The Life and Times of Natasha Knight

By itssosoft

Published on Lush Stories on 22 Feb 2011

Copyright © 2011 by Itssosoft aka Gretchen. All rights reserved.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/reluctance/the-life-and-times-of-natasha-knight.aspx

I will be the first to admit, I have always been a little wild and out of control, My parents spent years of therapy and whatever else they could find to try and make me behave. Not that I did not want to behave for them, it was just that I could never bring myself to do it. Even when I told myself I was going to be good for the day or make changes, something happened that pulled me back into my old ways.

So here is where my story begins, but first let me go ahead and tell you a little more about myself and the person that I am. My name is Natasha but no one ever calls me that. People generally call me Tasha or Tash. I am seventeen years old as of last month and pretty mature looking for my age. I have no problem going into a bar and not getting carded if I dress right and stand around the right kind of people.

I am about 5 foot 7 inches tall and I weight around 130 pounds. I am toned and love to work hard to keep my body that way. We have a gym at home and I make sure to use it for at least an hour a day before I shower and get ready for my day.

My breasts are a 34C, and I love to show them off. It makes my parents angry and they try to cover me up but I make sure to find a way to show them off, even if that means ruining my clothes. The only parts you have to work to see are my smoothly shaved pussy and my firm round ass. I do not have a huge ass, but I definitely have something to grab onto. By my standards of a woman, I love how I look and I know others have no problem with it at all, well except for my parents.

So lets go ahead and get back to my story. It was a Friday night and I decided with a couple of friends of mine that we were going to hit the bar. It was something we did when there were no school parties or anything going on.

We got there at about ten o’clock and grabbed a large table in the corner. The age range of my friends was between the ages of sixteen and twenty five and as of yet, none of us have ever got carded coming to this bar. They probably did not card us because we came here often.

So this night went just like any other night. I drank and danced with friends and just had an all around good time. The night did not stay normal however, this night I met a man. Sure I had met many men the other nights but non that had been so over powering and in control. He frightened me and I wanted him for it.

We decided to go outside so that we could talk a little more. It was so loud in the bar that we could not hear each other well. My friends were trying to talk me into staying, but I wanted to go with him and when I wanted something, nothing stopped me.

Once we were outside he pulled a pack of cigarettes from his jacket pocket and offered me one. I was not a smoker, but sometimes when drunk or surrounded by a bunch of smokers, I would smoke a few cigarettes. Being as I did not want to turn him off from me, I took a cigarette and allowed for him to light it for me.

We stood there in silence for a few moments as we smoked our cigarettes. A few people entered and exited the bar in that time. Most were coming outside for a cigarette as well. We remained silent until everyone had gone back inside and it was just us again.

“Follow me,” he said in a demanding tone and began to walk down the side alley to the bar. I was terrified, so I walked slowly behind him. I did not know if he were a killer or not but he had me so interested in him that I could not help myself.

As we got further into the alley my heart started to beat faster. I felt like I needed to turn around and run back to my friends. At least with them I was safe and I did not have this fear of possibly dying.

Before I had the chance to turn around he grabbed me. He threw me up against the cold brick wall. My body shivered as parts of it hit my back through the breaks in my clothes. He leaned in and bit my neck, causing me to lose my breath. I grabbed a hold of his sides and pulled him closer to me, growling every time he bit or nibbled at my skin.

He had me pinned so tightly against the wall that I was in a small amount of pain, but that was just fueling how wet my pussy was becoming at that very moment. I did not care if I was in danger, ever bite he took against my neck sent me further and further into ecstasy.

He stepped back a bit, my body begging for more. He was only far enough away to reach down between us. He pulled at the buttons on his pants and let the zipper slide to the base. He then dropped his pants just a bit. He reached into the lining of his boxers and pulled them just down to the level of his jeans, leaving his cock out in the open. He stroked it a few times looking me over.

He reached up and grabbed the back of my head. I groaned as he pulled my head back and bit my neck hard one last time before pushing my head down to his cock. I did not even question him, I just reached up and grabbed his cock in my hand.

