An Unexpected Bonus: At His Apartment

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I finally get Kyle in bed (after he fucks me against the wall).

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I've been uneasy since last night when my roommate informedme that Kyle, my date for tonight, is the next Andre Agassi, gracing the covers of sports magazines and melting the hearts of female tennis fans the world over. That information combined with a mental image of his hotness has me giddy as a fucking schoolgirl. I don't like that. Guys drool over me…it's generally not the other way around.

So, I'm taking back the control. He was supposed to pick me up at 5, but here I am at 3:00, sitting in my convertible right next to the tennis courts where he's practicing. He doesn't see me yet, but he will in a minute. Right now I'm enjoying watching him practice his serve. His body is pure poetry; I could look at him all night, but I need to knock him off balance to make myself feel better. Taking a deep breath, I get out of the car and walk around to the hood. I hop up on it and recline back. I'm wearing a pair of very short denim shorts and a black tank top that is slightly midriff-baring. Basically, there is a lot of skin available for viewing. My car is a red BMW Z4, which attracts attention all by itself, but with me on top of it…well, tennis practice will all be over in a minute.

Sure enough, a series of mis-hit balls sweeps like dominoes through all of the six courts as members of the tennis team notice me lounging on my car. Kyle is the most focused of his teammates and doesn't turn towards me until one of his buddies hits a ball straight at his head to get his attention.

"Damn," he says softly as his eyes drink me in. Score. I knew this was a good idea. He jogs over to the fence and entwines his fingers through the chain links. "What are you doing here? I'm supposed to pick you up at 5!"

"Would it sound completely pathetic if I said I couldn't wait?"

"Nothing you could say would ever sound pathetic. I'm glad to see you. I'll try to cut this short so we can get out of here."

"Oh, don't hurry on my account," I say. I'm not sure if I mean that or not. I love watching him, but I

also can’t wait to get my hands on him. My self-imposed rule of not putting out on the first date (which was suspended for Rick because we technically didn’t have a first date) is once again about to be thrown out.

“Yeah, right. Let me just hit a few more and I’ll tell my coach I’m done for the day.”

He’s a hero now, as if he wasn’t already. His teammates are all mentally compiling lists of questions to ask him about me later. The entire tennis team watches me as they attempt to get back to practice, and if you think I’m not eating this up, then you don’t know me very well. I sit up and stretch, revealing a better view of my abs as my shirt rides up. Three balls are simultaneously hit wild. I smile, then spread my legs out, knees bent, feet flat on the hood of the car, with my elbows resting on my knees. It’s a comfortable position, but seeing my legs spread like that sends that ripple effect through the team once again and tennis balls go flying all over the place. They are really not concentrating on their game. I should be banned from the parking lot during practice times.

I think Kyle’s showing off for me now because suddenly his serves are massive. The coach notices too and saunters over. He doesn’t say anything, but holds up a radar gun as Kyle serves. 138 mph. I initially have no idea if that’s good or not, but the coach’s reaction lets me know it’s really good. After he high fives Kyle and makes a huge deal in the middle of the court, he turns and points to me. “Hey, beautiful…whatever you’re doing to him, keep it up. That serve is pro speed. He has never served that fast.” Then he turns to Kyle. “Why are you still standing there? Get out of here. You just earned yourself an early dismissal.” He walks away, looking at the radar gun and shaking his head, “138 miles an hour. Unbelievable.”

Kyle jogs over, grabs his tennis bag and bottle of water, stuffs his racquet into the bag and meets me on the sidewalk outside the tennis court. “So…do you mind coming back to my apartment while I get dressed?”

“Not a bit,” I say. “Want me to drive?”

“Hell, no. I want to drive your car,” he says, running his hand appreciatively over the hood.

“Be my guest,” I giggle, handing him the keys. Guys always want to drive my car. Then they want to get me in the back seat of my car...which is an issue because there's really not much space back there, but I’d gladly hop in there with Kyle in a heartbeat.

His apartment is only a few minutes from campus, but I’m pretty sure he drives the long way back. That’s ok with me…he looks really good in my car. His apartment complex is gated and upscale. Kyle’s unit is on the second floor, and I can tell immediately he’s not your typical college guy. The

apartment is very tastefully decorated, and it's actually pretty clean, aside from some books, tennis magazines, and a few random articles of clothing tossed on chairs in the living room, which he sweeps up as we walk through.

"Make yourself at home. I'm going to take a quick shower and then we'll go."

