A New Point of View

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Sarah was always somewhat dominant sexually, until Derek came along and changed everything.

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This is my first story, tell me what you think!

Sarah was on the prowl.

She and her boyfriend had just ended things rather badly, so she had rushed over to her favorite bar. She could always find someone to fuck in the place.

Tonight though, she wasn't having much luck. The place was practically empty and the only people there were two men in their late 40s and a group of wasted girls. Sarah, in desperation, tried to hit things off with the bartender, but he simply shook his head and told her not to waste her breath.

Totally disheartened, she laid her head down on the bar. She wasn't used to failing this way. With her nice curvy body, long auburn hair, and blue eyes, boys were falling all over her. The 36C breasts didn't hurt either.

So she just rested facedown on the bar. She'd nearly fallen asleep that way when she felt a hand on her shoulder.

"You alright there, dear?" came a silky voice from the bar stool next to her. Her head snapped up.

Sitting beside her was what quite possibly might have been the most gorgeous man she'd ever seen. He was probably in his mid-twenties, like Sarah, and had wavy black hair atop a perfectly chiseled face. His piercing green eyes bored into her as she glanced over the rest of his body. He wore a clingy black t-shirt and jeans which accentuated his muscled frame.

It took her a moment to remember he'd asked her something.

“Oh, y-yeah. I’m fine.” She stammered, shaken. *Come on,* she thought. *Get it together. You MUST get him in your bed.* But despite her thoughts, she couldn’t seem to find the right words. This wasn’t normal for her. She could pick up any guy she wanted. Always! What was wrong with her?

“Good,” he replied. “Now, what is a girl like you doing in a place like this all alone?”

Wait, she thought. *Is HE trying to pick ME up? He’s got it backwards.*

“I could ask you the same,” she responded as coolly as she could muster.

“No you couldn’t,” he said, giving her a wink that surprisingly made her heart flutter. “I’m not a girl.”

He was right, of course. She floundered for a witty response, but she found none. She settled for, “Oh. You’re right.”

He laughed, which was a very pleasant sound. *Alright, just ask him if he wants to get out of here. Cut to the chase, and regain your control.* Sarah was hating how helpless she felt with this man. She was always the more dominant force in encounters like this one, and she didn’t like it the other way around.

Then, as if reading her mind, the man said, “Let’s cut to the chase, shall we? Would you like to come over to my place? It’s just down the block.”

She was on her feet before he’d finished talking.

They left the bar, and as they walked down the street she found out that the man’s name was Derek.

It was a very short walk to his apartment building. Derek casually took her hand as he led her up to the second story and into his unit. She glanced around briefly at the modern furniture that filled the living room and kitchen. No sooner had she set down her purse than Derek grabbed her waist and spun her around roughly.

Her face was inches from his, and she could feel his hot breath, sending shivers down her spine.

“You seem like a dominant girl,” he whispered. “We’ll see how long that lasts.”

Before she could question what he meant, he had shoved his mouth onto hers, kissing her fierce. She kissed him back as best she could, but he was biting her lips and sucking her tongue with such force it was hard to keep up.

He broke the kiss as suddenly as he had started and began trailing his mouth down her neck. He peeled her shirt off quickly, and continued to lick down to her cleavage, burying his face in her breasts, unhooking her bra as he did so. He moved his mouth over one nipple and twisted the other between his fingers, making Sarah cry out softly. As he started to nibble softly, she buried her hands in his hair.

He then licked his way across her chest to the other nipple, sucking it briefly before biting it – hard. Sarah squealed in both pain and pleasure, having never felt this way with any men before.

He backed away after a moment, not touching her at all. “Take off your skirt slowly,” he commanded in a breathy voice. The fact that she was being given orders was shocking for a moment, but she stripped for him all the same.

“Shoes and panties, too,” he added. She followed his instructions without hesitation, as he peeled off his shirt. “Sit down,” he said firmly, pushing her shoulders gently towards the couch.

She did, and he kneeled between her legs. She felt herself getting wet with anticipation. He leaned into her pussy and ran his nose and tongue up and down her slit. He pushed a finger easily into her pussy, then two, moving them in and out agonizingly slowly, making Sarah whimper.

“My, my. You’re very wet, aren’t you, Sarah?” he asked huskily. She could only nod, loving the way her name sounded on his lips. He began to circle her clit with his tongue, making her toes curls. It drove her wild.

“I’m going to come!” she wailed. Immediately he pulled his fingers and tongue away. Confused, Sarah whined, “No, don’t stop! Please!”

He grinned. “Do you hear yourself begging, Sarah? Do you see how I’m in control here?”

She did see, suddenly, and the realization hit her like a train. He was the complete dominant here. He’d stolen her role away from her. But she also realized that she was having one of the best sexual experiences of her life. So maybe being submissive wasn’t so bad.

“Yes, okay, I get it. Just please don’t stop,” she begged. Seemingly satisfied, he plunged his fingers back into her tight hole.

“Don’t come until I say so. Understand?” he growled. She nodded, though she wasn’t sure how she felt about this. He started sucking on her clit then, and it sent her so close to the edge.

“Oh God,” she moaned. “Please, let me come!”

He replied, “You can wait a little longer,” before increasing the speed of his fingers and nibbling her clit.

“Pleeeease!” she wailed, and he finally relented, allowing her to have a quaking orgasm. Derek got up from the floor and leaned over her to kiss her deeply, so that she could taste her own cunt.

He picked her up and she wrapped her legs around his waist as they headed for the bedroom, and he whispered, “You’re being a very obedient girl. Keep it up,” as he laid her on the bed. He dropped his pants and boxers and his huge, hard cock sprang free.

Sarah made to reach for it, wanting to pleasure him as he’d just pleasured her, but he stopped her, pushing her onto her back and climbing on top of her.

One hand on either side of her head, he said, “No time for that. I need to be in you. Now.” Hearing the raw need in his voice made Sarah’s pussy tingle, and she moaned in intense pleasure as he guided his cock into her tight pussy, filling her.

They kept their eyes locked together as Derek grunted and Sarah groaned while he drilled her faster and faster. She could feel his balls slap against her ass with every thrust, making a delicious noise.

Sarah was already on the verge of an orgasm. Feeling her muscles tense, Derek growled, “You don’t come until I do.”

Then, he lifted her up and twisted her onto all fours, never taking his dick out of her pussy, which was an amazing feeling for both of them. He started pounding her doggystyle, grabbing her hips and bringing them back to meet his on every thrust. Sarah was fighting not to come.

Finally, Derek groaned loudly and told her she could come. At the exact moment she did, he pulled out of her and shot three strands of thick, ropey come across her back.

Sarah collapsed on her stomach to ride out her intense orgasm, and Derek did the same, watching her face in the last few seconds of her explosion.

“You’re very good at being submissive, Sarah,” he said after a moment. She smiled at this, and he wrapped an arm around her, pulling her close to spoon her, not minding the come on her back.

They fell asleep this way, Sarah thinking that she’d probably never want to be dominant with other men after this. But then again, she was no longer interested in ‘other men.’