Living The Dream - Public Sex with Strangers

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A sexually frustrated woman becomes embroiled in a stranger’s public sex fantasy

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A long hot shower had washed away the fatigue of my hard days’ work, but still another boring night loomed ahead. Anyone who thinks it's fun to work away from home and stay in hotels clearly hasn't done it too often.

My reflection in the full length mirror looked back at me and made me pause to pose and indulge in a moment of self evaluation. Not bad really, I mentally refused to add "for my age", just not bad.

A woman still in her prime looked at me reflecting my frustration at being cooped up in this room. For a moment she seemed, in my mind, to be so real. I thought she was going to say something to me but she thought better of it. Instead, her hands rose from where they'd been resting on her firm slightly muscular thighs, her nails scraped over fine delicate skin until they reached her small, firm breasts topped with nipples that were clearly tight and hard. Her fingers caressed the bullet like points forcing her to close her eyes and rob us both of the erotic images we'd been sharing.

As the reflection in the mirror faded, her arousal became my own again, electric pulses jumped from my fingers onto my warm flesh. I wondered if she was still enjoying herself, my eyes opened and she returned my knowing smile.

We understood each other perfectly.

Our eyes lowered, watching each other as fingers slid over slim smooth stomachs down to freshly shaved mounds before slipping surprisingly easily between lips that had only known our own touch for far too long.

With an angry shake of the head I tore myself away from my likeness in the mirror, chastising myself for accepting that, yet again, my own company would be all I needed. Banishing the lethargy from my brain I reached for the wardrobe door determined to at least visit the hotel bar for a drink and be in the company of other humans for a short time tonight. Maybe someone would strike up a conversation because there's no place more lonely than being on your own in a crowd.

I was travelling light so choosing what to wear took no time at all. The plain dark blue dress was nothing special, but at least the large white buttons running down the front lent it an air of accessibility. I really wanted sexy underwear but it had all been left at home.

The little devil on my shoulder was telling me to go without, it would be a thrill knowing I was in a crowd naked under my dress. The angel on my other shoulder told him not to be stupid and pulled a boring pair of plain white panties out of the suitcase. I don't normally wear a bra, one of the advantages of small breasts, so a pair of black peep toe shoes completed the limited ensemble. With doubts still flowing through my brain, I arrived at the bar and ordered my first Gin & Tonic of the evening. Like all avid people watchers, I looked for a comfortable seat in a corner and sat back for what I expected to be a very short and probably quite boring evening.

The bar filled quickly and it wasn't long before I was congratulating myself on having a seat and a table.

"Is anyone sitting here?"

I hadn't seen you approaching and the last thing I wanted was to be hit on by some creep, but a quick glance revealed a smart attractive man probably of a similar age to myself. I couldn't honestly claim the seat was taken and anyway, the next option could be a lot worse so I waved my acceptance trying not to give you too much encouragement.

"Thanks for saying yes, can I buy you another drink to say thank you properly?"

I politely refused of course, that's one of the rules of the game. You didn't push the point, but your eyes and the knowing smile playing across your lips clearly said that you also understood the rules and you would wait patiently for me to change my mind.

I was forced to return the smile with interest, happily accepting that you'd won this round.

"Oh all right, a Gin & Tonic please. Thank you."

I watched as you moved to the bar, maybe tonight wasn't going to be a total write off after all.

Thankfully, even after the normal pleasantries were dispensed with, conversation was easy, you had a relaxed manner and put me at ease, you didn't seem at all uncomfortable with me either. Long before we ran out of sober conversation, the flow of alcohol had stimulated the flow of words and we were chatting like old friends. You had a good line in jokes, mostly dirty ones and you were more than

happy to run through your repertoire once you found that you had a willing audience. At the time, I didn't even notice how you gradually became more risky in topics and questions, and so it didn't seem at all out of place when you asked me if I had any sexual fantasies.

"Of course," I laughed. "Don't we all. Do you?"

"Oh yes, I love fantasies, will you tell me one of yours?"

In the silence that followed, our lives changed in a way we could never have foreseen.

"I think I want you to go first."

I felt like a little girl, excited, nervous, but nowhere near ready to take that leap into telling you what fantasies my dirty little mind concocted when I was alone.

"OK, do you mind if I make you the subject of my fantasy as I tell it? It makes it more real for me if I can tell it as if you were the woman I take on my journey."