Yeah…we'll see about that. I wander around his apartment for a few minutes, then go into his room and recline on his bed. Oh, God…just lying on his bed is getting me hot. I lean over and bury my face in his pillow. It smells like him, and now I'm wondering what kinds of things have gone on in this bed. How many girls has he had in it? What has he done to them? Does he like oral sex? Will he talk dirty, like Rick, and demand explicit dirty talk from me as well? How big is his cock? What noises does he make when he cums?

All of these thoughts are getting me wet. I listen and the shower water is still running, so I slip my hand into my shorts and touch my pussy through the silky fabric of my panties. I rub my fingers up and down my slit, and I'm starting to get all worked up when I hear the water cut off. I pull my hand out and adjust my clothes, trying to regulate my breathing, when he steps out of the bathroom and freezes at the sight of me lying on his bed. He has on a pair of low-slung khaki shorts, but is shirtless with just a towel draped across his shoulders. His hair is wet and he looks sexy as hell. Kyle has a tennis player's body, long and lean, with well-defined biceps from swinging a racquet. I'm a sucker for a nice six-pack, and his is perfect. I can't take my eyes off of him. Slowly I sit up, then stand beside the bed, meeting his stare with one of my own.

"This is hardly fair, Kyle. You're only half dressed and I'm wearing all these clothes." I grab the hem of my shirt and pull it over my head, slowly. I watch his reaction and it's priceless. His eyes are about to pop out of his head at the sight of me in my lacy black bra. So I take the next logical step: I reach back and unclasp my bra, tossing both articles of clothing onto a nearby chair. Kyle's breath catches at the sight of me topless and his eyes are glued to my chest. I walk slowly over to him, but he is rooted to the spot. Surprised, I guess. Stunned is probably more like it.

I place my palms on his chest and slowly run my hands upwards to his shoulders, down his biceps and forearms, then reverse it. He's breathing heavier, but he manages to tear his gaze away from my tits and look me in the eye. With my eyes open, I stand on my tiptoes and press my lips to his. They part, and my tongue gently licks the opening between his lips and then slips into his mouth to find his tongue. Kissing him while keeping eye contact is ridiculously hot, and Kyle takes a deep breath before his kissing becomes hungrier and more insistent. His hands are suddenly everywhere: on my tits, in my hair, on my ass. Without breaking the kiss, he reaches down and unbuttons my shorts, sliding them down my hips to the floor. I step out of them and kick them behind me. Then Kyle wraps his arms around me and lifts me off the floor a (he's a lot taller than me), and I help him out by

jumping up a little and wrapping my legs around his waist. Immediately, Kyle spins me around and presses me into the wall, kissing me furiously. I was horny before he ever got out of the shower, so this is driving me insane. I can feel his erection through his shorts, pressing into me in the exact right spot. I grind my pussy against him and he groans, then he lets go with his right hand, balancing me against the wall, and unbuttons his shorts. I push them off of him using my legs.

Kyle reaches under me and presses his hand up to touch my pussy, and he gasps. “Oh, my God, Lanie, you’re so wet.”

“That’s what you do to me, Kyle. Just the thought of you…I’ve been like this all day, that’s why I couldn’t wait until 5.”

He kisses me again, taking my breath away, his tongue touching and teasing both of us into feverish anticipation. His hand goes back down, freeing his cock from his boxers. He still has me pressed into the wall, and he pulls his head back for a minute and looks deep into my eyes.

“Is this ok?” he asks. Such a gentleman. I can’t even speak, so I nod my head. Apparently Kyle doesn’t have Rick’s crazy need for verbalization; he seems satisfied with my non-vocal signal. He sweeps aside the crotch of my panties and pushes his finger into my pussy. My muscles clench around it as he adds a second finger. After a minute or two of finger fucking, he withdraws them and presses the head of his cock against the opening of my pussy. I would be happy to stay in this position for eternity. The silky feeling of his soft skin covering his hard cock as it pushes against my opening…it’s exquisite. But it’s not enough for Kyle.

“Are you ready for me?” he asks. An electric thrill sweeps through me, centered between my legs.

“God, yes,” I say. He presses hard against me, and the tip of his cock slides in. My back is against the wall, my legs around Kyle’s waist, his hands under my ass, but he is leaned slightly back, lips parted, face intense with concentration, and his eyes are locked on mine. He watches my reaction as he pushes his cock into me – not too hard, but enough to gain a few inches. I gasp and close my eyes for a second. When I open them again, he’s still watching me intently. He thrusts again, and forces another gasp from my lips. His brow furrows as he drives himself all the way in to me. Then he finds a rhythm, fucking me against the wall with long, slow strokes.

