# Let's Be Bad

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*The urge to be naughty strikes in a movie theater*

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"Thanks for coming to the movies with me, babe," you say, sliding into the seat beside me. We like this theater because it has the seats with the raising arms, that allow us to cuddle properly. You slip your arm around mine and sigh contentedly, reaching for the popcorn on my lap and tossing a piece in your mouth.

"No problem, doll," I smile, "Anything for you."

"Ooooh," your voice drops to a husky whisper. "I like that." You raise up a bit to nuzzle my ear. "Say that again."

I can't resist that voice, and I turn to smile at you. "Anything, baby," I whisper, kissing you softly, "Anything I can do." Another brush of my lips against your own. "Anything for you. You want to sit towards the back, we sit towards the back. You want Raisinettes, you get them. What else can I do for you, hmmmm?"

"Mmmmm," you grin, turning back to the screen. "Let me think about that." You hug my arm tighter, taking a bit more popcorn as the trailers come up. ("Green Lantern, FUCK YES," I cheer softly. You roll your eyes.)

As the movie progresses, the charms of Orlando Bloom ("Legolas," you correct me) are, in my view, not enough to save the formulaic rom-com script, though being next to you is always nice. Your fingers are tracing up and down my arm, the light touches of your fingernails sending pleasant little jolts to the pleasure centers of my brain. My own fingers stroke your thigh left bare by the shorts you're wearing. Not long after Boy Loses Girl you excuse yourself, slipping away to the restroom, and I wonder if the fifteen or so other patrons are as disillusioned with the flick as I am, though I'll hold my tongue for your sake. Darlin' wants movie night, darlin' gets movie night.

A few minutes later, as Boy Bitches To Best Friend About Losing Girl, you slither back into your seat and cozy back up to me. "Honey, would you put these in your pocket for me?" You take my hand and

press a soft pile into it. Confused, I look down at the fabric in my hands when I realize: it's your panties and bra. I look over at you and there is a cat-ate-the-canary smile on your pretty face that makes me melt. I dutifully stuff the underwear in my pocket, eying your shirt which is partially unbuttoned, and the unrestrained titflesh underneath. I glance around us, but we have the row to ourselves, and are a few rows away from the nearest other couple.

You're again holding my arm tightly, but it's between your legs, your body pressed against me, unmistakably horny. Your nails are scratching at me a little harder now and I can't take my eyes off your face as you stare me in the eye and whisper softly, "Let's be BAD." Confident of my response to this you unhurriedly unbutton my pants, nuzzling your face into my neck. I have to adjust my hips a bit to allow you access to my hardening cock, which you draw out into the open without care. Tapping gently along its length you finally wrap both hands around it, giving me little pulsing squeezes as you purr softly.

I squirm in my seat at your touch. Pulling my arm free of the tight grip your legs had on it, my hand goes to your breast, squeezing through your shirt, feeling the weight of it and tracing over your nipple, which hardens further to this sweet stimulation. The squeezes you give my cock grow more erratic as I slip my hand through the top of your shirt to get at the treasure hidden there, and you press your face against my arm as I grasp your tit in my hand, shaking it slightly the same way you're doing to me. I'm tempted to strip you entirely, make you completely naked as the other moviegoers sit and watch the film unawares, but no.

Your hands still holding my dick and relentlessly squeezing it, you bring your mouth to my ear. "You said ANYTHING, right? So... Please, baby... Can I suck your cock? Right now?"

All I can do is whimper slightly. You lower your head and press your cheek against my dick; it's all I can do not to moan when you turn your head, and slowly run your tongue around my cockhead. I'm totally lost in the moment as you raise up a bit and put your knees on the seat next to me, allowing me to reach over and unbutton your shorts as you place little sucking kisses all over my hardness. Pulling down your zipper, I slide my hands down over your sex to find you quite soaked and hot, turning me on even more, and causing me to buck up at your mouth slightly. My fingers enter you easily as you accept my thrust into your loving mouth, but then you pull your head away, moving your body up a bit to rub your breasts on my cock, giving me further access to your dripping cunt. Slick with your secretions my fingers slide over your clit easily, and you squeeze your covered tits against my dick as your pussy bucks against my hand. Your moans are getting a little more daring now; I have the presence of mind to glance around at the others in the theater, but I can't see if they're looking at us.

Reaching over to push the other armrests out of the way, I lift your writhing body off of my lap for just

a moment, swinging my legs up onto the seat and laying across several of them. You crawl back on top of me and we are kissing, your tongue in my mouth as your hips twist. The shorts are halfway down your legs but I decide that I want you just like this with your legs together. Reaching down between us I push my cock into the proper angle and, quicker than either of us are really aware of it, I'm in you. Your breath catches in your throat as you push down onto me as best you can. Though I am not as deep as I would be if your legs were spread, the tight squeeze around me makes for a quite different pleasure that you rapidly come to appreciate.

My arms are wrapped around you, pressing you against me as my cock stabs up into you. "Goddamn, you are fun to be naughty with," I whisper. "So incredibly sexy... Fucking you this way feels so different... We could get caught at any second, but I don't care, I just want to keep fucking you..."

Your hands are in my hair and the strained gasps are hot in my ear. "Oh god... I want to come on you... On your hard cock... Right here in this theater... They have no idea you're fucking me... So good, oh, OH" and then your body is stiff and your pussy squeezes me. Once, twice, then again, and then you are jerking your hips, fucking yourself on me in that way I can't resist, and I am spurting my come into your sucking cunt as my own body thrusts and twitches of its own accord.

We are drifting back to earth in pleasant afterglow, when I realize that your bare ass is still exposed in a populated movie theater. "You know," I say softly, "anyone who walks back here is gonna see your naked ass."

"If they do," you murmur, "I suppose they'll take pictures." You kiss my cheek softly. "Lots of them. And you'll help them go through and pick the very best ones, to plaster all over the amateur sites, right? You said you'd do ANYTHING."