You didn't wait for an answer, but pulled your chair closer to mine and carried on.

"We would meet for the first time in a strange City, perhaps a carnival is on, we could be anywhere, maybe somewhere exotic like Rio, that’s not important. We get on well and I ask you to come with me, see the sights, visit local bars and leave the tourist trail far behind."

As you talked, one of your hands rested on my arm, I was aware of your touch and I liked it. The other hand gesticulated, describing where we were, what we were doing. Somehow, your voice and the way you involved me in your fantasy had captured my imagination.

"I'd take you by the hand and we would run into the street like a pair of teenagers, no thought as to what we'd do or where we'd go."

For a moment, I was in Rio, hearing the sounds of the carnival all around me, surrounded by vibrant colours that seemed to capture my soul.

Your hand caressing my knee snapped me back to reality. I didn't want your story to end, but the journey of your fingers under the hem of my dress had to. I rested my hand on yours; firmly pushing you back to my knee. I paused before mentally accepting that I wanted to leave your hand there, a slight squeeze reassured you that your touch was pleasing me just don't move too fast.

I drained the contents of my glass, shaking my head to clear my mind of the images that had formed. Thoughts of what I was sure you wanted to do to me made me squirm in my seat.

I lost your words in the turmoil of my own thoughts. Vague sounds of your animated voice rang in my ears but I had to ask you to repeat what you'd said.

"Let's do it, let’s go and do it right now."

For a second I thought you'd just made the most direct invitation to have sex that I'd ever heard, but before I could react, you'd risen from your seat and taken my hand in yours.

"Come on, please Roz, come with me, let's walk, find a local pub be free spirits. I promise I'll look after you."

Even as I stuttered through a series of mild protests I found myself being led, not too gently, across the crowded bar and out into the street. Your childish enthusiasm carried me away, possibly aided by several Gin & Tonics. People stared at us as we ran through the crowd, you dragging me along behind. It took me several minutes to slow you down enough to speak.

A myriad of conflicting thoughts and sensations flooded my brain and every nerve in my body. My nipples were excruciatingly sensitive where they'd rubbed against the fabric of my dress as we ran. Electric currents shot like lightening bolts from the hard tips of my breasts directly into my mind and a point somewhere down there between my hips. My thoughts were split among diverse feelings of elation at your excitement, trepidation at what I was allowing you to do and absolute lust from what was rapidly becoming a state of extreme arousal.

My chest was heaving with the exertion of our run, I knew without looking that my nipples were pushing at the fabric of my dress as if they were trying to reach out to you. I knew they were because your eyes told me.

"Everybody's looking at us Cliff, they think we're mad." You stopped and faced me taking my hands in yours, holding me at arms length.

"We are Roz, we're totally mad but look at them. They just walk on by, you've never seen them before and you'll never see them again. Now let’s find a pub." Without another word, you were off again, rushing down streets, glancing into windows and then on again until you found a small quaint pub that looked warm and inviting.

I followed you captivated by your energy and minutes later I was perched on a bar stool with you

standing beside me pushing another glass into my hand. Gradually, my racing heart settled back into a normal rhythm but my racing hormones definitely didn't. The first sip of my drink told me that this was at least a double. I gave you a quizzical look.

"Is that OK? I thought I owed you a large one for carrying you off into my fantasy, but you're having fun, I know you are."

All the time we talked your hand was resting on my arm, sometimes stroking or squeezing me gently. An almost imperceptible moan whispered between my lips and told you that the crook of my elbow was deliciously sensitive. Your fingers returned there, running lightly across my skin, pressing gently into my soft warm flesh. The images dancing in my head were of you touching a very different part of my body.

You knew the effect you were having on me. You demonstrated your skill as a seducer, tracing shapes across my arm, sending a request from your fingertips to my brain, asking if they could caress me until I couldn't take any more. Your hand moved experimentally onto my knee but unlike last time I longed for you to run your fingers up to the sensitive flesh of my thigh.

I recognised the tingle in my brain. Was it the alcohol or the sensations of your hand caressing my leg? The hand moved, squeezing the skin above my knee, inching the thin fabric of my dress higher.

I didn't stop you.

I felt a button pop and cool air drifted over my thigh where the warming cloth had fallen away. My nostrils sensed a delicate aroma that I knew so well,

I wondered if you recognised the faint sensual musk of a female in heat.

