Big Fun in the Big Easy

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Michelle has a fun night on the town.

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It was Michelle's first trip to the Big Easy. She had always wanted to see New Orleans, so when her boss offered to send her there to a conference, she jumped at the chance. The whole week had been wall-to-wall meetings and seminars which left very little time to see the sights. Michelle decided to blow off the last day and join a few other ladies from the conference on a guided tour of New Orleans.

The four women talked to the concierge and got the name of a local guide. His name was Ronald. When they met him in the lobby, Michelle liked his looks right away. She guessed he was in his late twenties, about five or six years younger than she was. His dark brown skin and well-muscled chest and forearms were very appealing.

Michelle was married, but her husband had always given her permission to play. He not only encouraged it, he frequently liked to watch her with other men and women. Michelle loved sex and being away from home and without a cock for a week was starting to take a toll. Her nightly sessions with her vibrator just weren't getting it done. As the day and the tour went on, Ronald got to looking more and more attractive to her.

Ronald showed the group all of the sights. They spent the morning touring the Katrina-ravaged neighbourhoods. He showed them examples of the devastation as well as some of the new construction that displayed the resilience and strength of the community. He showed them old plantation homes and took them on a horse-and-carriage ride in Jackson Square so they could see the French Quarter during the daytime. They sampled beignets for breakfast and scrumptious fresh seafood for lunch.

As the day wore on, the women started to tired, both from the long week of business and Ronald's tour. They all decided to go back to the hotel to freshen up before allowing Ronald take them to a few New Orleans night spots. He told them that he would meet them in the lobby at 8:00 pm. That gave Michelle and hour and a half to freshen up and get ready for her evening.

Michelle took a quick shower. After she dried off, she decided to lay on the bed naked to relax and air

dry her damp body a bit. As she lay there, she imagined Ronald kneeling between her thighs, looking up at her with an naughty wide smile on his face.

Her fingers slid into her clit. She began rocking her hips and spreading her legs wider as she imagined his skillful tongue on her wet pussy. Within a matter of moments, she was plunging two fingers in and out of her soaked pussy. The humidity in the air and the heat from her body was making her sweat profusely. She felt her body tense as she neared climax. She imagined Ronald moving his tongue to her ass and, as she slid her own finger in, it sent her over the edge for an incredibly intense orgasm.

She caught her breath and jumped back into the shower. She knew that if she didn't hurry, she would keep the others waiting. She let the cool water rinse the sweat from her body and cool her down. Her clit was still tingling. She resisted the urge to finger herself again. She simply didn't have the time.

She got dressed quickly, selecting a a new black thong. She chose a new short, black dress which hit her about mid-thigh, and took a moment to admire herself in the full-length mirror behind the bathroom door. Her D-cup breasts filled the dress out nicely and showed off her ample cleavage. She pulled her dark, shoulder-length hair back and let it fall forward so it cascaded around her bare shoulders. She quickly slipped on some dressy black sandals, grabbed her pocketbook and headed for the lobby.

When she got there, she only saw Ronald.

"Where are the others?" she asked.

"They cancelled. I guess they were too tired to continue. Would you like to cancel as well?" he asked.

Michelle shook her head, "Hell no. I was looking forward to a fun night in New Orleans."

Ronald smiled, "I think we will be able to find some fun."

They started the evening at a fancy French restaurant. The food was deliciously rich and the wine Ronald suggested complemented the meal perfectly. As they sipped after dinner brandy, Ronald asked Michelle is she would like to do some dancing.

Michelle nodded and noticed that Ronald was staring at her bobbing breasts. She licked her lips seductively and thought to herself that she intended to be sucking and fucking his black cock by the end of the night. Ronald took her hand as they left the restaurant. They caught a cab and when they took a fairly sharp turn, Michelle braced herself on Ronald thigh. Her hand was resting firmly on

Ronald's semi-hard cock. Michelle gave it a friendly squeeze before apologizing for losing her balance. Ronald just smiled as they arrived at the club. As they entered, Ronald warned her that it could get a little rowdy as the patrons were mostly male. Michelle chuckled to herself, thinking that it sounded like her kind of crowd.

Ronald led her directly out the the floor. The music was loud and the floor was packed. The techno music blared. The loud bass made the room shake.Michelle and Ronald danced, moving with the other bodies in the crowd. She felt bodies bumping into her. She felt hands "accidentally" grazing her arm, her back, her hip, and even her ass. She was becoming intoxicated from the constant contact, but she wanted more. When the song ended, Ronald led her to a group of high tables in a dark corner of the room.

The tables were arranged in a semi-circle against the wall. There was a loud group of men at each table. They were all facing the wall, hooting and hollering. Michelle couldn't tell what the commotion was about until she got closer. She saw a woman dancing. She was clothed but was thrusting her hips suggestively to the music. Her hands were caressing her breasts. She was gleefully teasing the men, but being careful to stay just out of their reach. The men loved it. Michelle smiled, recalling her younger days on the pole when she made money for school as a stripper. She told herself at the time that it was only for her education, but in reality, she would have done it for nothing. She loved having all of those eyes on her - being every man's fantasy.

