

Polly Wants A Cracker

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Big dick is never enough. You have to put in that work.

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The crowd rages, mass hysteria, as women scream frantically; their bodies covered in a light dew of sweat that causes their clothing to cling to their curves. Electricity more like chemistry: *I see you baby. The way you move and handle that guitar, I can tell you know what you're doing. You look so good;* It's lighting when those stars shine, women losing control in the moment; their hands grab air trying to touch a star. Burning-up more like fired-up: *Baby, I see you playing that guitar; giving it all you got. I know it's true, the sweat that covers your body tells me so. Damn, you look good--more than good;* It's hot when that rock-n-roll plays; music moving through the air it hits like a fever, her body shakes, she fights back, but it has her; the music continues to move in her, she closes her eyes; and her hands sway in the air as the music hypnotizes her body and slowly she begins to succumb to the music; her body stops shaking and her mind grows calm: *Give me more. I love the way you're talking to me. Keep it going I won't tell anybody.* It's quiet when hands touch and fingers interlock, a boy and girl are real close. Rough and like a melody he talks to her, "Hey sexy. I'll be your star, your world, your everything just come with me." She steps into him, her body pushed up against his: *I'm listening.* Looking up at him her eyes are wide and full of honesty, "Yeah?"

"Yeah babe, I'll do it for you."

Her hands squeeze tighter around his hands, "Okay."

He lowers his head down to her; he kisses her, and she kisses him back. She feels something; her pupils dilate, and she opens her legs a little for him. Hands let go; his hands move all over her. Large and hard his calloused finger tips feel a little rough on her skin. His hands move under her blouse. She lifts her arms up and he moves the shirt off her body, over her head, and past her arms. The shirt falls to the ground. She unzips his pants, and he takes his shirt off. Back and forth her hand moves around him; She steps back and admires her handy-work, her eyes get big, her breasts perk up, and her mouth opens slightly: *Fuuuck, that's a nice one. Damn it, why are you just standing there! Take me already.* His hands grip her body: *Yeah like that.* He picks her up and carries her to the bed. He slides into her, and she takes a deep breath: *mmmm yeah. I feel you. Keep going. Put your hands on me.* Pushing on her she can feel his dick extend in her, with each thrust he tries to get further in. Her

body shakes, as for a brief moment he touched her spot; and she concentrates on the feeling of his dick: *Harder! I know you can do it. Come on deeper, push. Yeah, don't stop.* The bed buckles as he pounds into her. His muscles strain. He forces his body to go faster. She is quiet not making a sound. Tears roll down her cheek and pain covers her face. She's really thinking about him now: *Oh fuck! You're doing it. Keep going, harder.* It hurts so bad she wants to claw his face off. She closes her eyes: *Harder--harder--yeah--harder! I'm almost there. You got me. A little more and got me . . .* He suddenly pulls out and cums on her; he rolls over to the other side of the bed.

"See baby I told you I would do it for you."

"Yeah you sure did."

He falls asleep and she is left wide awake thinking about all kinds of things. Then she notices the rock star's pet parrot in a cage on the other side of the room. She smiles to herself: *You had me, almost. You should have went a little bit longer.*

The night passes and the sun rises. The rock star awakes from his slumber. She is long gone. He looks at his birdcage and notices something.

"The bitch took my parrot."