The palm of your hand created a warm patch on my exposed thigh, the tips of your fingers just inches from sampling the moisture I could feel soaking into the thin strip of cloth covering my womanhood. If I let you, you would touch me, I knew that. If I sat still and silent, maybe even opened my legs slightly, you would slip your hand under the last protective remnants of my dress and run your finger over the thin cotton barrier that was the final obstacle between your fingers and my womanly charms.

In a flash of realisation, I understood you. I knew what your fantasy was and that this was only the beginning.

I let my knees part an inch. The movement surprised you, your eyes shot up to see my smiling face.

"There are two men on a table over there who are watching us, does that turn you on Cliff?" My knees spread another inch.

Your body shook visibly; your tongue snaked out to coat lips that were dry with tension. I could feel the trembling of your body through your fingertips as they dug into the flesh at the top of my leg. I could almost feel your courage seeping away from you as you were faced with the possibility of a long held fantasy being realised. I leaned forward, my hands on your shoulders to let me whisper in your ear.

"Is this your real fantasy Cliff? Do you want to touch me while those men watch what you're doing to me?"

My voice quivered with a mixture of fear and lust. Was I really going to let you put your hand under my dress right here in a public house?

I opened my legs wider, much wider, knowing that if I'd read this wrong I was making a fool of myself.

I wasn't wrong.

You finally regained a small amount of control and hesitantly caressed the sensitive skin on the inside of my thigh, your hand crept further and further under my dress. I watched your eyes, looking for a reaction but all I saw was the glazed expression of a man who couldn't believe that this was happening.

"Oh god yes, I've dreamt about it, god is this really happening? I'm so turned on. Jesus!"

You were savouring the moment, the tip of your middle finger paused. You must have been able to feel the heat emanating from my saturated sex, but you waited, enjoying the damp touch of your palm on my skin and your proximity to the fulfilment of a dream. Your eyes scanned the room easily picking out the faces of the two men who were watching us. They didn't see you look; their eyes were riveted on the dark tunnel between my legs where your wrist vanished under the hem of my dress.

"They're watching me touch you. God this is so horny. Are you sure Roz?" The depth of my breathing and the slightest nod gave you the answer you prayed for.

The last inch was finally bridged and I felt your finger slide over the damp cotton between my legs drawing an unladylike groan from somewhere at the back of my throat. I thought I was going to climax at that instant with just a single touch from your probing finger but my mind was lost in a maelstrom of sensations that held me back from my final release.

I felt the thickness of your erection pressing against the outside of my leg, even through your trousers I could sense the pulsing of the blood pumping into your rapidly hardening shaft. You pushed against me increasing the pressure; your hips moved slightly fucking my leg like the horny dog you were.

I was lost in the heady pleasure of your finger pushing the warm wet fabric of my panties into my slit, worming your way inside me as if you were intent on bursting through the thin obstacle between you and your dream. Defeated, you pulled the cloth aside allowing the first of your fingers to touch the soft flesh of my pussy. Copious juices held back by my sealed lips flooded your hand, soaking us both, running down to lubricate the first invading finger then the second one you were pushing up inside me.

You were pumping my open flower in time with your increasingly desperate thrusts against my thigh. In my imagination it was your shaft sliding in and out of my well oiled pussy walls not your fingers. An itching sensation began to build in my stomach as my orgasm built rapidly, god I needed this so much I would have done anything to make sure you finished me there and then.

I knew you were really turned on but I had to know just how much. The feel of you rubbing into my thigh, the bulge in your trousers getting harder and longer should have been enough, but I just had to touch you. My finger nails scraped over the rough fabric covering the shaft running down your thigh. I scratched round where I knew your helmet would be forcing more pre-cum into your pants. My reward was a noticeable wet patch growing where my hand squeezed your juices. I could imagine the slippery fluids oozing out of the tiny slit at the end of your lovely hard cock. Your eyes were glazed, opening and closing with the flow of my fingers up and down your erection.

I glanced across at our audience hoping, expecting to see anguished looks on their faces as their excitement mounted in parallel with ours. What I saw was them starting to move towards us. The determined looks on their faces told me everything I needed to know. A flash of imagery passed through my brain of them reaching us and their hands touching, grasping at my exposed flesh, the sound of tearing fabric as they prepared me to be taken by them both.

