

Remember, Remember The Fifth Of November

By SITTING

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The fifth of November? OK, so we learnt about that in infant school. That Guy Fawkes dude plotting to blow up King Charles II. Or was it Charles I? Anyway, the gunpowder under the Houses of Parliament and then getting caught and killed and having heads stuck up as warnings around London. So we *civilised* 21 st century folks like to celebrate that by setting off fireworks. Fun!

I do like a bit of history. It's pretty tragic how the idiots got caught though isn't it? One of the gang decided to 'warn' his brother in law, who was part of the aristocracy, not be in Parliament that night. Idiot. Seriously, they could have got away with it! Not that I'm encouraging treason or anything....

OK, enough of the history lesson, this is meant to be a story, right? So let's see what I can conjure up from my well oiled brain to celebrate this momentous landmark in British history.

Fireworks. I love them. Especially the sparklers. The clocks have just gone back at the end of October so everyone's coming down from Halloween and then we get Bonfire Night! All those whooshes and bangs and the lights in the dark sky, I honestly enjoy it. I'm a kid at heart. I've never set off any fireworks myself but I do make a point of going to the nearest display and just having a laugh around a bonfire with a mug of cocoa and a marshmallow on the end of a skewer. It's one of the highlights of wintertime.

Anyway, so let's take ourselves back to last year where me and my best friend Georgie were standing, wrapped up in our hats, scarves, gloves and coats, warming ourselves by the bonfire in the local park.

Georgie was slightly drunk, but then again she was *always* slightly drunk. She had a Coca Cola bottle full of vodka shoved in her coat pocket and when she thought I wasn't looking, she'd take a swig. Did she think I was that dumb? I couldn't blame her though. She'd just dumped her scumbag of a boyfriend so she was allowed a little bit of whatever she wanted. Anyway, so there we were, wrapped up in a crazy number of layers, trying to keep the chill out, when two guys walked up to us.

It isn't rare for us to be approached by guys and I have a feeling that's more to do with Georgie than me. She's gorgeous, or as I like to call her *Georgeous*. She has this lovely, thick, honey-blonde hair, which is just slightly wavy, and it goes just past her shoulders. Her skin is as clear as you can get, and her eyes are this amazing dark blue colour. When I first met her, back in college, I thought she had contact lenses in, but no, they are naturally this beautiful deep blue. She's about 5ft 6 and her body is...to die for. It is so not fair. She doesn't even have to work out and yet she's thin in all the right places and....*gifted* in all the right places too, if you get what I mean. I, on the other hand, am a little less impressive. I'm your typical boring brunette, with boring brown eyes, and a body which I have to work really hard for in order to keep slim. But I do manage to keep it in control, except for at Christmas, but that's another story entirely.

So, boring part over. As I was saying, the two guys walked up to us and said 'Boo!'

Georgie and I looked at each other and I had to fight quite hard to stop myself smiling. It was so daft but so ridiculously funny at the same time.

"How old are you?" My question was designed to humiliate them but they seemed to take it as an invitation to talk.

"I'm Joey, I'm 21." The first one said, "And this is Charlie. How old are you again?"

Charlie rolled his eyes, "20."

They were your average guys, not bad looking but not insanely hot either. Good enough to spend the rest of the evening with at any rate. Georgie seemed to agree. She had taken an instant liking to Charlie and was smiling at him in that special Georgie way.

"So how old are you two?" one of them asked.

"I'm 19." I said.

Joey smirked, "Don't you have a name?"

"Ha-ha. It's Alexis, if you must know."

"I'm Georgia," Georgie said, "And I'm 20. Same age as you Charlie."

Shit; she must have drunk more vodka than I'd realised. Usually she was pretty conservative around

boys but she was already stepping closer to him, talking to him about something that I couldn't hear. Great. I had a feeling she was going to be occupied for the rest of the night.

"Are you cold?" Joey had spoken again.

I rolled my eyes, "In case you haven't noticed, I'm wearing a woolly hat, a woolly scarf, woolly gloves and the woolliest coat known to mankind. I'm not cold."

He looked surprised, "OK, I get it. I was just trying to make conversation."

"Sorry." I looked to my side to see Georgie walking off, deep in conversation with Charlie, her hand on his arm. I sighed.

Joey was watching them too. "They seem to have hit it off." He said with a grin.

I shrugged, "It must be love at first sight."

I looked past him to see a whole load of children running around, playing some kind of hide and seek, their parents yelling at them to get away from the bonfire.

"You don't look happy." Joey commented.

"Yeah well, your mates just gone off with my only friend so I'm pretty much a loner for the rest of the evening. Am I supposed to be happy about it?"

"I'm sure you have more friends. A boyfriend?"

"All my other friends are at home, revising for exams next month. And I don't have a boyfriend. So I *am* officially a loner."

"You're not a loner. You've got me."