“God, you feel good,” he whispers in my ear, causing a delicious shiver that runs straight through me.

“So do you,” I murmur back, closing my eyes and leaning my head against the wall.

“No…open your eyes, Lanie. Please,” he whispers. I open them to find his blue eyes gazing into my

green ones. He begins to quicken his pace, driving into me with fast, hard strokes. I bite my lip and furrow my brow as my body registers the simultaneous pain and pleasure that his cock is bringing to me. My eyes widen, looking directly into his.

“Ahhh…” I gasp, as he hits my g-spot. Kyle smiles and his eyes light up.

“There it is,” he says quietly, and pounds it again, forcing another gasp from me. “You like that?” He thrusts harder, enjoying the rapturous expression on my face as I feel his length stretching and filling me, and he hits that perfect spot again.

“Oh, God!” I gasp, squeezing my legs tighter around him. “Yes, I like that. Right there. Please don’t stop.”

His eyes are locked on mine as he fucks me, tapping my g-spot with every thrust, drinking in the pleasure on my face, the lust in my eyes. He’s moving faster now, and my moans are piling on top of each other as I feel an orgasm building. I don’t even have to tell him…he can see it in my eyes, and I can see the excitement in his as he knows he’s bringing me to my climax.

“That’s it, baby. I can tell you like that. Now I want you to cum for me. Let me watch your face while you cum." I lock on to his eyes, and it is by far the most erotic thing I have ever experienced as my entire body shudders and my pussy clenches against his cock. He clutches me tighter against his body as I moan in ecstasy. I could drown in those eyes that are drinking in my pleasure as if it were fine wine.

He kisses me again as my orgasm subsides, and he gently sets me on the floor. Then he takes my hand and leads me over to the bed, laying me down on my back and lying on his side next to me. He kisses me again, softly, and moves his lips down my neck and over my breasts, stopping to suck on each nipple. Then he climbs on top of me, supporting himself with his arms. I spread my legs wide on either side of him with my knees bent, and he pushes his cock into me again. He fucks me slowly, like he’s savoring every second, then his pace increases as his breathing quickens. He closes his eyes and leans his head back slightly.

"Kyle,” I whisper, and he looks back down at me. “I love looking in your eyes. It’s my turn to watch you now.” He nods his head and smiles slightly, then his eyes narrow and he frowns as he concentrates on reaching his climax, slamming into me harder and harder. He grunts with each thrust until he is moving too quickly, then his breathing changes to panting as he drills me furiously. I can’t even describe the intimacy gained by gazing into his blue eyes as he reaches his climax. He erupts with a cry as he shoots load after load of cum inside me. The enraptured expression on his handsome face and the feel of his release triggers another orgasm from me, and he gasps in surprise as I scream

and squeeze all around his cock. His lips crash down on mine and we kiss through the last tremors of our orgasms, holding each other tightly.

Finally, he rolls to the side and pulls my head onto his chest. I lift one leg and drape it across his.

“That was amazing,” I say.

He kisses the top of my head. “You’re amazing,” he says. “I’m so glad you decided not to wait for me to pick you up.”

“Me too,” I murmur.

“And the bonus is that we started so early, so we can still make it to dinner. I made reservations at a great fondue place. The perfect spot to linger over dinner. Isn’t that what you wanted?”

“Mm-hmm,” I say, although right now I really just want to curl up with him and go to sleep.

Kyle wraps his hand in my hair and pulls just a little to get my attention. “Come on, beautiful. I’m hungry. Tennis followed by you has given me a huge appetite. We can go pig out and then work it all off later.”

That wakes me right up. Suddenly, lingering over dinner doesn’t seem at all important. We decide to take a quick shower together. Quick…ha! Kyle and me, naked in the shower…we didn’t think that one through very well. He’s standing behind me, washing my back with foaming soap and a soft washcloth. Reaching around me, he rubs my breasts with the washcloth, then runs it down my stomach and in between my legs, lingering there as I’m getting wet from more than just the shower. He kisses my neck, then my earlobe and whispers, “You’re getting me hard all over again.” I lean forward and put my hands on the shower wall and spread my legs apart, sticking my ass out a little. I hear a sharp intake of breath from Kyle as he checks me out in this position, then I feel his newly erect cock rubbing between my ass cheeks. I tense up immediately. “Not there, Kyle. I can’t…”

“I wasn’t going to…I’m just touching you.” He continues rubbing against me, and it feels amazing, even touching my ass. For the first time in my life, I actually entertain a brief thought that I might enjoy anal sex. But not tonight.