"Oh fuck Cliff, stop, look, we have to go." My brain was telling me to stop but my body was screaming that I wanted to be bent over the bar and fucked until I passed out. The part of my brain that said we had to flee overruled the part that thought I should ignore the consequences. Your face was a picture of childlike bliss, you were totally lost in your fantasy world and it took a second for you to realise the danger we were in.

"God Cliff, come on we have to go." The urgency in my voice clawed you back to reality. Seconds later we fled past the two hopefuls and with my mind still spinning I was rushing through crowded

streets again with your arm round my waist. It was only when we were confident that we weren't being followed that we slowed down. A few seconds later, we were laughing like children who had just got away with a terrible prank.

A kaleidoscope of conflicting emotions was blinding me to the reality of the situation I'd allowed you to create. Awareness of my own body was magnified by the alcohol and my growing need for sexual gratification caused in no small part by the memory of your fingers bringing me so close to the satisfaction I needed badly.

I also had to admit that it had turned me on knowing that those men had watched you touch me and that they had wanted to touch me as well.

You took my face tenderly between the palms of your hands and gazed deep into my eyes, I could feel you burrowing down to my soul.

"Are you turned on Roz, are you as excited as I am?" Meekly, I nodded my head.

Your eyes cast round and finding what you were looking for, you guided me towards an alleyway running off the main street, your voice guttural as you fought to speak through heaving lungs.

"How turned on are you Roz, you were amazing in the pub. If those men hadn't interfered, you were going to cum weren't you." It was a statement, not a question; you knew how close I'd been when we had to run.

Nimble fingers fumbled with another dress button and I felt the cool breeze flow across the wet crotch of my panties like waves lapping on the shore. The bricks of the alley wall were hard and cold on my back as you eased me away from you to lean against it for support. Your eyes held mine, your hands gripped my waist, I could feel you trembling with excitement at what I was allowing you to do.

My eyelids closed, shutting out the sight of people rushing along the street only feet away from where you folded back the edges of my dress. I could feel your eyes feasting on my exposed body.

"Oh jesus this is so fucking amazing Roz."

Your body pressed into mine, pinning me to the wall, your lips closed over my lips, your tongue sought out my tongue. Your right hand slid over my thigh prising my legs apart to cup my warm, moist pussy in the palm of your hand. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. My wetness soaked you in seconds building a sheen of juice for your fingers to slide over me.

Your hand eased over the wet surface of my panties, pausing to stroke the fine skin covering my stomach muscles before pushing down again past the thin ribbon of elastic. Desperate fingers crawled down seeking the opening to my moist haven. My lips, already wet and open from your earlier onslaught parted willingly giving your fingers free access to delve over the fringe of my sex probing round the slippery nub of my clitoris.

Fingers explored my hairless mound, your reaction was unsurprising, how many men don't enjoy the feel of a freshly shaven pussy.

"Ah fuck, you make me so horny Roz, I want to make you cum, right here in the alley. I want to fuck you with my fingers so that anyone who looks can see what I'm doing to you. Is that what you want?"

The weak elastic proved no resistance to even your gentle urging as you peeled the last fragment of clothing down to expose the smooth skin your fingers had caressed so lovingly. The scrap of fabric fell over my legs to lie on the ground at my feet before I kicked it away to allow my legs to open.

I'd answered your question.

I moaned loudly as the first finger slid easily past the barrier of my puffed up pussy lips, you curled it round to rub circles inside the walls of my sex rubbing onto my G-spot sending wave after wave of erotic sensations into my brain. You planted the thumb of your other hand onto my clit, smearing my jelly like excretions round the hardening nub. My orgasm started right away. I'd been so close in the pub, I couldn't wait and in seconds my hips were jerking against your hands each thrust accompanied by a grunt of released tension until finally in an explosion of pent up pressure, I reached the climax I'd needed all night.

"Oh yes, yes, yes oh god please, just there, fuck, fuck, fuck ahhhhhh."

I basked in the relief flowing through my nether regions while you slowly fingered me through a series of wonderful after shocks keeping me as high as a kite on sexual energy. You still had two fingers pleasuring me when you dropped to your knees and ran your rigid tongue over my clit. I didn't stop cumming, a continuous wave of orgasms swept over me leaving my body twitching in one long spasm of joy.

