A Night at Fudruckers

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Come to the bathroom with me..

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It was a Friday night, about 11:00 p.m. Ashley and I had gone out for a dance with some friends of ours. She was so beautiful; she had on tennis shoes, jeans that hugged her perfect ass just right, and a shirt that was tight, but not too tight.

We had pulled into Fudruckers for a quick burger before we went home. All of us ordered our food and sat down. Ashley and I sat on the side just the two of us. I was rubbing the inside of her thighs and pinching them gently. She kept doing that sexy, turned-on glare at me.

We all finished our food and sat there talking. Ashley had a card to get a free cookie, and wanted to go get it. I, however, wanted to kiss her - maybe even more.

"Come to the bathroom with me, then we'll go get your cookie," I said looking at her.

"Kass, I don't need to go to the bathroom, I want my dang cookie," was her reply; she obviously didn't get what I wanted to do.

I eventually won the argument and we went to the bathroom. When we got in there, I pulled her to me by her hips and whispered, "You're so beautiful," then leaned in and kissed her. Our tongues were, quite quickly, in a dance of passion. I closed my mouth on her tongue and sucked gently.

Her hands wandered to my breasts and cupped gently, while mine went to her ass and started pinching and squeezing - I knew it turned her on. I broke our kiss and looked in her eyes before I kissed and bit her neck.

She bit her lip and began breathing heavier. I moved one of my hands to her pussy and started rubbing in a circular motion slow and hard. She sighed and took a hold on my hair.

I went back up and started kissing her - our tongues met imediately and started dancing. I picked her up and put her against one of the walls. I could tell she was shocked - she didn't think I was strong

enough to pick her up.

I put her down, squatted down so I was at her stomach (I was 5'6", and she was 5'2"). I slowly kissed all over her stomach. I pushed her pants down slightly and licked a trail just above her pussy. I could smell her - she was wet beyond belief, as was I.

I gradually stood back up, sliding my hands under her shirt and bra. She bit her lip right before I kissed her hard. She put a hand on my pussy at the same time I put a hand on hers. We both rubbed each others pussy slowly as we French kissed.

She pulled away slowly and said, "Kass, they're closing up, we've been in here for a long time. People will probably come looking for us, we need to go," in a shaking voice.

I groaned in frustration, but agreed. We put ourselves back together and tried to walk normally. Her hands were shaking and her veins were very distinct; that happened when she was really, really turned on. My skin was like lava it was so hot, and my pussy was aching. I needed to taste her, but I couldn't - that was the frustrating part.

We got in the car with her friend, Marty. We were both in the back seat, and it was pitch black outside. We both began rubbing each other's pussy while we drove home. We both had the orgasm we needed, yet somehow we kept it quiet. I went home that night wanting more, needing more. This would have to be finished, I knew it would.