I spent a few minutes stroking his cock with my hand, until he grabbed my hair a little tighter. I knew then that he wanted more and I was not going to waste any more time in giving it to him.

I leaned forward and wrapped my mouth around the tip of his cock. He let out a slight moan which excited me enough to take more of his cock into my mouth. I fucked more and more of his cock over a short period of time until his entire cock was buried down my throat. I chocked and gagged on it but I fought off getting sick. I wanted to make him happy.

He held on tightly to the back of my head and began to thrust into my mouth. I could feel tears running down the side of my cheeks but I did not want it to end. I wanted him to keep fucking my face for as long as he wanted to. I wanted his cock buried deep in my throat, filling my mouth completely.

I could tell that my pants were soaking wet by the way it felt when I moved my legs. I was so turned on by what I was letting this man do to me that I had drenched my panties and through my pants.

He pulled my head back violently from his cock, which caused me to lose complete focus on the world around me for a moment. Everything went blurry and my world was spinning.

He moved me over to a trash can that was sitting close by to us and bent me over it. The metal was cold against my skin and dug into my stomach. I cried out in pain but I did not beg him to stop. Part of me felt I should stop him but the rest of me wanted whatever was about to come.

He pulled my hips up and pulled hard at my pants. He did not even bother to unbutton them, he just pulled until they broke loose from my body and he was able to pull them down around my ankles. He ran his hand around my panties, feeling how soaked they were caked against my hot wet pussy. My body tingled as his fingers explored me.

After a while of rubbing my pussy through my panties, he took his finger and pulled them to the side. He did not even bother to take them off of me.

After he pulled them aside he ran his finger over the length of my pussy and then quickly shoved his pointer finger and middle finger into me. He began to fuck my pussy with his fingers violently. I was putting all my effort into not collapsing under his grasp. He broke my concentration when he quickly worked his thumb into my ass, holding me now as if I were a bowling ball.

The amount of bliss and pain racing through my body sent me into my first orgasm, causing me to thrust up against the garbage can. I heard him laugh and whisper something behind me that I could not make out. He fucked both of my holes for a few minutes longer before pulling out of me. My body went from tensed to relaxed.

The relaxed feeling did not last long as I felt his cock touch my ass. He slid it down my ass until it was at the entrance of my pussy. He rubbed the head of it in my juices and moaned. He then quickly shoved his cock deep inside of me. I screamed and grabbed on tighter to the garbage can as I pushed my ass back against him.

“Oh I see,” he growled at me, grabbing my hair and pulling it back, “horny little slut likes it hard.”

I pushed back against him a little more and he began to fuck me harder. He fucked me so hard I felt that he was going to break me open. It did not take him long before he sent me flying into my second orgasm. I could feel my pussy trying to tighten around his cock, but he kept on thrusting, my pussy getting tighter and then looser around his cock.

After my orgasm faded away, he pulled out of my pussy. I felt that maybe he had finished and I just had not noticed, but before I had a chance to find out, he shoved his cock deep into my ass in two hard thrusts. I grabbed onto the garbage can and reached up to hold myself up with the wall. I had screamed so loud it was still echoing in my ears.

He didn’t take note of my pain and I was strangely okay with that. I wanted him to do whatever he wanted to do to me and right now he wanted to fuck me in the ass, so I let him fuck me in the ass. He was quick and hard about it. He took no breaks thrusting in and out of my tight ass. All I could do was scream and hold on.

“Oh fuck,” I heard him moan really loud, his thrusts getting harder but further apart. “Oh fuck yes.” groaned and I knew then that he was cumming deep inside of my ass, filling me up to the max.

He stood there for a minute with his cock deep inside of me before quickly pulling out. He held onto my waist and placed my panties back into place, his cum leaking into them. He then let me go and I made my way to the cold ground.

I looked up at him, he was blurry.

“Thank you little lady,” he said in that cute voice he had used when he first said hello to me. He then pulled up his pants, helped me to my feet and turned to walk away from me. I tried to speak, but

nothing came out. I just watched him walk away as I stood there, my panties soaking wet with my pussy juices and his cum and my pants sitting around my ankles.