The light shining into the alley dimmed suddenly, a dark shape blocked the amber glow from the distant street lights. All my instincts told me I had to run but I only had one foot on the ground, the other leg was wrapped over your shoulder opening my pussy for your educated tongue and pulling your face into the juicy folds of my sex. I was too absorbed in a myriad of feelings, my only cry sounded, even to me, like a cry of sexual bliss.

The silent shadow stopped several feet from where we were performing our lewd dance. For a brief moment, I suspected we'd attracted a passing official, but a policeman wouldn't be rubbing his hand over his genitals, he wouldn't need to check over his shoulder to see if anyone had followed him. He watched, the only visible sign that he was excited by our display was the distinctive movement of his arm. Was he rubbing himself through his trousers or did he have himself in hand, stroking flesh on flesh?

I was shaking with fear and trepidation as well as lust. I was at a sexual peak, nearing yet another climax as this stranger watched you eat my pussy and finger fuck me fast and hard. I was out of control; all logic had deserted me in our moment of depravity. I curled my finger towards our friend and waved him towards me, he hesitated, uncertain until I repeated the gesture.

The shape came closer, much closer. Big, dark hands made short work of the final buttons on my dress; the cooling drafts of air were soothing on my raw nipples but not for long as fingers began to pull at my tender flesh.

I felt you tense as you realised we weren't alone, but I wanted your expert tongue to carry on pleasuring me, my hands dropped to your head, pulling your mouth back between my legs.

"Yeeessss, pull my nipples, please, squeeze them harder. Lick me Cliff, god you're fucking good, don't stop."

I could only hope that my whispered words of encouragement would let you both know I wanted this. My right hand was pulled away from your hair; a strong grip guided me to a very hard cock sticking out from the groin of our new friend. I was hesitant at first until my tiny fingers were forcibly wrapped round him and I started to pull on his lengthening shaft with long, slow strokes. His first sound was a gasp of pleasure when my fingers drew over the ridge of his helmet, smearing pre-cum across the head of his engorged manhood.

A flicker of light above my head drew my attention like a moth to a flame. Faint voices drifted down from bodies silhouetted against the dim light bathing their balcony in a delicate glow. Eyeless shadows bent towards us, voyeurs feasting on the scraps they could discern in the uncertain light.

"Can you see them Tom, oh god she's got two men with her darling, can you see?" The gentle whisper of a woman’s voice percolated down from above me. A low masculine moan confirmed to her that, yes, Tom could see.

You slid two fingers in and out of my pussy and flicked your tongue over my clit, circling and pressing,

building the start of another climax way down inside me. I could feel my ambrosia coating your tongue and lips, spreading across the skin of your face until your cheeks were coated in my sweet smelling juices.

"Mmmm, god yes, lick me Cliff, ahhh so good." My moans became dangerously loud, but I couldn't fight the thrilling sensations surging from between my legs.

"Look at her face, she loves what they're doing to her, look at the way they touch her body, touch me like that Tom, touch me like they touch her. Oh Tom darling tell me you would let me have two men."

The hushed tones of our spectators carried to me in the still air, their voices contained no note of surprise, perhaps our activities weren't the first time they had witnessed acts of passion below their window. A stifled moan, suffocated at birth suggested that Tom was happy to do as she asked.

Our stranger moulded my breasts, one hand on each small orb, kneading and working the firm flesh round and round building circles of pure pleasure. His fingers pinched at the hard berries that poked into his palms, sensitive and tender where they had rubbed across the harsh fabric of my clothing. I felt a wet patch growing on my thigh where his hard rod spread fluids across my skin, my hand rubbed him faster and faster. I could feel him bucking his hips to increase the stimulation. He wasn't going to take long before he gave me his precious load.

"Ooohh, there, just there, don't stop, ahhh, ahhh, yes."

I had no idea who I was talking to, or who might be listening I just needed to release some of my pent up tension through meaningless words.

"Do that again my darling, please do it again." The words could have been mine, telling you how much I wanted your tongue sliding into the folds of my pussy, but they came from higher. "Please Tom, put it in, fuck me now."

My eyes might have deceived me but as they adjusted gradually to the subdued light I was sure I could make out the naked forms of our two lovers joining as they took in the live pornographic exhibition being played out below them. Their gasps and groans could be heard over our own, telling me the enjoyment they were sharing. I smiled in the darkness. Somehow I know she smiled as well.

