The End of Year Dance

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They meet at the End of Year Dance and unable to wait, fit together beautifully.

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He wandered around the hall looking for her, the music was loud, the floor vibrated, along with everything else. Lights flashed a rainbow of color that bounced off the Christmas tinsel with sprays of sparkles and although the light was low he knew she wasn't there. He checked with his mobile phone, but hers was turned off, so he went to the bar. After he got an orange juice he stood watching the people as he waited.

The floor was crowded as the dancers, stuttered by the strobe, morphed from one move to another and interacted occasionally, one to another with coy looks as the postures continued. He felt awkward and angry. The one dance of the year and she wasn't there.

After half an hour he knew she wouldn't be coming. Being stood up can be painful and it wasn't the first time. He decided that it wouldn't hurt this time. He cast his eyes around, thinking that as he was here he may as well enjoy, Christmas isn't a time for being unhappy! He nursed his drink, funny how a glass in the hand can be so comforting. The flashing lights reflecting red and green didn't help either, and as he searched, the crowd seemed to move like an old time movie, with hesitations between each frame, the next frame bearing little resemblance to the one before.

Then he saw her, blonde, leaning against a column, and looking in his direction. The next strobe revealed she was dressed in a black skirt and a pink tank top, slim and of average height. The next strobe revealed the glass in her hand, she was smiling and he realized she was looking at him. She raised her glass in a gesture of hello. He raised his and made his way to her.

"Hi! Want to dance?" He shouted over the music and reached for her hand. She placed one hand in his and with her other put her glass on the floor next to the column. From her shoulder she peeled the strap of her handbag and placed it on the floor next to the drink. He put his glass next to hers and together they went onto the dance floor.

The music was slow, they both moved slowly and watched each other's moves to titrate their own. The next song was faster and together they picked up pace, interacting with each other, sharing a smile and holding each other's gaze. Then a romantic song for Christmas was played. They came together to hold each other and stepped their way slowly around the floor. It was lovely, she felt so warm and soft and they seemed to be synchronized. The longer the song played the closer they got. After the song the band announced a break. They went back to their column as others dispersed from

the dance floor, the line at the bar quickly grew, and there was a little more light. They studied each other as they stood, with their retrieved glasses in hand. They had never seen each other before but he had a strange feeling that they had known each other for ever, that they belonged to each other and had lots of catching up to do. Both would have liked to talk, but the plastic music was as loud as the band. They held hands and exchanged gestures, and her eyes danced as they sipped their drinks. He leaned forward and kissed her cheek. On tip toes she returned the kiss. The band came on again and they made their way back to the floor.

The first song was slow, they held each other and slowly moved as one. She looked up at him and he kissed her lips. She didn't move away so he kissed them again, holding her as she opened her mouth and they touched tongues. Her breasts on his chest were warm and soft. His hand went to one and traced around it through her clothes and discovered a large nipple. He withdrew to put his hand up under her tank top and teased her nipple again.

She thrust her hips forward and his cock pressed into her, its hardness obvious. Her hand went down and confirmed the impression, tracing around his cock with her fingers. She continued to explore his cock as he pulled her bra up over her breasts. He felt the turgor of a nipple, the little bumps on the areola and the soft roundness of her breast. She let go of his cock for a moment and with a deft movement unclipped her bra. Breaking from him she pulled it out from under her tank top, quickly rolled it up and put it in his pocket.

Together again he held her breast in his hand, as his other hand explored her back. Her hand went back to his cock, she pulled the zip down and plunged her hand inside. Her fingers quickly found their way inside to wrap warm and soft around him. They held each other for a while as they languidly moved to the festive music, her head on his shoulder, his cheek in her hair.

She kissed his neck and moving nearer they locked lips to explore. She pulled his cock out from inside his pants and with the new found freedom slowly started to stroke it. He pulled her tank top down and exposing a breast trapped the tank top under it. He bent to kiss, to catch her nipple in his mouth and give it a quick suck. Breaking contact she stooped down to take the head of his cock quickly into her mouth.

Suddenly the music changed, it was energetic and bouncy, so much fun! They separated to face each other. With a naughty grin she pulled her tank top down so both breasts were exposed and as they moved with the music her breasts bounced while his cock quivered. She moved towards him, bending forward as her breasts hung, they swung and bobbled around. Then leaning backwards and with her pelvis thrusting she moved away and turned to shake her bum at him. He did the same, the rhythm of the music heavily suffused with bass sent out its throbbing vibrations.

Turning round again with her pelvis thrust forward she moved to grind against his cock as he fondled her breasts. She moved away and turned to wiggle her bum at him lifting her skirt to show her G string and the firm cheeks of her bum. Still holding her skirt up she backed up to be against him and his cock found a place between the cheeks of her bum.