Her pussy throbbed as she felt someone pressing into her from behind. She knew that it wasn't Ronald because he was standing next to her. She felt a rough hand on the back of her leg. It was gliding upward, under the hemline of her dress. She felt his hand grab her thong and move it to one side and felt him edge his fingers closer to her waiting, wet pussy. As his fingers penetrated her, she jumped forward. His brazen attempt startled her, but she loved it. She found herself in front of the whole group of men. They began cheering, encouraging her to be the next dancer.

Michelle looked at Ronald. He smiled broadly and joined in with the rest of the clapping and cheering crowd. The attention had the desired effect and Michelle started dancing to the pounding bass. She began grinding her hips and caressing her breasts over her little black dress. The other woman left the circle without much fanfare as the crowd packed in closer and focused solely on Michelle.

She walked directly toward the men that were now surrounding her completely. She didn't bother keeping her distance as the other dancer had. She intended to give them a much bigger show. She motioned for a few, including Ronald, to step forward. She directed them to take their cocks out and three of them complied quickly. As they began stroking their dicks, Michelle dropped to her knees in front of the first man. He was big and brawny with a short, fat cock. As she moved closer, he grabbed her hair roughly and forced his erection into her mouth. She might have been annoyed with such

rough treatment if she wasn't so turned on. She sucked him enthusiastically as he pulled her hair and face-fucked her mercilessly. He moaned loudly and came quickly. The crowd jeered his hasty performance, but Michelle was unfazed. She simply moved to the next cock.

The second man was taller and slender. Michelle needed two hands to stroke his long vein-covered penis. She took the head into her mouth. The slender man caressed her face and let her do her magic. Michelle treated him to a slow, sloppy blow job that would have made any porn star proud. She took his wet cock out of her mouth and began stroking him rapidly. When she sensed that he was ready to ejaculate, she took him back in her mouth deeply. She gagged slightly as the head of his cock hit the back of her throat. He groaned loudly and filled her mouth with cum. She might have considered letting him cum on her tits if she wasn't wearing her new dress. She felt a few drops escaping from her lips, so she took a finger and pushed them back into her mouth. The crowd went wild.

As she moved to Ronald, she stood up and turned away from him. He looked a little disappointed that he wasn't going to be treated to a blow job like the others until she bent at the waist and lifted her little black dress and exposed her ass to the crowd. Ronald moved in quickly. He ripped her black lace thong off of her and threw it to the floor. He grabbed her hips hard and drove his long, black cock forcefully into her soaked pussy lips. Michelle moaned loudly as he fucked her hard and fast.

The music was loud but the crowd was louder. The manager had been watching from a distance, but knew that it was time to break up the mob. He didn't mind the show, but he didn't want to see things get any farther out of hand. He grabbed his crew of bouncers and gave them instructions to end Michelle's sexy show. As they moved through the crowd, two of them quickly grabbed Ronald and Michelle and ushered them back to the manager's office. The others dispersed the booing patrons and got club back in order.

As the office door closed behind them, Michelle was surprised how quiet the sound-proofed office was compared to the noisy dance floor of the club. She tried to adjust her dress and compose herself while Ronald worked to fasten his pants over his still very erect penis.The manager laughed, "I should call the cops on you two, but I guess no real harm was done. You two take a few minutes to let the crowd die down and then get the fuck out of here. Do you understand?"

Ronald thanked the manager as the manager left them alone in the office. Michelle was still filled with lust. She needed to cum and she didn't intend to leave that room until she did. She went to Ronald and dropped to her knees. She pulled his cock out and sucked him hard. She could taste her own pussy juice on his throbbing cock. She could feel the juices from her pussy running down her thighs. She reached down and rubbed her clit wildly.

Ronald moaned. She sensed he was close, so she pulled his cock from her mouth and grabbed the base tightly. She pulled him by the cock to the floor and down on top of her. Ronald sunk his cock deep inside her and began slamming into her again and again. Michelle lifted her hips, meeting each thrust. She moaned loudly. Ronald covered her mouth, not wanting to be interrupted again. Michelle neared climax. She reached around his hips and grabbed his firm black ass and pulled him even deeper inside of her. Ronald ejaculated forcefully and began grinding his cock into her cervix. Michelle's orgasm erupted. Her body shook as the exquisite sensation of release rocketed through her body.

Ronald stayed inside her - allowing her pussy to squeeze every ounce of cum from his cock. The sexual aftershocks continued to pleasure Michelle as she continued to enjoy Ronald's manhood. Eventually, they composed themselves and got dressed. Ronald led her out of the club and hailed a cab. He helped her in and told the driver to take Michelle back to her hotel.

Michelle said, "You're not joining me?"

Ronald smiled and laughed, "I can't. I have a date."

Michelle laughed loudly as Ronald shut the cab door. As the cab drove off, the driver said, "Is this your first trip to the Big Easy, darlin'?"

Michelle smiled, "Yes, but it won't be my last."