My hand slid down over my stomach feeling your tongue chasing my slippery bud, coating my fingers in pussy juice before holding them up for my new lover. His nostrils twitched devouring the smell of my nectar before his tongue savoured the sweetness of my juices, licking my fingers clean of every precious morsel. The smell and taste were like a drug that sent his body into spasm fucking harder,

faster into the canal my fingers formed round his expanded shaft. His hips jerked one last time, the first spurt of his release surged through the length of his rod sending a white glowing orb of seed in an arc to land on my thigh. I pulled, gripping the base of his cock tighter, urging him to give me all of his sperm. A second and third sphere hit my leg, gradually striking lower and lower until I was draining his final secretions with my fingers, smearing them over his rapidly softening erection.

All through the pleasure I was giving our visitor, your tongue lashed my clit whipping me into a frenzy. My leg wrapped round your head, the back of my knee pulled your face hard into my hips, forcing your mouth onto my dripping pussy. You were moaning or talking, or both but whichever, the vibrations rippled through me taking me to another place. My eyes closed, focusing my mind on the palpable lust between my legs and the mix of pleasure and pain emanating from our new acquaintance whose fingers still tore at my tender nipples.

Without the wall behind me and my thigh on your shoulder I would have collapsed in a heap. The leg I was standing on shook and felt too weak to support me, my breath rasped in my chest.

"Oh god. oh god, oh god." I knew this one was going to consume me, every action was subconscious. I could feel myself fucking your face, forcing you harder and deeper to drive me to my climax. I could feel your fingers curled round inside my pussy pulling my clit onto your hard flat tongue as you held it rigid, shaking your head from side to side taking me higher and higher. Finally with a scream that must have been audible out in the street, my body shook through a wonderful orgasm that neither of you seemed to want to stop. It quickly became too much to bear.

"Ahhh fuck, stop, stop too much. Stop."

Every nerve seemed to be in spasm, my body was jerking with powerful convulsions that were wonderful but simultaneously set my teeth on edge. Eventually you both slowed to a halt, my new friend gently cupped my breasts in his warm soothing hands. Your fingers held still, not leaving me empty but letting the tension drain out of my limbs. Your tongue lapped slowly round the hard ball bearing that was my clitoris, delivering only just bearable surges of lust to my over-stimulated brain.

"Thank you, thank you." I gasped my appreciation. My words were spoken to the departing back of my strange lover who, after a final squeeze of my breasts had tucked his limp cock back into his trousers and turned to walk away.

He hadn't uttered a word throughout our whole affair.

"That was beyond my wildest fantasy Roz, I've never ever dreamt of anything close. I almost came without touching myself, you dirty, dirty girl, I can't believe you let him touch you. Oh god you made

him cum as well, didn't you?" You'd seen the stream of cum sliding down my thigh, almost luminescent in the faint glow.

As you climbed off your knees, your lips and tongue licked up over my stomach, your hands slid over my hips, leaving trails of shivers as they barely touched my sides before meeting at my breasts where your hands pointed firm red nipples one at a time into your waiting mouth. I shivered, not with cold but with lust that still hadn't been satisfied. Your hands and mouth gorged on my warm soft flesh, stroking over my back, cupping the cheeks of my arse, squeezing and caressing me, touching me like a blind man memorising every curve, every indentation.

Above my head, a passionate cry reminded me that we had two spectators who were sharing our love making.

"I'm cumming my darling."

A masculine voice, Tom. We both looked up, you for the first time, realising that we had more company than you knew.

"Have they been watching us Roz, god I hope they have."

"Yes sweetie, they've seen everything. Let's stay and watch them."

We stood, necks craned upwards watching the writhing shadows on the balcony above as they twisted and turned, separating momentarily just to rejoin, one minute slow then faster, more frantic. With a sudden surge the shape became still, a male and female voice in harmony groaning as their release overcame them.

The single shadow separated into two and started to drift back through the open doors, one of the shadows waved, I waved back and our friends were gone.

The bulge in your trousers was pressing into my pussy, I reached down, stroking you through the wet patch in front of your pants. You groaned, a passionate, wanton groan.

"You're so hard and wet Cliff, your must need to do something with that. Take me back to the hotel and fuck me."

Even in the half light I could see your head nod in acquiescence. Reluctantly you fastened 3 of the buttons on my dress, tidying your new toys away just to make me respectable enough to walk through the streets. This time, it was me who took your hand and led you out into the busy square full of

people rushing here and there like a swarm of bees. None of them paid any attention to two slightly dishevelled visitors to their city.