I can feel the head of Kyle’s dick touching my pussy. He’s holding it in his hand and running it all along my slit before he presses it right up to the opening. “Are you ready for me, Lanie?” I love that he asks if I’m ready, and I get a little shiver when he says my name.

“Yes,” I whisper. “I’ll always be ready for you.” He moans at my words, and shoves his cock inside me. I push my hips back to meet him. He’s so tall, he has to bend his knees a little to work this angle, but I like that it lets me feel every inch of him…and there are a lot of inches to feel. Kyle leans on me, pressing his chest into my back, kissing the back of my neck and shoulders. His right hand reaches around to play with my right nipple, and his left hand begins on my hip but quickly slides forward to my pussy and focuses on my clit. He’s fucking me with quick, shallow strokes…teasing me…I want to feel him deep inside me, but he’s not plunging all the way in. Holding back. Making me want more…and I do…I need more.

“Fuck me harder, Kyle,” I say, panting and gasping as I can feel the edges of my orgasm but can’t quite get there.

He picks up the pace a little, but he’s still holding back. I think he wants to see how much I’ll ask for.

“Harder, Kyle!” I beg. “I need it harder!”

“Are you sure?” he asks, still teasing me.

“Yes, I’m sure,” I gasp. “Now, Kyle! Fuck me hard!”

With a groan, he rams his cock all the way in to me. I scream, and my orgasm is immediate, so I keep on screaming as the waves rush over me. I can feel my pussy muscles contracting on Kyle’s hard cock, and those sensations and my screams bring him over the edge as well. I feel him jerk inside me, and the hot rush of cum shoots into my pussy, then drips out and runs down my legs, washed away by the warm water of the shower. Kyle’s hands are still rubbing all over me when he slips his softening cock out of me and turns me around to kiss him.

Now we’re in a hurry to get to dinner on time, so we actually finish the shower (after taking time to soap each other up, of course) and get ready. Kyle is wearing khaki pants and a blue polo that really highlights his eyes. I brought a bag with date clothes (my short shorts were good for disrupting tennis practice, but not for going to dinner), and I slip into a clingy burgundy halter dress and strappy heels. I quickly put my hair up, put on some dangly earrings, and touch up my makeup. When I step out of the bathroom, Kyle whistles, low and appreciatively.

“Thank you,” I say.

“What in the world are you doing going out with me?” he asks.

“Whatever.” I say, “And when, by the way, were you going to tell me you’re a huge tennis star?”

“I’m not a huge tennis star,” he protests. I raise an eyebrow at him. “I’m a minor tennis star,” he concedes. “How long have you known?”

“Since last night. My roommate told me. And, speaking of…” I reach into my duffle bag. “She asked if you would autograph these for her.” I dump a pile of magazines onto Kyle’s bed, his picture gracing the cover of each one. He winces and looks at me with a pained, pleading expression.

“Lanie…honestly…I get enough attention from tennis groupies. I liked that you didn’t know, that you weren’t interested in my potential fame or riches. That’s the only reason I didn’t tell you. I wanted to keep thinking you just liked me.”

That touches me. I know what it’s like for people to only care about what you stand for. A lot of guys ask me out because they want to date a cheerleader; they don’t really care which one, and they don’t know me at all. Or, they ask me out because I’m the daughter of...suddenly I wonder if Kyle knows.

“Believe me, I understand what that’s like. Do you know who my father is?” I ask him.

He looks at me in confusion for a second, then I can see the wheels turning, and finally the “aha” moment as he puts it together: the city we live in, my expensive car, private school…and my last name. He really didn’t know. My father is a very famous, very successful professional football coach.

“Wow. I had no idea. Honestly. Oh my God…what would he do to me if he knew what I just did to his daughter?”

I laugh at that. My father is huge, and is known in the league for his horrible temper. “How about we just don’t tell him,” I stand on tiptoe and kiss his cheek, and I’m rewarded with a glimpse of his dimples as he gives me a huge smile.

“So, our alter egos are out in the open. Any other deep dark secrets?” he asks me, teasing, but I wonder if he wants to know anything specific about me and Rick. I’m not offering any information. He doesn’t ask. “Good. Now let’s go to dinner. I’m famished,” he says, taking my hand.

I’m hungry too, but only slightly hungry for food. I’m already looking forward to dessert.