"Woo hoo. A guy I barely know with a hairstyle that is so last season." The words came out of my mouth before I could stop them. Joey raised his eyebrows.

I sighed, "Look, I'm sorry. I'm just pissed off. I know I'm a bitch."

He nodded, "Forget it. Do you want to play hide and seek?"

I scoffed, "I thought you said you were 21?"

"Look," he said, "I know you're in a bad mood but come on, this is Bonfire Night. Free all-you-can-eat marshmallows, free cocoa in disgusting plastic mugs, what is there not to enjoy?" He grinned at me, "I've come here every year since I was about three and every year I've played hide and seek. And now that Charlie seems to be...busy...' He glanced towards a bench where Georgie and Charlie had settled down, 'I need someone to help me keep the tradition going.' He smiled, "I'll count first."

I grinned in spite of myself, "Fine. What are you counting to?"

"Twenty. So you'd better be quick. You can go anywhere in the park, just not out of the gates, OK?"

"OK." I laughed, "I can't believe I'm doing this."

Joey smiled, "It's fun, I'm telling you."

"OK, cover your eyes."

"One, two...."

I ran off, across to the far side of the field where the trees were and ducked behind the biggest one I could find. This was actually kind of fun. If Georgie or any of my other friends knew what I was doing, they would never shut up about it. But it was just me, this random guy and a park. I could do what I wanted, right? I huddled behind the tree for a couple of minutes and then I heard footsteps, crunching on the freshly fallen leaves on the ground.

"Alex..." his voice was close, "I know you're here somewhere."

I pressed closer to the tree. This was ridiculous. Ridiculous and childish but it took me back to my childhood and *that* was fun. I groaned as I felt a pair of hands grab my shoulders

"Gotcha."

I straightened up.

"Damn, I thought you'd never find me."

Joey laughed, "You don't know who you're dealing with. I am a *pro* at hide and seek. I've got the awards and everything. Printed right off *Microsoft Publisher*. In colour."

I laughed, "You're really funny, you know." I brushed the leaves off my jeans, "Is it my turn to count now?"

I walked a little way forward and the bonfire came into view in the distance. I felt Joey's arm brush mine and then he grabbed my hand.

"Joey?"

"Shh..."

He bent, pressed his mouth to mine and kissed me, slowly, as if testing my reaction. I looked up at him as he pulled away.

"What are you doing?" He didn't reply, just pushed me back towards a tree. I could hear the excited screams of the children in the distance but I couldn't see them *or* the adults, for that matter.

I was bumped up against the tree by now, I could see the bonfire blazing in the distance until Joey's mouth came down on mine again, kissing me gently, really gently actually. I sighed and he grinned, I could see his teeth shining but I couldn't really see any more of his face, it was that dark.

"Shall we go back over to the bonfire?" I asked, "I think they're going to start the fireworks in a bit."

Joey shrugged, "We can see them from here. And besides, no one can see *us* from here can they? It's just me, you, and all these trees."

"Why wouldn't we want anyone to see us?" I asked, a touch nervously.

Joey laughed, softly, "I think you know."

"I don't know what you're talking about." I said insistently.

Joey ignored me, stroking the side of my face with his cold hand, "It must be hard on you." He said, "Having a friend like that. All the guys going in her direction and missing you out."

I shrugged, "She is pretty hot isn't she?"

"Yeah, if you like that sort of thing."

I laughed, "Who doesn't like that sort of thing?"

"Me." Joey's voice was barely audible, "I like girls who are a bit more...well, a bit more like you, basically."

"Really?" I said disbelievingly, "I find that kind of hard to believe."

"No," he said, "I'm serious. Let me prove it to you."

"What do you mean, 'prove'?" I asked in confusion.

Joey glanced over his shoulder to make sure the coast was clear and then turned back, slipped his hands down under my coat and up onto my bare skin.

"Oh fuck, that's cold." I yelped, "What do you think you're doing?"

Joey didn't reply as the first firework went off, exploding in the sky, lighting the entire park up. His face came into focus and I looked into his eyes.

"Joey?"

"Just relax." He whispered, "One night, no consequences."

I frowned, "What? You want to have sex?!"

"Shh. Keep your voice down. Basically, yeah."

He smiled. I looked at him in disbelief. "Joey, we are stood in a park. There are more than 100 people on the other side of this field, what are you crazy?!"

"They can't see us. It's dark over here."

"Someone could easily come over. Like one of the kids. Besides, it's freezing."

"So? I'm not suggesting we take our clothes off. Unless you want to." he grinned and I saw the flash of teeth again. "Don't tell me you're not tempted. No boyfriend, I'm guessing you haven't been laid in a while, right?"

Any other night, I would have slapped some guy who said that to me and told him to mind his own

business but there was something about Joey that was really comforting. He wasn't your typical high school stud, his face was *kind*, he looked homely, like one of those guys that chops firewood and eats homemade steak and kidney pies and stuff. He wasn't the sort of guy you'd expect to have sex in a park with either but I guess life's full of surprises.

