped open to the sound of my favorite song, followed by an utterly aggravating buzzing sound from my alarm clock. I sat up quickly, my body covered in sweat. Looking around my bedroom trying to focus on something familiar. Tapping at my nightstand, doing anything I could to make the noise stop. Feeling a little light headed, my covers thrown into a mess on the floor, I lowered my feet to rest on the floor. Oh my God. No, it's not becoming a habit. It's becoming much, much more. It's invading my dreams.....