To the new millenium!

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Published on Lush Stories on 07 Feb 2011

No better way to bring in the new millenium (2000)

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I was in love with the love of my life, a girl named Andrea who also attended my college in Philly.

The 'Y2K' 'conversion' (rollover) for computers was a big deal, for most people. It certainly was for me; I'd known about it since 1993 but I was far too young to understand its possible consequences.

However, in 1999 I was 23 and embarrassingly ignorant to the true world implications. At that time I had only known the government's lies, (even though I'd already had plenty of weed and plenty of cocaine...which she was a big fan of) unfortunately having a hick mother and an asshole, deadbeat father. But regardless of that, I had become a man when I was in college which started in the fall of 1995 when I was at the tender age of 18.

When 2000 rolled around of course I was excited for the new year that was coming. As part of the preparations I'd paid $85 per ticket, buying 2 tickets to the 'Y2K' rollover party at "Cavanaugh's," at a local bar and one I used to frequent in my younger days.

Things started swimmingly around 8 pm (I made sure to show up fashionably late) and we started drinking and gorging on the 5-course meal that was offered, included in the ticket price. As things went on, alcohol got drunk, people started dancing and having an awesome time... and then the mood struck me: "What if my girlfriend and I were having sex to ring in the new millennium?" (Yes, I knew the new millennium didn't start until Jan. 1st 2001, But it was no time to get specific.)

Heading to the downstairs bar with my super hot girlfriend in hand, I covertly slipped $20 to the coat check lady, who was standing behind a half-door which closed off the lower bar so it could be used as a coat check room. As I slipped her the $20 in a friendly handshake with dozens of people watching but no one saw, I whispered into her ear, "I'm gonna need to use the bathroom back there," gesturing to the two bathrooms I knew were behind her, having been a frequent guest of the bar. She graciously accepted the money and unlocked the door long enough for myself and my girlfriend to get through.

Once we got past the door check lady, my girlfriend had realized what where I was leading her; before we'd even made it from the half-door to the bathroom, 20 feet away, she was grasping my semi-hard cock through my tight black jeans and giggling uncontrollably. When we got to the bathroom and before I'd even closed the door her hands were rubbing my dick through my jeans, imagining, as I like to, the deep dickin' she was about to receive.

As I closed the door she had already unbuttoned my jeans and dropped them down in a quick squat. Of course I knew this might happen ahead of time and was wearing my best boxer-briefs, a pair from Ralph Lauren; I've learned that women absolutely love to see a fit, taut body in a pair of boxer briefs. I don't think she'd ever seen that brand before, and she was pleasantly surprised when she dropped my pants and saw them.

Instead of any other plans she might have had in mind, she pulls my drawers down too and starts licking my cock as foreplay. She only spends a few minutes doing that, knowing the occasion, perhaps reading my thoughts. I was glad too that she wasn't wearing any panties either on this fateful night, since she hiked up her mini-skirt to reveal her neatly trimmed ... twat. Cunt. Pussy. Whatever you wanna call it.

At this point she was uncontrollable, to say the least. It seemed as if the severity of the occasion had finally gotten to her, and she was in an uncontrollable need for penis. I, of course, would be the one whom it belonged to and the one that would be giving it to her.

She paid my rock hard cock attention for a few moments with her mouth before dropping down onto the tiled floor, her one-piece pulled up to her hips, saying "take me now!"

I would not be the gentleman I am if I had refused. I kneeled down onto the floor in front of her, leaning forward to taste her sweet juices with my mouth for a few minutes, before kneeling upright before her, rubbing my hard cock's head against her infamous bounty. After what I figured was enough foreplay, I sunk my manhood inside her completely with a quick thrust; she gratefully groaned in knowing anticipation as she hampered up against me to receive each and every full stroke.

Before too long I decided to quicken the pace. She was literally writhing on the ground beneath me, moaning and groaning in exquisite pleasure.

She grabbed my bare ass cheeks as I thrust into her, over and over and over again; she pulled my pelvis against her as she ground her pussy onto my rock hard penis. She slowed down, grasping my ass, and pulling me harder and harder and harder into her, until she came, violently, wildly, literally thrusting her womanhood against my cock, pulling me deeper into her than I ever thought possible.

Before we'd spent too much time in our secluded bliss but after I'd already made sure I made her come, I abruptly pulled out and said, "we better get back to the party." Having been temporarily satiated, she agreed. She pulled her mini-skirt back down to cover her totally gorgeous thighs while I stood up and pulled my pants up, giving my cock a reason to go flaccid. Within a few more minutes we'd headed back to the main room for the party, but for the entire rest of the new millennium party, we'd share winks throughout the night over what we knew was no one's story but ours.