I shut my eyes and felt a wicked thrill run right through me as another firework went off. Joey was right, no one could see or hear us and why couldn't I just have one amazing night? I hadn't broken the rules in a while; I was a *good girl*. And now I had a chance to change that. No one would have to know, it could be my private secret, right?

"Alexis? What are you thinking?"

A couple more fireworks shot through the dark sky and I opened my eyes, "I'm thinking, 'Why not?'"

Joey laughed, "Fine, so you're cool with this?"

"Yeah, I guess I'm...cool with it."

His hands had warmed up now, against my skin and he pushed them up, touched my breasts. A couple more fireworks went off and I gasped as he touched my nipples, pressing me harder into the tree.

"You okay Alexis?" he asked. His voice was gruff but thoughtful at the same time.

I nodded, "Alex. Call me Alex."

"OK."

His hands came out from under my clothes and he fiddled with his pants, "Let's make this quick, yeah?"

"Yeah, I think that'd be a good idea." I said. The sky lit up as another firework rocketed up and exploded in a loud bang above us.

"This feels magical." I whispered, as he kissed me again, his fingers undoing my jeans.

"Damn right it does."

I felt his fingers push my knickers to the side and then he touched my most private part. I jumped

slightly at the first contact. His fingers were tentative, probing me softly, as if he was afraid of hurting me. I pushed against him, wanting more and he laughed softly.

“Bet this is the first time you’ve done something like this.”

“What sort of girl do you think I am?” I whispered. He stepped closer to me, and I could feel his clothes brushing against mine, could feel his breath on my face. It was warm. Another firework went off and we both looked up at the explosion of green and gold, glittering in the clear sky. He smiled at me, his green eyes piercing mine as if he could see what I was thinking.

His finger touched my clit and I moaned through clenched teeth, at the rush of emotion that coursed through me. It was almost surreal. I was in a bloody park, on Bonfire Night, standing in the trees with some stranger who was *fingering* me! What the hell?! I was usually quite a ‘sensible’ sort of girl but for God’s sake! Everyone wants something that they can feel guilty and happy about at the same time, don’t they?

I reached down, ran my fingers along Joey’s cock which he’d manoeuvred out of his jeans and he sighed in appreciation.

“Oh fuck, that’s good.”

I laughed, “I thought this was meant to be quick.”

“I wish we had more time.”

“We don’t.”

His fingers left my pussy then and he bent his knees slightly, shifting around so his cock was lined up to my entrance.

“You ready Alex?” His hand travelled under my layers of clothing and held fast to my hip.

I nodded and with one mighty heave, he launched his entire cock straight up into my tight cunt.

I moaned out, loudly, uncontrollably, at the exact same time a couple more fireworks burst into the sky, shining brightly, and lighting up Joey’s face. I leaned up, wrapped a gloved hand around his neck and kissed him, hard.

“This is fucking amazing.” He whispered against my mouth and then he began sliding in and out of

me, his breathing shallow and fast.

“Oh God Joey! This is...*good!*.”

He didn't say anything, concentrating on what he was doing. More and more fireworks went off as the show got into full swing and I moaned as loud as I needed to, safe in the knowledge that any noise I made couldn't be heard by anyone other than Joey. His spare hand moved further up, under my clothes and cupped my breast, squeezing it, painfully almost. I could feel the rough tree bark behind me and it felt so wrong, so rude, to be fucking someone in a public park. Anyone could have come over, for a cigarette or something, or a child could have just run about and seen us but that just made the whole experience more thrilling, more beautiful.

Joey's hand was unexpectedly on my clit again and I cried out, pushed against him. I felt my legs begin to weaken as I tried desperately to match his hard thrusts. I was sweaty, far too hot, the few strands of hair poking out from under my hat were suddenly plastered to my forehead as my impending orgasm loomed.

“Oh God! Joey, oh, fuck, who the hell are you?!”

I felt him jolt slightly and he clenched his teeth, began going even harder, making me cry out, his fingers slippery on my wet clit, my hands clinging to him.

“Joey! I....I....”

“What?”

I didn't reply. I just came. Hard, moaning unevenly, almost whimpering, as his strong arms supported me, until he came too, just as hard, shooting up inside me until he was done and then he just leaned forward, against me, the tree supporting both of us.

“That was bloody amazing.” He muttered, his lips against my forehead.

I moaned in response as he slid his dick out of me and zipped himself up. I pulled my knickers back into place and did up my jeans. The firework show had got into full swing and I smiled up at the explosion of colours in the sky.

Joey took my hand. “How about those free marshmallows?” he said with a grin.

I laughed, “I think tonight was about a lot more than free marshmallows.”

“Does that mean you want a second date?”

“Does this even count as a first one?!”

He smiled, “We can decide that later. Last one to the bonfire’s a rotten egg!”

“How old *are* you?!”