He reached down to hold her hips, then taking the sides of her G string, he pulled and quickly had it with her bra in his pocket. She looked over her shoulder at him, grinning as she moved away again,

bouncing with the beat to turn and, thrusting her pelvis forward she cupped her pussy in her hand as she approached, her fingers delving deep into the wetness.
Her face was sensuous as she looked at his cock and licked her lips. Reaching up she put her arms around his neck and with a quick move had her legs locked around his waist. Carefully she slid down and catching his cock it slid inside her. They moved together, locked in their contact. Then she dismounted leaving his cock wet and cool. Dancing a few feet away she lifted her skirt to show him her shaved pussy as she gyrated.
He moved towards her, she reached forward to undo the belt and button on his pants, and pulled them down. Grabbing his jocks she pulled but they refused to rip so she pulled them down too. Then with her arms around his neck she lifted to straddle him and his cock found its way into her wet warmth. They kissed, their tongues busy as she moved on his cock. The throb of the bass vibrated their viscera, he could feel his insides moving with the beat, and with his cock he could feel hers moving too as she gripped him tight, sucking him in deeper. Her head against his and arms around his neck he held her bum in his hands and lifted her up and down.
He could hear her moans and sighs above the throb of the music and noise of the crowd. Her sighs gathered pitch, her moans became ragged, her breath hot on his neck, the syncopation with the music suddenly gave way to a deafening scream as her arms crushed him to her and her legs clenched around his waist. His cock was bathed in fluid, which flowed down his legs to be caught at his ankles by his pants. Her moans and sighs subsided and soft she clung to him, deep breaths as his cock remained hard inside her. They were buffeted by other dancers, he felt fingers on his balls as someone reached to touch and fondle.
Soon she regained her strength and lifted herself off him. On the floor again she gyrated in front of him with her skirt lifted high to show him her wet, swollen pussy, her breasts, still outside of her tank top, rippled and bounced as she moved. She danced towards him to touch his balls and stroke his cock. From behind she reached, and held his balls as her other hand pumped his cock. Disengaging, she came round in front of him swaying with the beat as she closed her mouth over his cock and sucked while her hand stroked underneath.
He saw another hand sneak under her skirt as she bent over, it lingered for a while. Her head bobbed up and down, and then she broke away to dance in front of him, as another hand reached out and stroked him. Moving in again she grabbed his cock, bumping the other hand away and with both hands massaged him. She looked up and the glint in her eyes and the broad grin spoke of one thing- she was going to do him.
Turning away and bending over she lifted her skirt to show him her bum. She wiggled it before turning to advance on him, with her skirt held high, showing him her shaved cleft. Hands were fondling her bum and one went between her legs. In the strobe light he could see the middle finger dip into her as it withdrew.
Hands reached out to touch him too, the touch on his balls and cock was electric as he watched her approach, looking determined, licking her lips as her head went down and with his cock in her mouth she bobbed up and down. Their eyes met as she worked.

They were bumped into a table, she looked, her mouth turning on his cock as she did. Reaching out she picked up lipstick and deftly opened it. Then holding his cock with one hand she painted it bright red with the lipstick, so appropriate for Christmas. Around him he could hear laughter as she threw the lipstick back onto the table and closed her mouth over his cock again, she sucked as her head bobbed.

Then she showed him her mouth, bright red lips around white teeth.

“Ho, ho, ho!” they heard, as someone added a Christmas touch.

Someone else held his cock, and continued the stroking, until she resumed with her hand. She attacked with longer strokes, her grip firmer, and his knees started to buckle as he felt it beginning. She fondled his balls as they contracted up and suddenly he started to come, his juice spurted out to shower her breasts, someone else caught the next spurt and when offered she licked his sperm out of the hand, a gift of Christmas. Another spurt landed on her face and another hit her chin to drip in strings to the floor. Someone reached out to smooth in the semen on her chest. Another wiped it off her face, wet and slippery, that hand displaced her hand on his cock.

Quickly, on the floor, propped on her elbows with her legs spread wide, she was stopped in the strobe as she waited. The hand stroked for another spurt, she opened her mouth, and with one hand stretched her swollen pussy to show its wet, pink interior. The spurt of semen splashed on her belly. She mopped it up with her fingers and quickly put them in her pussy, deep inside and when she’d painted her walls she sucked her fingers, tasting them. Some more sperm dribbled out to wet the hand stroking him which then fondled his balls as his cock began to subside

She was up in front of him and kissed, arms around him, on tiptoe, her breasts squashed to his chest as she sucked his lips into her mouth, then separated them, as her tongue delved deep inside. Her hands behind his head pulled him to her as she kissed him, lots of kisses all over his face. Then she withdrew and languidly danced in front of him as he regained his breath. She slowly pulled her tank top out from under her breasts and let it cover them again as he pulled up his jocks and pants. They danced for a while, sharing each other’s eyes and smiles.

Then he felt the urge of his bladder, he needed to go and leaned forward to tell her.

“Ok!” she said, and he went. It wasn’t easy to leave, he was as quick as he could be. Standing, he watched the stream flow from his bright red cock and thought of how lucky he had been, he hoped it was the start of something more, not just the sex but something more. They seemed to communicate, to know each other and he could feel the special something that was so warm and large in his mind. He hurried back.

She wasn’t there. Around the dance hall he ran and every strobe was valuable as he looked. Returning to the column she wasn’t there. He waited. She didn’t come. He hunted the hall again, tried to ask people but the music was so loud it was impossible. He knew she was gone. Looking down as tears began to flood his vision, he saw her handbag. Perhaps it really was Christmas. His tears stopped. He picked it up and holding it wondered what he should do. “Hand it in,” a voice kept telling him, but another said “No!” this was his one link. Besides, anyone could claim it and who would know. After a time he decided to leave and holding the bag to him he made his way to the door, through the

milling people who crowded the hall. Finally, past the bouncers, who’s malevolent eyes issued unspoken threats, he was out of the foetid atmosphere and took a deep breath.

There was a noise, he turned, feet running, getting closer, and as she jumped he saw and reached to catch her. She cried as she kissed him,

“They threw me out!” she kept saying, tears flooding as they laughed, and cried, and laughed among the big, wet, smoochie kisses that were salty with tears. He hugged her to him, not wanting to lose her, as she kissed his face all over, it really was Christmas.