Last Friday night

By darcyj82

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My hot date

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I'm new in town, so I figured that the Internet was the easiest way to get into the swing of things here in Indianapolis.
I registered on AFF, posted a picture of my ass, and sat back and waited for the deluge. See, when a woman puts up a profile on a sexually oriented site, she normally gets bombarded from all over. However, there's always a little wheat somewhere in the chaff.

I found my wheat on the second day. I'd seen way too many cock pictures, and I'd weeded through way too many misspelled, out of syntax sentences. And there he was, a face picture, his eyes shaded by a black felt cowboy hat and no cock anywhere to be seen on his profile.

There's a bonus point.

His message wasn't, "*hey babe wanna fuck?*" like so many of the others. He actually introduced himself, (his name was Matt) and made a little joke about something I'd posted in my profile – which means he had taken the time to actually *read* my profile.

That's another bonus point.

He claimed to me mildly intrigued by my "trisexual" claim, and he finished by hoping that I would not turn out to be a big disappointment. There's another bonus point, after all the "hope you responds" and all the "let's hook ups", I was myself mildly intrigued that he was hoping that *he* wouldn't be disappointed.

You know I can't resist a challenge like that.

So I responded back, and a couple of e-mails lead to the exchanging of phone digits. Matt had a nice phone voice, on the deep side, with a barely noticeable southern drawl that this Oklahoma girl liked very much. We managed to speak in generally salacious terms that left me feeling pretty good about things. He had potential, and so I agreed to meet him last Friday night for dinner.

All day Friday I was anxious. Not the scared kind of anxious – more like the amusement park, about

to ride the biggest roller coaster in the world kind of anxious. My pussy had a mind of it's own all day long. I woke up in sexual overdrive, and by mid-morning I had to drop by Lush just to find a bit of relief.

Thank you, girlfriend, you know who you are!

I developed a plan for Matt as the day progressed. I figured a short back skirt with no panties would be a good start. I added black thigh-high stockings and heels. I debated going braless and letting the girls roam free, but settled instead for a nice push-up that built me some dangerous cleavage. I covered most of it with a frilly sweater, thinking that although I wanted Matt to get a charge out of my outfit that it might be bad form to spend the evening warding off every hard-dick we ran across.

We met up at a steakhouse on the south side. Matt was every bit as delicious as I'd made him out to be in my imagination. He was taller than I am, another bonus point. I'm 5'8" and I had on heels that put me almost 6' tall and Matt was still an inch or two taller. I like that. He had a nice smile and brilliant white teeth. He greeted me in the parking lot with that smile and a peck on my cheek. I figured what the hell, and I wrapped my arms around him and kissed him full on – and it was a good one! A man has to know how to kiss, and Matt certainly passed the test. Before we got too hot and heavy, I suggested we might want to go on inside. We spent our wait teasing each other a bit, with random whispered "I like this" or "Would you that?" statements. It was fun and titillating, and I think we both knew we might be into something decent. We finally got seated, he held my chair out for me, and he smelled heavenly!

More bonus points.

We ordered drinks, and the conversation soon turned to my clothes. Apparently Matt had a small stocking fetish (it's amazing how many men do) and my legs were driving him crazy. I figured that was the perfect hint, so I kicked my heel off under the table and started rubbing his inner calf with my stocking-clad toes. This was going to be fun! We made random conversation while we both tried to pretend I wasn't working my foot slowly but steadily up his leg towards his cock. When I got there, he was already bulging. I could feel the thick outline of it with my toes. It sent a mild shock wave through my pussy, and right then and there I knew we were going to have a most excellent evening!

"Matt, it looks like my toes have made a new friend", I murmured, giving him a lascivious grin. "And judging by the way he's standing at attention, he's quite pleased to meet my toes, too!"

"Oh Lord, Darcy! You are making it really hard to focus on dinner here!"

"Well, Matt, I have to make certain that you aren't disappointed, now don't I?" I said, batting my eyes in an exaggerated manner that made him laugh out loud.

"I reckon I had that one coming", he said, grinning.

The waiter showed up with our food, and we somehow made it through the rest of dinner. The

conversation was quick and easy and we constantly managed to turn it sexual in nature. We joked about the people around us, and made up stories as to their bedroom preferences that had us both laughing out loud. I had a mild buzz going on from the wine and the fun we were having, so I snuck my foot up again while we waited for the bill to come back, and in no time at all I had Matt rock hard once more.

“Pull it out, Matt. I want to feel it against my stockings.”