I looked at you expecting directions to lead us back to our hotel. "Which way Cliff?"

"No idea sweetheart, I don't think I was concentrating on where we were going when we arrived here."

No, I thought, I don't suppose you were.

We stopped a couple of passers-bye but their English was nowhere near good enough to help us. It was then that you came up with the bright idea of finding the river. From there, you were confident that you could work out the way back to the hotel. Even in the gathering gloom, finding the river was easy and soon we were walking hand in hand along a river-walk back in what you were sure was the right direction. We talked but there were long periods of silence during which I expect we were both thinking about what we were going to do when we got back.

"Hang on Cliff, look at the view."

I walked over to the railing lining the bank and looked out across the black, slow flowing river. The city lights glowed brightly in the distance, looking like a monster fairground ride set against the night sky. The scene in front of me was enough to take my breath away, but by far the most beautiful sight was the moon. Glowing bright against the star spotted darkness of space, the earth’s satellite shone brightly. A second, equally dazzling orb shone out of the water, reflecting the beauty in the sky.

My mind flashed back to my reflection in the mirror earlier that evening. Was it really just a few hours ago that I considered staying in my room tonight?

"Isn't that one of the most beautiful sights you've ever seen?"

"Yes." I glanced round to see you with a big grin on your face, not looking at the moon at all. Following the line of your eyes took me to where my gaping dress barely covered my small breasts. We laughed.

You still laughed even when I hit you harder than I intended.

As I turned back to immerse myself in natures vision again, your arms wrapped round me from behind and you hugged my back against your chest. Our bodies were warm against each other, it was a wonderful moment. Your hand slipped into the top of my dress and closed gently over my left

breast. My nipple rose to greet your palm, burrowing into flesh as you caressed me gently. A moan, no, more of a small gasp hissed between my teeth, enough encouragement for you to flip another button loose and cup both breasts in a passionate embrace.

My eyes took in the spectacle in front of me, but my feelings were concentrated on the hard tips being pushed and pulled under your hands. You edged me closer to you, pressing the mounds of my breasts flat against my chest, I could feel your engorged shaft digging into me from behind.

Your fingers left one of my nipples and unfastened the last 2 dress buttons, exposing my naked body to the moon and the city lights beyond. A cloud passed briefly over the shining disk making it look for a moment like it had given me a knowing wink. The cool river breeze pulled at my dress showing my naked body to the sky and the unknowing citizens on the far bank.

Your hands roamed across my skin, stroking and squeezing, revelling in the total access I gave you to touch me as you pleased. I turned to face you, proudly showing my naked form. I unfastened your belt, hearing your low animalistic moan as I pushed your trousers and pants down in one move and took your hot throbbing cock in my hands. I so wanted you to feel the pleasure I was feeling, I wanted you to know that I would play your fantasy to the full.

Leaving your pulsing rod I lifted your hands to my head, holding your palms against my hair. I pushed, making you feel as if you were forcing me down lower until me knees settled on the cold paving at your feet.

"Oh fuck Roz, what are you doing?" I knew you didn't really need to ask, your head was filled with the display of wanton lust I was acting out for you, showing you how dirty I could be. You didn't need any more encouragement to pull my mouth towards the steel like cock rearing out from the forest of hair at the top of your thighs. My lips parted taking the tip onto my tongue, licking the clear liquid from your tiny eye. Your hips bucked against my face forcing your engorged member deeper and deeper.

One hand gripped the base of your shaft while the other cupped your balls, squeezing gently but not so gently that I would fail to make you groan loudly. I could sense your release building rapidly, maybe I should have finished you right then but you had been so wonderful it had to be your choice. Instead I slipped you out of my mouth, running my tongue over the sensitive underside of your manhood, making you jump.

"Do you want to cum in my mouth sweetheart or do you want to go back now?"

"I want to fuck you here. I want to lift your dress and take you where people can see what I'm doing to you."

It was a sign of how much tonight had changed me that my first thought was to look round to see who might be watching us, not to run away as I would have just a few hours ago.

There was no one too near, a stream of night revellers flowed over the path behind us, but we had been granted the freedom of the riverside for our own carnal purposes.

I didn't need to speak.

My answer was in the way I turned away from you to rest my forearms on the railing in front of me and let my legs edge apart. I watched the river flow on towards the sea feeling your fingers delicately trace lines over the backs of my thighs, pushing the loose cloth of my dress higher and higher until I felt the wind brushing across my exposed cheeks.