He gulped, and eased one hand under the table. He unzipped and I felt his hand guide my foot over to his cock. It felt about six or seven inches long, and it was twitching up against my toes as I slid my foot up and down along its length.

“You’re getting me really wet, Matt. I think it’s about time I get to know my new friend a little better – what do you say?”

“I like the way your mind works, Darcy.”

We managed to make it all the way back to his car before I attacked. I pressed him back against the door, and covered his lips with mine. His tongue was in my mouth, probing, as I hiked one leg up and rubbed my pubic bone against his erection. I felt his hand on my ass, fingers snaking around to find my wetness. I knew my no-panties plan would work out sooner or later, and Matt wasn’t wasting any time at all. His fingers found my center and he went to work on my soggy pussy. I could hear a squishing noise as he worked them in and out of me. I sucked on his neck and let him fuck me with his hand. I rubbed his cock through his jeans and he moaned.

“Do you have a place where we can go, Matt?” I asked, panting, “I want you! We should go get naked!”

“I live a couple of miles from here. You want to follow me or do you want to hop in?”

“Let me follow you. It’ll make it easier later.”

He had a nice apartment off of Southport Road, a second floor walk-up with a balcony overlooking a center courtyard. I could feel his eyes on my ass as I walked up the steps in front of him. He managed to unlock the door and we went inside.

“How about a drink, Matt? Have any wine?”

“As a matter of fact, I do have some Sangria. Will that work?”

“Perfect! Pour me a glass and let me get comfortable here.”

I took off my sweater and took a look around. The décor was understated for a bachelor, wine reds and smoky grays. There was a comfortable-looking couch and a big screen television. Sliding glass

doors led to the balcony. I slid the door open and stepped outside into the dark. I pulled my top over my head and shrugged out of the push-up. The skirt was easy, and before Matt came through the curtains I was naked except for my thigh-highs and my heels.

He almost dropped the wine.

“Oh. My. God. You are something else, aren’t you, my little vixen?”

“I am, and then some. Cheers, Matt! Here’s to one hell of an evening!”

We drank, gazing out into the quiet night. I felt him behind me, and his arms circled me. He nuzzled the back of my neck with his lips, and he hit that nerve that runs from my neck directly to my pussy. I moaned and spread my legs a bit, easing my ass into his crotch. I rubbed myself along his cock like he was getting a lap dance. He was turgid and he moaned as his fingers found my nipples. I reached back for his cock, and he understood. He freed his dick from the confines of his jeans, and I took the seat cushion off of the deck chair and knelt on it in front of him. I looked up at him, his face flushed with concentration. I put one hand on each of his thighs and then made one long lick up his shaft, slowly, never breaking eye contact.

“What a nice cock, Matt!” I mumbled, as I mouthed him.

I took it in one hand and rubbed it against my cheek, flicking my tongue at its one eye as it went by. There was a gleam of ooze on the tip and I slurped it up with my tongue. The moonlight glistened on the strand, as it led from my tongue to his hard-on like some surreal spider’s web.

I took a fast plunge down his length, engulfing him in my mouth, my chin bottoming out on his balls. I slid it all the way back out, slowly, and then took it all the way back in even slower. As I was sliding back up again, he groaned and pulled himself away. Before I realized what was happening, he was shooting spunk all over the place! Some hit my breasts, some hit my cheek, and some made splotches on the concrete in front of me. He gushed what seemed like a gallon of cum, stroking his cock with his hand while saying “oh shit” over and over again.

He sat down, cock going limp in his hand. I sat there on my knees, speechless, with a look of awe on my face. I’d never made a guy cum that fast before, a fast plunge down to the hilt and a couple of slow strokes. It was kind of cool, in a way. But the entire evening’s success hung in the balance of what happened next, and I think we both figured it out at about the same time.

“Damn, Darcy! I wasn’t ready to do that yet, I promise you!”

“Oh, Matt, it’s ok, baby. I guess I shouldn’t have teased you all through dinner like I did.”

“Well, now I think it’s my turn to tease you awhile! Let’s go inside where I can get my hands on you. I’m sure I can recuperate while I return the favor.”

I knew I liked this guy! Extra bonus points.

He led me inside and back to his room. The bed was made, the room neat. He pulled the covers off, exposing clean sheets. He urged me down, and I obliged. I lay down on my back and he positioned himself between my legs. I widened them, to accommodate him.

He started with soft kisses along my inner thigh, light, feathery, barely grazing my skin with his lips.

He ran his tongue along the joint where my leg met my body, inches away from my slit. He kissed across the top of my mound, underneath my navel, teasing me with nibbles so close and yet so far away. I felt his tongue in the joint there on the other side, right where my leg met my body again. Electricity shot through my pussy, and I could feel my clit throb. His fingers snaked up my body, circling my nipple, tugging it erect. He kissed the top of my mound again and I arched my back up off of the bed to meet him.

He must have sensed my desire for the teasing to stop then, because he laid his tongue right on top of my clit and held it there, soft and gentle. Slowly he licked me, nudging my nubbin out of its sheath. I could feel myself unfold, felt myself opening and swelling. Cream ran down my slit. I could feel it trickle down between my cheeks. His tongue probed and prodded, and he ran his nose through my aching pussy. I grabbed his hair in my hands and guided him, showing him where I liked it. He slid his finger in me, curling it up and forward, rubbing on the little rough patch inside. He knew about g-spots and he was working on mine while he ate me.

“Oh yes, Matt! Suck my pussy, baby! You’re going to make me cum!”

My filthy mouth encouraged him, and he went to work in earnest on my clit, slurping it, slapping it back and forth with his incredible vibrating tongue, urging my orgasm ever nearer. His fingers were digging for gold, tickling my spot, and his lips were all over my sopping snatch, tongue darting and flickering, and I could feel it start down in my toes. They pointed, and I wrapped my thighs around his head and I ground my pussy into his face and I gushed cream all over his lapping tongue. He kept right on slurping and licking, tickling me with that finger buried in my hole, lips and mouth suctioning my clit and I came and I came and I came.

I laughed and I relaxed back into the bed, and good old Matt just gently kept licking my snatch, easing me down just like I like it, like he’d been face-fucking me all my life.

“Damn, Matt! I think we might be even now!” I said, unable to control the grin on my face.

“Maybe so, Darcy, but I think you still need a good fucking”, he replied, sliding his now erect cock up to my opening.

“Oh, Matt, I like the way your mind works!”

He slid in me, slowly but steadily, until his dick was buried to the hilt in my soggy center. I could smell

pussy in the air, and suddenly I was ready to ride his cock for all it was worth. I rolled him over, sliding around with him so that I was on top and his cock never left my sheath. I fed a nipple to him and I started making long strokes up and down his stiff shaft, slowly, all the way in then all the way out. My pussy was squishing again as I let him fill me up. I increased my pace, still making long strokes, using all that lovely cock. I went too far and he flopped out.

No problem. That meant it was time to change positions. I turned around and slid him back inside, reverse cowgirl this time. He had a delicious view of my ass as he watched his cock disappear into my hot, wet pussy. His dick felt so good in me I nearly came again right then and right there. His long dick was working wonders against my throbbing nubbin with every stroke, and his big cock was filling me up just like I like it. I felt his finger circle my ass, and he worked it in gently. Oh, Lord! His finger was up my ass, his cock was up my pussy, and I nearly went delirious with desire!

Just when I was about to gush all over him, he stopped me and slid out from under me. He positioned himself behind me and slid that big dick back in me doggy style. I know some women don't much care for this position, but I absolutely love it! He grabbed my hips with both hands and started fucking me hard, slamming his cock in all the way then pulling it back out, then plunging it back it as hard as he could. My boobs were bouncing around like jello and his balls were banging off my ass with every stroke. He grabbed a handful of my hair and I could feel his sweat landing on my back as that magnificent cock plundered me senseless.

"Oh shit, baby!" I heard him yell, and I felt hot oceans of cream squirt out of my pussy, my orgasm overwhelming me, the world condensed down to my pussy and his dick, working in unison towards this sweet release! I came all over his fat cock as he tightened his grip on my ass and plunged it in and out of me like a madman.

He pulled out, and I felt hot splooge splatter my back and my ass as he shot his sticky load all over me. He must have twitched for at least thirty seconds or so, and I reached around to stroke him, to coax every last luscious drop out of him. I rubbed his spunk into my skin, feeling it ooze between my fingers as some of it ran down the crack of my ass and made a puddle there on the sheets.

We fell back then, both of us spent. "Holy shit, Darcy! That was unbelievable!" he said.

"I take it that you aren't disappointed, then?" I grinned and slid down his chest, nestling his now flaccid cock against my cheek. I slowly slurped him in my mouth and gently cleaned him with my tongue, sending aftershocks in ripples down his spine.

"No way! I think I'm the disappointment here."

"No, Matt, you're not. You did good!" I punctuated my statement by giving his cock another slurp.

"You did real good."