Fingers danced back down the cleft of my buttocks as if they were using the crease to guide your hand inexorably closer to the entrance to my body that was your real goal. A single digit crossed over the sensitive skin separating my brown hole and my pussy, sliding over the wetness that still coated me from our earlier love making. I gasped as you broke through the paltry seal of my lips and slid your finger into my moist tunnel, frigging me slowly, stirring round and round like the swirling waters of the dark river below.

"Someone's coming Roz, there's a couple walking towards us. Stay where you are." A glance confirmed that a pair of lovers, hand in hand, were walking down the riverside walk towards where we were. I started to move away but you held me tight, your arm wrapped round me, your hand pushing on my stomach forcing your finger deeper into my cunt.

"Don't move, I want them to see what I'm going to do to you."

The tip of your erection touched my swollen lips as your finger drew back. You were so hot I almost expected to hear a hiss as your rod pushed slowly, so very slowly into my wet, open furnace. I felt every tiny thrust as you sank deeper and deeper, there was no withdrawal just a growing sensation of fullness as you took me the way you'd always dreamed you would.

You remained completely motionless, cherishing your moment, enjoying the silk like feel of my wetness surrounding you, holding you inside me.

Your hands slid back round and cupped my breasts again, loving the closeness of our bodies, worshiping my warm female flesh. I experienced once again the pain of my overexcited nipples being twisted between your thumb and finger but before I could cry out the pain turned to sensuous

pleasure and my cry turned to a cry of lust.

I was sure the noise must have attracted the attention of the approaching lovers, but I wasn't going to break the spell by turning to look. People must be able to see what we were doing.

I wanted to tell you to fuck me, I was so close to cumming again. Then I realised that your motionless stance, the low almost unheard whimpers of joy, the tight grip of your fingers, meant that you were fighting your own orgasm. You had given me so much, waited for your own enjoyment for so long that you couldn't hold back any longer.

You deserved this, you'd earned this moment when a spectacular orgasm would take over your mind and body. I wanted this to be the most wonderful orgasm of your life, I wanted you to have it, I wanted to share it with you. I felt the tremors run through you, evidence of the effort you were putting into controlling your body’s desires. I could sense that the longer you held out, the more explosive your final release would be, a smile of contentment passed over my lips, you needed to know it was all right.

"Let go Cliff, let it happen, cum for me, you've been so good to me, it's your turn now. Cum for me now, it's all right, I'll cum with you."

My fingers plunged between my legs pressing on my clit sliding easily on the copious lubrication surrounding my honeypot. You held onto the tips of my breasts as if they might escape, sending waves of lust down to join my fingers at my pussy. I felt my own orgasm start, it forced my hips to pull away before pushing hard back onto you.

It was so little, but too much.

You tensed and a long drawn out groan prefaced the first powerful pulse of cum surging from your balls. I felt it rush through your shaft and out to soak my pussy with sperm. You held yourself rigid inside me as jolt after jolt of your seed emptied into my soaking wet passage.

"Ahhhh fuck yes, ahh... ahh.... ahhh! Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck yessss."

Each shot of cum was accompanied by an animalistic grunt. It was enough to push me the last fraction and my own orgasm flowed around me, matching your own as we came in unison.

The ferocity of your convulsions started to diminish as you slowly regained control of your body. Your hips began to thrust against me, ignoring how sensitive you must be. Your cock, still rock hard, pushed into me with long strokes. My hips matched your thrusts, my grunts coinciding with yours I

wanted you to enjoy this so much.

Gradually you drove into me with less and less power, our breathing started to return to something like normal, my hips were still moving, your cock was still fucking me slowly.

"You're still hard Cliff, have you taken a pill?"

"No, just my fantasy and you Roz, those are the only drugs I need right now, this has been the best night of my life."

My gaze returned to the wondrous spectacle in front of me, I lost myself in the feel of our bodies still joined in such an intimate way.

"Let’s go back to the hotel and you can fuck me again Cliff."

We turned, walking away towards the city lights, my dress still flapping in the breeze as I started to cover myself. The couple who had been approaching stood like statues just yards from where we'd consummated your fantasy. They must have seen and heard everything.

Our laughter echoed from the banks of the river as we linked arms and walked towards the city's bright lights.